Unto Thee O God
do we give thanks
unto Thee do we give
thanks: for that thy
name is near: thy
wondrous works
declare.

—Psalm. lxxv. 1.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

"WHAT CAN BE UP AT NEIGHBOUR CREEKE'S?"

MRS. JOHN BOND'S TROUBLES.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER I.

WE need not remind the generality of our readers that many of the outskirts of London, which are now, in all essentials, London itself, were, fifty or sixty years ago, rural spots, pretty villages, with just enough of traffic to make them lively, while their fresh air and country-like appearance induced the more wealthy citizens to seek in them the change considered needful for health and recreation in the summer months.

It is of an outskirt of this description we are thinking, and we would ask the reader to go with us as we wander through it.

The street that nearly terminated one end of it was irregularly built; opening, where its best houses

stood, on a pleasant lively road, closing its career in the fields that spread far away, rejoicing in ignorance of brick and mortar.

The corner houses of the superior end were shops, one inhabited by John Bond, general dealer, fruiterer and greengrocer, and the other by Samuel Creeke, hairdresser and shaver, for that was a day when there was work for the razor, a long beard, such as is now the rule, being not only the exception, but a wonder to be stared at. In addition to this vocation, Creeke employed his spare time in preparing rods and lines and all that pertained to the angling craft; for a pretty stream was close at hand which was very popular with all in that district who were lovers of the sport.

From his door dangled a fish cut out of tin; it was about the size of a sole, and glittered most bravely in the sunshine; it was the admiration of the urchins, his chief customers, and gained for his shop the title of "The Silver Fish."

John Bond's shop was two-sided, the one side facing "The Silver Fish," the other looking on the road. This road led to an important market, and was very pleasant and lively, for much and many passed up and down it during the day. It was an eminently good place for business, as John had found it to be; there was a considerable population, and no competition had as yet started up near at hand to interfere with his gains.

In "money-getting" and money matters altogether the world has changed as much as in other things. In John's time a hundred pounds was a solid sum, to be treated with respect; and to keep it whole and not risk its loss, by some enticing investment was the firm resolve of its possessors of the John Bond sort. Accordingly, every time he was able to put a guinea into the iron box which kept his cash, he smiled at its safety and turned the key with a most deliberate grind of exulting satisfaction.

He often turned it over in his mind whether he might not hit on some such fancy business as that which brought, it seemed, so profitable an increase to his neighbour; but he always finished off his meditation with "No good—no good! We do well as we are; we might have loss instead of gain to pay us for our trouble if we went speculating!"

Still, he had his doubts at times when Creeke's brisk doings came under his observation.

"Surely Sammy is doing a good business that way," he said one day, when, no customers being in his own shop, he stood watching those who thronged his neighbour's; "but I've got my doubts if he makes 'em pay; he's a rare man for scheming, but when it comes to real business"—here he shook his head to the disparagement of Sammy's "exchequer" powers, while, with an inward chuckle his heart turned towards his own iron box, all the treasure of which had been got by plain, sensible work, and kept by plain, sensible, diligent saving!

Sammy was a lively little man, quite a contrast to John Bond, who was round, solid, heavy and grave, without a gleam of the ideal about him. John could laugh at a joke when it was made as plain to him as an entry in his ledger, but things that would make Sammy Creeke quiver and twinkle all over, were to him without meaning.

Perhaps the difference between them helped to make and keep them so friendly; certain it was, that though far asunder in opinion on some important subjects, they went on in a smooth sound intercourse uninterrupted by clashing or jarring. John went regularly to "The Silver Fish," for his shave on a Saturday night, and Sammy as regularly laid in his housekeeping stores at John's on Monday morning.

And now let us describe Mrs. Bond, John's wife, of whom we have much to say. She was in some respects as strong a contrast to her husband as he was to his friend Sammy. The neighbours called her "the wooden woman," and really in appearance she was very like a huge jointed doll; very tall, with long bony limbs; her face was somewhat like one of the fine russet pippins with which she had just been busily ornamenting her window, brown and red fighting for the mastery in it. She seldom had any sort of expression on it. Her shop was her world, and her reigning desire and thought were to do her duty by that and her husband; we need not divide these two, for with her John Bond was identical with the shop, and the shop was one with him.

But "wooden" as she was, betraying in general no feeling good or bad towards any one, beyond giving a satisfied nod with the "thankee" when she had made a good "deal" with a well-to-do customer, or a cold hard stare through her huge brass spectacles when a poor one begged to be trusted till Saturday (when wages would come in), for the candles and the half-quartern of tea already out of Mrs. Bond's grasp, she had a heart. She distinguished in that heart, between "them as was poor by reason of hard times, bad husbands and long families, and no work," and "them who was short of money through drink, idleness, waste, or other bad ways." But she never confided her thoughts on this subject to John, though she would argue the matter over in her own mind, as to the justice of being equally hard to all, summing up with "Can't see it!—can't see it!"

But though she could not see the equity of John's doctrine—"People without money oughtn't to go to shop" (at all events to *his* shop)—she did not condemn him for his sternness, nor spend a moment in considering whether he was wrong or right. She went on quietly in her own way, softening many a hard lot, and brightening many a heavy brow; comforting her conscience with the thought that she did no more than give from her own share of the profits, and, considering how hard she worked to get and keep custom, that was no more than her due!

But there was a softness beyond this; deep down in her heart, she loved little children.

She had once been a mother, and the loss of her little child at five years old had "ploughed up her heart." She did not show much; people had said at the time that John made "a bigger trouble" of it than she did—but "people" see the outside only.

She was no talker; she was incapable of any show of feeling; but it happens sometimes that such people suffer most in sorrow and rejoice more in times of gladness than the more demonstrative. Very likely her silence and her seeming stolid indifference were in part the result of John's character and manner. She was just what he wanted her to be—a good worker, a good saver, a good cook in their small way, and able and willing to make

him comfortable. This he considered was enough for him; a wooden woman that moved so well, was all he wanted; fine feelings—any feelings at all that would have softened her, and damaged her usefulness—were not to be thought of by him. If he ever thought about her at all, it was that she was the right sort of woman for him. It was a common saying in the place that "Bond and his wife couldn't have been better matched," but, although a word of difference was never heard between them, they were, in truth, as far asunder as the poles.

The children knew more about it than their elders; they never took their farthings or halfpennies to Bond's when John was in the shop; like wise traders, they waited till he was gone over to Creeke's or somewhere else, that they might be served by "the missus," and not seldom an apple, or a lump of gingerbread went into the pinafore of some poor urchin who could only pay for it with a wistful stare and grin of gratitude. One day when "The Silver Fish" was more thronged (or had been) than usual, John, who was standing in his customary attitude, his back against the doorpost, his hands in his pockets and one elbow fixed on a sack of potatoes at his side, thus getting rest from every available source, noticed a person who was strange to him, walk up to Creeke's house.

"Not for a shave, sure!" he ejaculated. "No, it's a hair-cutting job!" he added. "But what a time they stand settling it; that's not like Sammy, to waste ten minutes in talk!"

He was fairly puzzled; the stranger had his back to him, but he could see that he was none of the common sort. He seemed to be very earnest about what he was saying, occasionally raising his hand and moving his head, while Sammy stood in a thoughtful, attentive attitude, and, judging from his face, was equally interested with the speaker in his discourse.

At last they went into the shop, the stranger, as he passed the silver fish, giving it a tap with his cane.

"I've got it," said John to himself. "It's about the rod and line business he's come! Well, you'd think a man of his age—thirty may be—could find a better job than going a-fishing!"

"Missus," he cried to his wife, who was busy settling some fresh fruit in the window that faced the road, "Missus, I say! (how deaf you do get!) come and look and see if you know this man—a 'gentleman' sort of man—coming out of Creeke's; leastways, he will come out in a minute."

Mrs. Bond obeyed, and stood by him, looking towards "The Silver Fish." As she stood, she saw from the corner of her eye several loiterers, ready for a market as soon as Bond had cleared the coast; but she did not make any sign of recognition, and they prudently kept their distance.

"There he is!" cried John, as the stranger came out of the shop, followed by Sammy Creeke. "Did ye ever see him afore?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "he's Mr. Shepherd, the new curate."

"New what?" asked John, turning sharp round and looking at her with surprise.

"New curate," she repeated, apparently undaunted, though in truth she felt a little flutter within.

"Wherever did you see him?" he asked, in a tone of surprise.

"At church," she replied.

"What church?" he asked.

"Our church as we always go to—*when* we go!" she replied.

Well might she say "*when* we go!" She had gradually fallen into the habit of staying at home on Sunday mornings on various pretences: there was John's dinner to cook, and there were many little things to be done that she could not find time for in the week. As for John, Sunday was the quietest day in the week for him to make up his accounts and read his paper. All the morning he was engaged thus, and in the evening, after a cup of tea, in summer-time he took a walk in the fields. At one time "the missus" used to join him in this walk, but for a long season now, she had let him go forth alone, and when he returned from his ramble he occasionally found the house empty. So she might well say, "*when* we go."

He was struck by the unusual energy of her words "*when* we go!" but he did not answer.

Waiting till Sammy Creeke should have bidden the stranger farewell, that his curiosity concerning his visit might be satisfied, he kept his post at the door, his wife returning to the arrangement of the shop window. She was perfectly destitute of curiosity respecting the affairs of her neighbours, but she had some little speculation in her mind concerning the appearance of the new curate at "The Silver Fish." She did not make any reply to her husband's comment on the subject; he muttered something about "such as him," "if he was the curate," might find a better job than going a-fishing! —idle work for any man, but for "such as him" worse than for any!

No, she went on filling her round flat baskets with rosy apples and glossy plums, nodding lovingly to the eager little faces clustered outside.

The "little speculations" in her brain were of a pleasant kind, it was manifest, from the almost smile on her face as she dwelt on them.

"He's not come about fishing," she thought. "No; it's summat good as he's come about. I wish as John would 'go-church'; he used to go."

Why did *she* now go? She had long given up the habit; what had made her take it up again so regularly in the evening?

She could not have told you; all she knew was that she had felt a secret drawing towards it, and a comfort in following that drawing. When she sat there, in the free seats, she was exactly opposite to the gallery where the school-children were, and it was very seldom she looked at any other object, or thought of anything else but those little faces in front, the youngest always being next to the mistress.

Sometimes the question would rise in her heart whether her little Susy would have been like one of those pretty little creatures if she had lived, and then a tear would almost come; it seemed to her that she missed her heart's delight more and more as she grew older, and having no one to share her sorrow with made it worse. As to drawing on John Bond for sympathy, poor man, he knew no more what it meant than the potatoes at his door, or the fruit in his window. He had been "very sorry" when the little one died. He had thought it a hard case; but children *would* die, and little Susy had doubtless, as was said at the time, "gone to

heaven" (wherever that might be!), and "was an angel" (whatever that might be!), so it was best to be satisfied, as things couldn't be altered! He was very pleased in his heart (such a heart as he had) that his wife did not seem to make so great a trouble of it as might have been expected. When the neighbours remarked that it was wonderful "the missus took it so easy," he would answer that "she was a sensible woman, and too keen to her duty to fret, to the hindering of her work."

It was long since she had mentioned her child's name to any one; it would have been a sheer impossibility to do it to John; he had so hard, so matter-of-fact a way of treating the subject, that she always avoided any allusion to it herself, and cut short any approach to one from him in a summary way, by some remark on the advance in the price of bacon, or the cheapness with which she could get damsons from Highbury Wood. Such a diversion was always a success, for his heart was sincerely in these matters.

On the Sunday before the curate's visit to "The Silver Fish," Mrs. Bond had been much touched and aroused at the church. As usual she had begun the service, with her face shaded by a pillar from observation, with a scrutiny of the children; she wanted to see if any were missing; and having satisfied herself on this point she went on to notice their looks and behaviour. She was greatly troubled lest one who was fast asleep and bobbed now against her right neighbour and now against her left, should fall down on to the rails of the gallery.

It was the new curate's first Sunday. He was preaching on the subject of children, his text being, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me!" Mrs. Bond until this eventful day had never listened to a sermon, nor in fact to anything read or said in the church; it had never come to her that there was anything concerning her in what was read and said, and she had so confined a knowledge of language, and was so very ignorant of the Bible that it all went over her head, as being beyond her reach. But whether the earnestness of the curate's voice and manner attracted her, or the tenderness and simplicity with which he spoke touched her, certain it is that, for the first time, she listened.

A great deal, even now, floated by her, but this much she received, that Jesus Christ actually had spoken these words, and that He loved little children, and desired them to be brought to Him!

She was hearing about Jesus Christ. She knew the name well enough, but only the name.

He loved little children! Then He was one to be loved. She could not have expressed clearly anything that she felt, when she came out of the church; but that this had fastened itself on her heart, that Jesus Christ loved the little ones; that He had loved her Susy and had taken her to Himself, because He loved her!

Strange, new thoughts filled her mind. She seemed to have found a clue by which she might reach her child again. How, when, or where, she could not tell; but a new life sprang up within her, she hoped! and her hope was in Jesus Christ, though she knew it not. Hitherto she had never heard of Him with any interest; He was a *name;* someone—or something—spoken of in church, and put in the Bible; but the Bible, as we have said, she had read but very little, and when the name was spoken in the church, she attached no meaning to it. "Everything in the Bible was good," she was satisfied of that; and "everything in the church was good," of that she had no doubt; but when she shut her Bible, she left its contents behind her, and when she left the church, it was without a single impression of the truth she had heard.

John had not returned from his walk that Sunday evening, when for the first time she had been in a measure aroused from her apathy. She took the Bible from the shelf where it always stood, and opened it with a view to find something about Jesus. She had become possessed with a feeling that He was not only "in the Bible," but a real person, "a Living Being," and as much alive as what she was—that He was very good, very loving, and that, somehow, He knew her, and was sorry for her trouble, and would comfort her as He, and only He, could comfort her; for He had taken her darling, and He had her now, and was keeping her safe that she might have her again.

When she heard the latch rise, she shut the book; but it was with the determination that she would read it till she had found out what she wanted to know about Jesus.

John was tired and sleepy; but he ate his supper and drank his ale with his usual interest; telling how he had heard of turnips cheaper and better than those they had bought last, and saying, but quite good-humouredly, she ought to be more alive to business, and keep a sharper eye on the markets.

He did not notice any change in her manner, and he was sorry for it; he wished he could stir her up to be a little more lively about the shop. "People are getting so wideawake in these days we mustn't go to sleep over things," he remarked as he took up his candle to go to bed. "I think we've been a bit easy; we must sharpen up. They say as there's going to be a new shop opened in our line two doors down the road; if so be that's true, we may lose our custom; well, we must do our best, and save while we can," and he went towards the stairs.

"Going so early, John!" said his wife; "why you'll have had enough of bed afore morning!"

She so seldom made any comment on his movements that he was surprised at this, and answered, somewhat gruffly, that there was naught to be sat up for. "Sleep to-night, work to-morrow!"

"Sleep and work! Sleep and work!" she half murmured as he walked up the stairs. And the thought came with an unwonted sense of weariness to her, "What a heavy burden of life! Sleep and work and nothing else!"

CHAPTER II.

It was a few days after this that the new curate paid his visit to "The Silver Fish," as we have described, and when he had departed, John Bond went over to his neighbour Creeke "to know all about it."

His wife, who had taken advantage of the opportunity to serve her little waiting customers, looked inquiringly at him when he returned, but she asked no questions, fearful of provoking any suspicions as to her thoughts respecting the new curate, for John's manner since the words had dropped from

her "when we go," had not been quite pleasant and peaceable, as they were when he was not offended. She knew well, that when he had a grudge, he was by no means "comfortable to deal with."

He filled his pipe, according to his usual custom, and sat down on the settle to smoke, without speaking.

She did not like the look on his face; what could he have heard?

At last, gathering courage, she said in a friendly tone, "Feared you've got a touch of your old pain, John?"

He did not seem much softened by this kindness; he looked at her with a mixed expression of vexation and doubt, and said, "I 'spose you want to know what 'parson' came to Creeke's about?"

"Nay, John!" she replied, really surprised; "I don't want to know more than you want to tell. I don't want to hear what don't concern me."

"That's it!" said John, in the same tone as before.

"What?" she asked innocently.

"Why, it *do* concern you!" he answered.

"*Me!*" she cried, putting down her iron as she spoke, for she was ironing a shirt.

"You might as well go on with your work," he said. "You'll be put off it enough soon, I fancy!"

"Put off work!—*me!* John, man, what's come to you?" she asked half indignantly, for his voice and manner were evidently meant to be reproachful.

Perhaps he was a little ashamed; he could not justify his behaviour, and he felt it; his wife was generally so immovable in temper that he often presumed on it with impunity; but he saw now that he had gone too far, so with a softened manner, he said, "They say (Creeke says), that the parson wants to start summat here 'for praying and that.' It's a way as is getting about. I suppose it's to save folks the trouble of going to church."

His wife could scarcely help crying out "good job!"—her usual welcome of any very pleasant news, but she checked herself, and went on ironing, wondering what was really going to be "started," but not daring to ask.

At that moment the shop-door bell tingled, and she went to answer it, and from her customer got all she wanted to know. Mr. Shepherd, the new curate, had been all round the village (that part belonging to the parish he was in), to try and collect some to attend "a cottage lecture." "Creeke says as he may have his shop any evening but Saturdays," said the customer. "And Brewster, the baker, has offered his. Shall you come to it? the first is to come off to-morrow."

Mrs. Bond answered she must think about it; and went back to her ironing when the woman had done, with a strange tumult of thoughts.

Of course she said nothing; but the prospect of being able to attend the lectures where she would hear of Him whom she earnestly desired to know, made her heart glow with delight. She forgot John's ill temper, and as he watched her busy with her work, it struck him that she had something pleasant to think about, and he wondered what it could be; was it the report that had got about of the new shop's going to be altered into a grocer's? He alluded to this, and asked her if she had heard it. No, she had not; but she hoped it might be true, she answered. He did not like the indifference of her expression; but he recollected that she never showed much feeling about anything. "She goes by the name of the 'Wooden woman,'" he said to himself, "and I don't mind how wooden she is as long as she keeps well to work and business!"

The next evening, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went in to him as he sat with his pipe at the fire.

"John, will you go 'in shop' if anyone comes?" she said in her usual calm voice.

"Going out?" he asked in a tone of surprise.

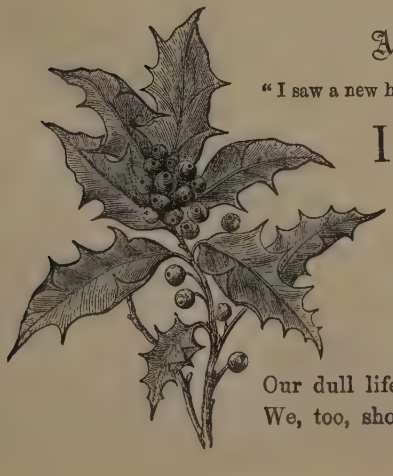
"Yes, for an hour, may be," she answered calmly.

"Where?" he asked rather angrily.

"To 'The Silver Fish,'" she said as quietly as before.

"Then you're going a-gossiping like the rest! I thought you knew better," he exclaimed.

She made no answer; her conscience acquitted her of any wrongdoing, she had worked hard all day, and was not "going a-gossiping"—no, she only wished that John would "shut up shop" and go with her—but she did not tell him so.



A New World.

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—*Rev.* xxi. 1.

IF we this new-born year
Could live to Him—
Love simple and sincere,
Faith never dim—
New green should overspread
The meadows brown;
New gracious skies o'erhead
Look smiling down;
Our dull life kindled to a strange new worth,
We, too, should cry, "Behold! new heaven and earth."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE FIRST PREACHING AT ANTIOCH.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., MANCHESTER.

"And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."—*Acts* xi. 20, 21.

THUS simply does the historian tell one of the greatest events in the history of the Church. How great it was will appear if we observe that the weight of authority among critics and commentators sees here an extension of the message of salvation to Greeks, that is, to pure heathens, and not a mere preaching to Hellenists, that is, to Greek-speaking Jews born outside Palestine.

If that be correct, this was a great stride forward in the development of the Church. It needed a vision to overcome the scruples of Peter, and impel him to the bold innovation of preaching to Cornelius and his household, and, as we know, his doing so gave grave offence to some of his brethren in Jerusalem. But in the case before us, some Cypriote and African Jews—men of no note in the Church, whose very names have perished, with no official among them, with no vision nor command to impel them, with no precedent to encourage them, with nothing but the truth in their minds and the impulses of Christ's love in their hearts—solve the problem of the extension of Christ's message to the heathen, and, quite unconscious of the greatness of their act, do the thing about the propriety of which there had been such serious question in Jerusalem.

This boldness becomes even more remarkable if we notice that the incident of our text may have taken place before Peter's visit to Cornelius. The verse before our text, "They which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only," is almost a verbatim repetition of words in an earlier chapter, and evidently suggests that the writer is returning to that point of time, in order to take up another thread of his narrative co-temporaneous with those already pursued. If so, three distinct lines of expansion appear to have started from the dispersion of the Jerusalem church in the persecution—namely, Philip's mission to Samaria, Peter's to Cornelius, and this work in Antioch. Whether prior in time or no, the preaching in the latter city was plainly quite independent of the other two. It is further noteworthy that this, the effort of a handful of unnamed men, was the true "leader"—the shoot that grew. Philip's work, and Peter's, so far as we know, were side-branches, which came to little; this led on to a church at Antioch, and so to Paul's missionary work, and all that came of that.

The incident naturally suggests some thoughts bearing on the general subject of Christian work, which we now briefly present.

I. Notice the *spontaneous impulse* which these men obeyed.

Persecution drove the members of the Church apart, and, as a matter of course, wherever they went they took their faith with them, and, as a matter of course, spoke about it. The coals were scattered from the hearth in Jerusalem by the armed heel of violence. That did not put the fire out, but only spread it, for wherever they were flung they kindled a blaze. These men had no special injunction "to preach the Lord Jesus." They do not seem to have adopted this line of action deliberately, or of set purpose. They believed, and therefore spoke. A spontaneous impulse, and nothing more, leads them on. They find themselves rejoicing in a great Saviour-Friend. They see all around them men who need Him, and that is enough. They obey the promptings of the voice within, and lay the foundations of the first Gentile church.

Such a spontaneous impulse is ever the natural result of our own *personal possession* of Christ. In regard to worldly good, the instinct, except when overcome by higher motives, is to keep the treasure to oneself. But even in the natural sphere, there are possessions which to have is to long to impart, such as truth and knowledge. And in the spiritual sphere, it is emphatically the case that real possession is always accompanied by a longing to impart. The old prophet spoke a universal truth when he said: "Thy word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." If we have found Christ for ourselves, we shall undoubtedly wish to speak forth our knowledge of his love. Convictions which are deep demand expression. Emotion which is strong needs utterance. If our hearts have any fervour of love to Christ in them, it will be as natural to tell it forth, as tears are to sorrow or smiles to happiness. True, there is a reticence in profound feeling, and sometimes the deepest love can only "love and be silent," and there is a just suspicion of loud or vehement protestations of Christian emotion, as of any emotion. But for all that, it remains true that a heart warmed with the love of Christ needs to express its love, and will give it forth, as certainly as light must radiate from its centre, or heat from a fire.

Then, true *kindliness of heart* creates the same

impulse. We cannot truly possess the treasure for ourselves without pity for those who have it not. Surely there is no stranger contradiction than that Christian men and women can be content to keep Christ as if He were their special property, and have their spirits untouched into any likeness of his Divine pity for the multitudes who were as sheep having no shepherd. What kind of Christians must they be who think of Christ as "a Saviour for me," and take no care to set Him forth as "a Saviour for you"? What should we think of men in a shipwreck who were content to get into the life-boat, and let everybody else drown? What should we think of people in a famine feasting sumptuously on their private stores, whilst women were boiling their children for a meal, and men fighting with dogs for garbage on the dunghills? "He that withholdeth bread, the people shall curse him." What of him who withholds the Bread of Life, and all the while claims to be a follower of the Christ, who gave his flesh for the good of the world?

Further, *loyalty to Christ* creates the same impulse. If we are true to our Lord, we shall feel that we cannot but speak up and out for Him, and that all the more, where his name is unloved and unhonoured. He has left his good fame very much in our hands, and the very same impulse which hurries words to our lips when we hear the name of an absent friend calumniated should make us speak for Him. He is a doubtfully loyal subject, who, if he lives among rebels, is afraid to show his colours. He is already a coward, and is on the way to be a traitor. Our Master has made us his witnesses. He has placed in our hands, as a sacred deposit, the honour of his name. He has entrusted to us, as his selectest sign of confidence, the carrying out of the purposes for which on earth his blood was shed, on which in heaven his heart is set. How can we be loyal to Him if we are not forced by a mighty constraint to respond to his great tokens of trust in us, and if we know nothing of that spirit which said: "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" I do not say that a man cannot be a Christian unless he knows and obeys this impulse. But, at least, we may safely say that he is a very weak and imperfect Christian who does not.

II. This incident suggests the *universal obligation* on all Christians to make known Christ.

These men were not officials. In these early days the Church had a very loose organisation. But the fugitives in our narrative seem to have had among them none even of the humble office-bearers of primitive times. Neither had they any command or commission from Jerusalem. No one there had given them authority, or, as would appear, knew anything of their proceedings. Could there be a more striking illustration of the great truth that whatever varieties of function may be committed to various officers in the Church, the work of telling Christ's love to men belongs to every one who has found it for himself or herself? "This honour have all the saints."

Whatever may be our differences of opinion as to church order and offices, they need not interfere with our firm grasp of this truth. "Preaching Christ," in the sense in which that expression is used in the New Testament, implies no one special method of proclaiming the glad tidings. A word written in a letter to a friend, a sentence dropped in casual conversation, a lesson to a child on a mother's lap, or any other way by which, to any listeners, the great story of the cross is told, is as truly—often more truly—preaching Christ as the set discourse which has usurped the name.

We profess to believe in the priesthood of all believers, we are ready enough to assert it in opposition to sacerdotal assumptions. Are we as ready to recognise it as laying a very real responsibility upon us, and involving a very practical inference as to our own conduct? We all have the power, therefore we all have the duty. For what purpose did God give us the blessing of knowing Christ ourselves? Not for our own well-being alone, but that through us, the blessing might be still farther diffused.

> "Heaven doth with us as men with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves,"

"God hath shined into our hearts that we might give to others the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Every Christian is solemnly bound to fulfil this Divine intention, and to take heed to the imperative command, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

III. Observe, further, *the simple message* which they proclaimed.

"Preaching the Lord Jesus," says the text—or, more accurately perhaps—preaching Jesus as Lord. The substance then of their message was just this—the proclamation of the person and dignity of their Master, the story of the human life of the Man, the story of the Divine sacrifice and self-bestowment by which He had bought the right of supreme rule over every heart; and the urging of his claims on all who heard of his love. And this, their message, was but the proclamation of their own personal experience. They had found Jesus for themselves to be lover and Lord, friend and Saviour of their souls, and the joy they had received they sought to share with these Greeks, worshippers of gods and lords many.

Surely anybody can deliver that message who has had that experience. All have not the gifts which would fit for public speech, but all who have tasted that the Lord is gracious can tell somehow how gracious He is. The first Christian sermon was very short, and it was very efficacious, for it "brought to Jesus" the whole congregation. Here it is: "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias." Surely we can all say that, if we have found Him. Surely we shall all long to say it, if we are glad that we have found Him, and if we love our brother.

Notice, too, how simple the form as well as the substance of the message. "They *spake*." It was no set address, no formal utterance, but familiar, natural talk to ones and twos, as opportunity offered. The form was so simple that we may say there was none. What we want is that Christian people should speak anyhow. What does the shape of the cup matter? What does it matter whether it be gold or clay? The main thing is that it shall bear the water of life to some thirsty lip. All

Christians have to preach, as the word is here, that is, to tell the good news. Their task is to carry a message, no refinement of words is needed for that—arguments are not needed. They have to tell it simply and faithfully, as one who only cares to repeat what he has had given to him. They have to tell it confidently, as having proved it true. They have to tell it beseechingly, as loving the souls to whom they bring it. Surely we can all do that, if we ourselves are living on Christ and have drunk into his Spirit. Let his mighty salvation, experienced by yourselves, be the substance of your message, and let the form of it be guided by the old words, "It shall be, when the Spirit of the Lord is come upon thee, that thou shalt do as occasion shall serve thee."

IV. Notice, lastly, the *mighty Helper* who prospered their work.

"The hand of the Lord was with them." The very keynote of this book of the Acts is the work of the ascended Christ in and for his Church. At every turning-point in the history, and throughout the whole narrative, forms of speech like this occur, bearing witness to the profound conviction of the writer that Christ's active energy was with his servants, and Christ's hand the origin of all their security and of all their success.

So this is a statement of a permament and universal fact. We do not labour alone; however feeble our hands, that mighty Hand is laid on them to direct their movements and to lend strength to their weakness. It is not our speech which will secure results, but his presence with our words which shall bring it about that even through them a great number shall believe and turn to the Lord. There is our encouragement when we are despondent. There is our rebuke when we are self-confident. There is our stimulus when we are indolent. There is our quietness when we are impatient. If ever we are tempted to think our task heavy, let us not forget that He who set it helps us to do it, and from His throne shares in all our toils, the Lord still, as of old, working with us. If ever we feel that our strength is nothing, and that we stand solitary against many foes, let us fall back upon the peace-giving thought that one man against the world, with Christ to help him, is always in the majority, and let us leave issues of our work in his hands, whose hand will guard the seed sown in weakness, whose smile will bless the springing thereof.

How little any of us know what shall come of our poor work, under his fostering care! How little these men knew that they were laying the foundations of the great change which was to transform the Christian community from a Jewish sect into a world-embracing Church! So is it ever. We know not what we do when simply and humbly we speak his name. The far-reaching issues escape our eyes. Then sow the seed, and He will "give it a body as it pleaseth Him." On earth we may never know the results of our labours. They will be among the surprises of heaven, where many a solitary worker shall exclaim with wonder as he looks on the hitherto unknown children whom God hath given him, "Behold, I was left alone, these, where had they been?" Then, though our names may have perished from earthly memories, like those of the simple fugitives of Cyprus and Cyrene, who "were the first that ever burst" into the night of heathendom with the torch of the gospel in their hands, they will be written in the Lamb's book of life, and He will confess them in the presence of his Father in heaven.

The Pilgrims.

"Out of darkness into His marvellous light."

WHAT, nearly home? The sun is sinking fast,
Around us rise the mountains dim and vast;
And lo! like mighty sentinels they stand
To guard the borders of the Promised Land!

Longer and longer seemed the toilsome way,
Touched by the sunlight of the waning day
We feared the night, our souls were sore distress'd,
And yet—God knew that we were near our rest.

Behind us lie the deserts bleak and bare,
The valleys haunted by the fiend Despair,
The flowers whose sweetness was a poisoned breath,
The groves where chilly shadows harboured death.

Before us, shining through the sun-gilt mist,
The vision of the Great Evangelist,
The heritage of all the saints in light,
Jerusalem the Golden, meets our sight.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE PILGRIMS.

A MALAGASY HERO,

WHO OFFERED HIMSELF FOR HIS KING AND COUNTRY.*

ON the summit of the hill upon which Antananarivo is built, there stands out in bold relief against the prevailing blue sky, the huge palace known as Besakana, or "Very Wide." Upon this spot there once stood a building which was erected by King Andrianamasinavalona; and the story of its origin has thrilled the hearts of countless myriads of Malagasy, who have justly felt proud of their relationship to a man whose noble spirit of self-abnegation led him to offer his life as a sacrifice for his king and his country.

Before the king began to build his palace, he sent for the diviners and astrologers; and these men appointed what they supposed to be a lucky day on which the king ought to erect the first corner-post of the building. "And," said the diviners and astrologers, "in order that the building be successfully raised, in order, also, that thy kingdom be made prosperous, it will be necessary for thee to make a human sacrifice. And the first corner-post which the king erects must be sprinkled with human blood."

Forthwith the king sent out a proclamation saying: "Gather ye! gather, all ye beneath the skies!" And the people assembled in tens of thousands at the place where they were accustomed to hear proclamations relating to the business of the kingdom. And when the people were thus assembled, the king stood up and said: "The diviners and astrologers tell me that in order that the palace be successfully built, in order also that my kingdom be prosperous, it is necessary for me to make a human sacrifice. So this is what I have to say to you, O my people. God hath given me this land; let them come to me those who so love me that they are willing and ready to give up their native land, and wife and children, and father and mother, and even life for my sake; for I must make a human sacrifice."

No sooner had the assembled hosts heard that than they all fled; and to the north, south, east, and west, they ran as fast as their legs would carry them; and the king, wondering, bewildered, and astonished, was left alone by himself.

To the west of the capital are the grand Betsimitatra rice-plains, and upon a very picturesque little islet rising out of the plains is built the village called Anosizato. On the day of the proclamation, there was a man named Ratrimofoloalina, an inhabitant of this village, who, instead of attending the grand proclamation, was working in his rice-field at Anosizato. When he saw the people running away he asked what it meant. At first no one would give him full information, and the only reply he could extract from the panting and breathless runaways was, "The king wants to make a human sacrifice! The king wants to make a human sacrifice!" At last, however, he succeeded in making a man tell him the cause more freely.

Ratrimofoloalina said nothing, and he returned to his rice-field; but not to work, for he went to a little puddle, where he washed his bespattered legs; his spade also he cleansed, and then he took it home, and placed it in a corner of his little reed hut. Without saying anything to his wife and family, he straightway went to the palace yard, and as he entered by the old stone gate which is on the north side, he saw the king pacing up and down the palace-yard, with head bent down, and the king was evidently in deep meditation. Up went Ratrimofoloalina, with that form of salutation which is due to a ruler in Madagascar: "Long may you live, O king. May you reach to old age! May you never be an invalid! May you be happy! What was the drift of your proclamation to-day, for I was not in time to hear it?"

Then answered the king: "No one so loveth me that he will consent to be a sacrifice in order to make me prosperous. When I asked for a sacrifice the people all fled from me. What then is your opinion, Ratrimofoloalina?"

When Ratrimofoloalina heard this, he stripped himself of his lamba, threw it aside, and advanced towards the king: "Let me be a sacrifice for thee, O king. I will give my life for my king, in order that his palace be successfully built and his kingdom made prosperous."

"Are you willing that your body should be cut?" asked the king.

"Yes, I am willing," said Ratrimofoloalina.

"Are you really willing to be killed?" inquired the king.

"Yes, I am willing," said the man; "willing to be sacrificed for thy good, O king."

"Well," replied the king, "you had better go home and ask your wife and children about this matter; and if you are in the same mind to-morrow morning, come here, and you shall be sacrificed."

Ratrimofoloalina went home, but he said nothing to his wife and children, and on the morrow he returned to the palace yard. The king was again pacing up and down the yard. Ratrimofoloalina, after having saluted the king, said, "I am of the same mind this morning that I was yesterday, and in order that thy palace be successfully raised, in order also that thy kingdom be made prosperous, I have come to be sacrificed."

The king turned aside to some officers, and said, "Here! bring that piece of wood; bring also those ropes yonder," and pointing to the wood and the ropes, he said, "Strap him down!"

The victim was soon surrounded with men who carried formidable-looking spears and gigantic knives, and as he was being tied down the king

* We are indebted for this narrative to Abraham Kingdon, who was engaged in Madagascar to establish a printing-press for the Friends' Foreign Mission Association.

kept an eye on him in order that he might see whether he would wince or relent; but the man most bravely bore it all. While he was being strapped down, crowds of people were peering through the wooden fence of the palace yard, and they shouted out, "You are a fool, Ratrimofoloalina, to give your life to no purpose! You are a fool to forsake your wife and children! You are a wretch, and woe be to you!"

All these warnings failed to move the heroic patriot; and the king, when he saw that the man was sincere, called some of the officers aside, and said, "Don't kill him! Don't kill him! Don't kill him! Bring a pot of *odinaty*,* and pour that over him." To another the king said, "Cut off a bit of one ear only; cut off a bit of one ear only!"

Up came an officer with a big bloodthirsty-looking knife, and simultaneously with the cutting off of a piece of his ear the blood-red dye was thrown over him, and a pretty spectacle Ratrimofoloalina presented.

People who at a distance were looking on thought that Ratrimofoloalina had been beheaded; and these swiftly fled lest they too should be asked to sacrifice themselves for the king.

Though Ratrimofoloalina was so sadly wounded he did not murmur; and the king, looking at the brave and noble man, cried out: "Cut the ropes! cut the ropes! stand him up." And as he was raised up the blood and blood-red dye streamed down his stalwart frame.

The king forthwith gave him a lamba made of banana-bark, a token of special royal favour in those days. Then said the king to Ratrimofoloalina: "Because out of love for me you gave your life for me, what shall I do for you? Shall I give you milch cows? and when any run dry I will substitute them. Shall I give you a fighting bull?† and every time his horns are broken in fight I will give you another. Shall I give you rice-grounds? and every time the floods cover them with sand I will give you more. Shall I make all my subjects pay you two shillings for every house they possess? Or shall I make you to be one of my own noble ruling family? Choose what you like, and whatsoever your request be it shall be granted to you."

Ratrimofoloalina was glad when he heard that, and said; "I thank you for your kindness, but let me go home first and ask the opinion of my wife and children."

The king answered: "Go home and ask the opinion of your wife and children; and come again to-morrow morning, and whatsoever request you make it shall be granted to you."

That night Ratrimofoloalina and his wife and children pondered well the request which should be made; and on the morrow he returned to the palace. After having saluted the king he said: "Concerning the milch cows and the fighting bulls, they are things which can come to an end very soon; and I do not wish that your subjects should be made to pay taxes to me; and neither do I like to be loaded with the honour of becoming one of your relatives, because I like you to be the sole sovereign of this country." And then, placing his hand upon his breast, he said: "Remember my offspring! Remember my future offspring. May that please your majesty. Let none of my descendants ever suffer death for any offence."

On hearing that request the king said, "I see you are a far-seeing man; but I will grant you your request, for whose is the land but mine? Whose is the power to make laws and govern but mine? And this is what I will do: 1. The blood of yourself and your descendants shall no more be shed, for this one sacrifice is enough. 2. You and your descendants shall no more be bound with iron chains, for this one binding is enough. 3. Neither you nor your offspring shall be counted guilty of wrong. And this league with you shall all my posterity keep with your posterity, and this covenant between us shall not be broken for ever and ever."

Accordingly the king made a proclamation to this effect at Andohalo, where a stone was set up to commemorate the event.

And in the proclamation the king said: "Ratrimofoloalina, from this day forth your name shall be changed, and you shall be called Tsimatimanota ('Not Dead though Transgressing'), and of that tribe thou shalt be the head."

This proclamation caused some to fear lest Ratrimofoloalina should take advantage of the privileges thus conferred upon him, and others were jealous, so Andriamampandry said to the king: "I could not sleep last night."

"Why?" inquired the king.

"Ratrimofoloalina is the king now," replied Andriamampandry, "and he can do as he likes with our wives, our slaves, and our oxen, for he is never to be guilty for any wrong he may commit."

"I see," said the king, "that he has obtained an advantage over me; but for all that I cannot alter my covenant with him."

The king sent for Ratrimofoloalina, and said: "I am a king, therefore alter not my word; but concerning my subjects' property—do not take their possessions by force; for if you do that you are a king like me. But concerning my property, do as you please, whosoever may be angry; for my word shall never be broken as long as my descendants rule in this land."

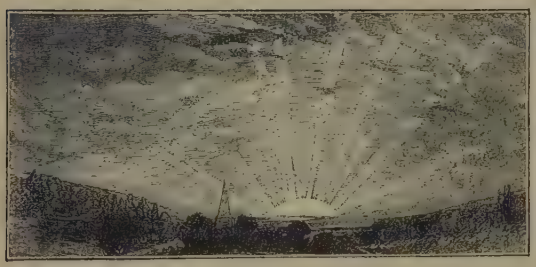
Ratrimofoloalina answered: "How may I be assured that your word will never be broken?"

The king replied: "When you and your descendants present the allegiance-money, do not use a dollar or broken money as other people; but present two silver links; and that for two reasons: 1. This covenant between us two is like a link; and if the two links become wide apart knock them, so that they close. That is to symbolise that our friendship must always be close. 2. If your descendants are guilty of taking the property of the sovereign they must bring the links to whoever is sovereign and they shall not be counted guilty."

Now it might be thought that the members of this tribe would presume upon the privileges they possess; but such is not the case, for those who belong to "The not-dead-though-transgressing" tribe say they should be ashamed to take advantage of the position won for them by their noble head. Out of this interesting tribe have come many who have bravely served Christ in Madagascar.

* A red dye, in which the natives dye their lambas.

† Bull-fighting was practised in those days, but now it is illegal.



Sabbath Thoughts

THE UNKNOWN MORROW.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."—*Jas.* iv. 14.

IF there is anything we are sure of it is this, that we know not what shall be on the morrow. Perhaps it is just because this is so true and so obvious that it is so little regarded, so much overlooked. In entering upon another year, however, it is a consideration forced upon our minds, whether we look back upon the past, or look forward into the future; for we are conscious that much has happened to us which was utterly hidden from our view at the beginning of 1880, and we may be quite certain that much will occur as unexpectedly by us before the close of 1881. "For what is your life?" says the apostle. "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

This ignorance of the future has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It is well for us that we know not the sorrows that shall be on the morrow. Could we have foreseen all that has occurred during the past year, all the partings, the changes, the anxieties, the disappointments that may with some of us have marked its course, our hearts would have died within us. For it is ever true that anticipated evil differs from present evil in this, that we have to bear it alone; God helps us when the time of need comes; He does not help us beforehand. The traveller sees a great mountain lying in his way, and from afar off he despairs of being able to climb over it. Perhaps when he reaches it, the rocks and precipices are even steeper and more dreadful than he feared, but he finds that a way has been made by which he can climb the heights and wind through the defiles, and a guide has been provided by whose unforeseen aid the greatest obstacles are overcome in a manner he could never have anticipated. It is, therefore, well for the child of God that he knows not what shall be on the morrow, if only he knows and trusts in the Hand that leads him.

The apostle does not leave us without admonition as to how we should look forward into this vapoury and vanishing life of ours. Knowing its frailty, its uncertainty, its transitoriness, he says, "Ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that."

His will is our hope, our security, our happiness. If the Lord will, our plans shall be accomplished, and our lives shall be prolonged. And if this should not be his will concerning us, still all will be well, for his plans are infinitely above ours, and in his keeping our lives will be more than safe. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." If our souls can say this, and feel that by being united to Christ, and redeemed by his atoning blood, we are truly at peace with God for time and for eternity, we need not grieve for the transitory nature of earthly enjoyments, or think all is lost because all may be changed to us on the morrow. This world may pass away from us, or we from it, but the humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ will still say, in the grand old words of the Psalmist:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!"

"As a Tale that is Told."

THE old year goes, its faithful record taking
Of good achieved, of evil we deplore,
Into the silence that shall know no breaking
Till time shall be no more.

E'en as the new year dawns, undimmed by sorrow,
Unstained as yet by sinful thought and deed,
We would look upward and new courage borrow,
Sufficient for our need.

God of the years! whose patient love designeth
The unknown future, unto Thee we pray;
Our life is like a shadow that declineth,
And we must pass away;

We are but strangers; there is none abiding,
And all things whisper, "This is not your rest;"
But in Thy love unchangeable confiding,
We cannot be unblest.

We thank Thee for the cloud and sunshine blended,
So wisely as our portion in the past;
The nights of weeping that have surely ended
In morning joy at last.

And when Thy providence had gently taken
From our reluctant hearts some cherished dream,
If for a little space our faith was shaken,
Even in Thy love supreme,

We bless Thee for the patience manifested,
Though we rebelled against Thy chastening rod;
For rays of light that on the darkness rested
To lead us back to God!

Now on the threshold of the year we measure
The present by the past, and fearless stand;
Leaving the future with its pain or pleasure
To Thine all-loving hand.

We would go forth, not fearing as we enter
Into the cloud whose end we may not know,
If but Thy love be shining at its centre,
To bless us as we go.

Make us, O Lord, more anxious for Thy favour
In all the work and warfare of our life;
Give us the childlike trust that shall not waver
Even in death's final strife;

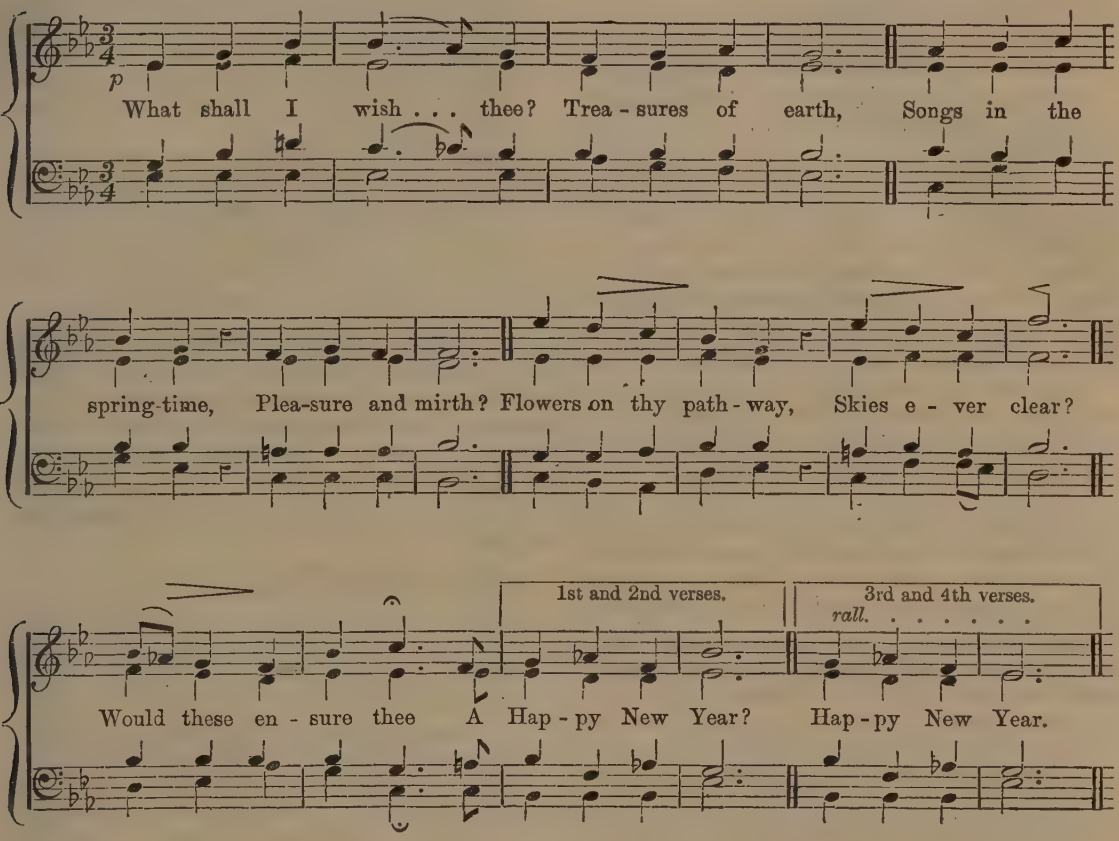
Then take us home, through faith and love victorious,
To hear Thy welcome in the streets of gold;
Where the New Year is dawning, bright and glorious,
That never shall grow old!

MARY ROWLES.

New Year's Wishes.

Words from "Under His Shadow," by the late
Frances Ridley Havergal.

Music by C. H. Purday.


p
What shall I wish . . . thee? Trea - sures of earth, Songs in the
spring-time, Plea-sure and mirth? Flowers on thy path - way, Skies e - ver clear?
1st and 2nd verses.
3rd and 4th verses.
rall.
Would these en - sure thee A Hap - py New Year? Hap - py New Year.

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found,
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance,
Radiant and sweet!
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
These will ensure thee
A Happy New Year!

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JANUARY 2.

ZACHARIAS AND ELISABETH. (LUKE I. 1–14.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 6.—'*And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.*'

[MOST of our readers know that the plan of a *simultaneous Sunday Bible Lesson* for young people has been largely adopted in Great Britain, America, Australia, and other parts of the world. The list from year to year is prepared by a joint Committee in England and the United States, and will be found well adapted for continuous and systematic Scriptural instruction in Sunday-schools, Bible classes, and Christian homes.* Subjects from the Old and the New Testaments are taken in alternate half-years; and to every lesson a *Golden Text* is attached, to concentrate the teaching and to give a profitable direction to thought. A weekly portion of the SUNDAY AT HOME will be occupied by brief suggestive notes on the lessons. These notes, it is hardly necessary to add, should be studied by the teacher or leader of the class beforehand.]

I. PROLOGUE TO THE GOSPEL.—*Read the first four verses.* The half-year's lessons will all be taken from the Gospel by Luke, and these four verses show how it came to be written. Note: this account is from the *human* side. On the *Divine* side, the simple explanation is, God by His Spirit directed Luke to write.

Which two of the Gospels were written by Apostles? With what Apostles were the writers of the other two connected? Luke in particular? See Col. iv. 14; Philem. 24; 2 Tim. iv. 11; and especially the *we* in Acts xvi. 9; xx. 5, etc. Hence this might be called 'the Gospel according to St Paul.'

> Paul was the 'Apostle of the Gentiles;' the great teacher of God's free love in Christ to all mankind: and young readers, in going through Luke's Gospel, should be taught to observe how specially full it is of the same thought. This is pre-eminently the Gospel of 'goodwill toward men,' and Christ appears in it as 'a Light to lighten the Gentiles.'

To whom is the Gospel inscribed? What other book, by the same writer, is dedicated to the same person? [**Theophilus**: some have thought, a symbolic name, 'beloved by God'; more likely a Greek of rank; **most excellent**, as in Acts xxiii. 26 (xxvi. 25), a title of dignity. An old Christian writing of the second century † speaks of one Theophilus as a nobleman of Antioch, to which city Luke also probably belonged.‡] Theophilus had been trained as a Christian; verse 4, **instructed**, literally, *catechised;* he knew the truth already. Luke writes that he may *fully know*, ver. 4, the **certainty** or *immovable security* of the Christian faith.

Others had gone before Luke in recording the history. Who were these? Not Matthew and Mark. Luke speaks of **many**, whose names and works have perished: they did not write exactly false Gospels, but took down the accounts they heard in an imperfect way, and, doubtless, with many mistakes. **The eye-witnesses and ministers of the word** (the word of *the Gospel;* not *here* the WORD incarnate, as in St. John) were more concerned at first to speak and preach than to write.

> There was, in the earliest Apostolic preaching, no doubt an *oral Gospel*, a summary of Christ's life, such as we have in Peter's discourse (Acts x. 36–43). This would be taken down from the lips of the Apostles, and circulated for years before the Gospels were written. The probable date of Luke is between A.D. 60 and 65, or thirty years after the Ascension.

On what two grounds, then, does Luke claim attention? *First*, that he received the record directly from Christ's own immediate followers* (of whom, therefore, he was not one), and *secondly*, that he had accurately and completely traced out the whole history from the beginning. And how does he say he wrote? **In order**, i.e., certainly, the order of *time*. Not always so, but mainly. St. Luke's is a 'chronological Gospel.'

II. A PRIESTLY HOUSEHOLD.—*Read vers.* 5–7. Luke beginning, as he had said, **from the very first**, describes the coming of Christ's forerunner, John. First, here is a picture of *a priest's family*. **In the days of Herod the king**, mentioned to show that the sceptre had departed from Judah (Gen. xlix. 10); and that therefore the fulness of time had come. **Zacharias**, the same name as *Zechariah*, 'Jehovah remembers,' and **Elisabeth**, the same as *Elisheba* (wife of Aaron, Ex. vi. 23), 'God of the oath.' So the very names were prophetic!

> **The Course of Abia**, or Abijah, the eighth of the twenty-four priestly courses appointed by David (1 Chron. xxiv. 10). Only four courses returned from the Captivity (Ezra ii. 36–39); but these were re-distributed into twenty-four, keeping their original names. The number of priests in Judæa was very large, amounting to many thousands (Josephus says 20,000) living in Jerusalem, Jericho, and the priestly cities, among which Hebron in the hill country stood first (Josh. xxi. 13.) The home of Zacharias may have been at Hebron, ver. 39; though some with less probability read there *the city of Juda* or Juttah, Josh. xxi. 16.

Elisabeth, also, was of the priestly lineage, but the priests might marry out of their own tribe (2 Chron. xxii. 11). Note especially the character of the aged couple (the Golden Text), **righteous before God**, not only in the eyes of *men*, as the Pharisees. **Walking**, a common Bible term for continuous, active, progressive piety, from the days of Enoch and Noah (Gen. v. 22; vi. 9) downwards. **Commandments and ordinances**: moral and ceremonial laws (illustrate). The words **all** and **blameless** do not denote *absolute perfection*, but sincere and manifest devotedness.

But they were childless! Why was this so great a sorrow? Not only because their home had never been brightened by the presence of little ones, because their old age had no filial prop on which to lean; but because they thus appeared to lose their part in the hope of Israel, every godly matron secretly hoping that among her descendants the Messiah would be found. The hope seemed now all over, as they were **well stricken**, advanced, **in years**. They had prayed many a time for the gift, but the prayer seemed unheard!

III. GABRIEL'S MESSAGE.—*Read vers.* 8–14. The twenty-

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* The list is published in the *Young People's Pocket Book* of the Religious Tract Society; also, on separate sheets, by the London Sunday School Union, and in other ways.

† The "Clementine Recognitions."

‡ Reasons for this cannot be here adduced. See Godet's *Commentary on St. Luke*, introd. § iii. 3. As a physician (Col. iv. 14) Luke may very likely have been a 'freedman' i.e., a slave set free. His name, Lucas, contracted from Lucanus, bears out this supposition, as the termination was an ordinary mark of freedmen. Theophilus may then have been his former master.

* Be careful to lay the emphasis rightly in ver. 2. Not 'as they delivered them *unto us which were . . . . eyewitnesses*,' etc.; but 'as *they* delivered them unto us, *which were . . . eyewitnesses*.'

four courses of priests served each a week in the Temple, or, rather, eight days, the turn beginning and ending with a Sabbath, so that on Sabbaths there was a double course, that which was closing and that which was commencing the week's duty. Twice a year, therefore, each division of the priesthood was called to minister. The acts of service were innumerable:* the most solemn in the daily office was the burning of incense in the Holy Place after the morning and the evening sacrifices. For this the priest was designated by lot, and only once in his lifetime could the honour devolve upon him. Picture the scene. The morning or evening sacrifice has been presented; it is a Sabbath or a feast day, as a **multitude** have gathered. The Court of the Priests around the great altar is filled with the ministers of the service; the Court of Israel and the Court of the Women are crowded with worshippers. Zacharias, in his white robes, barefooted, advances with his two attendants up the steps and through the great folding doors, into the Holy Place, called, ver. 9, **the temple**; i.e. the inner temple. One of the attendants bears the incense, the other a pan of burning coals. The aged priest advances to the incense altar that stands before the inner veil; the coals are placed upon its golden surface, the attendants withdraw, and Zacharias with the sweet perfumes in his hands is left alone, waiting the signal to sprinkle the incense in the flame. The whole multitude are **praying without**, prostrate on the earth, in silent supplication. It is the crowning moment in the life of Zacharias: never has he performed that service before, never can he do so again. Suddenly, he looks up and finds that he is not alone! **On the right** or south **side of the altar**—between the altar and the table of shewbread—a bright and awful form is standing; and a strange terror falls on Zacharias as he feels the presence of one from the spirit-world (compare Judges xiii. 22; Dan. x. 7-9; Ezek. i. 28; Mark xvi. 8; Rev. i. 17, *Farrar*). Note the angel's first words: **Fear not**—words which begin and which end the Gospel story; see Matt. xxviii. 5.

The promise is now given. **Thy prayer**, a word denoting a special object of supplication; referring to the *past* prayers of Zacharias and Elisabeth for a child; also, we cannot doubt, to his *present* prayer for Messiah's coming. It was an hour which Zacharias would choose, beyond all hours in his life, for special entreaty. **John**, the same with the Old Testament *Jochanan*, 'Jehovah is gracious.' It was the motto of the whole era rather than simply the designation of the child (*Godet*). **Many shall rejoice**, not only personally sharing the gladness of the happy parents, but eventually gaining through the ministry of John the greatest blessings. See Lesson for January 16.

Questions.

[These questions are intended, not as an exhaustive recapitulation of the Lesson, but as a help in recalling some of its more salient points, as well as to suggest some others which have been but slightly passed over.]

1. Show that all the Four Gospels are of apostolic authority. Quote passages to confirm this in the case of the Second and Third Gospels.

2. Show from Acts i. 1, in what respect St. Luke regarded the Acts as a *continuation* of his Gospel: one great subject being common to both.

3. Write a brief sketch of the life of St. Luke, so far as Scripture affords the material.

4. Illustrate the significance of the names, Zacharias, Elisabeth, and John, by the events of that age.

5. Of what is incense an emblem in Scripture? Support your answer from the Old Testament and the New.

6. What Old Testament parallels may be found to Gabriel's message?

* For full details, see Dr. Edersheim's *Temple and its Services*, ch. viii. (R. T. S.)

Pages for the Young.

THE RIGHT POINT OF VIEW.

"ELEANOR BRUCE is the happiest girl in the world, mother," said Margaret Duncan, abruptly, after a long sentence, and stopping as abruptly, with just a little sigh in her voice.

Her mother had observed all the morning the cloud on her eldest daughter's usually bright countenance.

"How is that, Margaret? What makes you think her so much happier than other girls, including yourself perhaps?" inquired Mrs. Duncan, a little anxiously. She was the widow of an officer who had died of fever three years before, on his return from India on sick leave. Mrs. Duncan was not quite without means, having a small income of her own, and of course a pension as an officer's widow. Still, she had to be careful and economical in the management of her household. She was a good and wise mother, and did her utmost to make it a cheerful home for her children.

These were five in number. Margaret, the eldest, was six years older than her only brother, Cuthbert, who came next. Margaret Duncan was fair and bonnie, pleasant to behold, without being strictly pretty; she was a dutiful, affectionate daughter, and kind elder sister, had been well educated in an excellent school, and had but lately come home for good to help her mother in many ways, and to educate her little sisters, Ethel and Violet, for the next four or five years at any rate.

Mrs. Duncan had lived in a small but well situated house on the borders of a large park in Surrey. The house had a good garden in the rear, well stocked with fruit and vegetables and not lacking in an abundance of sweet-smelling old-fashioned flowers. It was true that the furniture of the small house was rather old and worn-looking, and the carpets were faded into the faintest shades of art colouring, but both Mrs. Duncan and Margaret had a knack of brightening everything by means of many tasteful simple devices, and no prettier room than the little drawing-room in Sunnybank Cottage could be found in the whole neighbourhood. There was only one general servant, and there was a boy who came every morning to do the rough work and attend to the garden. It was a simple, methodical, quiet-enough routine, but no one of them had ever thought of calling it dull, not even Robin Duncan, when he came home for the holidays, and Margaret was alway as a sunbeam in the house, helping every one, teaching her sisters, gardening amongst her flowers, practising her music and singing, finding time for the few visits she wished to make, and had been, in homely phrase, as happy as the day was long until the last month or six weeks.

Her mother could not help observing a change in her bonnie Margaret, a fitfulness of temper, and the shadow of discontent. She traced its origin to the close intimacy of a school-fellow of Margaret's, a certain Eleanor Bruce, who had been on a visit to Sunnybank Cottage. This young woman had advanced views on the subject of woman's mission, and had tried to convince Margaret that, to live at home at ease, and do what are called home duties of the most humdrum order, duties that could be done just as well by others of less advanced views, when there was a vast field of mission work to be done in India or Africa, was absolute selfishness, was refusing to walk with the Lord, and a wilful throwing away of valuable opportunities. So she argued, and being of a very resolute will, and

having a strong desire for active employment abroad, had got to look at the subject from only one point of view, and was convinced that anyone, everyone that opposed her desire to do good in her own particular way was utterly wrong, was in fact an enemy to good works.

"Why is Eleanor Bruce so particularly happy, Margie?" asked her mother once more.

"Because she is going to accomplish the desire of her heart; an answer to her prayers has come, and it is settled that she is to go out to Madras with a distant cousin of hers—a missionary—and his sister; then Eleanor means to work in the native schools, teach in the zenanas, give up her time—her life if need be—to work for God, and bring the light of truth to these poor heathen sisters. Does it not seem a beautiful life, dear mother?" said Margaret, wistfully.

"Not for her, dear child," answered Mrs. Duncan, "for I know as well as you do, that, though she has gained a reluctant consent from her father and mother, she is going to India in direct opposition to their wishes, and that she has a very distinct work at home for the present. I believe, and I hope you really do, my darling, that—

> "'The trivial round, the common task
> Will furnish all we ought to ask;
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God.'"

We often quote these lines, and hear them quoted, and probably with approval. But here is a practical case, exactly in point, as we shall see.

The home of Eleanor Bruce was very different from that of Margaret Duncan. Her parents were rich, and lived in the West-end of London. As it happened, Margaret Duncan had been sent to the same school at Brighton, for three years, as Eleanor Bruce. A kind and rich relative had paid Margaret's school expenses, when her father died so unexpectedly. The girls became great friends, and Margaret's home education, which had been decidedly religious, was a novelty to Eleanor Bruce, with whom religion was in her own home a merely nominal thing, a kind of Sunday garment. Her parents were all that was kind, tender, and loving, but were not otherwise than completely worldly. A great change came over Eleanor Bruce, partly from the simple, unconscious influence for good that was all about Margaret, and partly from the teaching and preaching of the good clergyman whose church the girls attended at Brighton. She imagined herself to be a thoroughly experienced Christian, and did not take any trouble to root out self-will, or to cultivate humility and self-denial. She did wish to do good and work for God, but only in her own way, and the one thing of all others she had desired from earliest childhood was to go out to India. She read and heard much of the devoted and noble efforts made by good and experienced women in teaching and helping their poor sisters in India, and Eleanor, full of zeal to do something to prove that religion was not a dead letter in her heart, and seeing also far more than she was aware of, a means of accomplishing her desire to go to India, determined to broach the subject to her parents when she left school and returned home, as they expected, to be the pride and ornament of her luxurious home.

Eleanor was a handsome girl, full of life and energy, clever and accomplished, just the girl to win her way in a good cause, and to gain great influence over those around her. Her mother was often an invalid, and longing for Eleanor to come home and relieve her of many little duties; her father was looking forward to her as a cheerful companion, as his wife was so often laid aside for weeks together; her little sisters and big brothers were all talking of nothing else but the time when Eleanor would be at home—what they would do then! There was really abundance of work to do amongst them all; she might have been, would have been, the means employed to show the beauty and attractiveness of religion in the worldly home, but she turned away from what was so evidently before her, and at last wearied her parents out with her importunity. She prayed for light and guidance, as she told Margaret Duncan in a letter, but she really prayed to have her own will, and she left no stone unturned to gain her end.

At last, on hearing of the cousins who were going to Madras, her parents, although it nearly broke their hearts to give it, did give their consent to this unkind, undutiful scheme of their daughter's. Eleanor Bruce went to her "field of mission work"—there is no sphere worthier of a true woman's sympathies, none in which more self-denying deeds have been achieved; but she had just a little shadow of doubt on her conscience as to the right of the thing, when she remembered the simpler duties which she had deliberately neglected.

She had not been in Madras six months before she found out that she had quite mistaken her vocation. Her health did not stand the climate, the work was not suited to her eager, impetuous temperament. She did not make way with the people, nor have sufficient patience with their prejudices (as she called them), and she, do what she would, could not master Hindostanee to any purpose. Her missionary cousin very soon took a wife as a helpmate, and his sister followed his example by becoming engaged to be married. Eleanor actually seemed to be in the way, not wanted by anyone, and whilst she was thinking these thoughts, and seeing matters from quite another point of view, she received a telegram from home bidding her return at once, that she might perhaps see her father before he died.

She arrived home only just in time to see the end, and to shed bitter remorseful tears, such as should never mar the peace and yet anguish of a death-bed parting. When all was over it was discovered that the Bruces' fortune was considerably diminished from a bank failure, and it ended in Mrs. Bruce and her family coming to live in a cottage within a stone's-throw of Sunnybank Cottage. Near Mrs. Duncan and Margaret, Eleanor learned, in patience and humility, many a lesson of true religion, and in time was blessed in being the means of leading her mother to a better mind in many ways. She did her work well and faithfully, and was placidly content with her life; but for long she did not cease to lament and reproach herself, and bitterly regret leaving her parents against their direct wishes, to undertake a work she was not prepared for, and therefore failed in.

Eleanor Bruce always warns her friends not to look at anything they desire very much from only one point of view.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.

Isa. lv. 3, 4. Luke xv. 22. Acts xxiv. 5.

1. When the lost prodigal returned
   His father's heart with pity yearned;
   A mark of honour on his hand
   Was placed by his glad sire's command:
   That sign of dignity
   I mean our *first* to be.

2. When God's sure mercies were conferred,
   According to Isaiah's word,
   What David was designed to be
   Besides commander, look and see:
   This for our *second* take,
   For our great Captain's sake.

3. Behold, you now Paul's title find,
   According to Tertullus' mind;
   But that reproach for Jesu's sake,
   He could for greatest honour take:
   Then let him be our *whole;*
   We follow heart and soul!

W L.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

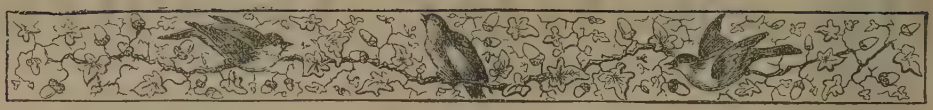
O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

"Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam. . . ."

LONGFELLOW.

No. 1393.—JANUARY 8, 1881.



THE PURITAN PSALM-BOOK.

NO one can have read Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," without feeling as if he had stood himself among the Pilgrim Fathers in the light of New England's dawn. And perhaps in the whole of the poem no passage gives one this feeling more than that which represents fair young Priscilla Mullins as she sits at her wheel, and sings from Ainsworth's psalm-book while she spins. Her sweet young voice comes to us with the freshness of a May morning, and laden with the perfume of the *Mayflower*, as she sits there

> "Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
> Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
> Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many."

We shall carry the thought of this youthful psalm-singer with us as we proceed to introduce our readers to Henry Ainsworth and his "Book of Psalmes."

The story of Henry Ainsworth will soon be told, for, unfortunately, few facts of much interest, indeed few facts at all, are known concerning his personal history. We now know that he was born at Swanton, in Norfolk, about the year 1570, and from that time until we find him in Holland he is almost lost to view. He no doubt spent much of his youth in studying his times, and shaping his course; and when still young he must have identified himself with the "Brownists," a band of Christian people who thought it their duty to withdraw from the national church, and who were persecuted (some even to the death) for this alone. A decree of banishment having been passed against the whole company, they went to Holland about 1593; and Ainsworth seems to have followed soon afterwards, for in 1596 his name appears in their records, as if by that time he was a leading man among them, young as he was. They settled in Amsterdam, and soon formed themselves into a church, of which one Francis Johnson was to be pastor, and Henry Ainsworth "doctor or teacher." The glimpse which we get of the outward life of the latter during the early Amsterdam years is very painful. We read of him "living upon ninepence a week and a few roots," while he speaks of himself and his fellow-sufferers as "consumed with deep poverty" and "laden with reproaches."

If tradition be true, he acted for some time—perhaps up to the time of his appointment to the church, possibly beyond that time—as a bookseller's porter, and some think that it was through the opportunities which he thus had that he laid the foundation of his great learning. One cannot help drawing a picture of him in those days, puzzled to know how to make ends meet; labouring to unravel the tangled web of his life; and the while, perhaps, singing to himself the 37th Psalm, in his own peculiar metre:

> "Upon Jehovah turn thy way aright:
> And trust on Him and He wil see it doon:
> And will bring forth thy justice as the light:
> And thy judgement, as the bright-shining noon."

Probably, as time wore on, his money difficulties grew less; so at least it is concluded from the fact that in 1607 he is united in marriage to Mrs. Appleby, for whom presumably he sees his way to some provision. From this time we know next to nothing of his private life; we seem to see him only as the student and teacher. His part as "teacher" must have been that of a colleague to Johnson, but we may safely infer that the expository part of the simple Amsterdam service was that which Ainsworth took specially in hand. Each Sunday, besides the regular preaching, several chapters of the Bible were read and explained, the devotional part of the service holding a too-subordinate place. And there, week after week, stood Henry Ainsworth, weak in voice, they say, but mighty in spirit, unfolding to the delighted little company the meaning of the Divine word. It is supposed that his great volumes of "Annotations," which have come down to us, took this form first; if so, happy were his people.

Soon, however, the happiness of congregational life was marred by disputes; and it is sad to think that the greater part of what we know of this little community consists of controversial history. First, there was a quarrel about Pastor Johnson's wife, ludicrous enough, yet serious in its results. The reader would laugh if he were to read the account given by Dr. Dexter, the American Congregationalist historian, of this dispute, involving such questions as whether she wore too much lace, whether her hat was "topish" or not, and so on. Next came graver differences, in which the mild Ainsworth had to deal with firm hand, and these differences were only settled when a separation had been made between himself and Johnson. One cannot think without peculiar sorrow of all this, sorrow that good men should have so differed, sorrow that the prominence of these struggles obscured the brightness of the testimony which these oppressed people would have raised for the pure religion of Jesus. Ainsworth, however, seems to have maintained his integrity through all, and, with occasional intervals, he continued his ministrations until his death in 1622 or 1623.

Meantime, his pen was not idle. Now we find him (in 1608) publishing a book with the odd title "Counterpoyson," in which he deals with the errors of the time; again he is issuing a treatise, full of deep thought, upon "Communion." At an early stage in his residence at Amsterdam also, he assisted

in preparing an edition of his people's "Confession of Faith"; and probably for many years he was assiduously preparing those "Annotations," of which we have already spoken. His "Book of Psalmes," of which we are about to speak, was published by him in 1612.

A strange and unlikely story has been handed down to us by several writers, concerning the manner of his death. Having found a very valuable diamond in the street, he made known his discovery, and the precious stone was speedily claimed by the owner, who was a Jew. He asked Ainsworth how he could recompense him; and he replied that he would have no money, but that he would be glad if the man would arrange for him a conference with the local rabbis, that he might discuss with them the prophecies regarding the Messiah. He promised, but, unhappily, none of the rabbis would consent to any such arrangement; and the man, ashamed to see Ainsworth and to feel that his promise would never be carried out, determined to put the good man out of the way, by administering poison to him. This he did, and so, says the story, Ainsworth met his death. The tradition is unproved and improbable; and, since we find others saying that he died through excessive application to his Hebrew studies, our conjecture is that the story may have arisen through the attempt of some one to put the cause of his death thus figuratively, the diamond being made to represent Hebrew lore.

We pass now from Henry Ainsworth to speak of his "Book of Psalmes." A man he was, by all accounts, of a gentle and mild nature; full of love to God, to good men, and to good books; a man, too, of much concentrated force, spiritual and intellectual; who, obscure himself, yet influenced many throughout Europe, and beyond the Atlantic. Another great life lived in narrow compass whose record finds the light to remind us that the Great Husbandman gathers often his tenderest grapes from out-of-the-way nooks and corners of his vineyard.

Having tried to get some faint idea of Ainsworth, let us now look into his Psalm-Book. We have before us the same Amsterdam edition which the Pilgrim Fathers carried with them to New England. Here it is: "The Book of Psalmes; Englished both in Prose and Metre. With Annotations, opening the words and sentences, by conference with other scriptures. By H. A. (Ephe. v. 18, 19). 'Be ye filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymnes, and spiritual songs: singing and making melodie in your hart to the Lord.— Imprinted at Amsterdam, by Giles Thorp, A.D. 1612." Such a Psalm-book was, we dare say, seldom seen: for it is a commentary, a music-book, a metrical version, and a Psalter proper, all in one. The prose and metre versions are printed in parallel columns, the latter in many cases with the tune at the top; and each Psalm is followed by comments, which strike us by a brevity and freedom from strained interpretation which we do not always associate with the writings of that time. The 84th Psalm, for instance, is accompanied by notes of quite remarkable suggestiveness, and here we may observe one curious reading which occurs in it. In the 5th verse, where the Authorized Version which we use has "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them," Ainsworth reads: "O blessed is the earthly-man, whose strength is in Thee; they in whose hart, are the hye-wayes;" and this he explains by a note: "Hye-ways, or causeys [causeways]; namely, which lead to Thy house: that is, which affect hartily, long after, and delyte to goe up to Thy howse. Spiritually, these ways or paths are made by preaching of the Gospel." The translation which he gives of the 10th verse of this Psalm gives us a much finer idea of it than that suggested by "door-keeper" in our version. He has: "For better is a day in Thy courts than a thousand: I have chosen to sit-at-the-threshold, in the house of my God; rather than to remain in the tents of wickedness."

Of the prose translation generally one must speak with great respect for its quaint and beautiful English, and its evident faithfulness to the original. The metrical version, perhaps, cannot be so highly praised, for it must be confessed that it walks at times but lamely on its feet; but it is only fair to remember that a determination to be faithful to the literal meaning had much to do with this. The good man says in his preface: "Rather than I would stray from the text, I streyn now and then, with the rules of our English poësie in the just ending alike of both verses, and sometime in the quantitie of a syllable, which in a work of this sort, I trust al sincere-minded wil forgive."

The days were not yet when men contented themselves with taking the "spirit of the Psalms" and gave poetry free wing; nor will we say that even in such days Ainsworth would have been on terms of poetic equality with the two sweet singers, who have both sought thus to liberate Christian psalm-song, Henry Francis Lyte and Harriet Auber. He was no poet; he was but a man immersed in those well-springs of everlasting life, the Hebrew Psalms. And what his metrical versions lacked in grace of diction and evenness of flow, they gained in giving to the heart the meaning of those Divine words to which it was to attune its song. Here, for instance, is the Hundredth Psalm:

"Showt to Jehovah, al the earth,
Serv ye Jehovah with gladnes;
Before Him come with singing-merth,
Know that Jehovah He God is.

Its He that made us, and not wee
His sheep, and folk of His feeding,
O with confession * enter yee
His gates, His court yards with praising.

Confess to Him, bless ye His name
Because Jehovah He good is,
His mercy ever is the same:
And His faith unto al ages."

All this is very quaint, and not always very even: "feeding" does not make pleasant rhyme with "praising," and "good is" is sadly rhymed with "ages." But we confess there is something to us in this stalwart literalness, which makes us excuse it: it carries us back to days when life was hard and stern and practical, and when the form of devotion, like that of the men who used it, must be, not slender and fine, but of strong bone and manly sinew. We doubt much whether the little company at Amster-

* He explains that in Scripture the Hebrew word for "confession" is used for "the sacrifice of thanks."

dam, who first used these psalms, and the Pilgrim Fathers who used them afterwards, would have thanked us for our modern versions, which better express our spiritual life, as theirs was expressed better by Ainsworth. Taking for instance, the 103rd Psalm, we prefer to sing with Lyte:

> "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
> To His feet thy tribute bring;"

But John Alden and Miles Standish, and even Priscilla Mullins, we do not doubt, could find nothing better than

> "My sowl, bless thou Jehovah thankfully;
> And al my inward-parts, His holy name.
> My sowl, bless thou Jehovah thankfully;
> And His rewards, forget none of the same."

The accomplished editor of the "Lyra Americana" seems to the present writer to take a partial view of the matter when he says, "The Puritan element was intrinsically unpoetical. It was intensely polemical and practical. . . . To the Puritan, the Beautiful was recognised in none of its spiritual relations. . . . Its verses, therefore, were as rugged and forbidding as were the domestic and social polity whence they sprung." It is difficult to accept this view: lyrical beauty may have been in abeyance, but there was enough of epic grandeur at times. Was there no poetry in the souls of Cromwell's Ironsides when they prepared themselves for the battle with the 68th Psalm? and, if we turn to the American side, to which this writer chiefly refers, there seems to us poetry in every motive and every act of the Pilgrim Fathers, from the day when on the shores of Delft the saintly John Robinson knelt and prayed on the beach for a Divine blessing on his departing flock, to the day when—on the other side—they "sound the harbour, find it fit for shipping, march into the land, see diverse corn-fields and running brooks, with a place they judge fit for habitation, and return to the ship with the discovery, to their great comfort."

So, too, when they took to Ainsworth's Psalms, they found a rich poetry in them which is not in them for us. For, first of all, were they not Divine songs, so near in translation to the original that they knew them to be the very thoughts of God? Then, also, they were Henry Ainsworth's, and that was much. Most of them, perhaps, had listened amazed to his powerful expositions, and marvelled how so feeble a voice could say such heavenly things; all knew of him as one with them in their troubles, and as a brother in affliction to good Robinson of Leyden. And the book came to them in English, got from Holland, rich thus in sacred memories and holy suggestions,—its very title-page with "Amsterdam" upon it, a commentary upon the words which they no doubt often sang:

> "Jehovah's song how sing shal wee;
> Within a forreyn-people's land?
> Jerusalem, if I doo thee
> Forget: forget, let my right hand."

Doubtless the Pilgrim Fathers had sung from this book on the mighty waters by the way, to Him

> "In whose hand are the earth's deep secrecies,
> The strong heights of the mountains eke are His.
> His is the sea, for He did make the same;
> And the dry land, for that His hands did frame."

And if anything else was needed, it was found in the music, which Longfellow so well describes:

> "Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
> Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

"Tunes for the Psalms, I find none set of God," Ainsworth had said in his preface: and so he had thrown together familiar melodies, English, French, and Dutch, the "gravest and easiest." "Like stones in the wall of a churchyard" these are, for they are rich in memories of them that sleep: but stones over which the growth of the great American nation has enabled us to write, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto Him."

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES. I. CÆSAREA AND CORNELIUS.

IT is obvious that no course of reflections upon the life and work of St. Peter could even approach completeness, unless a prominent place were assigned in it to the transactions which took place at Cæsarea in connection with Cornelius. Concerning the great importance of that short section of the Bible which fills the tenth chapter and the greater part of the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, no question can be raised. In any biography of St. Peter, in any history of the Church of Christ, it must have a commanding place. It is evidently meant that we should attend reverentially to every part of the narrative; and, in whatever way we look at it, we find it to be full of instruction. On two occasions previously we have taken a glance at this subject—once in regard to the remarkable emphasis which in this part of the history is given to the Apostle's surname, once in regard to the preparation made in Peter's mind during the Gospel-time for the part he was to play in this Gentile city on the Hebrew shore. Now we may revert to the subject with a still closer attention, and with the view of analysing and scrutinising the narrative, so as to judge of its truthfulness and the reality of its claims on our believing and reverential regard.

Cæsarea and Cornelius—the place and the man

both arrest our attention. Both are, so to speak, grandly prophetical. Cæsarea was connected by its name with the empire of the world: its buildings were a reflection of imperial greatness: its harbour was the outlet for all trade and enterprise towards the West. The man, too, corresponds with the place. He was a Roman soldier; and among soldiers he was an officer of distinction: he was a true-born Italian, with a most illustrious and historical name. What place could more fitly be chosen for the first assertion of the universality of the Gospel? What man more suitable, even in regard to his office, to stand at the head of the whole line of Gentile Christianity? And if we pass from the office of Cornelius to his character, we find new reasons for appreciating this fitness—and of his character something must be said presently. But the thought with which we are for the moment contemplating this section of the Bible, is the consideration of those coincidences and coherences which, being undesigned, yet natural and exact, tend to give us confidence in the whole story.

What we have to deal with appears like a continuous narrative; and such, indeed, in one sense, it is. But we must separate it into parts, that we may pursue our scrutiny and see how each part supplies strength to the other parts, and gives character to the whole. We are very apt to read the eleventh chapter as if it were a repetition of the tenth; and perhaps we wonder at the repetition. Commentators pass over all this early part of the eleventh chapter, and leave their pages there almost a blank, as if in the account given by St. Peter to the "Apostles and brethren" we had merely a reiteration of what had been related in the tenth. And it is quite true that Holy Scripture has none of the formality of a work of art, but is free and unrestrained like Nature. But still, like Nature, it has riches which reward inquiry; and trouble devoted to a close examination and comparison of the diverse elements which we find in this part of the Apostolic History, is not without its reward.

In dividing the whole into its several portions, we should observe that we have—first, the direct account of the vision of Cornelius, with its effect on his own mind, and its consequence in his sending to Joppa for Peter; secondly, the direct account of the vision of Peter, the inward questionings to which it gave rise, and the startling coincidence of the arrival of the messengers from Cæsarea; next, the account of Cornelius given by these messengers to Peter; then the direct narrative of the dealing of Peter with Cornelius, after the arrival at Cæsarea; finally (and here we come to the most important element in this work of comparison), we have the apologetic account of St. Peter's own experience, both at Joppa and Cæsarea, before Apostles and brethren at Jerusalem, who had called his conduct in question in regard to this great transaction.

We have a special purpose in view: otherwise it would be natural to dwell chiefly on St. Peter's address to Cornelius, as a specimen of apostolic teaching intended for all time. But our business on this occasion is mainly with the smaller and most unobtrusive features of the narrative. It will be our best plan, probably, to take the paragraphs simply in their order, without any regard to systematic reasoning, and to see how the interest of the matter gradually grows under our hands. In any such case, on a careful examination, confidence either increases more and more or tends to become less.

"There was a certain man in Cæsarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." The particulars which come suddenly here to view bear with great distinctness on the various points of this man's character; and there is more in this enumeration than appears in a hasty reading. He was a "devout man": he "feared God"; and this piety was diffused over "all his house"—the *domestic* side of his religion is strongly marked from the first. He was charitable—he "gave alms"; he was very charitable—he gave "much alms"; and his charity, while copious as to his own heart, was not restricted as to the recipients. Though a heathen by birth and education he gave alms to the Jewish "people" (for that is the meaning of the phrase); and, above all, he was a man of prayer. And he was in the habit of prayer: "he prayed alway." Such is the starting-point of this history; and it is full of moral and religious meaning.

Then follows the account of the entrance of the heavenly visitant, and his assurance to Cornelius that his prayers and alms had gone up as a memorial before God (the prayers, it is worth while to observe, being mentioned first by the angel); and then we have the direction to send to Joppa, with a precise description of the apostle and an exact statement of the place where he is lodging. The promise relates to *words* that are to be spoken by Peter. It is true that the sentence in the angel's address, "He shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do" (Acts x. 6), and also the phrase "to hear words of thee" (x. 22), are not found in the best manuscripts. But there is no doubt that a communication to this effect was made by the angel to Cornelius. An equivalent expression, and a fuller and stronger expression, is found in St. Peter's own statement to the Apostles and brethren: "Call for Simon Peter, who shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved" (xi. 13, 14), where we should not fail to observe that "all thy house" is a special addition here, and an addition in harmony with the preparation made for the Gospel in the family of Cornelius, as well as with the scene which is described as taking place on St. Peter's actual visit to Cæsarea. Here is one of the advantages which we gain from a minute comparison of the direct narrative in the tenth chapter with the indirect in the eleventh. The latter supplements the former very unexpectedly, yet quite easily, and without any need of ingenuity. But, to return to the direct narrative: "When the angel which spake unto Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually; and when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them to Joppa." We should mark here once more, as we pass, new indications of the character of Cornelius, shown by the thorough confidence subsisting between himself and his servants, and by the description of the soldier that was most closely attached to his service. It might be asked why Cornelius did not send a letter to Peter, as Claudius Lysias did to Felix (Acts xxiii. 25). It has been suggested that probably Cornelius could not write. But it is more to the purpose to remember that he had not been in any official or personal relation with

Peter, that, in fact, he knew only his name and his temporary residence. His best course was to tell the whole story to messengers thoroughly trustworthy and like-minded with himself, and to leave them to discharge their errand according to their judgment. How they did actually perform this duty we see from what follows.

The scene now suddenly changes, in the progress of this narrative, from Cæsarea to Joppa. Leaving the travellers proceeding on their afternoon journey, with the sea on the right and the sun in their face, we turn to the Apostle. We must first note, in putting together the vision of Cornelius and the trance of Peter, *the coincidence of prayer* in the two cases. When the messengers were coming in on the next day among the houses of Joppa, after their journey along the coast, Peter was praying: and the outward circumstance of his prayer, and his condition of body when the trance was upon him, are very minutely described (Acts x. 9, 10). He went to the "housetop" to pray: it was about the "sixth hour," about noon: he "became very hungry, and would have eaten"; and it was "while they were making ready" the food which he needed, that the trance came. All these particulars are most interesting in the narrative, and indeed important for the natural telling of the story. But it is to be observed that Peter himself does not name any of these things, the place, the time, the hunger, the making ready—nor does he say that he "came down" from the roof to meet the messengers—when he relates his experience either to Cornelius at Cæsarea, or to the Apostles at Jerusalem (x. 28, 34; xi. 5). This, too, is quite natural. The essential point for Peter to name to Cornelius was the moral conviction which had been wrought in his mind; the essential point to name to the Apostles was the communication which had been granted to him from heaven. And to them he does name one circumstantial particular very carefully. He says (xi. 5) that he was "praying" in the city of Joppa, when the Divine communication came to him. Whatever lingering doubt there might have been in the minds of the Apostles, while Peter was making his statement, they knew what their Lord had said concerning prayer and the answer to prayer. Thus in each case Peter tells his story in the proportion best fitted to produce the proper effect on his audience. All this has an air of thorough reality. Yet hardly any one will venture to say that these variations were ingeniously woven into the narrative so as to produce the impression that a story is true which is not true.

The hunger, however, the condition of body in which Peter was before the trance, though not an essential point to name, either in his sermon before Cornelius, or his defence before the Apostles, is a very essential part of the trance as related by St. Luke. The Divine revelation was precisely adapted to the physical condition of the moment. A deep and indelible impression was to be made upon him; and it was an impression having a connection with all the future relations of the Jewish race and the rest of mankind. How could this be done more effectually than by the dream or vision which he had on the housetop at Joppa, with the sea before him, over which the Gospel was to travel to the western world? He needed food; and a great abundance and variety of food were presented to him, but in such a way as to shock all the feelings of a strict and scrupulous Jew. The voice which came to him was far more wonderful than the vision; and the voice addressed him by name: "Arise, Peter, kill and eat; from among these animals select thy food, without any distinction between clean and unclean." This command was inconsistent with the whole previous tenor of his life. He had never eaten without discrimination, according to the law; and to him the distinction of food had been a type or emblem of the religious difference between the Jews and the Gentiles. The crisis came, when, after his expostulation, the second voice reached him, reminding him of words spoken by Christ during the Gospel-time: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." And, not to repeat what was said in a previous essay concerning this early preparation for what was now occurring, we see what good reason there was for describing the trance at length, and quoting the words he had heard in it, when he defended his conduct before the Apostles. Not only was he virtually recording his own reminiscence of the Gospel-time, but he was also appealing to a reminiscence of their own; for they too had heard the Saviour's words; and this was perhaps one reason why their conviction was so rapidly and so decisively formed.

But, to revert to the orderly sequence of events in the history, "when Peter doubted in himself what this vision which he had seen should mean, behold, the men which were sent by Cornelius had made inquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate, and called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodged there. While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee: arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them; for I have sent them" (x. 19, 20). This seeking for the house, this standing before the gate, this calling and asking whether Peter were lodged there, all belong to the outer framework of the narrative, and make it more animated and real. But they are of no moment on the grave occasion afterwards when Peter is called to justify himself before his brother Apostles. Moreover, they are all outside of his own experience. Accordingly they find no place in the statement at Jerusalem.

But, on the other side (and it is of high importance that this should be noted), two other particulars are of the utmost value during this interview at Jerusalem, as arguments which will tell upon the minds of the other Apostles, as they had told upon Peter's. There was the startling *coincidence* of the arrival of the messengers just when he was thinking in perplexity of the meaning of the vision, and still more the inward voice of *the Spirit*, which interpreted the coincidence, and gave him the command. These two particulars, therefore, are stated in the eleventh chapter in the most pointed manner. "This was done three times," says St. Peter at Jerusalem of his experience at Joppa: "and all were drawn up again into heaven. And, behold, immediately there were three men already come unto the house where I was, sent from Cæsarea unto me. And the Spirit bade me go with them, nothing doubting." The Apostles were hearty believers in the doctrine of special providence, and their Master's solemn instruction regarding the Holy Ghost was fresh and strong in their memory.

Hitherto we have been following the direct

narrative in its two great parts, which are the basis of the whole. With the arrival of the messengers we begin to get a reflex light, as it were, upon the facts of the case. Peter does not speak to them of his vision—that is between himself and God, and he has still much to learn. His mind is only gradually opening to the great truth which lies before him. Moreover, these three messengers are not Jews. But they, on their part, communicate something to Peter concerning Cornelius, which we should not fail to notice. It is interesting to see how they describe the man who has already been described in the direct narrative. They add something to what we knew before. Moreover, we must remember that they had an errand to discharge, and that their business was to persuade Peter, if possible, to go to Cæsarea. Their message is given thus: "Cornelius, a centurion, a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews, was warned from God by a holy angel to send for thee to his house, and to hear words of thee." Cornelius is described as a just man, as one that feared God, and as being highly and generally respected and honoured by the Jews. This, as I have said, adds something to what we knew before, and especially calls attention to the fact that Cornelius both possessed and deserved the esteem of the Jews. All this was conciliatory, persuasive, and judicious. It should be observed, too, these men being Gentiles, that they speak respectfully of the nation of the Jews, and name the angel in such a way as not to shock any feelings of Jewish reverence. All this strikes us as extremely natural. These men have a point to gain, and they speak as trustworthy men would speak under such circumstances, and yet quite artlessly and with simplicity.

It was of high importance that for such an occasion Peter should take witnesses and companions In the tenth chapter (x. 23) we are merely told that "certain brethren from Joppa accompanied him." But unless we had the indirect narrative in the next chapter (xi. 12) we should not have known that there were *six*, and that thus ten now journeyed together—seven Jews, three Gentiles—along the coast to the north. Nor should we have otherwise known that these six men went afterwards with Peter as witnesses *to Jerusalem*—a most important fact, and one which comes to view unexpectedly and yet evidently without premeditation or contrivance on the part of the writer of the Acts.

The same kind of analysis might be continued, with similar results, in regard to the meeting of Peter with Cornelius, and the occurrences which took place at Cæsarea. But we may limit ourselves simply to the climax of this occasion, taken in connection with the reference to it made afterwards at Jerusalem. The sudden descent of the Holy Ghost at the close of St. Peter's discourse, or rather on the Divine interruption and sanction of that discourse (x. 44), is a point on which the utmost stress is to be laid: "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word: and they of the circumcision were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost"; and the question was at once asked by Peter, "Can any man forbid baptism to those who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" In Peter's mind, as we see afterwards, from what he said to the other Apostles, this miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost presented itself as a reminiscence of Pentecost: "As I began to speak to them, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning" (xi. 15). And more than this: it brought back to his recollection words spoken long before by Christ Himself: "*Then remembered I* the word of the Lord, how that He said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Forasmuch then as God gave unto them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I, that I could withstand God?" (xi. 16) No argument could be more persuasive to his brother Apostles; for they too had been witnesses of the miracle of Pentecost, they too had heard "the word of the Lord Jesus."

It is well worth while to observe that these thoughts, which came into the Apostle's mind and brought him to a strong conviction, are not named in St. Luke's direct narrative, which deals with outward particulars, but come to view only in the indirect apologetic account given by St. Peter himself, when he relates the process which had brought him to a strong conviction. All this again is perfectly natural. And now two more particulars may be added out of several which might be adduced, all tending in the direction of the same argument. Though, as we have seen, Peter, in addressing the Apostles, omits the preliminary circumstances of the trance at Joppa and hastens to the trance itself, he adds certain touches which we do not find in the direct narrative; for he says, that when the sheet descended, "it came even to him," and that he "fastened his eyes upon it and considered." This is the natural language of one who tells what has laid strong hold on him, and has fixed itself minutely in his memory. And, finally, let us mark that, in persuading reluctant Jews on this occasion, he gives no detailed account of Cornelius, and pronounces no panegyric upon him. Cornelius is simply "the man." He does not speak with any respect of his office, or any praise of his character. *We* can see how well chosen was the office of "the man," as well as his character. But the fact that he was a centurion had no particular charm for them. They heeded not that he belonged to the Italian cohort. The military terms of the Romans were probably viewed by them with repugnance, for they might yet have some lingering hope of "the restoration of the kingdom to Israel." And as to the character of Cornelius, which weighs so much with us, it would not at first sight be persuasive to them. They were not predisposed to regard very favourably any goodness not found among the Jews. They might even have been inclined to suspect any appearance of goodness among "sinners of the Gentiles."

If our subject had been the evidential value of the Acts of the Apostles in general, it might have been proper to have pursued this line of analysis more fully. Our present inquiry is restricted to the life and work of St. Peter. But part of the plan before us is to trace this narrower subject evidentially; and it is important to mark carefully how much reliance we are justified in placing on the literal truthfulness of that history of Cornelius, to which the Apostle referred afterwards (Acts xv. 7): "Ye know how that a good while ago God made choice among us, that the Gentiles *by my mouth* should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe."

A Winter Day.

YE who have marked perchance
The placid beauty of some winter day,
Watching the snow-flakes dance
Upon the leaden air, while far away,
Like a great jewel wrought
Of ruddy fire, down dropped the dying sun,
And nature's silence brought
A sense of utter peace but seldom won:
Say, is it hard to trace
In the fair scene a likeness well expressed
To the sweet Christian grace
Of Resignation? Perfectly possessed,
We find her ever clad
In snowy robe of meekness—wide its scope—
And lest she be too sad,
A ray from heaven gilds her brow with hope.

S. E. G.

MRS. JOHN BOND'S TROUBLES.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BOND found Sammy's shop nearly full; she took her seat at the back, and very soon "the new curate" arrived.

At first she felt a little dull; in spite of her resolution in coming she had an uncomfortable feeling of John's unfriendly disposition towards her in consequence of it; and it was not so pleasant a place to her as church. She did not want to look at her neighbours who were seated around her, and she had no dear little ones in a gallery to gaze up at! Suddenly, however, she was brought to remember the purpose that had brought her there. Mr. Shepherd made no long address. After a few words of introduction, he preached the gospel plainly and powerfully.

She listened as she had never listened before; her heart opened to the wonderful fact that *she* had a Saviour; that the Lord Jesus Christ had not only taken her child, but that He had died for *her*. Something of this blessed fact had shone in on her before, while she was rejoicing in his love to her Susy; but now "the wonderful fact" confronted her in all its glory—Jesus died on the cross for *her!*

Full of strong emotion she left the meeting, speaking to no one. When she opened the shop door, the bell of course tinkled; she went in to John; he was asleep on the settle.

He asked no question, nor did she make any remark. She concluded he had eaten his supper and smoked his pipe, for he took his candle and walked upstairs to bed.

"He's taken it hard, my going," she said to herself. "But he's got no right to do that; may be he'll be better to-morrow; he do turn cross sometimes; I must 'bide it a bit."

But John did not get better; neither the next day nor for many days after. She went on as usual, working from morning till night; doing, as she had always been wont, all in her power to make him comfortable; but beyond necessary talk on business matters, he maintained a dogged silence, and although it was rather trying to bear, even to her imperturbable temper, she did bear it, always hoping "he would come to in time."

Every week she went to the lecture, and every lecture evening widened, it seemed, the breach between them; but she would not give it up. She argued the matter over with herself often, but could see no reason why she should do it. She was, if possible, more diligent and hard-working than ever; she left nothing undone in order that she might go. It had, she felt, been a blessing to her, and much as she loved peace—more now than ever—she would rather live with John's frown than his smile if the question of her going to learn the gospel depended on it. "Wish as he'd go; sure he'd be different—sure he would!" she would often say to herself when meditating on his churlish behaviour.

Autumn glided into winter; a hard winter it was, and all garden produce became very dear. Work, too, was scarce; many men went past the street bearing long poles with withered green-stuff tied on the top, crying, "Please to pity the poor froze-out starved gardeners!" Still Mr. Shepherd kept up his lecture, which was well attended, Mrs. Bond always being one of the number.

Her brass spectacles struck him. He saw she was the woman that he had noticed in church; but he never spoke to her; indeed, he had no opportunity, for she always sat by the door, ready to slip out the moment the lecture was over.

Creeke and her husband were no longer on the same friendly terms that had existed between them. Bond was offended with his neighbour for giving into "such ways," "making the women idle, and doing a lot of mischief." This was a trouble to her, for "The Silver Fish" and John's visits to it had enabled her to have a little freedom for following her own devices; whatever those once were, now she spent every moment she could get in reading her Bible.

Mr. Shepherd had lately been speaking to his hearers on the life of the Lord, and trying to show them how that life set forth, in type, the life of his disciples. In dwelling on the temptation, he told them, what strongly moved her, that all the Lord's people must be led into the wilderness, as He was, and tempted, as He was. "But you see," he said, "as He was led up by the Spirit, they are also led by the Spirit, and as He overcame the devil for us, his children through Him, by his Spirit, overcome the devil too. And remember for your comfort, that when the time of temptation is past, as the devil left your Lord and fled, so He will leave you and fly, and as they came and ministered to the blessed Jesus, so angels will come and minister unto you. Oh, believe it! there is no comfort equal to that which Christians enjoy when they have patiently suffered and boldly borne witness to the truth of God's word, and resisted the devil till they have beaten him back, as the blessed Son of Man did in the days of his flesh. This comfort is worth working for, worth waiting for; it is a foretaste of heaven."

Poor Mrs. Bond! (we say "poor" in love, not pity), she wept tears of delight as he spoke. Yes, "the wooden woman," the woman without a blink of imagination, was filled with thankful joy, for she put the case to herself thus: "Sure, I've been in the wilderness all this time as John Bond have been so angry with me, wanting me to give up coming. Yes, and so far as I can see, I'm 'in the wilderness' now, and may be there ever so long. Never mind; I'll wait till it's over, I'll be helped to do that, sure*ly*, and then the angels 'll come."

The thought of the angels was reflected on her

face as she lifted the latch of the door, and no one that saw her then would have called her the "wooden woman."

The house was quite dark, and John must have put the fire out and gone to bed. It was a very cold night, a sharp frost had reigned for some time; but now snow had set in, and even in only crossing the street she had got covered with it.

That was before the day of lucifer matches, a flint and steel must be used then to light the tinder; but her hand was practised in all such arts, and she soon lit her candle. She could have kindled a fire, but John had used all the coal in the hod, and, as it seemed, burned all the shavings, for she could find none. "He'd a mind to have a good warm," she said to herself; and she thought for a moment that to leave her without a bit of fuel to light a fire in the morning was not "friendly like." "But there," she said, "it's what I must take patient, being as it's 'wilderness' I'm in. And sure I wouldn't but bear all as I'm put to bear, no, not to be rich and comfortable like Mrs. Robins of the 'Golden Lion.'"

So trying to forget John's "unfriendliness," she took her lantern into the little yard, with the coal-hod and shaving-basket, almost blinded by the snow, and shaking with the cold.

It struck her that perhaps she had better take a bit of bread and cheese, and go straight to bed, as kindling a fire would consume time, and John might be grumbling at her already for keeping him awake. So, taking her supper in her hand, she went upstairs.

She had not got into the "chamber," as they called it, when a groan struck her ear. Going with her lantern to the bedside, she was surprised to find her husband lying outside the bed, in his clothes, and apparently in great pain.

"Thought you'd never come!" he cried in no pleasant tone.

"What is it, John?" she answered, wholly taken up with the conviction of his being in suffering.

"I slipped down and hurt my leg very bad," he said.

She might have said, "You didn't slip in getting coal and shavings for the morning?" but she merely went close to him to examine the hurt, and see how she could relieve him.

Pain cures pride for the time being. John allowed her to examine the leg, which she did with much tenderness and care.

"It's a bad place, Bond," she said, shaking her head; "I think I'd best fetch the doctor; legs is such sorry things to meddle with."

But he would not hear of a doctor, "she might do anything that she'd a mind to do to it," and that was all he would allow.

So she went down and lit the fire, and made a poultice; and finding he had gone to bed without any supper, she soon got him a cup of tea to warm him, for he was very cold; and when he had got into bed and felt the comfort of her work, he became a little softened, and told her something of "how it happened."

But the next morning it was so bad that she went over to Sammy Creeke to ask his advice about fetching the doctor. Sammy had had a "turn-up" with John the day before, and was afraid to interfere; but at her earnest entreaty he went across to see him.

His advice was to send for the doctor at once.

"It's a bad case, I'm afraid, John; and the sooner it's cured the better. Legs should never be trifled with."

John grumbled out something about "expense;" but Sammy assured him that Doctor Spencer was very feeling, and cheap in his charge to all poor people. So after a little demurring, Doctor Spencer was summoned and came, and very grave he looked, saying he hoped he might be able to save the leg. "But you are not a very good subject, Bond; and I can assure you appearances are not favourable," he added, for he could see that the patient must be plainly dealt with, if a cure was to be effected.

Throughout that long dreary winter, John was obliged to lie on his bed; his patient "wooden wife" waiting on him with as much assiduity as if he repaid her with thanks and smiles, instead of groans, complaints, and reproaches.

Often he told her that if she had been at home that night it would not have happened, for he should not have gone into the yard only to get more shavings because he had let the fire go low. "Ah!" she thought, "that night! that was the night I heard about the wilderness; good night that!" And indeed the remembrance of its teaching never deserted her; many a time, as she sat at her work watching John, she wondered if he was in the wilderness. "He's in trouble enough, sure," she thought; but then came the thought, Mr. Shepherd had said, "They who are the Lord's people, are led up into the wilderness, as He was, by the Spirit." She doubted if John knew anything about the Spirit. She was perplexed; she wished she could ask him; but she dared not even allude to the subject.

That night had indeed been one of the most important value to her, for she had not been able to go to another meeting, John positively refusing to be left alone till he could move about and help himself.

Spring came, and with it a great improvement in his condition; but with it also—the doctor's bill.

If it had been but a shilling, John could have "made a trouble of it." As it was, though the bill was very moderate, he was downright angry, and so foolish as to wish he had never seen a doctor. "It was your doings," he said to his wife, "I shouldn't have had him if you hadn't teased so about it!" With deep grief he opened his box, "It's all going out now," he said, "and little or nothing coming in;" and truly, the shop's custom had fallen off of late, for Mrs. Bond had been so harassed by his peevish state, and so worn by broken rest and hard work, that things had not prospered; and the new shop which, in spite of reports to the contrary, had opened three doors lower down the road, was doing a fine stroke of business and took away many of their customers.

Mrs. Bond knew all this; but she looked cheerful, she did not contradict John when he said, "things had taken a bad turn with them, and it would end in their having to give up the shop, he could see that!" She could see that things had taken a bad turn, but where that "turn" might land them, she could not see—and she did not want to see. When things were at the gloomiest she resolutely set her face as a flint to it, and looked with a confidence which she could not have explained, for the end of

"wilderness trouble" and the ministering angels to come. John sometimes could not help wondering at her serenity, but he put it down to her being so "unsensible and dull;" she could work when things were put straight before her, but now she was "done!"

We cannot follow the old shop in its decline, and the new one in its prosperity; things got worse and worse with John and his wife, and by degrees his money-box grew nearly empty, and his power to refill it was gone. It was not his way to confess himself wrong in judgment, not even to himself would he own it, but a misgiving occasionally rose in his mind, that Sammy Creeke had been wise in safely investing his money, though he had so often triumphed over him and his foolish venturesomeness. If he had done so with his, it might have been better for him, but Sammy might still lose all, banks were continually breaking!

Creeke tried to comfort him and cheer him up; but the unpleasant conviction that he had possibly been wiser than himself, made John dislike his company; besides, he had not forgiven him for allowing the meeting at his shop, by which means he had helped his wife to a course which he absurdly looked on as the origin of all their troubles.

Finding himself unwelcome, Sammy thought it best to give up his visits; but he did all he could to help Mrs. Bond, for whom he felt a hearty sympathy and brotherly friendship.

The crisis came at length. Another summer, spring, autumn and winter, and the matter was decided. The shop must be given up; they tried to part with the business, but Mrs. Bond told the honest truth to all who came to see about it; it had been going down ever since the new one had started, and the landlord, who wanted to raise the rent and let the shop to a more enterprising tradesman, would do no repairs nor help them in any way. So every treaty fell through, and it was settled they should quit at Christmas.

GOOD NEWS AT LAST.

CHAPTER IV.

Everybody was sorry for this sad wind up of the poor Bonds. Truly "the wooden woman" had been "led into the wilderness to prove her, and to show her what was in her heart." The neighbours agreed that she had changed wonderfully of late. "She showed herself so feeling; and certainly her patience with John Bond was something past believing."

Yes, it was true; she had learnt much of which she spoke little, except in broken prayer to her Lord to whose guidance she was daily more thankful to submit herself, and whose constant grace and mercy often turned her prayer into praise.

Neighbour Creeke's sympathy showed itself practically. Whenever he could get opportunity, he used to tell her the substance of Mr. Shepherd's lectures on "The Temptation." And how she listened to him on one of these opportunities!

"He told us," said Sammy, "how that the words 'man should not live by bread alone, but by every word of God,' meant for us that we should not look for our portion here, nor care the most for being comfortable and prosperous, and that sort of thing; but that we should look up to Him for faith to believe his promises, and patience to wait for the good things to come; and that then the devil, who is trying all he can to make us angry with our troubles, will be forced to fly."

"Yes," said she, with a joyful smile, "and then the angels will come. I mind all that, Sammy, I do."

"I believe you do!" he cried grasping her hand, "and I was telling Mr. Shepherd how comforted you had been in your dark days by the little you had heard from him, and he seemed so pleased."

"I never spoke to him," she said with innocent surprise.

"No, but he knows you, for all that you were always out at the door afore he could get a chance

to speak to you; but when I told him about you, he said in a minute, 'What, her with the great brass spectacles?' So, you see, he had got his eye on you, as he has on everybody he is preaching to; he is a good man, is Mr. Shepherd!"

Mrs. Bond was not likely to dispute this, and Sammy went on to say, "I was thinking he might do something to help you, so I told him about your troubles, and he heard me straight out, and said, 'I'll see, Creeke, I'll see.'"

"He has not said anything concerning it since; but I'll mention it again in a little time; he's got many ways of helping; he's very friendly with Madam Penton, who is as free and willing to do good as she is able to do it."

Mrs. Bond felt it to be very kind of her neighbour, but she had not much expectation, if any, of help from the source he spoke of. She was very literal, as we have said, and her faith was so simple, that she could not be diverted by any hopes of aid from "the creature," from looking for a straight-down deliverance from the Creator. She was content to remain in the wilderness during his will, firmly resting on "the word" by which she was told to live. "May be there's more and worse trouble for us yet," she said, when checking a rising of complaint; "Never mind, 'I will never leave thee!' that's the word. I never minded to seek Him while I was pretty easy and comfortable, and I don't believe I ever should have minded to do it, if He hadn't put trouble upon me. Yes, I was out of heart and broken down when He took Lucy from me; that was the beginning of 'wilderness' to me; but I see now, it was his good spirit as led me there, yes, and the thing comes plainer and plainer as the trouble comes thicker."

It was such a night. The cold wind was driving the snow into blinding wreaths, and it was almost dangerous to tread the glassy pavements which the naughty little boys had polished so dexterously by making slides on them; they were like looking-glasses.

"Shall I go, John, and see if that room is to be had?" said Mrs. Bond, who had been hard at work all day packing their goods, which were ranged round the shop and room in forlorn state, ready for departure.

"It's a bad night," said John; "but *I* can't go. So I 'spose you'll have to."

"Don't mind the night," she said, though her teeth were chattering with the cold.

"Best take the lantern," said John, who could not help feeling how cheerfully she did and suffered everything.

So she took the lantern and walked cautiously round the corner towards the lodging of which she had spoken. A poor place it was, but "the box" was all but empty, and they could not afford a better home till she had got into some sort of work which would add to their means. John's leg was still so weak and untrustworthy that there was little hope of his being able to work at anything again; indeed, his health altogether had for some time been failing, partly through the confinement to which he had been obliged to submit, his stout, robust frame requiring regular exercise, and partly from the fret he had undergone from the failure of his affairs.

She had just turned the corner when she met her friend Sammy Creeke.

"Oh, good!" he cried. "The very woman! Come with me to 'The Fish.' I've got good news for you."

The wind was too boisterous to allow of any more talking, so, stepping carefully on, they went into "The Silver Fish."

When they were in and the door was shut, Sammy pointed to the sign, which at night always hung inside, and said,

"It was a good for many when Mr. Shepherd rattled his cane on yon fish, and said he wanted to 'come afishing' in my house; now," he continued. "Here's a bit of news for you. You know what I told you about Madam Penton being able to help you through Mr. Shepherd?"

She nodded assent.

"Well, the job's done; you've got the empty almshouse. One of the Penton almshouses, of course you know all about 'em: house and garden rent free for life, and seven and sixpence a week, and a chaldron of coals at Christmas."

Mrs. Bond could not speak; her surprise and thankfulness were too much for her, but she looked unutterable things.

"Aye; it's very nice—very pleasant, isn't it?" said Creeke, his face twinkling all over with delight. "I wouldn't say a word to you about it till I was sure; but as soon as I heard old Cross and his wife were out (their son has taken to them now he can afford it), I went to our good friend Mr. Shepherd and told him as I hoped this might be your time for coming out of the wilderness, and he put on his hat then and there and walked off straight to Madam Penton. He did not get an answer then; but a promise as 'inquiries should be made.' But this afternoon he sent for me, and he was as pleased as if it had been for one belonging to him, I do believe. 'Creeke,' he said, 'go to your friend in the brass spectacles and tell her she and her husband may move into the house as soon as they please; the inquiries have been answered very satisfactorily; all the neighbours give the man a good name for respectability, and they can't say too much in praise of the poor woman!'"

Mrs. Bond, undemonstrative, wooden Mrs. Bond, fell on her knees and looked straight up to the ceiling.

"Aye, mother," said Creeke, much affected, "you are right; give the glory where it is due." And kneeling by her side, he offered up an earnest, hearty thanksgiving, to which she sobbed an "Amen."

"Out of the wilderness!" he said, smiling as he helped her to rise, for she was stiff with cold, and wearing and strong emotion.

"Yes, Sammy," she said, when she could speak, "and you and Mr. Shepherd and Madam Penton are the angels! I see it all."

The almshouses were close to the church; they had been built by the husband of the widow who had now acted as one of the angels to minister to Mrs. Bond. Her lot seemed perfect; her cup was running over; thankful to be out of the wilderness, she was still more grateful that she had been led into it.

"Ah," she thought one day, while listening to Mr. Shepherd's sermon on "the rest that remaineth," "I should never have known about 'that rest' if I had not been 'in the wilderness.'"

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

JANUARY 9, 16.

THE SONG OF MARY. (LUKE I. 46-55.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VERS. 46, 47.—'*And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*'

CONNECTION WITH PREVIOUS LESSON.—We left the aged priest in the Temple, listening to the angel's words. Did he believe them? How was his want of faith punished? Picture him coming forth, after long delay, and stretching out his hand to pronounce the great Benediction,* but standing dumbly there before the multitude! Then, day by day, till the solemn week of his silent service ended, they were reminded of what had happened, and we may be sure that those who looked for redemption in Jerusalem 'spake often one to another' of their growing hopes.† How long did the ministry of Zacharias continue? Where was the home to which he returned? Imagine the wonder of Elisabeth as her husband, still speechless, would write down for her the account of what had happened—her joy at the tidings, her sorrow at his affliction! Months passed away; the time had almost come for the fulfilment of the promise; when to the hill country a VISITOR came, a village maiden from the north, a young relative of Elisabeth's. The visitor's name? Her home? What wonderful announcement had been made to her, and by whom? Full of the news, she came to her aged kinswoman, and Elisabeth greeted her at once as 'Mother of her Lord,' saying, **Blessed is she that believed!** For Mary had not doubted, like Zacharias. Meekly had she received the word of Gabriel (ver. 38). So while the doubting priest was stricken into silence the believing maiden burst forth into a song. The song, like that of Zacharias afterwards, ver. 67, was inspired by the Holy Ghost; while in its echo of Old Testament Psalm and Hymn it shows what thoughts and studies had filled the Virgin's mind since Gabriel came. Mary's hymn is one which we love to sing to this day. Let us consider it in three parts: the celebration of God's goodness to *Mary herself*; to *all the meek and lowly*; and in particular to *Israel*.

> Those who use this hymn in the daily service of the Church of England will notice a few differences between the Prayer-book and the Bible versions. The former, as in the Psalter, employs an older translation than that 'revised version' of 1611 which is the 'Authorised Version' now in use.

I. GOD'S GOODNESS TO MARY.—*Read vers.* 46-49. Every word in the Golden Text is full of meaning. **My soul . . . my spirit**—not quite the same (see 1 Thess. v. 23). The *soul* feels and loves, the *spirit* knows God and is like Him. Both together make up what David meant by 'all that is within me,' Psa. ciii. 1. So, mark the difference between **magnify** and **rejoice**. The former denotes *adoration*—ascribing greatness to God Himself; the latter *gratitude*, thankful gladness in what God is to us. So in David's song just quoted. We 'magnify' God when we 'bless His holy Name,' we 'rejoice in' Him when we 'forget not all His benefits.' Both are parts of the one tribute of praise. Note that the Latin word for 'doth magnify' is MAGNIFICAT, which word, standing first in the Latin version, gives the title to Mary's hymn. It has been used in the services of the churches for more than thirteen hundred years.* **God my Saviour**; not *here* the promised Divine Child, but God the Father, the 'God of salvation,' Psa. lxviii. 20; see also Isa. xlv. 21; 1 Tim. ii. 3; Titus iii. 4. Observe: Mary needed a Saviour, like the rest of us—she was not, therefore, sinless, as some teach.

The wonder to Mary is that *she* should be so honoured; being a maiden of **low estate**, or condition. This, **God hath regarded**, or *looked upon*, i.e., in kindness (comp. ch. ix. 38, '*look upon* my son,' with Matt. xvii. 15: '*have mercy* on my son'). In contrast with this lowliness would be the honour done to her memory through **all generations**. Not the mistaken honour and false reverence which so many pay to her name. This would have shocked her utterly. She is **blessed**, as all the meek are blessed (see Matt. v. 5) only with a special honour as mother of the Lord; but see the *yea, rather*, in ch. xi. 28. Even she was more blessed in keeping the word of God than in being mother to Jesus. 'Blessed is she *that believed*,' ver. 45.

See in ver. 49, how Mary's sense of the favour done to her again lifts her up to the contemplation of God Himself. **Holy is His Name** (Psa. cxi. 9). The **great things** that He *has done* should already remind us how great and glorious HE IS.

II. GOD'S GOODNESS TO THE MEEK AND LOWLY.—*Read vers.* 50-53. Mary passes now from the thought of self to that of God's mercy to all who **fear Him**. In the words **from generation to generation** the Virgin brings up the thought of the past, when in successive ages the meek and lowly were exalted; the proud and mighty cast down. The **arm** of God means His power (Psa. lxxxix. 13; Isa. liii. 1). **Strength** is that power put forth. The history of God's people, that Mary knew so well, is full of illustrations. The **proud** and **mighty**, like Pharaoh, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, had been **put down from their seats**, or thrones; the chosen nation, though despised and oppressed, had been delivered from captivity, while in many cases **those of low degree** had been **exalted**, as Joseph from the prison, David from the sheepfold. See Psa. cxiii. 6-8; Psa. lxxviii. 70-71. But the Virgin's words were not only of the past. In her own day the Sadducees were rich, the Pharisees were proud; yet more, the power of the Herods was great: that of the Roman Empire seemed overwhelming; yet they all vanished in their turn, and the meek and lowly One set up His everlasting kingdom! The reference to the **rich sent empty away**, and the **hungry filled** is of the deepest spiritual application (Isa. lxv. 13, 14; Matt. v. 6). To those who hunger for truth and goodness the blessing is given; those rich in self-esteem (like the Pharisees and Scribes) lose all!

> 'Happy they who in this world experience the sentence of the Magnificat; in whom pride and self-reliance is put down from its seat, and spiritual hunger is rewarded; who discover ere it is too late that, in Scripture language, they are poor and blind and naked; and who take the Divine counsel to buy raiment and fine gold and eyesalve from the Son of Man' (Rev. iii. 18).†

III. GOD'S GOODNESS TO ISRAEL.—*Read vers.* 54-56. Observe the order of thought in the hymn. Mary passes from herself to the meek and lowly in general, and then to the whole **Israel** of God; God's **Servant**, in a peculiar sense, Isa. xliv. 1, 2; for whom God had always wrought deliverance, and to whom now the greatest gift of all was sent. **Holpen**, an old English form for *helped*: the word in the original is very expressive, *took by the hand*. The words **to Abraham** (ver. 55) are to be connected with the word **mercy** (ver. 54); 'in remem-

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* Numbers vi. 24-26.

† See Tract (R.T.S.), *The Story of Christmas*.

* The most ancient liturgy in which this Song of the Virgin is found is that of Cæsarius of Arles, A.D. 503.

† Canon Liddon, *University Sermons*, p. 215.

brance of His mercy (as He spake to our fathers) to Abraham, and to his seed for ever' (Gen. xvii. 19; Psa. cxxxii. 11).

It was to the literal Israel that Jesus first came, to the Jews dwelling in Palestine. But the true Israel, the inheritors of the highest promises, the children of Abraham, the Servant of God, is the Church of Christ (Gal. iii. 7, 16, 28, 29). So the words **for ever** reach their largest fulfilment.

QUESTIONS.

1. Trace out the similarities between the Magnificat and the Song of Hannah in 1 Sam. ii. 1–10. Cite also illustrative passages from the Psalms.
2. To what events in Jewish history does the Virgin especially allude?
3. Which of the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount are anticipated in the Virgin's Song.
4. Adduce proofs that Mary, like Joseph, was of the house of David. What incidents in her history show her to have been of lowly condition?
5. Give some simple and Scriptural reasons against the Mariolatry of the Church of Rome.

THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS. (LUKE I. 67–80.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 78.—'*Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us.*'

CONNECTION WITH PRECEDING LESSON.—How long did the visit of Mary to Elisabeth last? She seems to have returned home just before the birth of John. What long and wonderful talks there must have been between the gentle maiden and her aged relative, about their own hopes, and the hope of Israel! And now the child of promise is born. A great and joyful company assemble in honour of the event. What is his **name** to be? *Zacharias*, of course! the friends and kinsfolk say. The mother knows better, but her opinion is set aside.* Let the appeal be made to the silent father standing by. **They made signs to him**—showing that he was *deaf* as well as dumb. Observe what he **wrote**: not **His name** *ought to be* or *shall be;* it is **John.** This is already settled by the angel's word! Then his dumbness is suddenly gone, and he breaks into a song of praise. 'He could not but sing, as his fathers had sung in every great crisis of their history.' 'The song which had been composed in the priest's mind during the time of his silence broke solemnly from his lips the moment speech was restored to him, as melted metal from its crucible.' And this song, the BENEDICTUS, as it is called, may well be placed side by side with the MAGNIFICAT, which we considered last Sunday. Zacharias speaks of a *Mighty* Saviour, the *Promised* Saviour, and of the Saviour's great *Forerunner.*

I. THE MIGHTY SAVIOUR.—*Read vers.* 67–69. It is probable that this song was uttered at the time of John's circumcision, in the hearing of the whole company: like Mary's hymn, it was inspired by **the Holy Ghost.** The word **prophesied** may be taken in its widest sense. It means both *fore*-telling and *forth*-telling, and denotes inspired utterances generally, with or without the prediction of future events. The great subject of this song is Prophecy *accomplished.* See how the father's own joy is placed second to his joy in God's salvation. The first thought of Zacharias is not of his own family but of Israel: his song begins not with *John* but with the coming JESUS. How does he speak of the blessing? Note the words **visited . . . redeemed** (or 'wrought a ransom,' as Titus ii. 14). Here are the two great Christian doctrines: *Incarnation* and *Redemption.* The **horn** is the emblem of might (as the horns of a bull or stag), a natural figure among an agricultural people. See 1 Sam. ii. 10; Psa. xviii. 2, and especially Psa. cxxxii. 17, which passage seems to have been in the speaker's thoughts. 'Horn of Salvation' therefore means a *mighty Saviour.* **In the house of His servant David**; a plain reference to Mary, whose visit to Elisabeth had just concluded.

In ver. 27, the words 'of the house of David' might grammatically refer either to 'the Virgin' or to Joseph. The former is probably the case, and the verse should read: 'To a virgin (espoused to a man whose name was Joseph) of the house of David.'

II. THE PROMISED SAVIOUR.—*Read vers.* 70–75. Zacharias shows that he had grasped the meaning of the Old Testament. Where is it written that the 'testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy?' **His holy prophets.** See Luke xxiv. 44 (Matt. xi. 14). All ancient Scripture was in a sense prophetic—it all looked forward to Him who was to come. And this was from the very first: **since the world began.** There were prophets before the days of a written revelation. When, and to whom, was the first prophecy of a Redeemer given? Who were prophets before Moses? (See Jude 14; Gen. ix. 25–27; Gen. xlix. 1, 10.)

It has been beautifully suggested that the name given by Adam to his wife after their expulsion from Eden, places him also among the prophets. 'He called her *Eve*—"Living," not only because she should give birth to all living, but perhaps with a further prophetic meaning, in reference to the promise just given; because the race of man, now subject to death, should be made alive by the "Offspring of the Woman."' (Bishop Harold Browne, in the *Speaker's Commentary*, on Gen. iii. 20.) A word of hope at the very gate of the Paradise lost!

The first result of Christ's coming: **that we should be saved**: one word in the original, *Salvation*, as if in repetition from ver. 69. 'This is the salvation that I mean,' **from our enemies**—the enemies of Israel, the proud Romans that oppressed them—**and from** them **that hate us**, perhaps a reference to Herod, the tyrannical king. But no doubt the meaning goes deeper. We have all worse and mightier enemies, and Jesus came to set us free. See how Zacharias turns into prophecy the names of his son, his wife and himself (Lesson for Jan. 2). **To perform the mercy** (*John*); **to remember His holy covenant** (*Zacharias*); **the oath which He sware** (*Elisabeth*). And the end of all this is not deliverance only, but *service.* If we belong to Christ, we have changed masters, but now the law is Love. We serve **without fear.** True, we fear God, but we are not afraid of Him. Every child will understand the difference. **In holiness** towards God, **righteousness** towards men. So Eph. iv. 24.

III. CHRIST'S FORERUNNER.—*Read vers.* 76–79. The grateful father, having spoken of the coming Saviour, can now think of his own joy; and turns to his **child**, *little child* (as his word means) lying there in the cradle, all unconscious of the glorious task that lay before him! Zacharias takes up the strain of ancient prophecy, and echoes the words of Isa. xl. 3, Mal. iii. 1. **The Highest** is God the Father—the 'Most High;' **the Lord** is plainly *Christ himself*, in the Old Testament, JEHOVAH. And again all leads up to the thought of **salvation**, the third time that the word occurs in this song; but by what means? Salvation means *deliverance:* the Jews expected to be delivered; but in their own way, by war and conquest. God's way was by **remission** (or forgiveness) **of their sins.** Such was to be the burden of John's message, ch. iii. 3. Then in the Golden Text Zacharias tells of the source from which flow remission, deliverance, victory. It is all of **tender mercy**; John iii. 16. Sin is darkness, but behind, beyond that darkness there is

* It has been noticed that the words 'There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name,' show that Zacharias did not belong to the high-priestly and Sadducean branch of the Aaronic family, in which the name of John was common. See Acts iv. 6.

the light of God's love; and by-and-bye this prevails, like the dawn of day, or **the dayspring**, first glimmering softly in the east, then slowly rising to full splendour. The picture, says *Godet*, is that of a company of travellers who have lost their way in the desert; the night is around them, as **the shadow of death**, for death is all they expect as they sit trembling in the gloom. But at length in the horizon the morning star appears, the streaks of light widen through the heavens, the darkness is lifted from the plain, and the travellers find again their path—**the way of peace**. So the world, without Christ, was wandering in darkness; John came as the morning star, and Christ is Himself, the Light, the Way.

IV. Growth of the Child: the Years of Preparation.—*Read ver.* 80. John **grew, and waxed strong in spirit**, like young Samuel (1 Sam. ii. 26), like the Child Jesus (Luke ii. 40). *Farrar* remarks: 'Nothing is said of "favour with men." In the case of the Baptist, as of others, "the boy was father to the man;" and he probably showed from the first that rugged sternness which is wholly unlike the winning grace of the child Christ.' So from his youthful days, he lived a lonely life: **in the deserts**. 'The wild waste region south of Jericho, and the Fords of the Jordan to the shores of the Dead Sea.' There is no ground for the view that John and Jesus were companions in childhood. The stern solitary young priest, in his mountain-home and desert wanderings, most probably spent his early days apart from the loved and lovely child of Nazareth. John was a Nazarite from his birth (ver. 15), self-denying and secluded; waiting **the time** (at the age of thirty) **of his shewing**, or public introduction to the ministry, in **Israel**.

Questions.

1. On what great occasions is God said to have 'visited' His people in Old Testament times?
2. Cite the prophetic passages which declare that salvation would be wrought for men 'in the house of David.'
3. Distinguish between Salvation and Redemption, and show how they are combined in Christ's work.
4. To what oath sworn to Abraham does Zacharias refer? What other reference is made in the New Testament to this oath and its fulfilment?
5. In what other passages is the dawning light used as the emblem of Messiah's coming?
6. What is the great lesson of John's thirty silent, waiting years?

*** We give two Lessons this week in order to secure a longer interval for preparation in succeeding numbers.

Acrostic.

"Long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish."—2 Pet. iii. 9.

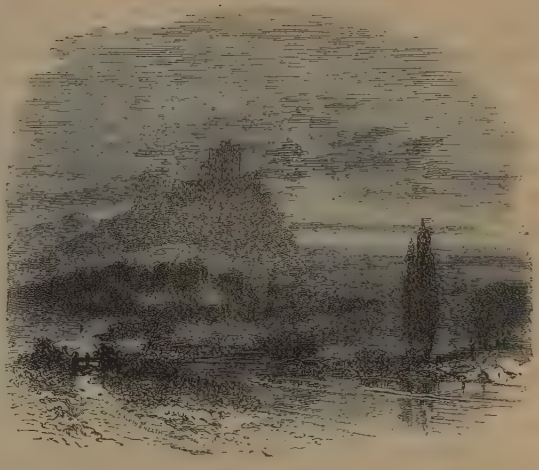
L-o! He hath borne the mocking and the scourge;
O-aths and foul curses His pure ear hath borne.
N-ow weep sad tears my soul, weep thou and mourn,
G-rieving thy sins, which He alone can purge.
S-ee Him, supreme in love, yet so forlorn,
U-pon the cross. When the rough soldiers urge
F-or very pity, wine and myrrh, to merge
F-ierce pangs in stupor, He doth meekly scorn,
E-er pain be quenched in death, to cloud His soul;
R-ather, God's bitter cup He wills to drink,
A-nd from nor grief nor agony to shrink.
N-ever such love! And still as ages roll,
C-hrist, upon Whom, for man, Sin's mighty curse was laid,
E-ndures, from man, the hate with which that love is paid."

F. M. E.

Pages for the Young.

THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

I.



IT was in the days of good Queen Bess, when hearts and minds were all ablaze with the pure faith as it is in Jesus; and, in a retired country region in the west of England. All the neighbourhood round about Lydstone Hall, the seat of the ancient family of Needham, a race renowned for many a year for fair and gracious deeds, had been startled by a sudden prodigy which appeared in the midst of it.

Near Lydstone Hall, on the top of a little hill, there stood an old, ruined castle, which, before the hall was built, had been the residence of the Needhams; and one late autumn, when the nights began to grow long and were disturbed with frequent storms of wind and rain, the people, who lived on the Lydstone estates, were much troubled by seeing, each evening after the sun was set, and all the land was wrapped in gloom, or touched at the best with pale, cold moonshine, a light shining within those decaying, grey, deserted walls.

Those were times when superstition held a heavy dark sway over the minds of the common classes in England; the gospel brightness, which streamed through the kingdom, had not as yet dispelled such mists as these; they still hung about the fancies of men and women. The tenantry of the Needhams took this mysterious light greatly to heart, they insisted on it that some evil, supernatural being took up his abode nightly in the ruined castle, and no one was bold enough to go and clear up the matter. They forgot that God is everywhere, and that no harm can come to those that fear Him.

By-and-bye two or three misfortunes happened rather suddenly in the families of farmers who rented the Lydstone broad acres. The wife of one was killed by her palfrey falling with her as she returned home one evening from a distant market in the dusk. The favourite cow of another died of what seemed a rapid, unknown disease; a third had two of his finest apple-trees blown down in his orchard in one night. The worthy folks on the Lydstone estate thought much of these mischances, and joining to them a few other smaller ones, which their lively imaginations wonderfully enlarged, came to the conclusion that this was no pleasant or safe part of the country to live in; no doubt the evil influence shed around by the castle light was entirely to blame for every misadventure which had come to pass. With this foolish idae rooted in their brains, two or three

of the largest tenants of the Needhams gave up their farms and left the neighbourhood hastily; and those few who remained, believing themselves to be under a spell for ill luck, set about their work in field and garden in such a dreary, listless way, that the whole Lydstone property, from being some of the most carefully-cultivated land in the district, became a scene of disorder and desolation. But still the yellow light in the ruined castle burnt on.

Such was the state of things, when the lady Agnes Needham came, in early spring, to Lydstone Hall, with her little son, a boy of seven. Agnes Needham was one of those rarely-gifted ladies who were among the many rich products of that age when the leaven of the Reformed Doctrine, stirring and working in the nation's heart, seems to have brought to the surface all things fair and noble in the land; a lady who was at once a saintly heroine and a tender woman, a deep scholar and a skilful housewife. Her husband, Sir Archibald Needham, had died some three years before this period, and since then Lady Agnes's mind had been given up to making herself ready to follow him into the inheritance of the saints of light when it should please God to call her, and to ruling well her household, and estates, and bringing up her son so that he should do brave work one day for both his heavenly King and his native country. She and her husband had always been firm upholders of the Reformed Gospel teaching, and in the days of Queen Mary had suffered much persecution in the good cause; therefore, little Archie, so they commonly called the boy, was brought up from his very babyhood, with purest Christian light pouring full upon his young soul.

The Needhams had other property nearer London, and as Lady Agnes, who was an earl's daughter, was a great favourite with the queen, and as her majesty required her frequent attendance at the court, she spent more of her time on her eastern estates than on those which lay in the far west. She did not however, neglect these her more distant possessions; she was far too good a woman to be careless about anything which her Master above had set her over; she paid periodical visits to Lydstone Hall, and did her utmost to forward the well-being there of both the souls and bodies of her tenantry and those who worked under them. Therefore, when the Lady Agnes, on her arrival at Lydstone, found her estates in such a bad and unusual condition, she was both surprised and distressed; and still more was she astonished and troubled when she heard the cause. Lady Agnes was not quite free from the superstition of her time, not even the highest cultivated men and women were; but still her strong, brave, confident, religious faith kept such notions from having as much power over her as they had over most other people in her day. She knew that she served an Almighty Lord, and she believed that if evil spirits did indeed walk the earth, that Lord held perfect rule over them, and would not let them harm or even frighten those who love and fear Him.

One night, soon after her arrival at Lydstone Hall, she was speaking of the light in the ruined castle to her bower-woman Elgiva, while the girl combed out her long, bright hair before she retired to rest, and was lamenting its fatal results to the whole property.

"Whatever the being may be which kindles yon mysterious flame," said the lady, "it is subjected to the will of God; and it is a disgrace for Christian men to have shown themselves so cowardly in this matter as all my tenants have done."

"Oh, my lady!" cried the damsel, with a little scream, "it is a fearful thing to live in such a neighbourhood; I caught a gleam of the terrible light yesternight from my chamber window, and till daybreak my dreams were haunted with strange shapes. I think, madam, sorely though it would grieve me, I must leave your service if you dwell long in this unlucky, ill-starred place."

"Girl, you are foolish, and sadly wanting in trust in your dear Lord," exclaimed Lady Agnes. "Some night, for Christ's sake, I will mount the hill, and search into the cause of the light in the old castle, and shame every serving-man and man-at-arms about me, by showing them what the courage of a woman can do in Christ's dear name."

And her cheek flushed as she spoke, and her eyes flashed with pure, holy zeal.

"Oh, my lady! God keep far from you such a hazardous intent," said Elgiva, in an awe-struck whisper.

Soon after that, mistress and maid separated for the night, and all the house was sunk in sleep.

Yes, all was sunk in sleep save one busy little mind, which was as wide awake as if at noon-day; and that was the mind of little Sir Archie. The child occupied a small room opening out of that of his mother. And it so happened, that that night, when she and her waiting-woman were talking together, he had awoke just at the end of their discussion, and caught a few, but only a few, of Lady Agnes's words.

Now Archie had been brought in a somewhat peculiar way, apart from other children, and was in many things different from them. In his infancy he had shown a singular delicacy of nerves, and a great physician of the day, to whom his mother had made known his case, had told her that if he met with any mental shock before his bodily health strengthened with years, it would bring forth results most disastrous for the boy. In consequence of this, Lady Agnes had resolved that until he reached a certain age, little Archie should hear nothing of the innumerable stories of the supernatural, and strange, superstitious beliefs, which were floating hither and thither through the land. In order to prevent such thoughts and ideas coming near the child, she or his old tutor never let him out of their sight; and the few servants who approached him were forbidden, on pain of their mistress's severest displeasure, ever to mention such subjects before him. The foolish fancies which distress so many children, were banished by her wise and kindly teaching, which ever set God before him as our shield and defence.

The result of this judicious treatment was, that Archie grew up the most fearless of living creatures. He had never so much as heard of witch, or ghost, or goblin; he would pass down the darkest passage alone with the utmost tranquillity; he would lie awake at dead of night gazing at the stars and indulging in pretty, childish fancies about them; he would run out into the garden in the grey winter twilight, and play there all by himself. The only supernatural beings of whose existence he was aware were the angels; of them his mother had spoken much and often; and his imagination always showed him these shining guardians hovering near him, and watching over him.

The words of his mother, which Archie had heard to-night, were just those which she spoke about going herself to the ruined castle to try to discover the mystery of the light, and to show what a brave woman will dare in Christ's name; the waiting-maid's answer had been so low that he had not caught it. But Lady Agnes's words had been quite enough to rouse the little fellow's curiosity, for he was always an inquisitive, inquiring child; he had not, in pursuance of the usual rule observed with regard to him, been allowed to hear a single syllable about the mysterious light since he arrived at Lydstone Hall, so it was little wonder that his childish brains were perplexed on the subject.

He meditated on this theme until out of his many thoughts and questionings there grew up a sudden resolution: he would go himself and see all about the light, then he would be able to tell his mother everything, and besides he would be so proud of doing something for the sake of that dear Lord Jesus, whom he had been always taught to love so much, and who had taken little children in his arms; he was quite sure, from what his mother had said, that such an act would in some way please Him. His conscience whispered, it is true, that his mother would not quite approve of what he was going to do; but one of the boy's faults which good discipline had not yet conquered in him, was wilfulness, so he hushed this inner voice, as grown-up people often do such silent warnings, and made up his mind to carry out his intention without further delay.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A SLEIGH JOURNEY.

AN EPISODE OF COLONIAL MISSION-LIFE.

JUST as the sleigh with my little bay mare was being brought round to the front door of the parsonage, my wife said, "I think I should like to go with you."

"Do you think you can bear the cold?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I can bear it at least as well as yourself; besides, I want to see the people again. I have not been to the 'Ridge' for some time. And," my wife added mischievously, "you are hardly to be trusted alone; you will need some one to look after you, especially if a snow-storm should come on." And so it came to pass that, in the missionary journey I was contemplating, my wife occupied the vacant seat in our little sleigh.

We were living on the left bank of the St. John River, in the province of New Brunswick, then

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

lately incorporated into the dominion of Canada. Our home was in a lovely spot, especially so in summer time, when the broad river which ran past the settlement gave life, motion and beauty to the stillness of the forest-crowned upland on the farther bank. But the river was not now visible; it ran silently beneath the heavy field of ice which stretched from shore to shore, a mile in width, forming the general high road of the district, available for every kind of traffic. If the ice were "glare" or glassy, the skaters would be out in force, or the farmer would hitch two loaded sleighs to a single horse; but whether the ice were clear or snow-covered, it was the great highway. Sometimes even a house would be drawn upon it, by a dozen teams, from one neighbourhood to another; the three-feet thickness of ice being sufficient to bear even this strange load.

Spite of its isolation (some twenty miles distant from the town), my position as a Christian pastor was one of peculiar privilege and interest. Dwellers in great cities can hardly realise the existence of English-speaking communities where the Christian Church and its work is the chief factor in the thought and life of the people; where the Sabbath is always a "high" and a holy day; where the Bible occupies the post of honour in every house; where sermons are not only listened to, but remembered and discussed, bought and read; where the religious newspaper and the Sunday-school library are the light literature; where the voice of salvation is in the house, and the minister of Christ an ever-welcome guest. Yet such a people had I found when I assumed my charge; a people thoughtful and grave, even to the children; but hospitable, kindly, moral; and evangelical in their faith and worship. Perhaps I may have more to say about them another time. Just now I must go back to my wife, and the little bay mare standing at the door.

Our journey had come about in this wise. Lonely as was our own parish, there were others still more so. Thirty miles away, on a high ridge of hilly land, was a small community which had been for a long time deprived of the privilege of a settled ministry. It had originally been colonised by an exodus from my own people. Therefore it was natural that—when the settlement heard of the coming of a new minister to the parent church—it should ask for an occasional service. Such a service I had undertaken to render once a month; and I was now, on a Saturday morning, about to start.

My wife's insinuation that I might need some one to take care of me was not altogether unwarranted. Accustomed only to the life of cities, I was unaware of the severe strain of a remote district upon the physical powers; and especially where one had a five months' winter, with a horse as the only means of locomotion. And I had already once or twice "come to grief" through my unfamiliarity with "winter roads" and their special difficulties. So I was not very averse to having company on my lonely drive of thirty miles along a frozen river, and over narrow roads four feet deep with snow, or through forest paths heavy with the winter's gloom. So it was settled that we should both go to the "Ridge." Coats and cloaks were donned, fur caps duly pulled down over the ears, and mittens drawn on. Our boys brought the heavy buffalo robe to tuck in close around us, and Annie, our servant, contributed two heated bricks, just drawn from the oven and wrapped in carpet, to serve as a pleasant footstool. "Good-bye" was said to the children, and we started down the path by the well to the garden gate, crossed the roadway, tore down the steep bank, slewed round to the westward, and away up the river on the ice.

We reached our destination without much incident. The first six miles of our journey lay along the surface of the river, then heavily coated with snow. On our right the land stretched back for a mile or two, a perfectly level plain, divided into grass farms; the neat wooden houses standing about a furlong apart along the river's brink. The other shore rose more steeply; the soil was poorer and therefore the dwellings fewer, and the hills were crowned with the untouched forest. Then we reascended the bank, and wound in and out some twelve miles till we approached the town, which had to be reached by crossing the stream.

Here we halted to dine and "thaw out," for the mercury was unpleasantly near the zero point. Resuming our journey, an hour brought us opposite the lowest foot of the great continuous ridge of land for which we were bound. Re-crossing the river, we began to climb the heights, and at last reached the farmhouse which was our destination as the early March day was closing in.

A hearty welcome awaited us. If a New Brunswick winter is cold without, it is generally warm enough within. A great heap of blazing logs burned in the rough kitchen, where we removed our wraps and shook the snow and frost from cap and hair: for in that chilly atmosphere a very short exposure congeals the breath, till eyebrows and beard are thickly coated with white ice. The horse is, of course, in a worse condition, whole fringes of icicles depending from head and body. But all sense of discomfort yields to the genial warmth within doors. We pass from kitchen to "best room," from the log-fire to the well polished stove, which is a feature in every Canadian house; and soon gather round the ready tea-table. No wine or spirits are offered to "warm" the travellers—the intelligent New Brunswicker has long found out that such things are no help to him—but the tea is hot and strong, the food varied and abundant, if somewhat rough. Dough-nuts, crullers, biscuits, buckwheat cakes, are a few of the substantial defences on which the farmer relies against the cold; and which now awaited us.

Yet this was but a part of our welcome. A visit from strangers bringing with them a pleasant flavour of the outside world, was a delight to our entertainers which was reflected on ourselves. That the visitor was a minister was an added charm. If there is one thing dearer than another to the old Canadian farmer it is the opportunity of discussing the great questions which underlie the Gospel. He will "reason high" about freedom, fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute, even at the risk of finding no end to the discussion. In the solitude of his daily life, these things press heavily upon his mind. The echo of the questions raised by the so-called "modern thought" have, as yet, hardly reached him; the language in which that thought is clothed would be strange to him. He reasons only in the familiar terms of the Bible, which has been his one

text-book, and which is still to him the end of all controversy if he can get a passage bearing directly on his perplexity. On this ground the Canadian farmer is no mean antagonist. He is the "man of one book," whom a foe may well dread, for that book is the Word of God: and if he is given to the discussion of great spiritual mysteries, not often does the discussion end in bitterness. Of course the *odium theologicum* is not entirely unknown to the lonely colonist, but he is usually glad to turn to those simpler gospel truths in which all Christian hearts rejoice. Here he rests from controversy; taking his stand on Divine love and on the atonement it has provided for man's sin, as on a rock which stands firm on its base, whatever cloud or mist may gather round its head.

Pursuing such thoughts as these with my aged entertainer, the evening wore away; the farmer's married son and some younger members of the household being attentive listeners. Meanwhile, my wife had been quietly appropriated by the young mother, who, in her own room, was timidly pouring the story of her spiritual troubles and difficulties into her visitor's ear. It had soon come out that this quiet woman in her lonely home upon the hills had had some deep experiences. Her soul was consuming with intense longing "to be a Christian." She did not dare to call herself one; she was too unworthy. It was scarcely possible that God had looked upon her with the favour of eternal purpose to have mercy upon her; imperfection and failure were in all she attempted. She had no hope but in Christ, yet hardly dared to cherish that, so great was her sense of her own demerit. The atmosphere of her thought was prayer that God would save and sanctify her. But her life was overshadowed by the fear that perhaps it was not the Almighty will to save her for the eternal kingdom. I may say here that, when I came to know all this, it was one of my pleasantest privileges to direct this earnest, struggling soul to the light of Christ's gracious teaching; and that on a subsequent visit, it was my joy to welcome her to the communion of the Lord's Table. She was then rejoicing in the peace of the assurance that God sent His Son, not to condemn the world, but that it might be saved.

The sabbath dawned brightly; the cold of the previous day had moderated, and though snow might follow, I understood that a large congregation was expected. Far along the "Ridge," and down both slopes, the news had somehow been carried that there would be preaching on Sunday. The great box sleigh was brought out and filled with clean straw: on this the "buffaloes" were spread, and all the inmates of the house climbed in and packed closely. We soon found ourselves part of quite a procession of similar vehicles, all tending to the same point. We reached the church: a low oblong of wood, raised on short logs some three feet from the ground. It was clap-boarded without and plastered within; but boards and plaster, roof and floor, were hopelessly dilapidated. The floor was "humpbacked," that is to say, the end supports had sunk, leaving the middle highest by nearly a foot. The square pews were of plain pine, innocent of paint or varnish. Two large iron "box-stoves" (the name describes them) were filled with burning logs, the smoke finding its way through long black pipes hung just above the people's heads. At first it seemed as if the congregation would be exclusively of women, for, according to a foolish custom of the country, nearly all the men hung round the doors till the service was actually commencing, then they streamed in, and the great, bare building was soon quite full. Where the people had all come from was a mystery, for habitations seemed few and far between. A steady, serious set they were. They meant business—both men and women—and the business was the worship of God and the hearing of His Word. My congregation was not fashionably dressed; scarcely a black coat or a silk gown was there; "homespun," in simple checks, or simpler grey, predominating. But there were no rags, nor unsavouriness; and if there were none very rich, there were none very poor, none so poor as to be needing food, raiment, or shelter.

Our worship was very simple; perhaps its defect was that it gave little audible part to the people, except singing, but in this they joined heartily, and with some attempt at part-harmony. I remember being somewhat puzzled to find suitable hymns in the meagre and time-worn book I found in the pulpit. But I selected the well-known piece beginning:

"Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known."

Sung to such a tune as "Lonsdale," there is both sweetness and vigour in the old hymn; but I was not to hear it thus. An old farmer rose to lead the singing (we had no organ) and sang the first line by himself in a tremulous tenor, the people joining in as he reached the second line. But, alas! the air was a slow and lugubrious minor, with numerous dying shakes and trills; and when we reached the words

"Join in a song with sweet accord,"

all were silent but one sturdy son of the soil, who began some low rumbling notes in a stifled voice, that seemed to come from beneath the floor. This was a "bass solo;" and presently a treble voice started after it, and tried to overtake it in a sort of fugue movement. This musical strife continued through various lines of the stanza, till in one grand thrilling wail the last line was given by the whole congregation. And if the singers were somewhat abroad during the progress of the tune, at least they came in well together with the dying *rallentando* "doh: te: lah." Yet the spirit of the whole service was good. There was melody in the hearts of these simple people; and I am glad to record that a few years have swept away the ruder and more grotesque surroundings of their worship. Not the least of the service I was enabled to render them by my voluntary mission-work was the inciting them to take a more hopeful view of their position. They were encouraged to attempt the support of a resident minister; to replace the worn-out cottage, formerly used as a parsonage, by a new and handsome building; and, later on, to erect a new house of worship. Under the same vigorous ministry, begun a year after my winter's work, the church on the "Ridge" is a centre of good and elevating influences for miles around.

But to go back to that Sabbath morning, when all outward things were so primitive and rough. During the sermon, each honest face was turned towards the pulpit, with an earnestness that was

evidenced by the tears that ran down many a weather-stained cheek. The preacher, happily, had grace enough to confine himself to the simple story of the Cross, and to tell it in plain English. He has preached since to more cultured gatherings, but has often longed to see again the eagerness with which these hungry souls laid hold on the word of God as very bread to them. The subject was "The harmonies of the Cross," from the Psalmist's words, "I will sing of mercy and judgment." The preacher said it was evident from this psalm (the hundred and first), that although David was now in safety and peace, with his power and authority established, yet that he had gone through a previous sad experi ence of sin and of its punishment. Indeed, mercy and judgment had been the alternating phases of his whole life. God had visited his transgression with the rod; but had not utterly taken away his lovingkindness. And God's dealings with David were representative of His methods with mankind generally. The whole Bible was a song of mercy and judgment; while the Gospel was the combined harmony of these distinct notes. There was the sad strain of disobedience and the curse—sin, sorrow, and suffering; but there was also the "new song" of salvation: of the Lord God, merciful and gracious, who had no pleasure in the death of a sinner. On the one hand, God must punish sin, on the other hand, "God is love." The cross of Jesus Christ combined and harmonised the apparently discordant ideas. Gethsemane and Calvary showed how God could be just, and the Justifier of the believer in Jesus. In the Cross, not only did mercy temper justice, but mercy rejoiced against judgment. This was not only Scriptural theory, but practical Christian experience. Finally, the people were urged to make their own experiment of the power of the Cross to bring their life into harmony with God.

At the close of the service all was haste. Another of my good farmer friends made room for me and my wife in his sleigh beside himself and his bonny daughters, and away we went at a fast trot down the almost precipitous slopes of the hill towards his home. These young girls were fine samples of the new generation of Canadian country-women. Fair, fresh, and well-taught, they had all the easy grace of city life. Their home showed taste and skill in adornment, which contrasted oddly with the daily pursuits of housework and dairy, knitting, spinning and weaving, which I knew formed the staple of their life. And there was the same reverent religious spirit which is so marked a feature in the women of Canada.

I was to preach in a country school-house that afternoon, and at another, three miles farther, in the evening. Both these services were well attended: the men and women filing in by separate doors, and seating themselves on opposite sides of the room. On arriving at the evening station, an extra excitement was caused by the appearance of a large brown bear on the road, just as the congregation began to assemble. Bruin, however, was as much scared at the crowd as the crowd was startled by him; and beat a hasty retreat into the forest fastnesses.

Altogether this was a hard day's work. Three services are generally enough to cause fatigue; but when to these is added travelling, and a constant fire of eager questioning and argument, it will be understood that the quieter ride back to our first resting-place was most acceptable. Very solemn is the path through the pine forest even by daylight; but in the gleam of a young moon, with the sleigh gliding swiftly and silently over the deep snow, the effect is startling. It is "an arrangement in black and white" which would charm a modern painter: the shadows fall across the road as sharply as if a deep chasm were cut in the path. No wonder the horses sometimes swerve aside, accustomed as they are to the local aspects of nature. And the trees take on such weird fantastic shapes as startle and bewilder one; while indescribable and inexplicable sounds strike out from the forest depths. But the peace and rest which follow a Sabbath of humble endeavour were in our souls, and we felt naught of the scene but its solemn beauty. We slept late next morning, however, resuming work in a series of friendly pastoral visits to persons who were too old and infirm to be out to the services. It would benefit the people who are surfeited with sermons and gospel ministrations, if they could see the eagerness of most of these solitary invalids, to hear again those gospel truths which, while simple enough for the young, the old are glad to fall back upon as their only hope and stay. And the servant of Christ feels little fatigue in such a happy ministry; though the weakness of the flesh may be felt afterwards.

Towards night, snow began to fall. It fell heavily all through the night. It was snowing next morning. Anxious as my wife and I were to return home, it was scarcely possible all that Tuesday. But on Wednesday morning it had ceased. About twelve inches depth of snow had fallen, and had been followed by a keen westerly wind which had swept with such force along the ridge as to leave the road in many places bare and hard. So in spite of urgent entreaties to stay another day, till the road should be made more passable by travel, we decided to start homewards, and the little bay mare was brought from the stable.

All went well at first. The snow-drifts which we encountered for the first two miles presented little obstacle, and—apart from the cold wind which blew at our backs—we were not uncomfortable. Presently, however, as we began to descend towards the river, the snow-drifts increased in depth and frequency, and the mare's progress was reduced to a walk. Here we met a young man on snowshoes, the only pedestrianism there possible. He warned us that the drifts were deeper still in the hollow, and advised return. But we were without experience in the difficulties of snow travel, and anxious to get home. We thought we should get through, and so pushed on. But we found progress increasingly difficult. I had soon to leave the sleigh to tread down the deep snow in front of the horse. This was exhausting work to a man of light build, encumbered with heavy clothing; and soon, streaming with perspiration, in spite of the intense cold, I had to cease. The little mare struggled on gallantly, till coming to a deeper drift still, she sank half out of sight, and was powerless to move.

Help, however, was not far off. A low farmhouse was visible on the slope at our left, and our repeated cries soon brought a man to the barn door. He took in the situation at a glance, and hastening slowly with a broad shovel set to work to dig us

out of the snow. He then led the horse aside into his field and toward the house. Here kind hands ministered the ever-ready cup of tea, and after we were rested, the farmer showed us a path to the river across his land, by which we escaped the drifted hollows of the road. Soon we were speeding across the ice and down the road on the opposite shore. Here all was well till we neared the town. Our road had been for a time sheltered by a wood which skirted it; but presently we reached a spot where a gap in the trees had allowed the gale to pour a torrent of snow across the road till it had accumulated some twelve feet high, absolutely barring the highway. No dwelling was near, and we had met no vehicles. Nonplussed for a time, I bethought me that this could scarcely be the accumulation of a single storm; and that there was probably a beaten path over the hard-packed snow if I could find it. I accordingly struck for the very middle of the huge bank, and had the satisfaction of seeing my little mare find firm footing beneath the loose upper snow, and crawl fairly over the drift.

Now on to the town, the ready stable and the welcome fireside of a friend; said friend kindly earnest that we should not venture upon the eighteen miles which still lay between us and our home. But we would not hear wisdom; our own little ones and a dear girl of my charge who lay near death, urging us on. So, as the clock struck three, we recrossed the stream and struck down the left bank, the snow at the same time recommencing its fall with ominous thickness. Six o'clock found the bay mare twelve miles on her road; not without adventure, for we had again become stuck in a deep drift, and had again found deliverers. But it was now dark, and we were worn with fatigue, exposure, and anxiety; moreover, friendly homes were near, where we would be gladly entertained. Had we not better stay till morning? True, there were only six miles to go; but the mare was in as bad plight as ourselves. We fairly hesitated, but finally determined to complete our enterprise. So down the bank we urged our little beast, to retake the road on the river.

But the road on the river was not easy to find; the snow had obliterated every trace of it, and it was now completely dark, and the river a mile wide. We could but walk slowly along the white plain, the poor little mare having lost all ambition to move quicker. Presently we left the guiding shelter of the bank to cross a great bend in the river, and soon found that we were fairly "at sea," without a landmark in the wide black night. We were now nervous and almost frightened. Memory recalled the terrible stories told of people who had wandered about all night on the mysterious white plain of the river's surface; of some who had even perished. Presently the mare stopped, her forefeet deep in the snow. We were at the bank, the same bank we had left, and not far from the same spot. For there against the gloom of the sky we could just discern the outline of a bridge over a certain creek which we had been instructed to avoid. But this was the end of our troubles. We crept close along shore for another three miles with little difficulty, and soon the welcome sound of a bell came booming on our ear. It was my church bell calling the people to prayer. Then the lights of the settlement twinkled along the bank above us, and recognising her own home-track, the little bay mare fairly rushed up with the load, and deposited me in time to cross the intervening field, and take charge of the evening service.

Such is a faithful picture of ministerial life and work in New Brunswick. It is in no sense overdrawn; indeed, many of my brethren could tell of far worse exposure, and of more self-denying labours. But to me, used to city life, this was a journey to be remembered; and its sweet and bitter will linger long with me. The reaction was severe, but in the happy knowledge of some souls helped and blessed by one's humble ministry, the volunteer mission-work of that winter and spring has never been regretted.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

"THE ROUGH TEA."

ONE cold night in the winter of last year a crowd of very poor and wretchedly-clad people were clamouring for entrance into a house in one of the poorest streets of Dublin.

Such a motley set they were—men, women, and little children! The men, who were most of them in tatters, were holding the remains of their rags together over their chests to keep out the piercing wind of that bitter winter night, and stamping their poor benumbed feet on the ground to get some life into them, while the women, no less poorly clad, hugged their puny infants to their bosoms, trying thus to shield them from the icy blast.

And the cause of all this excitement, what was it? Merely a "Rough Tea," as we call it in Dublin, consisting of dry bread and tea, which is offered gratuitously to the half-starved and homeless; and the building in front of which they had congregated was the Irish Church Mission House, so dear to all workers in the Master's vineyard. On this particular night the crowd was unusually large, and in the crush and struggle to get near the door some were knocked down and injured and had to be carried to the hospital.

After what seemed a long time to the tired crowd, the door was opened, and the people poured in eagerly, pushing and jostling each other through the lighted hall and corridor into the large well-warmed room where both souls and bodies were to be refreshed. It was a sight never to be forgotten, as many said who saw it for the first time. It reminded one forcibly of the Master's command to his servants to go into "the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." And in this case there was no need for compelling, for the invitations to the tea were accepted with an alacrity given by hunger and starvation.

The room is lit up brightly, and looks very pleasant and inviting, with its large texts of Scripture against the walls, and the bright faces of the girls from the "Home" who are seated on benches in the rear and are to lead in the hymns chosen for that evening. At the door a lady stands and gives out the allotted portion to each one, half a fourpenny loaf to a man, and a quarter to a woman. They then pass on into the classes arranged for them, and

seat themselves on the benches, awaiting the tea that is to be served presently.

The room is divided into classes holding from twenty to twenty-four persons each, and every class is superintended by a worker whose business it is to keep order if required, and also to try to speak to each one and find out his circumstances.

A curious motley set they are, truly! The men are some of them almost savage-looking in aspect, with their unkempt locks, unwashed faces, and often tattooed arms and hands, sailor fashion. The women, with the weakness of their sex, sometimes make a poor attempt at finery, in the shape of old artificial flowers and bits of faded ribbon, and one woman we remember seeing who held a tiny infant of a week old, the sleeves of its frock being tied up with strips of pink calico! But as a general rule the class of women who attend these "teas" are too poor to indulge even in such vanities as these, and are thankful if the poor rags they wear can be tacked together sufficiently to cover them. Sometimes they may be inclined to be a little unruly, but a few kind words usually quiet them. By-and-bye several of the Scripture-readers come in, laden with huge delf mugs, which are brought round and filled with tea, poured in by the teachers. Then a general feeling of comfort and happiness comes over the poor people, and they begin to be communicative. "Bless you, ma'am, that's the first cup I've drunk to-day," one will say. "It's nice and strong and sweet," another remarks, as he raises the steaming beverage to his lips. The mugs are filled and refilled, and hearty thanks given to the teachers each time! It does one such good to see the colour coming into the blue cold faces, and light into the dull eyes.

In many cases it is not the poorest class of all that frequent these gatherings. Last winter many really respectable people were thrown out of work, owing to the dulness of trade, and were thankful to avail themselves of the "Rough Teas." It was sadder almost to see the look of want on such faces than on those accustomed to poverty. We remember noticing especially a respectable young couple who evidently had seen better days. They were well dressed, and the man seemed to be enjoying his bread and tea as if he had tasted nothing for days, and such was nearly the case as we learnt afterwards. He was a tall, gaunt young fellow, and joined lustily in the hymns, which he sang in good tune and time. Beside him sat his wife, a sweet-looking young woman neatly dressed. Her look of patient endurance told its own tale of suffering and want. She drank the tea eagerly, but the bread she folded in her apron and did not touch. "Are you not hungry?" asked the teacher, as she refilled her mug with tea.

"I'm too hungry, ma'am. I can't eat; I feel filled up like."

"We've neither of us tasted a thing since yesterday morning," put in the husband. "She's not as strong as I am, and she can't bear the hunger so well."

"You see I've never been used to it, ma'am," continued the woman. "It's all along of his being out of work. He can't get any, and he'd take anything he could get."

It was touching to see their faces when the gospel message was preached, the interchange of looks as Christ's love was spoken of, and the tears in the young wife's eyes; both were evidently much impressed. No one who has ever seen it can forget those lines of upturned faces fixed intently on the speaker who is telling them of a Saviour's love, especially when one realises that many of them are hearing of Him for the first time in His capacity of a saving Christ, "a just God and a Saviour." Tears are wiped away stealthily by the backs of sooty hands, and smiles follow them as rapidly, whilst one of the town missionaries, with an Irishman's power of adaptation to the people he addresses, tells them how "Satan's own imps tried that very evening to prevent their meeting together." The term was not inappropriately applied to some small boys who were set on by the priests to throw stones at the people as they were going into the Mission House.

Sometimes two or three will leave in the midst of the address, but this is exceptional. As a rule they behave well. The women are usually the most noisy, especially if there are two or three seated near each other, and when called to order, the men will often remark, "It's always the women that make the noise," which indeed is the case. It is also astonishing to see how much real unselfishness there is among this class of people, for although sometimes one or two may try to secure a double portion of tea or bread, it is the exception; you will oftener hear remarks such as: "He's not got any tea yet," or "Her mug's empty, ma'am."

Leaflets with the hymns printed on them are handed round, so that all who are able to read may join, but unfortunately there are few who can.

And how are these many hundreds gathered in? may be asked; for we see new faces at every different meeting. Various means are used. The city missionaries seek out the parents of the children who attend the ragged-schools, besides distributing notices and leaflets everywhere. Last winter, however, a new method was adopted. The night asylums were visited.

At about nine o'clock these places of refuge were already crowded, and some of the lady-workers undertook to visit the women's department of the Night Asylum. It was really a sight to be remembered, as we have heard these ladies say. The poor creatures were literally packed together so closely that there was not a spare inch of room. The young women who had babies were allowed to lie with their heads resting on the wooden ledge that runs round the room, but all the others, old and young, had to sit bolt upright all through the long nights, for there was not any room to lie down. The cramped position must have prevented their getting any sleep, one would think, and yet the respectable houseless poor were thankful for this haven of rest. Numbers had to be turned away every night into the cold streets, to seek shelter where they could, because there was no room. The visitors tried to talk to these poor destitute ones, and to tell them of the loving Saviour who came to seek and to find such as they.

We can imagine what it must be to such as these to enter the well-warmed room of the Mission House, and to drink the warm sweet tea, and have their hunger satisfied, and how gratefully they will listen to all they are told about the Saviour who put it into the hearts of his children to provide for the destitute and homeless.

We know that such is the case. A lady asked a

poor man at one of these "teas" how he enjoyed it. His reply astonished and pleased her, "Indeed, I do enjoy it, ma'am," he said. "But I'm still gladder to hear about the blessed Saviour's love. I've learned much more since I came here than I ever knew before." And this is only the expression of a feeling common to many. The result of these "teas" may be seen in the regular attendance at the ragged-schools of a class of people who were never got at before, simply because it was impossible to find their abodes. They burrow like rabbits, many of them, sleeping at night on the barges and coal-boats on the river if they can manage that; or if not, in sheds and outhouses, and even in doorways. The schools have never been so crowded since the mission began. The individual influence gained at these "teas" has been an unspeakable blessing. Many a tale of sorrow has been poured out, and consolation sought and given.

No inducement is offered to any to come, and only the very destitute would care for the tea and dry bread offered.

These "teas" have always been held from time to time, but never in the same way as last winter, when they were provided to meet a special need, and saved many, no doubt, from starvation.

Two or three "Rough Teas" were given on an average about every fortnight, and the barm-brack of former occasions was replaced by baker's loaves, thus enabling the "teas" to be multiplied without involving the heavy expense they would otherwise have done, and also as offering no inducement except to the needy.

The gratitude of those who attend is touching, and teaches one often a lesson. And surely this department of the work has the sanction of the Saviour's example in his feeding the famished multitude who had followed Him even into "desert places" to hear from his lips the Word of the Kingdom.

E. B. M.

A VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

THE ROBERT COLLEGE, BEBEK.

THE Christian tourist, as he passes through the graceful Dardanelles and steams up the Sea of Marmora, feels awakened in him an interest less only than that with which he approaches Palestine. Approaching Palestine he is about to tread the Bible Lands; approaching Constantinople he is drawing near the cities of the early creeds. Palestine is the cradle of Christianity; Constantinople, with its surroundings, is the school-room of Christian dogma. The interest which in the first century centred in the Holy Land—in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem—was in the fourth century transferred to the re-built and Christianised Byzantium; and within its walls, or at no great distance from them, most of the early Councils of the Church were held. Away on our right, before we come within sight of the city, at the foot of Mount Olympus lies Nicæa, where, in A.D. 318, the first great Œcumenical Council was held, that council whose dogmatic decisions—arrived at after close combat between ecclesiastics of giant learning and zeal, presided over by the Emperor Constantine—still echo, Sunday after Sunday, in the parish churches of England, and wherever the Nicene Creed is said or sung. And when now that most impressive and never-to-be-forgotten sight, the view of the mistress city, queen of eastern cities, rising from the placid waters and glittering in the morning sun, is already dazzling our eyes and kindling our imagination, we pass by the site of old Chalcedon opposite, where, in October of the year 451, six hundred bishops sat in council, annulled the decisions of the Robber-synod, and avoiding alike the error of Nestorius and that of Eutyches, adopted the doctrine of the two natures in one Person, together with the other important canons of what has ever since been called the Fourth General Council.

Nicæa and Chalcedon have long since as cities passed away, but there stands Constantinople in its beauty and glory, the same blue sea kissing its shores, the same clear sky arching over it above, tier upon tier of dwellings and of palaces as of yore, gracefully clothing its slopes, but crowned, alas! now for cen-

turies, by the Crescent, and no longer by the Cross. The minarets of the False Prophet complete the view. But memory quickly travels back to those early days, ocean and the continent to bring the gospel of Christ to these very peoples of the early creeds, and to the central city of early Christian triumph and Christian

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

when within the city and within the walls probably of that very church of St. Sophia built by Constantine, now a Mohammedan mosque, there were assembled from time to time no fewer than four of the great councils that have moulded the creed of Christendom. Here at the second Œcumenical Council (381), summoned by Theodosius the Great, the two Gregorys, Gregory Nazianzen, and Gregory of Nyssa, preached and argued. Here met the fifth great council, which slavishly obeyed the Emperor Justinian, and condemned "the three chapters." Here, too, in a vaulted chamber of the seraglio, hence called *trullum*, the sixth Œcumenical Council (680), under the presidency of Constantine the Bearded, denounced the Monothelite doctrine, and decreed that in Christ were two wills, the Divine and human, in perfect harmony. Here again, in 754, a council of 338 bishops passed an edict against image worship. Further, in 869, another council, called General, at Constantinople, condemned Photius, who had placed the churches of Bulgaria under his jurisdiction, and had excommunicated the Pope. And once more, in 879, the Patriarch Photius, having returned from his exile, assembled here that decisive council in which the word *filioque* was erased from the creed.

Recalling these old associations, these early days of deep theological thought, keen argument and passionate strivings about subtle points of Christian dogma, it seems strange, passing strange, that now, after the lapse of fourteen centuries, we should hear of missionaries, not from Rome, not from Britain, but from the Puritan home of the West, crossing the

controversy. The necessity for such a mission is not to be accounted for by the conquests and thraldom of Islam, wide and devastating as these certainly were, because these missionaries have been sent, not directly to labour among Mohammedans, or to bring the votaries of Islam to the Cross, but in the first instance and mainly to those peoples under Mohammedan rule who still retain the name of Christian: to Bulgarians, Armenians, and Syrians, still holding to the letter of those ancient creeds of which they long have lost the spirit. It is to the nominally Christian populations of the Turkish empire, the descendants of those early churches in creed as well as blood, that the American missionaries have in the nineteenth century of the Christian era come. It is among them they chiefly labour, among them their successes have been won; and only through them indirectly do they hope to convert Mohammedans. Mohammedans have so long had among them a sadly-marred and deeply-degraded representation of Christianity, they have so long identified our holy religion with dead forms, lifeless creeds, and slavish, down-trodden, hopeless lives, that the first work to be accomplished lay among these degenerate Christian nationalities themselves, who needed to be converted again, to be raised from their moral degradation, and to be brought into the liberty of the children of God. By this method of procedure the Christian soldiers from New England hope that the citadel of Mohammedanism, so long impregnable, will, with God's Word and Spirit, be made to totter and to fall.

The explanation of the strange fact before us, is to be found, in part at least, farther back than the days of Mahomet, and even in the centuries of the early creeds. It is a startling fact, but no less true than startling, that at the very time these deep reasonings and passionate controversies were moulding our creeds, the manners of social life and the tone of thought and conversation among the professedly Christian population of Constantinople were anything but pure and high. We have a very vivid picture of the Christian society of the time in the writings of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople.

The portico of the church was thronged with victims of squalid want and disease, but pompous ecclesiastics and gaily-attired ladies passed haughtily on. "Within," says the preacher, "are the tumult and confusion of an inn, the laughter and hubbub of the bath and the agora." During the prayers, the congregation sat and chattered, and sharp and witty repartees were circulated with success. At home, parents were too ignorant of the Scriptures to be capable of instructing their children.

Side by side, with deep metaphysical reasoning about theology, and hot contests about dogmatic statements, and noisy councils of bishops to make creeds, the fashionable Christian population of the city went on its way; not indeed deserting the churches, but bringing their vanity and folly into them. Speaking of the manner in which Divine things were handled even in the Council (the first in Constantinople) Gregory Nazianzen says: "Ye jest and trifle about them as about circuses and plays."

If such was the state of things in the palmy days of the early Councils and the early Creeds in what was then the mistress city of Christendom and under the patronage of Christian emperors, it can hardly be matter of surprise that in after-centuries degeneracy advanced, and those who professed the true religion failed to make any stand against the incursions of Islam. The halo of the Creeds, like planets shining in a hazy night, has thrown a faint glare over the moral darkness and chill of those centuries of established Christianity in the East. But the Christianity of Constantinople in the fourth century cannot cast the first stone even at the Mohammedanism of Constantinople in the nineteenth. And the facts that Chrysostom records help us to understand the deadness and depravity reigning in the countries nominally Christian under Turkish rule even down to our own time—countries whose population numbers about twelve millions of souls.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

The thought of Protestant missions to these nominally Christian peoples in the lands of the Bible and of the Creeds took practical shape in the first efforts of the American Board at Boston in the year 1819. William Goodell, the well-known translator of the Scriptures into Armeno-Turkish, Pliny

Fisk, and Levi Parsons were the first from New England homes to begin mission work at Smyrna, Jerusalem, and Beyrout. At the last-named port, schools were commenced in 1824, and Isaac Bird and Eli Smith, with the valuable help of a converted Maronite—Asaad Sidiack, "the martyr of Lebanon," who, persecuted by the patriarch, afterwards died in prison—carried on the work successfully for many years. In 1831 Goodell went to Constantinople, and, joined by H. G. O. Dwight, began to labour among the Armenians, who then numbered about one hundred thousand, in the city. William G. Schaffter became missionary to the Jews. At Broosa, west of Olympus, and not far from Nicæa of old, Benjamin Schneider began to teach and preach in 1834, and at Erzeroum, among the Nestorians, Justin Perkins settled (followed by Austin Wright and Cochran) in 1835. To Greece went Jonas King; and subsequently (1858) to the Bulgarians, C. F. Morse and J. F. Clarke. To Constantinople again, in 1839, came Cyrus Hamlin, of whom we have more to tell; and following him were Josiah Peabody, Van Lessep, and Edwin Bliss. All these are names worthy to be remembered in the early records of modern missions in Turkey.

For twenty years the work was carried on amid constant opposition from ecclesiastics and others of the lapsed and stagnant churches on the one hand, and from the Ottoman authorities on the other. As early as 1846 the first Protestant Evangelical church was formed in Constantinople. But after the Crimean war in 1855, the famous Hatti Humayun was wrung from the Sultan, pledging religious liberty and equal rights to all parties; and after another five years of shuffling and delay, promising and promise-breaking, this Hatti was proclaimed the law of the empire. It gives liberty to the Protestant missionaries to labour among the Christian populations; but here the liberty is to cease. Liberty to make converts from the Turkish State religion was not granted. It never has been granted. Turkish law even still renders all attempts at direct influence on Mohammedans virtually impossible.

As one steams up the Bosphorus from the Golden Horn to the Black Sea, above the marble palaces and picturesque hareems which line its beautiful shores, a noble building, high on the hill, arrests the eye, and is visible from afar. This is the Robert College of Bebek, founded in 1863 by the munificence of Christopher R. Robert, of New York, and under the direction of the American missionary, Cyrus Hamlin, D.D. It was incorporated by the legislature of the State of New York, and is governed by a board of trustees residing there. An Iradé for its establishment was granted to the United States Legation at Constantinople, securing to it all the advantages which Turkish educational institutions enjoy. The object of the College is to give its students, without distinction of race or religion, a thorough education, equal to that obtainable at any first-class American college. It occupies spacious fireproof buildings of dark grey limestone, erected expressly for its use on a site which is acknowledged to be the most beautiful and most healthy on the shores of the Bosphorus.

The history of the origin of this college is almost a romance. In order to provide employment for Protestant Armenians, whose evangelical principles had thrown them out of business, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin had established a flour mill and bakery at Bebek. When the Crimean war broke out, large quantities of bread were furnished to the English troops by the Protestant bakery thus established, this being judged the safest quarter whence the staff of life could in that district be obtained. Christopher Robert, a merchant of New York, then travelling in the East, saw a large boat-load of excellent bread *en route* from the bakery to the English camp. This led to inquiry, and, in due course, to friendship with Dr. Hamlin, and hearty co-operation and ready help in his laudable work. The sons of Dr. Dwight, one of the founders of the Armenian Mission, suggested the formation of a college, and in spite of many difficulties it was decided to try. Opposition arose, not only from the Turkish authorities, but from some of the Armenian ecclesiastics, and from the Jesuits, whose diplomacy seriously hindered the work. A fundamental determination was that it should be a Christian and Protestant institution; that the Bible should be read, and prayers offered daily, and that there should be Christian worship on the Sabbath at which all the students should attend. The religious instruction, accordingly, in the College is not controversial, but practical, unsectarian, and based upon the principle of perfect freedom of conscience for all. Students attend morning prayers every day, and on the Sabbath preaching in the morning, a Bible exercise in the afternoon, and an informal lecture in the evening.

Christopher R. Robert, the founder, was a successful business man in New York, an earnest Christian, member for many years of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian church, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and esteemed highly for his large, systematic, and wise beneficence. One of his favourite methods of doing good in his earlier days was to make one and another young man studying for the ministry, an inmate of his own house, giving him a home and an education at the same time. How many he thus aided probably no one knows, but he was in himself a society for the education of students for the gospel ministry. The good he accomplished in this way is simply inestimable. He also maintained a mission-school for Germans in Rivington Street, New York City, and contributed largely to maintain a German church worshipping there. He died in Paris, the 27th of October, 1878, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

The college founded by him in 1863, and bearing his name, became a valuable coadjutor to the mission, providing men from time to time well fitted for mission work. After much difficulty the site for the new building was secured; but seven years of vexatious parley and hindrance elapsed before leave could be obtained to build on the site. At length the new building rose, of stone, with iron beams, filled in with brick, supporting the floors. It is a quadrangle, with five stories, surmounted by a noble flag-tower, commanding a magnificent view. The number of students is now two hundred, each paying forty pounds a year, and belonging to seventeen nationalities. The older building is converted into a girls' school under Protestant Prussian deaconesses, and the place has become the centre of a large British and American community forming a Protestant evangelical union, and holding Divine service on Sundays.

It was a lovely morning in April, when, in company with an American clergyman, Mr. Bonnell, and under the conduct of the Rev. Charles Brook of Constantinople, I was rowed in a caique across the placid bay of Bebek, and climbed the grassy hill on which Robert College stands. On every hand along the Bosphorus the palaces of pashas glitter in the sun. The college, with its surroundings and associations as a Christian and an American institution, stands out in striking contrast with the scene around. Dr. George Washburn, the president, met us as we entered, and gave us a hearty greeting. He is professor of psychology, ethics and political economy. He conducted us through the building, into the several class-rooms, studies, dormitories, library and museum, which last is rich in its collection of Turkish birds, and contains a specimen of the largest hornet's nest I ever saw. In one of the class-rooms an examination was being conducted *viva voce* by Mr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, professor of Latin and history. The subject was Guizot's "Lectures on Civilisation." Fourteen students were present, Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, all intelligent-looking young men; and their answers (in English) were marked by accuracy and clearness. They would bear comparison with any similar class of young men in our English colleges. A capital laboratory under the direction of Dr. Albert Long, the vice-president, together with a gymnasium and workshop, completes the well-arranged appliances for study and exercise.

We came away deeply impressed with the earnestness and thoroughness of the instructions here given. The students are divided into the higher and the lower school, and in the lower school the teaching is of course elementary. All who enter have to learn English. The young men receive degrees, B.A. and M.A., and some are successful in obtaining Government situations. Indeed, whether in law, medicine, or business, those who pass through Robert College usually take a high and honourable position. Most of them become Christians, and some are especially prepared for missionary labour. Four of them are already working in Cyprus under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Spencer, who has lately been appointed by our Government to organise schools in that island.

The founding of Robert College under Dr. Hamlin's presidency in 1863 was followed by the establishment of the Syrian Protestant College at Beyrout, presided over by Dr. Van Dyke, one of the ablest of living Arabic scholars; the Central Turkey College at Aintab, and more recently by that of the Armenian College at Harpoot, farther to the east. These four institutions together have an attendance of over six hundred students, among whom a number of men are being prepared to take up the work of the American missionaries. Each student is required to take a thorough course in his own vernacular and in the ancient language from which it is derived. Each pays substantially for his board and for his training; and this secures a sense of independence, regularity of attendance, and reality and diligence in the work done. It also fences the colleges from a low and indolent mediocrity in the class of men who enter.

Another day during my sojourn in Constantinople I took one of the steam ferries across the Bosphorus to Scutari on the opposite shore, and near to the site of the ancient Chalcedon. Climbing the hill I reached the American Home School, one of the highest buildings overlooking Scutari, and commanding a most impressive and glorious prospect. Lying before us as in a map are the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Golden Horn with Stamboul on the one side and Pera on the other. The American Home School is a boarding and day school for girls, containing all the comforts of a well-ordered young ladies' school in England. Each girl has a bed and dressing-closet of her own, and in the large airy school-room a desk and chair. All learn English. The girls are of various nationalities—Armenian, Greek, Turkish, American, English—and all pay for the education they receive, the boarders about twenty pounds, and the day pupils seven pounds per annum. The Bible is read and expounded daily. The pupils after a three years' course become teachers, or, if unmarried, get other situations. Many are employed in the Asia Minor missions. Dr. Wood is at present the president of this important institution, and the vice-principal whom I saw is a most bright, intelligent, and charming lady. Here one sees what the American mission is doing for the down-trodden women of Turkey. The great offence of Islam against the civilisation of mankind, is its treatment of woman. In Mohammedan countries she is the slave and chattel of man. She is treated as having no mind and no soul. One hardly ever sees a woman in a mosque. In the only way and at the only age in which rescue and reform are possible, this home school receives the maiden when she is still young, trains her intellect, informs her understanding, and kindles in her heart the fear and love of God. Here she tastes the sweets of liberty and partakes of the blessings of a Christian home.

The name *home*-school is most appropriate, for here all the happiness of home, its freedom, its pleasures, its affections, are cherished. Each pupil evidently feels at home, and enjoys far more liberty, peace, and comfort, than she could in any Turkish dwelling. Above all, Christian principles and truths are, from the outset, implanted and carefully nurtured in the heart and life. The associations are pure and elevating. The influence for good thus going forth from this one seminary, and it is one of many, as each successive company of scholars passes on into society and life, is incalculable. In a thousand ways, directly and indirectly, it must tell for good upon coming generations. The institution has been reared and is maintained by the generous offerings of Christian women of the United States. During the last few years a large number thus educated have been sent out to labour in behalf of their sex. Working at first through the seminaries, in a little time they gain access to the homes of the people, go out on tours, visit their pupils, and establish branch girls' schools. Girls' schools, moreover, independent of the missionaries, are being built. At Eski Zagra, for example, some years since, a Bulgarian woman, loyal to her old church, pointed out to a missionary lady a large stone building, erected for a girls' school in that city, saying, "We owe this to you missionaries. Had you not come, nothing of the kind would have been provided."

One other centre of light and blessing which I visited must not be omitted in this sketch of mission-work at Constantinople. In the heart of Stamboul itself, the headquarters of Mohammedan

and Turkish power, there stands the Bible House, where the British and American societies unite, and have their offices and stores. To this important position in the heart of Islam the Bible Society Depot was removed from Pera after the Crimean war in 1855. Here, in room after room, one sees tier upon tier of Bibles and Testaments, Psalms, gospels, and other portions, in the various languages spoken under Turkish rule: Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, Greco-Turkish, Hebrew, Spanish, Bulgarian, Albanian, and Arabic. Here I met the esteemed Dr. Bliss, secretary of the American Society, and brother of the well-known Dr. Bliss of Beyrout. Here, also, I found the Rev. Dr. Thomson and Mr. Christie, of the British and Foreign Society, and the colporteurs Goldstein and another. Here every day at noon, a prayer-meeting is held, attended by most of the *employés* of both societies, to implore God's blessing upon the work done. Thirty thousand copies of portions of the Scriptures were sold last year. There is hardly a district, town or village, in Asiatic Turkey where at least one copy of the Bible is not to be found; and the publications of the Protestant Missionary press are more numerous than those of any other in the empire.

Thus in the midst of the lifeless or torpid ancient churches of Turkey, a new Protestant Oriental church has sprung up which now ministers to 92 congregations with 6,000 communicants, and 30,000 persons in attendance. Also 300 day-schools, and upwards of 11,000 scholars, 20 colleges and high schools with 800 scholars and 280 preaching stations. In these are employed 132 American missionaries and professors, female American teachers, and upwards of 500 native instructors. The country is divided for mission purposes into three provinces. The Western province has its headquarters in Constantinople, and includes 30 churches with 1,500 communicants. The Central province has its headquarters at Aintab, north of Antioch and Aleppo, and includes 26 churches with 2,600 members. The Eastern province has its headquarters at Erzeroum, and contains 33 churches with 1,800 members. These churches may be said to be based doctrinally on the Westminster Confession of Faith; subscription, however, not being demanded, and in government they are half Presbyterian and half Congregational. It was not originally the design of the missionaries to set up a new organisation, but simply to revive spiritual life in the old Eastern churches. But the ecclesiastical rulers in these churches, after some years of milder persecution, deliberately cut off from their communion all who would not accept the superstitions and errors of the old, and thus no alternative remained but to form, under the common protection of the state, Protestant churches that should be free.

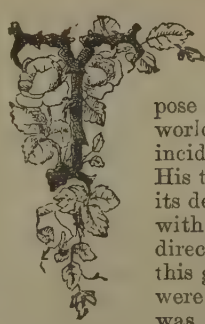
Politically, as well as religiously, this movement and the work of American philanthropy in the East, thus briefly sketched, cannot be ignored by any who would rightly estimate the future of the various nationalities under Turkish rule. Side by side with the absolutism, the barbarism, the licentiousness, which have so long held their baneful and blighting sway over these fair lands, there has been spreading the leaven of intelligence and liberty, of purity of life and of manners, which true Christianity always carries in its train; and the people, long in darkness and in slavery, are being prepared for the independence and enlightenment which await them when, let us hope at no distant day, they shall obtain their freedom. Mohammedanism itself is catching somewhat of the influence. Mohammedans regard these Protestants with esteem. "Protestants will not lie;" "Protestants can be trusted:" such are the remarks they make. Last year, in Kurdistan, a savage Koord accepted the word of a Protestant when on the point of plundering his household, on this simple ground: "I can believe you; you are a Protestant." In the Berlin treaty, moreover, freedom of religion for all men is no less than five times in elaborate phrase affirmed.

Above all, to the thoughtful Christian, watching the progress of the kingdom of Christ, these labours of the American Puritans are full of hope and promise. A blessed retaliation it is that America, which first derived her Gospel light and freedom from Europe and from England, should now be honoured to bring back that light and freedom to the very lands whence first they sprang. To the lands of the Bible and of the early Creeds, so long overshadowed by a degenerate Christianity and overrun by the infatuated votaries of Islam, Christianised America is now republishing the Bible truths and the Gospel doctrines which first shone forth in Palestine, and first were formulated in Nicæa, Chalcedon, and Constantinople.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE NAME JESUS.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for He shall save his people from their sins."—*Matt.* i. 21.



THESE words set briefly and clearly before us the great purpose of our Lord's coming into the world. His life, with its many strange incidents and its works of wonder; His teaching, with its patient love and its deep searching wisdom; His death, with its sorrow and shame, were all directed for the accomplishment of this great object. All other purposes were subordinate to this; whatever was said and done was all with the view of promoting this grand purpose of salvation. Therefore these words of the angel, uttered before the birth of Christ, stand most appropriately at the very commencement of the Gospel history. They remind us that in this book, in the life of this wonderful Teacher, we are to see, above all, the history of human redemption. Whatever other points of interest may be in them, and there are very many points of extreme interest, this is the one great absorbing theme: that which gives to the Book and to the Life an everlasting interest.

The purpose is briefly expressed in the text, but it is a very comprehensive one—Salvation. Not simply or chiefly to deliver men from any punishment to which for their sins they were liable, did Christ come; it was from *sin* that He came to save His people; not to relax the terrors of God's

justice, and procure for men a hope of heaven, but to renew men again in the image of God, to relieve them from the burden of guilt, and to overthrow the power and influence of sin in the heart. He came to oppose and crush and conquer this evil influence that had so blighted the beauty of God's moral creation. He came to lead us back to the love of that holiness which is the image of God; to show us in our ignorance a perfect pattern of that pure and holy character which God intended that we should bear. He came to give an impulse of increased strength and energy to the better principles within us, to set them free from the dominion of our lower and baser nature, to create in us new hearts and right spirits, to animate us to more zeal in struggling against the power of evil in our hearts and in our lives, to awaken in us new and stronger desires to rise above what is mean and selfish and temporal and earthly, and to aspire to the practice and love of what is pure and noble and holy and godlike and eternal. He came to summon us to renounce and cast off the image and influence of Satan, and to put on the new man which after the image of God is renewed in righteousness and true holiness; to follow Him, and under His standard to fight against all that was bad in the world and in ourselves. In a word, Christ came among men to abolish the universal dominion of evil, to make men better, purer, holier, nobler, freer from sin, more like the great Father in whose image we were at first created.

This was His great work on the earth; this was the business which the Father had entrusted to His care; and in all His life and teaching this great purpose was constantly kept in view. Whatever He said and did was all directed to the great end of saving His people from their sins. If He instructed men, it was that they might see more clearly the nature of the tyranny under which they lived, and might understand better the nature of that image of God which He wished to restore in them. If He reproved them, it was that they might be ashamed of their willing surrender of themselves to the influence of evil. When He saw any love of good, it was His care to foster and promote it, waiting so tenderly and patiently on the feeble, uncertain steps of those who attempted to follow Him, sparing no pains to win men back to God, unmasking hypocrisy, rebuking vice, censuring pride, commending lowliness, praising self-denial, holding up before all the image of purity and truth, and seeking, by all that love and wisdom could do, to induce men to forsake that which was evil and to follow that which was good. By wisdom, by entreaty, by fear, by authority, but most of all, by the gentle influences of love, He sought to save men from sin, and to win them back to the knowledge and service of God. His character, His life, and chiefly His death, appealed to all the emotions of love and gratitude that were in men, if haply they might be drawn to love and follow One so gentle, so humble, so patient, so willing to receive all that came to Him, so full of grace and truth, forgiving His murderers, praying for His enemies, willingly going up to Jerusalem, the great Paschal, spotless Lamb, to make atonement for the sins of men, lifted up on the cross that the sight of such love might draw all men unto Him. Such, therefore, was the purpose of Christ's life, and such the means by which He sought to effect it.

And as we read the Gospel history, and follow the life which was devoted to this great purpose, we are compelled to observe that our Lord's ministry was received in widely different manners by those amongst whom He taught. Some believed, we are told, and some believed not; some left all and followed Him; abandoning everything at His word; others had doubts and hesitation, and wished to postpone their following till they had first of all accomplished something else. Some were glad to hear His voice and thronged to listen to Him; some entreated Him to depart from their neighbourhood; some listened with joy to His words as to the words of life; some went away sorrowful; some followed Him to the end; some abandoned Him when difficulties seemed gathering round His path. Thus His life and His teaching served as great tests to divide men into two classes, those who were willing to follow Him, and those who hated Him. His summons: "Follow Me," "Come to Me," "Take My yoke upon you," was like the fan of the husbandman separating the wheat from the chaff. All were called, all were invited, but many refused; only the smaller part were willing to follow His guidance through evil report, and through good report. Thus we see what is meant by the words *His people* in the angel's announcement, "He shall save *His people* from their sins." His people are those who have heard His voice and followed Him, who, with much diffidence and faintness it may be, yet with honesty and from the heart, have sought to walk in His steps; those who have attempted to imbibe His spirit and to conform to His example; and it is those only whom He will save from their sins. It is to them the benefit of His birth and life and death are confined.

They are renewed and regenerated, and the image of God is restored in them. "My sheep," says Christ, "hear My voice and follow Me." His people hear His voice summoning them to believe and to obey, and they reply, "Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief," and they forthwith arise, and leave all, and follow Him. And He cheers and guides, and animates them in their course, and has left them the promise of a Comforter to be ever with them. He has bequeathed them the assurance of peace and reconciliation with God to support them in all difficulties. For those who refused to hear His voice, for those who pursued resolutely their own sinful way, who declined to forsake their pride or their hypocrisy or their covetousness or their uncleanness, for those Christ came not to provide salvation—He saves people *from* sin, He provides no salvation for men who will not abandon their sins.

God Himself manifest in the flesh was to call upon men to turn from their wickedness and live. As St. Paul expresses it, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Such was Christ's salvation while He lived and walked on this visible earth so many centuries ago, and such it is still. The Saviour has lived and died for us and amongst us, that He might save His people from their sins. He has long ago left this scene and

returned to the bosom of the Father, but still, in the story of His life as recorded in the Scriptures, in the ordinances of His Church, in the exhortations of His ministers, in the promptings of conscience, in the suggestions of His spirit dwelling in us, we hear that voice which called upon the publicans and Pharisees, the harlots and Sadducees of ancient Judæa to leave their sins and follow Him. Still His call divides the Christian world into the two great opposing factions of the friends and enemies of Christ, those who follow Him and those who cleave to their sins; those who are His people and who hope and pray to be delivered and saved from their sins through Him; and those who when they think of salvation, think of it as a future blessing which they hope somehow to obtain without any effort of self-denial, without any diligent endeavour to follow in the footsteps of Christ's holy and humble life. It was of no avail to the Jews of our Lord's time that they heard His voice calling them to follow Him and be saved, if they remained as before subject to sin, and refused to follow His example; it was not the mere hearing of His call that was to benefit them, but the honest effort with His help to obey it. And it will be of no avail to us that the same call is again addressed to us, that the same assurance of God's love and forgiveness is made to us, that the same story of that perfect life of meekness and holiness and love is read over to us, and that our thoughts are turned to it, unless we forsake all and follow Him. We must join Him in fighting against the sin which in so many shapes rules over us. There must be, by His grace, kindled in our hearts some feeling of love to God, some honest resolution to repent and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. He may teach in our streets as He taught in the streets of Jerusalem, we may be familiar with His call, we may even teach in His name, as we have all been baptized in it; but if all this is mere empty outward form, if there has been no sincere attempt to follow Him in the example of His life, then in spite of all these privileges, Christ will only say to us what He said of old, "Ye are not of My sheep. He that is not with Me is against Me. Depart from Me, I never knew you." We have again begun another year with all its well-ordered cycle of religious instruction, and the end of all should be that we might become the people of God, and be saved from our sins.

Wisdom is far above Rubies.

WISDOM is beautiful, gain her, my son,
Thou hast a treasury of wealth untold,
Far above rubies, diamonds, or gold;
She will be sought of thee and wooed ere won,
Give her thy heart, and she will lead thee on
To perfect peace and pleasures manifold;
Blessings shall compass thee till thou art old,
Aye, even till life's latest hour has run.
Immortal beauty is upon her face,
Her eyes are e'er toward the heavenly land,
True as the magnet her outstretched right hand
Unerring points up to her native place.
Whate'er thy earthly lot, is Wisdom thine
Thou hast indeed a heritage divine.

JOHN ASKHAM.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JANUARY 23.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS. (LUKE II. 8–20.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 14.—'*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*'

CONNECTION.—After the return of Mary to her home in Nazareth must be placed the angel's visit in a dream to Joseph (Matt. i. 18–23). Then came the **decree of Cæsar Augustus** which brought Joseph and Mary from Nazareth (70 miles distant) to **Bethlehem**, after the Jewish, not the Roman custom.

> The discussion of these points hardly belongs to the present lesson. The correctness of St. Luke's note of time, **when Cyrenius** (Publius Sulpicius Quirinus) **was governor of Syria**, has been fully established by modern researches.*

I. THE SHEPHERDS AND THE ANGEL.—*Read vers.* 8, 9. **The field**, or hilly slopes, about Bethlehem, with the little valley at their foot, had a famous place in Jewish story. There Jacob had fed his flocks in the sad days when Rachel died (Gen. xxxv. 19); there Boaz walked among his reapers, and thither came Ruth from Moab to put her trust under the wings of Israel's God (Ruth ii. 12). There David kept his father Jesse's flocks, and, we may be sure, composed his earlier Psalms. On those hill-sides, we learn from Jewish writers, the sheep destined for the Temple sacrifices were pastured around the Tower of Edar, *i.e.*, of 'the flock.' Such associations may well have been present to the minds of the devout **shepherds**, as they **watched their flocks by night**, beneath the bright Syrian stars, and talked together of the hope of Israel.

> Nothing can certainly be gathered here as to the season of the Nativity. On the one hand, the flocks were generally driven home in November, to escape the 'early rains,' but, on the other, they were often led out again near the end of December, when the herbage is fresh, and the flowers bloom after the rain.

Then a sudden **glory** lighted up the scene, and an **angel** was by their side! How many angelic visits had there already been in connection with these events? Probably the same

* It may be useful to remind some readers that the difficulty has arisen from the fact that 'Cyrenius' is known to have been proconsul of Syria at the time of the 'taxing,' Acts v. 37, made by the Emperor, on the deposition of Archelaus, ten or eleven years *after* the birth of Christ. Hence, different explanations of St. Luke's words: 'The taxing was made *before* Cyrenius was governor,' or 'The taxing first *took effect* when Cyrenius was governor,' or (as Paley), Cyrenius is called 'governor' by *anticipation*, having actually begun the enrolment in another capacity. But all these explanations, more or less admissible in themselves, are set aside by the learned labours of Dr. A. W. Zumpt, who shows that Cyrenius was in all probability *twice* proconsul of Syria: at the era of our Lord's birth, as well as after the fall of Archelaus. For the evidence, see any of the later Lives of Christ, Bible Dictionaries, or critical Commentaries; and in particular, Dean Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*, in loc.

angel, Gabriel, appeared on each occasion. What was the first feeling of those to whom the angel came?

II. The Angel's Tidings.—*Read vers.* 10–14. Note the first words of the angel; so to Zacharias, to Mary, ch. i. 13, 30. **Good tidings**—the word in the original is the same as that used for *preaching the Gospel.* **To all people**; lit., to all *the* people, Israel, to whom first the good tidings came. **Unto you**, 'the shepherds to whom I speak.' So the Gospel which is *for all* comes home to *each one.* **Saviour, Christ, Lord**; the threefold name—Jesus; the promised Messiah, or 'Anointed One'; King of heaven and earth. **In the city of David**—Bethlehem; so fulfilling the ancient prophecy. But how should the Infant King be known? **A sign**, or token, is given to distinguish this Infant from all the rest. 'No halo of light around His head, as we see in pictures, no angels visible hovering above Him.' **Swaddling clothes** were the dress of all infants: but only this one would be lying **in a** (the) **manger.*** This not only would be a guide to the shepherds, but was the sign of 'great humility,' on the announcement of which the heavenly song burst forth. **The heavenly host**, or *army*, Psa. lxviii. 17; Matt. xxvi. 53. Their song, the Golden Text, the Gloria in Excelsis (so called from its first words in Latin) tells of the honour of God in the salvation of men. For this the angels care, 1 Peter i. 12. **Glory**, praise for His wisdom, power, love. **In the highest**, *i.e.*, in heaven. See Rev. v. 12. **On earth peace**, peace with God, *reconciliation;* peace of *conscience;* peace of men *one with another.* The first blessing announced, and among the last promised by Jesus, John xiv. 27. He is the 'Prince of Peace,' Isa. ix. 6; (Eph. ii. 14–18). **Good will toward** or among **men**, *i.e.*, *God's* good will. His 'good pleasure' appears in this great Gift. Isa. liii. 10; Eph. i. 5. Compare Matt. iii. 17, and corresponding passages. The salvation of sinners is God's 'delight.'

Another reading divides the heavenly strain into two parts:

'Glory to God in the highest,
And peace on earth to men of good will.'

See Keble's Christmas Hymn:

'Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.'

Yet even if this reading should be adopted, the 'men of good will' must rather be taken as 'men of *God's* good will'—objects of His choice and pleasure. We prefer, however, the text as it stands, in its threefold division. It is of His love to mankind at large that the angels speak; and this they celebrate as revealed to *heaven* and *earth*, in heaven awakening praise, on earth diffusing peace.

III. Visit of the Shepherds to Bethlehem, and their Return.—*Read vers.* 15–20. **With haste** they left their flocks, for a greater interest called them! They **found** what they sought; these shepherds were the first to find the Saviour. They were the first also to spread the news; probably to the travellers who would be stirring around the 'inn' at early dawn. These were the first hearers of the Gospel, and shepherds were the earliest evangelists! How were the tidings received? Men **wondered**, it is not said that they *believed.* Little indeed did they know the true meaning of the tidings which thus reached their ears! Yet the great purpose of God was answered. These shepherds were important witnesses to the facts, that the Son of Mary was born in Bethlehem (not in *Nazareth*, as the Jews afterwards said); that His birth had been announced and His saving work made known by messengers from heaven. No doubt the news also would in some way or other reach Jerusalem, only six miles away; adding to the excitement when, a few months afterwards, the 'wise men' came with similar tidings, Matt. ii. Observe the different effect produced in different hearers: the wonder of people generally, the silent thoughtfulness of Mary, the joy and praise of the shepherds, who nevertheless **returned** to their daily work, to be no more heard of in the Gospel story.

'Did any of these shepherds live to witness the mighty works of Jesus? To hear Him speak as never man spoke before? To behold Him "despised and rejected," crucified, dead and buried, but soon triumphant over death and risen from the grave? Was there one of them among the five hundred to whom He showed Himself in Galilee after His resurrection, or among the hundred and twenty on whom He shed down the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost? We cannot tell. It is quite possible: for the manger and the cross were parted by little more than three-and-thirty years. And it is not profitless to consider any question which helps us to realise the men and women we read of in the Bible, and whom we may hope to meet and converse with in the paradise of God. For we "believe in the communion of saints."'*

Questions.

1. Where was Bethlehem? Meaning of the name? Why called Bethlehem Ephratah? What prophecy had marked it out as the birthplace of the Messiah?

2. Show that it is not unlikely that the 'inn' or public khan of Bethlehem formed part of David's ancient heritage.†

3. What heavenly songs in Scripture may be compared with this *Gloria in Excelsis?*

4. What differences of meaning are there in the two readings of the angel's song?

5. What lessons may be learned from the revelation to the shepherds, and their manner of receiving it?

* The 'manger' was probably the range of stone cattle-cribs belonging to the inn, or khan; or perhaps it was the ledge or shelf that ran round the stable wall; this would be wide enough for a rough couch, and would be cleared on occasion of special pressure. We need not suppose, as in old pictures, the oxen standing around.

* *The Story of Christmas* (R. T. S.).

† See Jeremiah xli. 17 compared with 2 Sam. xix. 38. It should be noted that the khan of a mountain-village like Bethlehem, would be among its most substantial and permanent buildings: and the 'manger' may have been hewn out of the limestone rock, or a natural grotto, as early tradition has it.

Pages for the Young.

THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

II.

ARCHIE rose from his little bed, and dressed himself by the light which the moonbeams shed through the window; then, very softly, he stole down a narrow back staircase, which he reached by a door opening out of his own little room without passing through his mother's chamber. He stood at length in the great entrance hall, where the moonlight streaming in through the large oriel window, showed the antlered stags' heads with which the place was adorned, and made the weapons glint fitfully which hung upon the walls. How grave the stags' heads looked, quite as if they meant to speak to him; he certainly was beginning to feel rather as

if he should like some living companion, when a living companion appeared at his side, making him start a little, it is true, with the touch of his cold nose. This was Bellman, the big, beautiful deerhound; the old huntsman had named him Bellman because of the musical deepness of his bay, and had given him as a present to little Sir Archie.

"Bellman, will you go with me to see what the light is in the ruined castle?" asked the child.

And the dog said "yes" with a wag of the tail, and the pair went on together.

And now a sudden difficulty rose up before Archie: how was he to get out? How strange it was that he should not have thought of that before in his eagerness. The chief entrance was all bolted and barred; he turned to a little side-door, and, oh joy! that yielded to his small hand. The fact was, one of the maids had been out for a late gossip, and being frightened at the glow of the dreaded light, had run in in such a hurry that she had forgotten to fasten the door behind her.

They were in the garden now, he and Bellman. How the dewdrops that hung upon the grass were glistening in the moonshine, just like so many bright eyes looking at him, and how broad and white the face of the sun-dial was. It surely was staring up at the stars, and how odd it was to find the bed of snowdrops, which he had been playing round this morning, with every petal closed; and what a strange feeling it was to be out thus, all alone, in the middle of the night, with no one but Bellman at his side.

The night wind came sweeping softly past him, lifting gently his curls, and he fancied it was the touch of the wings of angels who were going with him; and, folding his little hands, he began to say some of his texts and hymns. Then he put one arm round Bellman's neck, and began a low, confidential talk with him; and the dog looked very wise, and fondled his huge head against the boy's cheek.

On they went in the moonlight, and now they were crossing the little bridge that led over the stream; what a noise the water was making to-night. The rising ground on which the ruined castle stood, was reached very soon, for it was only a very short distance from the hall. He could see the light now plain enough, casting down a yellow gleam towards him. His heart beat quicker, he threw back his little head with a determined movement, and planted his small feet very firmly as he mounted the hill.

At last they were at the entrance of the ruin, and were looking in. What did Archie see there? An old man bending over a bright fire, busying himself, as it appeared, very assiduously, with one or two vessels which were placed upon it. He had his back to the child, and Archie stood watching him wonderingly for some moments, not quite knowing whether to advance or draw back. He might go home now, and tell what the light was. But then he glanced up at the sky and fancied Joseph, and King David, and all his favourite Scripture heroes were looking down at him from it, and made up his mind to enter the place.

Just then the old man happened to turn round. A low exclamation of surprise escaped him as he beheld the child standing there in the ruddy firelight, one little foot slightly advanced, his face full of serious wonder, but very sweet.

"Little one, what do you want here?" said the stranger, fixing his eyes on the child with such a gentle look in them that Archie felt no touch of fear.

"My mother wants to know why you keep this bright fire burning here in the ruins," answered the boy. "I am come to see for her. Besides, I don't understand why, but it pleases the dear Lord in heaven my coming here; it is doing something for Him."

When the little fellow spoke of his mother, the old man cast at first a quick suspicious glance at him, but when his clear young voice uttered those words which told of his simple, childish faith, his face again softened.

"The dear Lord in heaven, the dear Lord in heaven," he repeated in a low, trembling tone; "there was a time when I loved his service, but He smote me sore, and I rebelled against Him."

And as he spoke, a tear ran slowly down his withered cheek.

"Are you unhappy?" asked the child, going close to him, and taking hold of his hand and looking up at him with his earnest eyes.

Then the old man cried out, "How like he is to what he was at his age—just the same bright hair!" and fell a-sobbing as if his heart would burst.

The child stood gazing at him with bewildered pity in his face. He stroked his hand, and was just going to say something to comfort him, when suddenly he heard his name spoken by a dear, familiar voice close behind him. He started round, and the next moment he was in his mother's arms.

Lady Agnes had come out herself with the intention of reconnoitring round the ruined castle with its mysterious light, when she met Bellman, her little son's dog, to her great surprise, wandering just outside the old, grey walls, for she knew that the hound never went abroad at night. Then, to her far more violent astonishment, to which was added sudden alarm, she had thought she heard her boy's voice within the ruins; motherly anxiety had thereupon overcome every other feeling, and she had rushed in, not knowing what to fear or what to expect.

A few minutes after that the whole mystery of the light in the ruin was made known to Lady Agnes. The old man recognised her at once, for he had seen her in former days ride past his house. He knew that his secret was now discovered, and knowing the lady's reputation for large-hearted, Christian kindliness, he thought it best to tell her the plain, simple truth. His story was shortly this. He had once been a flourishing tradesman, working with his only and well-loved son at the same business. But some little time ago his son had been implicated in an insurrection in the west against the government, and had been condemned to several years in gaol. The old man had entirely lost his trade when this younger and stronger arm was taken from his side; his small savings were quickly expended, and he was a beggar.

He wandered about, living on any chance work that might fall in his way, until he happened to become servant to a man who was an alchemist, and who, according to one of the strange delusions of the time, believed he could make gold. The old man learned the false art, and then, knowing that after a certain number of years his son might be freed by payment of a sum of money, resolved to make enough gold if he could to effect his release. In order to carry on his proceedings unnoticed, and fearing greatly that any treasure would be stolen from him, he sought out a retired place for his work-shop, and chose the old ruined castle. He laboured at his unprofitable task by night, hid away his crucibles and other tools in a corner of the old building, and busied himself by day in other work, which he had met with at a village a few miles off. At first he had had no notion that he should create such an uncomfortable sensation in the neighbourhood, but when he found it out, he had selfishly gone on with his own schemes, caring nothing for the trouble and terror he was causing.

Lady Agnes forgave the poor man, like a true Christian woman, and repaid the wrong he had done her and her tenantry by an act of solid kindness. She made his case known to the Queen, who, at the Lady Agnes's request, granted the young man a free pardon, and the happy, grateful father once more held his son in his arms.

Years after, when Sir Archibald Needham was a distinguished naval officer, sharing in the honours of the great and glorious days which saw the Spanish Armada fly before the English flag, Lady Agnes, her bright hair turned now to silver, yet with a face still which it did sad eyes good to look upon, would sit with another little Archie on her knee, and tell him the story of the light in the ruined castle, and bid him be as simply, truly brave for God as his father had been that night long ago.

ALICE KING.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

WOODLAND SOUNDS.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER I.—AN OLD HOVEL.

THERE was not another home like it in all the parish of Broadmoor. It was a half-ruined hut, with walls bulging outwards, and a ragged roof of old thatch, overgrown with moss and yellow stone-crop. A rusty iron pipe in one corner served as a chimney to the flat hearth, which was the only fireplace within; and a very small lattice-window of greenish glass, with a bull's-eye in each pane, let in but little of the summer sunshine, and hardly a gleam of the winter's gloomy light. Only a few yards off the hut could not be distinguished from the ruins of an old lime-kiln, near which it had been built to shelter the lime-burners during their intervals of work. There was but one room

downstairs, with an earthen floor trodden hard by the trampling of heavy feet, whilst under the thatch there was a little loft, reached by a steep ladder and a square hole in the ceiling, where the roof came down on each side to the rough flooring, and nowhere was there height enough for even a short person to stand upright.

The furniture was as rude and simple as the home itself. The good household chattels, on which Ruth Medway had prided herself when she lived in her pretty cottage in the village street, had never come to this poor hovel. There was a broken chair or two, a table-top propped upon an unbarked trunk of a young fir-tree from the woods behind the lime-kiln, a little cracked crockery, two or three old boxes, and the indispensable saucepan and kettle in which she did all her cooking. Upstairs was a low pallet bedstead with a flock-bed, and, on the floor beside, a mattress stuffed with chaff, close under the roof, where the thatch must almost have touched the sleeper's face. There was no window into this loft; the only light came through the square hole in the floor.

"Home is home, be it never so homely;" and Ruth Medway had learned to love the quiet place where her youngest child and her dearest had been born. Behind the house lay the Lime-kiln Woods; once a busy place of quarries and kilns, but left long ago to the growth of trees and brushwood, the haunt of all kinds of wild woodland creatures, hollow with rabbit-burrows, and thickly peopled with singing birds, and with the game that the squire loved to preserve. Excepting in the shooting season, when the sharp crack of guns was to be heard all day long, there was no noise to drown the buzz of the humble-bee, and the low whirring of the unseen grasshopper, and the hundred faint and delicate sounds which fill the stillness of an unfrequented greenwood. Day and night, summer and winter, had their special signs and sounds there, all well-known to Ishmael, the youngest son of old Humphrey Medway.

He was the youngest son, and the most unwelcome to his father. Humphrey had given but a scanty welcome to his first-born child, and each successor had been received with growing surliness. Ishmael came the last, when his mother's hair was already grey, and her back bent with hard toil at out-door labour. The eldest son was himself grown-up and married, and the little love he might have once felt for his mother had hardened into indifference; whilst the other children, those who were living, were scattered abroad, seldom caring to return home. Humphrey never mentioned any of them; but sometimes of an evening, when Ruth rested for a little while, and sat watching the kettle boil on the crackling fire of sticks, she would count their names over on her fingers; eight names over which she sighed, but at the ninth her brown wrinkled face wore a fleeting smile as she muttered, "Ishmael."

On the whole, Ruth was not given to brooding over the past; for she lived too hard a life to keep her memory green. She had grown fond of this lonely hut, where Ishmael had been born; and he had never known any other home. There was nothing in it to prevent him keeping pet dormice, and hedgehogs found in the hollows of the wood; though the gamekeeper would not let him have a rabbit, or allow Ruth to keep a cat; and a dog was not to be thought of. But a tame starling, and the white owl which had chosen its roost under their thatch, and answered his call in the dusk, swooping noiselessly through the air, made the place full of life and interest to him. All the woods behind had been his play-ground from his earliest childhood; and not the finest house in Broadmoor could have tempted Ishmael to exchange his home for it.

Ruth had taught herself to read after she was married; when Humphrey soon began to leave her alone in the evening, and kept her sitting up late for his return from the village inn. Her loneliness had led her to reading the Bible, the only book she possessed beside a Prayer-book and an old collection of hymns. She had learned to believe quite simply, with no doubt in her inmost heart, that "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and that Jesus Christ has really "given His life as a ransom" for her. With these two thoughts firmly rooted in her mind she read the Bible eagerly; and it was from its old well-worn pages she had chosen the name of her youngest and dearest child, "Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction."

Ruth had never been a woman of many words; and she was very silent about those things which were deepest in her heart. Humphrey was accustomed to boast himself of her subjection to him, as not daring to "cheep" a word against him. In her young days she had been one of the village choir; and now Ishmael sat in the singing gallery in her old place. It was one of her greatest pleasures to creep just within the church door, where her poor clothing would be least noticed, and listen to the voices in the gallery overhead, and to join in singing "Glory be to the Father" at the close of each familiar Psalm. There her bent back seemed to ache less, and her wearied limbs felt rested. Often in the week, as she picked stones, or hoed thistles in the fields, her withered lips would murmur the words, "Glory be to the Father," and she would feel as a way-worn traveller feels in a hot and desert country, when he comes across a little fountain of fresh water springing up in his path. His journey is not over, but the living waters give him strength to go on with it.

So bad a name did Humphrey and his eldest son bear in the parish, as being idle and drunken vagabonds, that it overshadowed Ruth and Ishmael, and they found themselves banished by it from all intercourse with decent and friendly neighbours. Ishmael did not feel it until he went to the village school, where the other children were warned against Humphrey Medway's boy. The women who worked with Ruth in the fields kept aloof from her; not so much because they were better off than she was, but because she was so silent in her ways. Thus there was no companionship for them but in each other; and it was sufficient. It was enough for Ruth to think of her boy all day, and to hear his regular healthful breathing beside her all night; and for Ishmael the woods that lay all around his home gave him never-ending occupation and delight.

But though they were without friends, they were not without an enemy. The nearness of the low hovel to the woods was enough to arouse the suspicions of the squire's gamekeeper, even if he had had no reason to dislike Humphrey Medway and

his family. But before Ishmael was born, there had existed a bitter hatred between Nutkin, the gamekeeper, and young Humphrey, Ishmael's eldest brother. Humphrey had succeeded in winning away from Nutkin the girl he had wished to make his wife; and though the keeper had himself married shortly afterwards, he had never forgiven the offence, or ceased to hold him and all belonging to him in bitter enmity. The very name of Medway was hateful to his ears. Of late, too, Ishmael had won two or three prizes at the village school over the head of his own boy, who was about the same age, and who lamented loudly over his defeat by old Humphrey's despised son.

Yet in spite of all Nutkin's efforts he had been unable to dislodge old Humphrey from the miserable hut. The rent of a shilling a week was paid punctually by Ruth, who would rather have gone without food than omit its regular settlement, since nothing else could keep her drunken husband and herself from the parish workhouse. The farmer who held a lease of the lime-kiln and the hut, found her work on his farmstead and showed her some little favour. So all the keeper could do was to suspect and to watch, ready to take advantage of any trespass that could be punished by the law.

For thirteen years now Ruth had worked upon the Willows farm; and many a hot summer day had Ishmael, when a baby, lain all day long under the hedgerows, carefully swathed in an old shawl, while his mother toiled in the harvest fields. He had himself begun to earn a few pence as soon as he could scare crows from the springing corn, or could help to tend the sheep in the chilly days of spring during the lambing season. For the last two years his father had been grumbling at his being an idle mouth to feed; though it was rarely Ruth saw a penny of his money, and it had been with difficulty that she had been able to keep her boy at school. But now the time was come when Ishmael must cease to be a child, and must begin to get his own living by regular work. Mr. Chipchase, the farmer, had consented to try him as waggoners' boy; and had promised if he was a good and steady lad to "make a man of him."

"Mother," said Ishmael, as they sat together on their door-sill in the long, light June evening listening to the cuckoo and the thrushes singing in the woods, "I told teacher I'm going to service on Monday; and she says I may take little Elsie into the woods to-morrow; and she'll give us dinner to eat there; for me as well as her, mother; because she says I've always been a good boy at school, and she's sorry to lose me."

"I'm glad she's sorry to lose thee," said Ruth; "and if thee weren't to sleep at home every night, I hardly know what I could do without thee, Ishmael. I almost wish thee were a tiny little lad once again."

"When I'm a man," he answered eagerly, "you shan't ever go out working in the fields, or tire yourself, mother. We'll never, never leave here, because there's no place like it; but I'll get the master to let me build a better house that'll keep you warm and dry, and we'll live together till we die; won't we, mother?"

"Please God!" she said softly, with a smile on her brown face, as she thought how much earlier she must die than the young lad, little more than a child, who sat beside her.

"I should think it would please God," answered Ishmael, in a quiet voice. "He doesn't want us to be always very poor, poorer than other folks, mother?"

"Nay, I don't know," she replied; "His own Son was born in a stable, and died upon the cross, with folks mocking at Him. I don't know what thee and me may have to go through, Ishmael. We can only say 'Please God'!"

It was late before Ishmael mounted the ladder to the close loft overhead, and crept into his bed on the floor under the low thatch. But it was after midnight when Ruth, with her wrinkled yet sinewy arms, helped her drunken husband from one rung to another, fearful every night lest her strength should fail her, and that he might fall, crippled or lifeless, on the floor below.

"Thank God!" she always cried in the depth of her soul, when his sluggish and leaden feet were safely planted on the floor above.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE WOODS.

The village school-mistress, Mrs. Clift, knew Ruth well, for she had employed her as her laundress from the time she had taken charge of the school; and no linen could be sweeter and whiter than that which Ruth washed, and dried in the sun on the gorse-bushes growing about the old lime-kiln. Ishmael had been one of the most constant and least troublesome of her scholars; and she was willing to mark her approbation of him by entrusting her little girl to his care for a long day in the Lime-kiln Woods.

The spring had come slowly on during May, and though it was already June the trees were not yet in full leaf. The delicate network of boughs overhead still kept many an open space for the sunshine to stream through; and the half-transparent leaves glistened with a green light. There was no thick tangle of burdock and thistle at present to catch their feet and hinder them as they strolled along under the hazel-bushes. Here and there patches of bluebells covered the dusky earth; and in a few rare spots, known to Ishmael, white lilies of the valley were growing amid their broad green leaves. No very tall or massive forest trees grew in the thin soil; but now and then an elm or an oak, somewhat stunted, spread out its crooked branches; and there were clumps of larches, tall and thin, growing in close companionship, with their pointed tops piercing the sky. And what a sky it was! A deeper blue than the bluebells under the hazels, with little clouds scattered over it whiter than the lilies, some of gleaming brightness, and others of a pearly grey, floating lazily along before the soft fresh westerly wind. Ishmael felt a pride in it all, as if the woods, and the flowers, and the sky belonged to himself.

"Sit down and listen, Elsie," he said, throwing himself under an elm-tree, and holding his breath for very pleasure, as he strained his ear to catch the different notes of the birds, singing in these early hours of the sunny day. There was the merry whistle of the starling—did Elsie hear that?—and the deep, soft cooing of the wood-pigeons from their great clumsy nests in the fir-trees; and the harsh cry of the jay, as he flitted across the open space between some trees, displaying his bright blue wing-feathers. Oftener than any other note, except the chirp of the sparrows, came the deep, grave caw of the rooks, as

they sailed by high in the air. Or was not the clear merry song of the thrushes and blackbirds in the bushes all about them the most frequent sound of all? But Ishmael knew also the note of the kingfisher, and the woodpecker and the plaintive cry of the lapwing, and the call of the little moor-hen in the swampy ground, overgrown with water weeds, and tall bulrushes. Every sound, loud and low, of the busy woodlands was known to him; but they had never been so sweet to him as now, when, for the first time, he had a companion gazing admiringly into his face as he displayed his knowledge. Elsie was far before him in school; but here she sat with wide-open wondering eyes, drinking in every word he spoke.

"Oh, Ishmael!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of happiness and admiration, "I should think nobody in the world knows as much as you!"

Never before had Ishmael had such words spoken to him, and he felt almost dizzy. He began to think what other wonders he could show or tell to her. Yes, there were more wonderful things to disclose to her admiring eyes. The woods were beautiful; but he knew what was hidden underground as well as what lay open to the eye of day. For underneath their feet the earth was honeycombed with long, deserted galleries, and roadways, and tunnels, where ages ago the limestone had been dug, and brought to the surface by level shafts opening on the hill slopes. Far away from the light of the sun, these subterranean paths ran in many windings and twistings. Even on the surface there were indications of them in basin-like hollows of varying depths and sizes, where the treacherous ground had sunk in. Some of these hollows were filled with water, forming little pools, which glistened up to the sun, while others were dry basins green with turf and coltsfoot, amongst which wild strawberries grew. Ishmael and Elsie had busily gathered the small red fruit, and strung it upon long bents of grass to keep it as a dessert to the dinner they were going to eat in the woods. Ishmael hastily formed a surprise for Elsie. When the right minute came, when she was tired and hungry, and the sun beat hotly upon them, he would take her to the cool shelter of a cave near at hand, where he could show to her the entrance into the old limestone quarry.

They came at length to a broad open glade, stretching far away between two rows of trees, which was the famous spot for shooting-bouts in the autumn, when the squire's visitors spent whole days in sport. Here in the long, untrodden grass lay the old cartridge-cases thrown hastily away last year. Ishmael told Elsie how the crackling of the guns rang all day long, and how the smell of the gunpowder and its thick smoke tainted the sweet air; and how, at night, when all was over, there seemed a sorrowful silence in the wood, as if its timorous inhabitants had been scared into utter terror.

"And the rabbits keep in their burrows," said Ishmael; "and don't come out to play after sunset, like they do other nights, aye, by hundreds and thousands, running after one another, and tumbling about like us on the green, when we've a holiday; and you can see their little white pads tossing about in the dusk. If you sit very still they'll come a'most to your feet. And the bats fly about, and the cockchafers, and big white owls, that make no noise when they fly. I'll show you our big owl at home before you go home to-night."

They were sauntering along the glade slowly, when suddenly, from under their very feet, as it seemed to Elsie, there sprang up, with a loud whirr and a great fluttering of wings, a pheasant which had been sitting close on her nest among the long grass, till their feet nearly touched her. Elsie uttered a little scream of fright; but Ishmael was down on his knees in a moment, parting the tangled grass which hid the nest. There lay a cluster of brown eggs, ten of them, packed closely together, and warm with the brooding heat of the mother-hen.

"Oh!" cried Elsie, eagerly, "can't we have some of them for dinner? Only we can't cook them, you know, without a fire and a saucepan."

"Ay, but we can!" answered Ishmael, proud of doing what seemed impossible to his companion; "we can make a fire, and roast one in the ashes. We won't take more than four, two apiece; and I can tell which are the newest laid. See, I've got a match in my pocket, and we'll pick some sticks, and light a fire in a place I know of, where nobody can ever find us."

Gathering up the sticks as they went along he led Elsie to his cave. It was situated about halfway down a steep slope which was overgrown with hazel-bushes and brambles. The low archway of the entrance was little more than a yard high, and was quite concealed by the brushwood. Within, the roof rose to a good height, and the floor of limestone was dry, forming altogether a pleasant retreat, large enough to hold from twenty to thirty persons. A green twilight reached them through the closely-interwoven network of underwood; and a delicious coolness made it the pleasantest place possible now the sun was so high in the blue sky.

"Look, Elsie," said Ishmael, leading her to the back of the cave, where a small hole, not unlike a large rabbit-burrow, led darkly into some space beyond, "I've crawled through there many a time; and if it wasn't for your frock we'd go now—you and me. Oh, it goes for miles and miles under the wood; and sometimes there's a little bit o' light coming through cracks in the ground; and there are pools all black and still, with just a tiny sparkle on them to show where they are; and there are glistening stones hanging down from the roof, and drops o' water always falling, falling from them. Oh, I wish you were a boy, and could creep in along with me!"

"Oh, couldn't I?" cried Elsie.

"No, it 'ud never do," he said decisively. "Never mind; I'll light the fire now, and we'll have our dinner."

The fire was quickly kindled, and after it had died down a little, the four eggs were covered over with hot embers, and left to roast. Ishmael had brought a can of sparkling water from a little spring trickling down the rock, whilst Elsie had laid out their dinner. Now she was sitting beside it on a big stone, with her hands lying idly on her lap in simple enjoyment, and her blue eyes gazing out happily on the waving branches outside, whose shadows flickered up to her feet in a constant dance.

"Oh, Ishmael," she cried, "I must say the song mother taught me about, 'That's the way for Billy and me.' It seems as if it was made for us; and I'll say them while the eggs are roasting.

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens in their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's a thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water, and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.'" *

But Elsie had scarcely finished the last line, when she saw the branches before her slowly parted, and a man's head bent down, and looking into their cave. It was a brown, burnt, rugged face: she knew it well enough, but she had never liked it, and at this moment it filled her with vague terror. Ishmael was kneeling by the red and smouldering fire, and touching the eggs with the tips of his fingers. So absorbed was he that he did not notice the darkening of the green twilight as the gamekeeper came stooping under the archway; and he laughed a low, quiet laugh of delight as he took one of the eggs from its hot bed.

"That one's done, Elsie," he exclaimed gaily.

"What's done?" asked Nutkin's harsh voice close beside him. "I saw the smoke from your fire, you young rascal, and I came to see what mischief you're up to. What, pheasants' eggs, pheasants' eggs! Would nothing else serve you for your dinner?"

Ishmael knelt unable to stir, and gazing up aghast into the gamekeeper's angry, yet triumphant face. What could he say? There were the eggs in the ashes between them; he could not even drop the one he was holding in his outstretched hand. He felt as if he could neither move nor speak. He had no right to those eggs; they were stolen; but he had not thought of that when Elsie had uttered her childish wish.

"I suppose you know," said Nutkin, very slowly, as if he meant every word to strike home, "that I shall take you to gaol for this."

"Oh no, no!" cried Elsie, in an agony of fright; "we didn't know it was any harm, did we, Ishmael? The eggs were on the ground, and we might have trodden on them. Don't send us to gaol."

"It's not you, only this young scoundrel," continued Nutkin; "you may have to go before the justices, but it's him as 'll go to gaol for poaching and stealing. I've told the squire scores of times, and now he'll believe me. Get up, you rascal, and come along with me."

Suddenly Ishmael broke into a loud and bitter cry, which rang through the cave, and seemed to be muttered back again from the old quarry.

"Oh, what will mother say when she hears of it?" he cried.

"And what will father say?" jeered the gamekeeper, "and brother Humphrey? We'll take care you don't grow up a drunkard, and a disgrace to the parish like them, my fine fellow. Come along! Elsie, you run home to your mother, and tell her to be more careful who you keep company with another time. The squire 'll believe me now."

So saying, he dragged Ishmael out of the cave, and taking a strong rope from his pocket, he knotted it into a sort of handcuff, by which he bound the lad fast to him. Elsie followed them, sobbing, to the white dusty road leading to Uptown, where there was a police-station; and then sadly watching them out of sight, she went home, almost heart-broken, to her mother.

* This lovely little song is by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and is not as well known as it deserves to be.

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

I.—THE DIAMOND RING.

A FEW years ago the political world of our England was startled by the declaration from a high authority that the origin of the Ashantee war was to be found in the Straits of Malacca. Some were amused, and some treated the announcement with ridicule, and some ascribed it to a passion for causing surprises, and generally it was received with incredulity. But, notwithstanding, there was substantial truth in the reference. The northern entrance to the Straits has on its western side the Sumatran state of Acheen, and on its eastern side the Malayan kingdom of Kéddak (Quedah). The friendliness of both states is necessary to secure a safe highway for European shipping on entering the Straits, and hence with both there exist treaties of peace and amity. England is their sworn friend and protector "for ever."

Now on the Western Coast of Africa, among the strips of territory which carry the flag of Britain, was the small town and fort of Elmina belonging to Holland. The laws administered and the customs levied at this spot differed from those of the British settlements on either side, and this caused frequent troubles between us and the inland traders and chiefs. Proposals (for some time secret) were made between Great Britain and Holland. The King of Acheen had offended the Dutch, and must be chastised and it may be subjugated. Let England promise not to interfere with Holland in her designs on Acheen, and Elmina should become British property. In effect this promise was given, and out of the cession of Elmina and consequent complications in the inland trade sprang the Ashantee war.

My subject has to do with the Eastern side of the entrance to these Straits. About one hundred years ago (1785) Francis Light, the master of an East Indiaman, who had become acquainted with the then Rajah of Kéddak,* and married his daughter, re-

* In this and such words as Pérak, Báttak, and Saráwak the accent is on the last syllable but one and the final k is only breathed.

ceived from him as a marriage portion, Púlo Pínang. These words mean the "island of betel-nuts" (areca palm), but it should be observed that the word *púlo* is only applied to islands the insularity of which can be traced by the eye from some one point of the island. At that time the island was covered with dense forests and occupied chiefly by elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses and snakes, and on its shores stood a few miserable huts for fishermen. Under the new governor it soon began to prosper, and it has now a population of some 70,000, and has become an emporium of important trade. Of its beauty I can hardly trust myself to write. A physician * who had travelled far and long begins his chapter on it thus—"'See Naples and die!' says the Italian poet, in his wild enthusiasm for that city—what would he say of this island—the Eden of the world? On this lovely spot of earth the dream of endless spring is realised. I have never met with any one who after spending a few days in this beautiful oasis did not wish to spend the rest of his life in the delicious tranquillity and repose which this climate affords. Here is the calm loving face of Nature presenting the image of tranquil happiness—the sky always without a cloud, the sea never agitated, but smiling and basking in a continual calm."

There it lies before my mind's eye, this beautiful home in which I was born and spent my boyhood, with its silvery sea, its snowy beach, its stately palm-groves, its towering hills, its umbrageous dales, its thousand hues of green and gold glistening beneath a cloudless sky. Who that has seen its waterfall can ever forget it? Combine black rock with the whitest spray, the gayest flowers with the deepest green, bright sunshine with dark shadows, the noisy rush and resistless downpour of turbulent waters with the gentle flowing of a clear and cold stream, and put them all in relations of matchless picturesqueness, and the reader can imagine the scene. Retracing his steps he reaches the foot of "the great hill," and, ascending it, after a climb of nearly three thousand feet he arrives at the summit. Now let him look around. A glance shows him that this is an island and properly called *púlo*. Turning to the north-east he beholds an unbounded sea, dotted by Malay prahus, and Chinese junks, and it may be with here and there a British ship or steamer. To his right he will see the lake-like channel which divides the island from the Malayan mainland, and there in the distant horizon are lofty mountains. Immediately below are the eastern plains with their rice-fields and wondrous fruit-trees, and verandahed villas, ending in the town with its miniature fort, and beyond it, the deep and glassy roadstead with sloops at anchor. On the eastern plain are the plantations of coffee and sugar, and nearer, on the hill slopes, of nutmegs and cloves, the last being the finest in the world. The intervals on all sides are filled with masses of foliage of every hue of green. And as rain on the average falls on every other day, let him understand that the brighter the sunshine, the penetrating light only the more distinctly discloses the richness of these hues. Nothing in the world can exceed the verdure of the foliage in the scene before him. But this is not all. Dr. Yvan is right when he speaks of tranquillity and security. There are many beautiful scenes marred by the possibilities of desolation and death. But here there are no perils of tornado or earthquake, no withering hot winds, and scarcely ever a destructive storm. A resident of twenty-five years says he never saw a vessel driven on the shore or a large tree blown down. It is the chosen home of smiling and perennial peace.

On yonder mainland, immediately opposite the harbour, and divided from the island by the channel of about two and a half miles in width, is Province Wellesley, also ceded to Britain by the Rajah of Kéddak, and for this and the island we were to pay an annual income of about 2,000*l*. Adjoining it on the north is his ancient kingdom—consisting now of a territory 150 miles long, and about 25 broad, backed by granite mountains (abounding with tin, and in which gold is found), rising to some 6,000 feet. The present dynasty has occupied the throne for nearly three hundred years. When the treaty by which Penang was ceded was made with the Rajah, it was stipulated that England should stand by him and his successors against Siam, the hereditary foe of Kéddak. The Siamese had on several occasions overrun the country, and there had been an agreement made that the Rajah of Kéddak should every three years acknowledge his subjection, by forwarding to the King of Siam the *bunga mas*, or flower of gold. This sign of submission became very galling to the proud prince and his people, and was constantly being refused, and thus gave occasion for raids from the troops of Siam.

The animosity was intensified by the antagonisms of religion. The people of Kéddak were originally pagans, and pagans of the lowest type — fetish-worshippers, with whom religion is simply a gloomy and miserable superstition. But when the wave of Mohammedan conquest reached, in the twelfth century, the Eastern Archipelago, the Malayan tribes were universally overwhelmed by it, and thus Kéddak has become devoted to Islam. But the men of Siam are Buddhists, and Buddhism with its definite beliefs and humane precepts has almost always successfully maintained its ground against the assaults of Mohammedanism, and thus war with Siam meant with the men of Kéddak war with the accursed enemies of God and the prophet.

The following translation of a letter from the brother of the general commanding the Kéddak army in one of these campaigns, addressed to his mother sheltered at Penang, is interesting as indicating this feeling, strong even to fanaticism, and also as curious evidence of the continued existence among Malay Moslems of the powerful elements of their original superstition.

"I Mohammed Snarnee, make known at the feet of my beloved mother, that her letter came to hand, and I understood the whole of its contents. At present our circumstances are cheering, and we are all well in Kéddak, and my only anxiety is on your account, my mother. By the assistance of God and the Apostle, we have gained a victory over the infidels under the curse of God. While we were attacking a stockade of the accursed infidels, and going backwards and forwards, unexpectedly was seen walking in the air a beautiful green horse. Then all the generals exclaimed with a loud voice, saying, 'Behold, all ye people of Islam, the green horse come to assist us.' The green horse then soared over the camp of the Siamese (accursed in-

* Dr. Yvan's *Six Months among the Malays*.

fidels), but no man was upon him. Then by the almighty power of God, the horse suddenly vanished from the eyes of all, and there appeared thousands of soldiers attacking the camp of the infidels. Then all the people of Islam shouted with a great shout and rushed into the camp. The infidels fled, and by the assistance of God and the Apostle we gained a triumph, and now all is at rest. This I make known to you on the 11th day of the month. I wish to send you some rice, but the white people will not allow it to pass."

In one of the frequent conflicts with Siam, the then reigning Rajah was so hard pressed that he was compelled to find refuge under the British flag. I have named the miniature fort on the island. It lies at its eastern extremity, with its green slopes, its broad ditch, its pierced ramparts, and a few guns with pyramids of shot here and there, and some sixty or eighty soldiers; so tiny as to seem almost a toy, but such power lies in it and all that it represents, that it is far-reaching in its influence as a "punishment to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well." There the royal fugitive landed, and, received and guarded by British sepoys, he was escorted to the house and "compound" adjoining our own. And thus it came to pass that he and my father became friendly neighbours. Nor was this all. There were several English residents, official and mercantile, who not only pitied the fugitive in his misfortunes, but regarded him as ungenerously and even unjustly dealt with by the British authorities in India. Our frequent collisions with Burmah rendered it politic that we should be on good terms with the adjoining kingdom of Siam, especially as the nations were alike in religious faith, and moreover, we were preparing to negotiate with Siam treaties of friendship and commerce. Hence not only did we withhold from the kingdom of Kéddak all material and moral aid, but even (as the letter already cited indicates) blockaded its coast so as to prevent the importation of supplies of food and of the munitions of war. The Rajah thus in effect became our prisoner, and to compel submission and peace with Siam, he was removed, under vehement protest, to a more distant residence from his country, and finally died with a broken heart, an exile from his throne and people; his second son slain in combat, and his firstborn son a captive in Siam. Eventually, however, the remonstrances and appeals of the friends of Kéddak prevailed, and for many years there has been a good understanding with Siam, and friendship with England—so much so that in the late war with Pérak, the British forces were accompanied by a detachment from the adjoining state of Kéddak.

In the temporary palace of this unhappy king I became a constant visitor and was admitted to its most secluded chambers. The little white boy—the only son of his true and kind and active friend—became his favourite companion, was caressed by his wives, and treated with marked respect by the native court. Of all the dramatic dances before the king, the boy must be a spectator, in all the feasts a guest, in all the games a playmate, and when the parting came, amid much lamentation, the sorrowing man turning to his little favourite and taking from his own finger a diamond ring, put it into the boy's hand, and bade his mother, as soon as he might be trusted with it, to have it worn by him in remembrance of the love and good wishes of his royal friend. This ring—of massive and pure gold, with two circlets of small diamonds, one sixteen in number, and the other ten, round a central and raised diamond of larger size, the whole set in silver—associated with the earliest incidents of my life which I can recollect, I wear with unabated interest, and intend to hand down to future generations, as the silent witness of a pathetic history, the enduring memorial of a remarkable friendship, and the pleasant token of the peace and prosperity which subsequently brightened the fortunes of the ancient kingdom of Kéddak, whose speech is the acknowledged classic of the Malayan people.

Medical Missionaries.*

WHERE Britain's soldier-blood was freely shed,
On many a well-contested battle-field,
The foremost rank—the victors and the dead—
Were lads who never learned to turn or yield;
From Lowland city and from Highland glen,
Came at their country's call these gallant men.

When war and wail proclaimed the Prince of Peace,
And death by torture sealed the Christian creed,
A dauntless few stood firm, and would not cease
To dare all evil powers by word and deed;
From cot and mountain, crowded street and hall,
Came forth those martyrs at the Master's call.

Our warriors' deeds are worthily enshrined
Within their nation's proud maternal heart.
Our witness-names are tenderly entwined,
Around the cross for which they did their part;
But Britain keeps a band of heroes still,
Who come from southern vale and northern hill.

And they are soldiers, though no sword is given;
Martyrs, and yet all blessings with them go;
They open, Christlike, every gate to heaven,
By touching blinded eyes, by soothing woe.
They walk, as walked the great Physician, when
He ministered on earth to stricken men.

They tread like Him a rough and lonely road,
Beset by death, despair, and mortal pain;
From aching limbs they lift disease's load,
From prisoned souls sin's ever-galling chain.
For healing of the nations far away,
Our country's bravest "do and die" to-day.

Well worthy they to wear the victor's crown;
For them the angels keep the "robe and palm;"
Our gallant band who turn from earth's renown,
To meet unnumbered foes with courage calm;
Who plant the cross of Christ in darkened lands,
And bear His banner in their stainless hands.

JESSIE M. SAXBY.

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* Written for the "National Bazaar, in aid of the Livingstone Memorial" at Edinburgh.

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

I.—A BEAUTIFUL WORLD AFTER ALL.

THERE is a fine passage in the works of one of the old Puritans of the court of Cromwell, in which he represents what it is to be hoped many since his day have felt, the pleasure of seeing in all things everywhere "the sunshine of the Godhead." As the beams from the high and sacred beauties in the face of God," says this old writer, "fall upon them, how will every bush of thorns shine in this light, how will every heap of dust sparkle as a heap of diamonds, a shining harmony of Divine excellences; what a heavenly heat or flame of Divine love and joy will each thing thus seen raise in us. What a heaven," continues the old writer, "doth he continually walk in, to whom all things round about him are hung with these curtains of Solomon, the living brightness of a Divine light; in what lovely images doth this light, as the looking-glass of eternal truth and love, present him to himself, his company, and all things round about him to him. And," he adds, "God is the substance hidden in the cloud and crowd of the creatures, then revealing Himself when He hath raised the spirit above the crowd."

Thus, following out the hint of this old writer, Peter Sterry, it will be the purpose of these papers to regard all created nature, and all the things of nature as the windows through which looking the spectator may see the King of all these lower dominions in His beauty, by their visibility witnessing to the invisible God. This God cannot be seen by us, because there is no suitableness, no proportion, in us to Him; there is that in Him which is beyond all representation by us; He is in His own person invisible, incomprehensible to us and by us, for we

are only images, pictures of Him. God in His strength and life is a Being whose light and glory and blessedness may be seen in the things which He has made, even as objects are beheld through windows, or are seen reflected in mirrors. So while we read the Book of Psalms (ciii., civ., cvii.), it seems as if David everywhere in his walks with nature beheld the infinite and Divine beauty revealed in time; as he walked he heard the response of all things, they all spoke to him of One above them, behind them, beyond them, outside of them. As he walked through the night the heavens said to him, "We show forth His glory"; and the purple firmament said, "And I show forth His handywork"; the clouds said in their billowy and many-coloured magnificence, "We are His chariots." And the winds said, "He walketh on our wings"; and "I am the garment with which He covereth Himself," said the light; "He laid the beams of His chamber in us," said the waters; "He reneweth my youth," said the eagle as he darted through the immensity of heaven; "He heard my young when they cried," said the raven; "The high hills He gave us for our refuge," said the wild goats; "He blessed me," said the grasshopper, "with the dew"; "He quenched my thirst," said the wild deer, "when I panted after the water-brooks and the springs"; "Yes, we are His ministers," said the wild brooks, as they ran singing among the hills; "He sent us," said the mountain torrents, "to supply you"; "He sent us to purify you," said the lightnings; "I have found a nest," said the swallow or the sparrow, "even His courts"; "I worship Him in still repose," said the night; "And we too," said the mountains, as they seemed to kneel as if in the act of praise, "for He weighed us in His scales, and the dust of the hills in His balances." "He made me like a giant to run a race," said the sun. And then, as David heard them, he took his harp and sang to it: "The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever. The Lord shall rejoice in His works. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises to Him while I have my being. My meditation of Him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul, praise ye the Lord."

It is a beautiful world, a beautiful universe; as the wise preacher said, "He hath made everything beautiful in His time; also He hath set the world in their heart." Even perhaps while David seems listening, or we are listening to what David heard, we may hear also the notes of querulousness and complaint, "Is it a happy, is it a beautiful world after all?" There is a passage in Paley's "Natural Theology" which has vexed some readers; it is in the twenty-fifth chapter, on the goodness of God, and the writer, as if unable to restrain his feelings, joyfully exclaims: "It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer's evening on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view; the insect youth are on the wing, swarms of newborn flies are trying their pinions in the air; a bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon." And then he further describes a scene, which has often been our own experience when walking along the fine sands of Shanklin in the Isle of Wight: "Walking," he says, "by the seaside in a calm evening upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water to the height perhaps of half a yard, and of a breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast, as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water; when this cloud came to be examined it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air, from the shallow margin of the water or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness they could not have done it more intelligibly; what a sum collectively of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view." So, thought Paley, "It is a happy world after all." But there was another circumstance, which even to such minds as those who took exception to the illustration, affected them like a strong argument and did them real good; it was this: that when Paley was writing this high and cheerful philosophy, he was himself suffering intense pain from an incurable disease, which eventually carried him to the grave. That said more than the shrimps did, and finely illustrated the sense of the Christian philosopher, that "God had made everything beautiful in His time." Indeed an almost infinite margin is demanded for either an accurate or a healthful view of the beautiful and harmonious relations of things.

The universe is full of windows through which a thoughtful mind may look out and see its Author, the Great King, pass by. There are many books on the beauties, harmonies, and sublimities of Nature. It has been thought somewhat difficult to define the term beauty; beauty is the sense of harmony, either in sight or sound, in form or colour; and when that harmony is seen upon an extended and almost infinite scale it becomes sublime. There are sublime objects on the earth, but the eye and mind are more ordinarily arrested by beauty, as Paley says, "My opinion of astronomy has always been that it is not the best medium through which to prove the agency of an intelligent creator, but that being proved it shows beyond all other sciences the magnificence of His operations." But, indeed, associate the idea of God with any, with even the simplest thing, the lowliest flower, and it becomes sublime and produces impressions scarcely less profound than those which passed through the mind of Coleridge as he surveyed the glaciers of Mont Blanc:

"Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers,
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

This grand organ-like strain of Coleridge is something like that which we have already heard from David:

"Praise God in His sanctuary!
Praise Him in the firmament of His power!
Praise him for His mighty acts!
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness!
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

The affluence of the beautiful things of the world is astonishing; especially they are to be noticed in sounds, colours, and motions, and now everywhere there is to be traced a relation between beauty and use. It is a sublime and affecting thought that enjoyment, as a rule, seems to be superadded to all existence. Lord Brougham remarks, in his "Essay on Natural Theology": "The universe might by possibility be so constructed that every contrivance might fail to produce the desired effect, the eye might be chromatic and give indistinct images; the joints might be so unhinged as to impede motion; every smell, as Paley has it, might be a taint, and every touch a sting; indeed, we know that, perfect as the frame of things actually is, a few apparent exceptions to the general beauty of the system have made many disbelieve the perfect power and perfect goodness of God, and to invent the theory of an evil creator to account for the existence of evil." It is the wonderful unity upon which we are able to look out, as we glance through the King's windows, which makes the universe transparent to us, and compels us to bow before the sense and assurance of a high and pure Being shining behind all. Even where the apparent exceptions appear, by their side appear wonderful compensations suggesting the sweetness of benevolent intentions; and it is as we take the largest views that we are filled with a sense of the most Divine benevolence. The ways of nature, while their beauty may be seen in parts and in details, have to be looked at in the great whole. There was a time when David was irritated by trouble: "I am so troubled," he said, "that I cannot sleep." He was affected by the partial views of things, but he gathered himself up and said: "This is my infirmity; I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High," that is, "I will think how long a time God has to work in." And it is thus, that from the beauty of little things we are schooled to rise up to the sublime beauty of larger things.

Thus if the world is in the heart, naturally time with us being only a form of thought, how contracted our view must be. We have read of the astronomer who had spent the long night in watching the stars, and while at breakfast in the morning he was unrolling to his wife, and attempting to explain the scroll of his calculations, and exhibiting on his paper the pathway of the planets. "See here," said he, "what a glorious sight! What a science is this of the numberless host of stars!" And just then his little boy came running in and said, "Father, father!" "Be still, my son," said the father. But the boy did not hear him, but still said, "Father, father!" pointing to the timepiece on the mantel-shelf; "see, I know all the figures on the dial, and now the hand is pointing to eight." And then the philosopher said, "Truly, my boy is my teacher, for the heavens are only the clock of God, but our dial-plates, how narrow they are!" But then man must have eternity in his heart, or he could not rise from the little calculations of the clock on his mantel-piece to the vast timepiece of the heavenly places. We sometimes make infinite things more sublime and apprehensible to us by placing them in contrast with lesser and finite things. We do not know whether Lord Brougham often ventured into verse, but there is one authentic piece of his which sets this in a strong light, and shows how all things are the windows of the King; it is his piece called the "Hymn of Nature":

"There is a God, all nature cries,
A million tongues proclaim
An Arm almighty, Mind all wise,
They bid each voice and tribute rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name! great nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous we adore,
Forsaking godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations' blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds through boundless space,
Millions of miles each hour,
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of this enamelled flower.

But Thou too mad'st the flower of day
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamps of day,
And blazing comets launched away,
Painted this velvet lawn.

As falls a sparrow to the ground
Obedient to Thy will,
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound;
One order to fulfil."

The same thought is expressed also in the beautiful words of Samuel Rogers, another old friend of the writer's; in his exquisite lines on a tear:

"That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

But probably neither Brougham nor Rogers remembered that the same great thought had been expressed in the tender words of David, in the comfortable revelation which says: "The Lord healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all their wounds: He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their name." Thus, as we have said, the least and largest things are linked together in one great sphere of sublime and beautiful unity.

But we have been speaking of tears, and that reminds us that some may be disposed to say, "A beautiful world after all! everything beautiful

in His time! is it so?" Man goes to nature very often in quite a different mood to that of Paley; to him nature is rather a torturing mystery than a beauty. "I have seen," he says, "the fields lying beneath the water; I have seen Famine stalking through the land with his brother Pestilence: I have seen mothers die and infants live; I have seen the blood-dust of the battle shower; I have seen everywhere how sin attempts to strangle life; and the ways of nature seem often in hostility to me, the winds, and hails, and rains, pierce me, the lightnings strike me, the very benevolences terrify me and overwhelm me."

And then it is to be remembered that everything is beautiful in God's time and as it keeps the time of God. Nature replies to the discontented man: "What meanest thou, pouring thy selfishness across my benevolence, thy despair across my cheerfulness, thy gloom across my grandeur? I exist in, and by, and for God; all things are beautiful in me as I am from God, and thy discontent is only that other law of sin and death which thou hast brought to thwart and oppose mine." Everything is beautiful in its time and its season, but you need to take the right point of view, an infinite standpoint to see it. The world is in the heart. Consider the nature of man; man is not a mere organ as the eye, and without annihilating the material world as Berkeley is said to have done, it is true that all the choir of heaven, and all the furniture of earth, and all those mighty bodies which compose the frame of the universe, have no subsistence without a mind, a mind to know, to perceive and to love; it is true that—

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone doth nature live;"

and hence it is

> "The owlet Atheism
> Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
> Drops his blue-fringèd lids, and holds them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

And hence as we need to draw the blinds and clean the windows in order that we may look out upon the glorious furniture of the gardens and the fields, so the mind of man needs to be cleared from the power of his evil feelings and sensuous impressions, in order that it may clearly apprehend the beauty of God's works and ways. Oh that world in the unrested heart! Have we not it in moments when all things appear to shake off the dust of their feet as they quit the portals of our spirits, and seem to take up their testimony against us? And are there not times when there falls a veil over the heart, so that we cannot look to the end of that which is to be abolished? It is only Faith can see that end. And if we see only our own grief, it is as when Despair—that sad Woman—sits down by the fireside, draws the blinds, and pulls close the shutters to keep out the light of the bright sun and the gladness of the green earth and the blue sky. In the great tragedy when Medea was asked, "What remains? your husband is gone, your countrymen, your wealth, what remains?" She replied, "I remain! Medea remains!" And even Marie Antoinette, in the extremest moment of her trouble, was able to say, "I count upon my own courage rather than on the course of events." And the illustrious lady and royal martyr did not count in vain. So, indeed, every Christian who is able by the Holy Spirit to lift the evil from the heart, looks out to the end. "He hath made everything beautiful in His time."

> "Take all, in a word, the truth in God's breast,
> Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed:
> Though He is so bright and we are so dim,
> We are made in His image to witness Him."

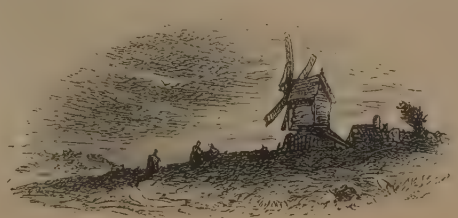
It is because man in his fallen state is out of harmony with the Divine ideal that he sees not the glory of creation. When the heart is redeemed and renewed it can see Paradise restored, and it is reached in the degree in which to the beautiful order of God's works we

> "Learn to conform the order of our lives."

And every scene which we speak of as beautiful reminds us of this. Even the poet whose life seemed least in harmony with such things felt this, and indeed expresses it, when he says:

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
> 'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
> Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
> Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
> The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

And although in all these the sentiment is born of nature and of time, yet they too reveal to us how the sweetness of external things depends upon the harmony of inward affections, how the knowledge of God depends less on acquisition and attainment than on a certain preparedness of the mind and heart within. What we call beauties are often gross deformities, rustling silks and blazing jewels concealing a form more beautiful than themselves, or set upon a forehead which in its native purity would outshine the cataract of diamonds suspended there. God's beauty is happiness in holiness, like that He himself enjoys, while He sheds for us the lustres of beauty on the way, but bids us never to rest merely in the sensuous thing. And thus, as we look out upon the works of God, learning to regard them as windows through which we see Him, we shall be more and more disposed to pray, "Thou, O God, hast made everything beautiful in Thy time; teach me to wait Thy time when I shall enter into the full presence of Thy beauty."



A VISIT TO MONTE CASSINO.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR LORIMER, D.D.

THE monastery of San Germano, at Monte Cassino is the head and principal, or as we may say the mother institution, of all the numerous and powerful monasteries of the Benedictine Order.

To visit it, a long journey is necessary. We must cross the Channel, traverse the whole breath of fair France, penetrate the barrier of the mighty Alps by means of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, that wonderful triumph of engineering skill, and descend into Italy; then, still journeying southwards, we shall pass Turin, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, with its treasures of art; and leaving even Rome itself behind, proceed farther on towards Naples. Stopping at the Monte Cassino station, we find ourselves at the foot of a steep and lofty mountain, on whose summit sits perched the world-famed monastery of San Germano.

Cassino is a place of great antiquity, often mentioned in Roman history. In the evening after my arrival there I went out with a guide to see the remains of the ancient theatre and amphitheatre; also a very old Etruscan tomb, built in the form of a circular temple, with stones of immense size and of an age prior even to that of Rome.

Next morning I was up early, and breakfasted in time to set off at seven o'clock on my way to the top of the mountain. The Apennines at this point are all remarkably bare, rugged, and barren; and St. Benedict must have chosen this site for his first monastery as being the best for ascetic purposes, rather than for any attractions of a more mundane nature. The ascent is both long and laborious, and can only be made on foot, or by the aid of a horse, mule, or donkey; the last named quadruped was the first to present itself, but it was not without misgivings as to its competency for the work before it that I accepted its services. It was not a large animal, and the caparisons were of a sorry sort, the saddle being much the worse for wear, and the bridle a mere piece of rope; however, it proved equal to the occasion, and, proceeding at a brisk pace we reached the monastery in a little more than an hour. To this day no wheeled vehicle can approach the summit of the mountain, and everything has to be carried up on the backs of horses, mules or asses.

I found my arrival had occurred very opportunely, for the fathers were at matins in the choir of the church, which is remarkable, even in Italy, for the great beauty and highly ornamental character of its marbles and frescoes. Having made bold to enter the choir, I presently fell under the observation of one of the brethren, who, when the service was over, advanced kindly towards me, and asked if I were not an Englishman. I was happy to tell him that such was the case, and then learnt that he was English himself, at least in the same qualified sense —he being an Irishman, and I a Scotchman! We were friendly and at ease with each other directly, and he devoted to me, immediately and persistently, a great deal of polite attention which secured for me a thorough inspection of everything worth seeing.

He conducted me first to the celebrated library, with which I was much pleased, and then to the still more important collection of archives, or ancient papers and documents. Here I was asked to enter my name in the visitors' book, in which were pointed out to me the names of several renowned English visitors; including Dr. Newman, Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, and Mr. Gladstone. I saw also the signature of the famous Frenchman, Renan, placed there, however, before he renounced the faith. The celebration of high mass being now about to commence, my friend conducted me to a seat in the choir, and in a few minutes the whole fraternity assembled, accompanied by nearly one hundred young men and boys, belonging to the monastic seminary. They were all ecclesiastically costumed (just as I had seen once before at the Benedictine Monastery of Einsiedlen in Switzerland), and made up a thoroughly effective picture, set in the magnificent frame of the supremely beautiful church.

Then the service of high mass began, and I was somewhat surprised to see my good fellow-countryman reappear as the ministrant priest of the celebration, clothed in splendid sacerdotal robes of yellow, with two young attendant priests holding up the skirts of his chasuble. They dispensed holy water all around, of which I nearly came in for a share, for I was separated from the monks only by a single vacant seat in the choir.

I never heard mass so impressively rendered; owing, probably, to there being no artistic professional singing, for all the vocal music was performed very devoutly and effectively by the brethren in the choir, whose deep strong voices were led and sustained by one of the finest organs in Italy. The effect realised all that is best in the musical service of the Romish Church.

There was no sermon, but there was a solemn procession of the whole society through the church and the adjoining cloisters of the monastery, very devoutly conducted; it was headed by the officiating priest, bearing the monstrance with the consecrated wafer, closed by the abbot of the monastery, and accompanied all the time by the same loud deep Gregorian chant.

I followed the procession at a distance (having been told by my friendly priest that I might do so), a Capuchin friar and myself being the only persons there not belonging to the monastery. When the procession returned to the church, I resumed my place in the choir, and the remainder of the service, being the most solemn part, was gone through with the same outward form of devoutness. The impression produced upon me was more solemn than I had ever before felt under the Romish ritual, a feeling due to the very devotional bearing of the conventual worshippers, no doubt sincere, according to their light and their training.

After the service was concluded, my friend again came to seek me in the church, and conducted me to the finest points of view for seeing the surrounding country, from the walls of the monastery. He then invited me to take luncheon with him in the refectory; a few of the brethren were there before us, and we were received with much distinction on advancing to the upper table. We lunched on rice,

soup, kid's flesh boiled, cheese, and oranges, with an accompaniment of the light wine of the country.

He then crowned all by conducting me to his own cell, to converse with me concerning some points of Hebrew learning in which he was interested, and upon which I was able to give him some information. On our exchanging cards I found his name was a very common English one, and I promised to write to him after my return to London, on some questions about Hebrew grammar.

He seemed to feel quite as much at home with me as I felt with him; and I was greatly pleased with the liberality of his sentiments, and the religious earnestness of his Christian feeling. Thus pleasantly ended my visit to Monte Cassino.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

I.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—*Luke* xi. 1.

THE disciples of our Lord were one day with Him when He was praying to God.

We are not told whether on this occasion He prayed aloud, but it seems probable that He did. At all events they could see, if they could not hear, that their Master was praying.

We can well believe that any who heard or witnessed *such* prayers were deeply impressed. One feeling especially seems to have been raised in the minds of these disciples: their own inability to pray as their Master prayed. They wait in silent reverence till He has ceased to pray, and then they come to Him with this petition: "Lord, teach us to pray."

Reader, have you ever offered up for yourself this short prayer: "Lord, teach me to pray"? You cannot at any time begin to pray with better words. Only be sure you say it from your heart, as well as with your lips. Prayer, in order to be real, must be an exercise of the Spirit. No effort is needed to read or say over a form of prayer without much attention to the meaning of the words. There may be even a certain kind of attention, a following the meaning with the mind, and yet no real prayer, none of the "sincere desire," of the soul which describes true prayer in that well-known hymn.

You may follow a form of prayer with a certain amount of attention and interest. For instance, you may think of the Queen as you pray for her, or your thoughts may turn to a sick friend, a fatherless family, or a widow when such are mentioned in a litany; and yet you may go through the whole service without one earnest sincere desire for the blessings you are asking. We should watch very much against the habit of praying in this sort of half-hearted way. In no way can we better seek to be kept from it than by always beginning with this short petition, uttered from the heart: "Lord, teach me to pray."

Say it, when you first kneel down in the privacy of your own room. Say it when you kneel to pray with the family. Say it when you go to the house of God. If this prayer is answered then all that follow will be real, whether you are using a form, or trusting to the Holy Spirit for the very words as well as for the power to feel them.

Let us turn for a few moments to the chapter from which this "model prayer" is taken. How did our Lord answer the petition? He answered it, first, by giving a form of words to be used—a "pattern prayer." Next, by a short story, to show that we should continue to pray till our prayer is answered. Again, in subsequent verses, we have the most plain directions and promises concerning prayer. Lastly, we have once more a simple parable, or figure to prove to us how absolutely certain our Heavenly Father is to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.

Perhaps no portion of Scripture could be found to afford more instruction in the important duty of prayer to God than we find here. And remember that all this was the immediate answer to the petition, "Lord, teach us to pray."

Reader, how is it with you? I know too well how it is with myself, and with many a fellow-believer. Too often do we find that in prayer more than in any other duty, "we cannot do the things that we would." Let us, however not forget that while we are expressly told that we do not know how to pray without help from above, yet this humbling assurance is followed by the comforting and gracious words, "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us" (Romans viii. 26).

Let us, then, in spite of all our infirmities, "come boldly" in the name of our never-failing Advocate and Mediator, and begin by saying to Him, "Lord, teach me to pray."

The Throne of Grace.

IS there a sorrow unrevealed?
A wound refusing to be healed?
A rankling shaft within the heart?
An aching grief that will not part?

Or are there brooding cares that lie
Upon thy breast too heavily?
Sad thoughts, fond hopes ungratified?
Fear lest some unknown ill betide?

Is there a sudden, bitter woe;
Such agony as mourners know
When o'er their cherished flower the blight
Of death has passed and quenched their light?

Or are there doubts, and chilling fear
Beclouding all that else were clear?
And trembling faith that dares not claim
The bliss it owns in Jesus' name?

Oh, bear no more such griefs alone;
But bring them to the Saviour's throne,
The gracious throne of Him who bore
Thy sin, and thy weak nature wore.

For He can soothe: where earth's best love
Hath striven in vain the load to move,
One touch of His can set thee free,
Or grace bestow its need to see.

Thy deepest woe thy Lord can feel,
And only wounds that He may heal.
Do thou but lean on Him, until
His perfect peace thy spirit fill.

And, lo! He "waits to bless;" the door
Of mercy ever stands ajar
Till, resting on the golden floor,
No tears thy song of praise shall mar.

L. E. BINGHAM.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JANUARY 30.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS. LUKE II. 25–38.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 32.—'*A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.*'

CONNECTION.—The Child Jesus was circumcised after seven days, and received His Name. Three-and-thirty days more must pass before His presentation in the Temple, and the purification of His mother. No doubt these forty days were passed at Bethlehem, in some more commodious lodging than the first. After the forty days, Joseph and Mary took their Infant to Jerusalem, according to the Law, and bore with them to the Temple the offering of the poor, but not of the very poorest. See Lev. xii. 6–8; and comp. v. 11. Mary was 'not able to bring a lamb;' she 'brought something better, even the true Lamb of God, into the Temple.'

It should be observed here once for all, that the New Testament in the original has *two words* for the Temple, one for the sanctuary, into which the priests alone might enter, as Luke i. 9, 21, 22; the other including the courts whither the people had free access, as here and xviii. 10, etc.

I. THE AGED SAINT.—*Read vers.* 25–27. **A man whose name was Simeon.** Aged, as we gather from the tone of the narrative, though this is not expressly stated. The name was a common one (Simon, Simeon, Symeon, different forms of the same). It is tolerably certain that he could not have been the Rabbi Simeon, son of Hillel and father of Gamaliel; as instead of 'departing,' that Simeon became president of the Sanhedrin, seventeen years afterwards, A.D. 13. Simeon's *character* was like that of Zacharias and Elisabeth, **just** towards men, **devout** towards God. Like all pious Jews, he cherished their national hope. How described? From what great prophetic passage is the description taken? (Isa. xl.) But he is distinguished even from other devout men by a *special gift* and a *promised joy*. What was the gift? A new age of inspiration was dawning, and this was among its first-fruits. 'According to the Jews, the Spirit had departed from Israel since the days of Malachi.' And what was the promised joy? **To see**—not as Abraham saw (John viii. 56)—afar off—but in living reality! How long through weary years he had waited for this we cannot tell; nor whether he had now heard of the revelation to the shepherds. **The Spirit**, by inner prompting, led him to **the Temple**: perhaps he knew not why; it may have been a daily custom of his; but now there was a secret impulse mightier than ever; and it was all explained when he saw in the Temple Court the two humble villagers of Nazareth side by side, with the Infant in His mother's arms, and the same voice within said, It is **the Lord's Christ!**

After the custom of the Law. This, in the case of a firstborn son, was twofold, first the offering of the pigeon on the altar after the morning sacrifice, and next the ransom by the payment of a money offering. See interesting details in Geikie's *Life of Christ*, ch. x.

II. SIMEON'S SONG.—*Read vers.* 28–33. This is the third of the great Christian Hymns given by St. Luke, and (by a name taken, like the others, from its commencement in Latin) is called the NUNC DIMITTIS. Its first words are those of thankful acknowledgment, *The time is come, for the signal is given!* The words are often understood and quoted as a prayer—*So may it be*, but they are rather an assertion—*So it is!* **Thy servant**—literally, Thy slave. The image is that of a slave set by his master to watch for the dawn through a long and dreary night; patient but weary on his watch-tower until the appearance of the first streaks of light shall release him. **According to Thy word**; the prediction before made to him. **Thy salvation**—the Babe in his arms! Simeon's eyes beheld only the infant form, his faith discerned what that infant form would bring to men. **All the people**, literally, *all the peoples*. Simeon's view thus passes beyond the limit of the nation, and is world-wide. There is thus a larger hope in the word of the dying saint even than in the angel's message, ver. 10; or in the prophecy of Zacharias, ch. i. 68. Simeon saw more than the very apostles up to the time of Christ's resurrection, or (may we not say?) than Peter himself until the vision in Joppa. The following words (the Golden Text, from Isa. xlix. 6), a **light to lighten the Gentiles**, are of the widest prophetic meaning (quoted again by the apostle Paul at Antioch in Pisidia, Acts xiii. 47), and look forward to a yet future day, when Jews and Gentiles shall be one in Christ. For the gift which is light to the one is **glory** to the other; **to Israel**—that was to reject the Saviour, to despise, to crucify Him! Simeon shows afterwards that he foresaw this sin and shame; and the day would come when out of all would come joy and blessing to the Jews (Rom. xi. 26). **Joseph and His mother marvelled**—had they not already seen and felt enough to make them wonder? What new thing could surprise them after the angels' visits and the shepherds' joy? The wonder was that this venerable stranger should know all—should be filled with such delight—should utter thus in the Temple the old prophetic strain, should speak such things **of Him**, the Babe!

III. SIMEON'S WARNING.—*Read vers.* 34, 35. **He blessed them**, yet his words were very solemn. Jesus came to save—but those who rejected Him would sink all the lower in guilt. With the **rising** of some would be the **fall** of others. Some both fell and rose, as Peter; some fell to rise no more, as Judas. This also would show what people really were. In the Light, the evil as well as the good of men would be clearly discerned. The very **thoughts of men** were made plain by the way in which they treated Jesus. It was a *test of character*. So He became a **sign**, a revelation of God's truth, owned with joy by many, **spoken against** by others. See Isa. viii. 13–18, which prophetic passage (repeatedly quoted in the New Testament) may have been in the mind of Simeon. He speaks also of Mary's personal part in all this. That her Son should be despised and rejected, would be a **sword to pierce through her own heart**—her mother's heart, now so full of joy; but again and again to be filled with sorrow. 'We may find fulfilments of the prediction when the men of Nazareth sought to throw Him from the brow of their hill (Luke iv. 29); when she came, as in anxious fear, to check His teaching as the Pharisees charged Him with casting out devils through Beelzebub (Matt. xii. 46); when she stood by the cross, and heard the blasphemings and revilings of the priests and people, John xix. 25.'—*Plumptre.*

IV. ANNA THE PROPHETESS.—*Read vers.* 36–38. Another proof that the prophetic spirit was reviving. '**A prophetess**, before as yet there was a recognised prophet!' She bore the name of Hannah (the same word), the renowned mother of the prophet Samuel. Her tribe and lineage are mentioned as well known; though of **Phanuel** nothing else is recorded. The **tribe of Aser**, or Asher, was one of the ten tribes carried into Assyria (2 Kings xvii. 6), which as a whole people had never returned; but scattered portions had from time to time found their way back to Palestine, becoming incorporated with the Jews. **A widow of about fourscore and four years**, *i.e.* not 84 years *old*, but 84 years a *widow*. She must therefore have been nearly 110 years old. **Departed not from the Temple**; possibly having rooms assigned her in the building, in consideration of her age, holiness, and prophetic gift. **Night**

and day. There was a nightly worship in the Temple by Levites, though not by the people generally. See Psa. cxxxiv. 1, 2. Her words concerning the Infant Jesus, added to those of Simeon, would be doubly impressive. **Spake of Him**, not only then, but continuously, as the form of the word implies; no doubt so long as she lived. It was the language of farewell and of hope. Long had the faithful looked for **redemption**; now, on the part of the long-waiting church, Simeon and Anna declare that redemption has come!

QUESTIONS.

1. The 'Consolation of Israel'; the 'Redemption of Jerusalem.'* What Old Testament prophecies are recalled by these descriptions of the Messianic era?

2. What was the original ground of the Temple-dedication of the firstborn to God?

3. Where in the prophets is the revelation of God's mercy to the Gentiles foreshown?

4. Show by instances in our Lord's ministry that He was set for the 'fall' as well as for the 'rising' of many.

5. What light does the mention of Anna throw upon the history of the Ten Tribes after their exile? Quote illustrative passages.

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* So the best authorities read in ver. 38.

Pages for the Young.

"IN LOVE FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER."

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

I.

THE waves were beating angrily on the north-western headlands of Ireland; the winter was over, and the spring had come—so the almanacs said, but nobody would say it was much like spring who had been sitting in Patrick Elliot's cottage one May evening.

"A coarse night," remarked Patrick to his wife, Katrine; "there'll be a plentiness of leagh in the morning, if this wind holds on."

"Leagh" is the Irish word for the drift-weed thrown upon the shore by a storm; and it is a very precious prize to the people of those wild regions. They use it as manure for their crops, and when the weather is dry they make from it a substance called "kelp."

This kelp is used in the manufacture of soap, and many other things; from it the drug iodine is extracted; it is what is called an "alkali." At the time of which I write it used to command a ready sale at a good price. It is made from sea-weed dried crisp in the sun, and then burned in kilns upon the shore; the slaty-blue ashes are collected and beaten into large blocks, and then shipped off for sale at Glasgow.

"What a pity that our new harness hasn't come home yet from 'Derry," remarked Brian, the eldest son; "we shan't be able to get up half our share of the leagh without the cart."

"Ask Micky Quigley to lend us his traces," said one of the younger boys; "he can't have use for them now that he's sold his horse."

But Patrick shook his head, and Brian said scornfully: "He wouldn't lend us an inch of leather to save the lives of the whole of us, so he wouldn't? The nasty, mean——"

"Brian," said his father, "calling of names is neither civil nor useful."

"Civil! For what would we be civil to the likes of Micky? I can't think, father, how you have patience with him, when you know he never sets eyes on you nor yours but to miscall us."

Patrick smiled. "Getting beyond patience won't cure him, my lad."

Brian rose and walked to the door, which he opened to look out at the storm. He muttered some words which the violent wind carried away, and they were not exactly complimentary to Micky Quigley. His hot Irish blood found it very hard to put up with injury or slight.

Michael Quigley was a near neighbour of the Elliots', a man who was friendly with scarcely anyone. Naturally surly and taciturn, he lived all alone, for his young wife had died years and years ago, and he had never asked any other person to share his home. Of all his neighbours he disliked the Elliots most heartily.

He thought Patrick a "canting sneak." He never forgot that he had caught the boys—Brian at their head—prowling round his turf-stacks one evening. 'Twas all very fine to talk about searching for pewits' eggs—he was sure they had come to steal his turf. Then his sheep had broken into Elliot's cabbage-garden, and Katrine Elliot had set her little dog to drive them out; and it *did* drive them, and hurried them, and worried them, too; which was an offence that Quigley was not any the more likely to forget because the first beginning of the evil rested on the side of his sheep. No; to him the whole race of Elliots were a "bad-born set." They came of an ill race, he said. Generations ago an Elliot had been hanged; and more of the name would come to the same end, he was sure.

So he talked; and young Brian thought it very likely indeed that one fine day he should forget that Micky Quigley was an elderly man, and give him a thorough good thrashing. But Patrick only said, "Have patience, boys."

Although but a poor Irish fisherman, Patrick Elliot had learned the lesson which is so often missed; a lesson which was first taught to poor men, fishers, by the Galilean lake long years ago: "Do good to them that hate you . . . . that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? . . . . But if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."

II.

The morning dawned, and the storm was dying away in fitful gusts, when Patrick and his sons went down to the shore; huge rolls of the dark brown weed were tossing at the edge of the waves, and they knew that when the tide turned it would be piled two feet thick upon the strand.

Groups of men were loitering about, waiting until the sea had fully reached high-water mark, and the moment had come to "make the divide." Each tenant had his apportioned share, suited to the size of his farm, the landlord had his "royalty," but no man might touch it until the tide had turned, and the allotment had been made.

The Elliots had not long to wait. The "divide" was soon over, and presently everybody was busy stuffing the long wet glossy sea-ribbon into panniers—"creels," as they call them there—or carrying it in their arms high and dry, out of reach of the tide, or forking it into carts; and all the while shouting, and laughing, and working in the frantic fashion that Irish peasantry can work under the influence of excitement.

Women were there, as busy as the men, their bare feet shining amongst the red-brown weed. Plenty of children, too, twitching at the halters of the ponies, skurrying here and there, and adding their shrill little voices to the noise which mixed, not unmusically, with the splash of the waves and the scream of the sea-birds on Ranafarset Head.

And it was glorious fun for them—the harvest of the sea.

Brian Elliot and his sister were struggling up the beach, carrying a basket between them which was full of the trailing weed; as their cart-harness had not "come from 'Derry," they were obliged to use to the full their own bodily powers. They could not manage to walk very straightly, for their load was unsteady, and masses of the precious "leagh" would keep slipping over the sides of the basket.

Suddenly somebody lurched against little Kitty, and the child, to save herself from falling, let go her hold of the basket; but she could not keep her balance, and after staggering on for a pace or two, Kitty, basket, and sea-weed, rolled together on the sand.

Brian turned fiercely, and saw Michael Quigley.

"You should look out where you're going, then!" the man said gruffly, without giving Brian time to speak.

Young Elliot felt the passion rising in his throat as if it would choke him; he tossed the hair from his forehead with his sandy fingers, and then he clenched his fist, and sprang forward.

A strong hand grasped his arm.

"My lad, my lad!" said his father's voice close to his side.

"Come on!" cried Quigley derisively. "Two to one, with the child thrown in —'tis fair play, isn't it?"

The people began to gather round, caught by the sight of Brian's angry face, and by Quigley's contemptuous sneer.

"Hooray! There'll be a fight!" yelled one small urchin, jumping his little red toes up and down on the wet sand in his delight and excitement.

"There won't, neither; so there!" said Patrick good-humouredly, managing to get right in front of Brian as he spoke.

"Misther Quigley has more to do than to fight to amuse youngsters," he went on, "but when the leagh is all boarded up, some of the lads might try a fall or two. Come any who like, to my house the night, and let us see which of you young ones is the best man."

The calm cool words made one or two of the most curious amongst the on-lookers feel a little foolish. Quigley walked off in sulky dignity; and then the work and the fun began again as fast and furious as before.

But Brian stood with the veins on his brow still swelled like knots, and the wrathful light still in his clear grey eyes.

"Father, father, what for did ye stop me?" he muttered. "I'll give that fellow a beating yet, if they send me to gaol for it, I will!"

Patrick was too wise to argue with him then. "Here, lend a hand with the basket," he said. "And you, Kitty lass, run home to your mother, and bid her be hanging on the praties. We'll all be in soon, and as hungry as hawks."

"My lad," Patrick Elliot said to Brian that evening, "you can master and ride the roughest brute of a horse in the country, for sure; but there's one creature that defies ye, and that's yourself."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. II.

Double Acrostic.

Gen. xxii. 21, 23. Lev. iv. 2, etc. Num. xiii. 14, 16. 1 Sam. xxii. 20; xxvi. 5, 14. 2 Sam. ii. 12–27; vii. 4, etc.; xii. 1, etc. 1 Kings vii. 15, 21. Job xxxii. 2. Isa. xi. 8. Dan. i. 3, etc. Luke viii. 2, 3; xix. 2–4. Acts iii. 17. Rev. xxii. 12, 13.

The texts preceding read with care,
You'll find much help and guidance there;
And when you solve the questions, frame
In two acrostics, name by name.

1. Zeruiah's son, of warlike boast,
Chief leader of King David's host.

2. Saul's captain, Israel's man of note,
Whom David spared, but Joab smote.

3. The husband of Joanna find;
To her the Saviour had been kind.

4. The first-born son of Milcah's race,
Rebekah's eldest uncle, trace.

5. What sins the law of old forgave,
At last brought Jesus to the grave?

6. What prophet twice to David came,
And warned him in Jehovah's name.

7. What poisonous serpent, found in holes,
A playful sucking-child controls?

8. The son of Vophsi, of the band
Which Moses sent to spy the land.

9. A captive youth of David's line,
In Babel's learning taught to shine

10. Elihu's father, sprung from Buz,
And Nahor, in the land of Uz.

11. The last grand title of our Lord,
When He shall bring his full reward.

12. A priest who after David fled,
When all the priests at Nob were dead.

13. A little man who climbed a tree,
That Jesus passing he might see.

Concis.

The first and final letters state
What things were formed by Tyrian art,
To decorate God's temple-gate,
And in its glories bear a part.

These ponderous works, by Hiram cast,
Display God's purpose in their names:
The right declares "It shall stand fast,"
And "Strength in Him" the left proclaims.

W. L.

NO. III.

The initials of the subjoined will give the names of two witnesses of the meeting of Elijah and Ahab in the field of Naboth, who heard the terrible vengeance which the prophet denounced against the king, and were afterwards the means of fulfilling his denunciation.

1. The people from whom David took Jerusalem.
2. The book of the Bible in which the name of God does not once occur.
3. The place where Miriam was smitten with leprosy.
4. One of the two who heard these words uttered, "Every word of God is pure."

1. The god of Ekron.
2. One of the priests who went up to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel.
3. A feast of the Jews not appointed by the law.
4. A noted Levite, who, for insubordination, was burnt.
5. The only fast appointed by the law of Moses.
6. A Gentile ancestress of our Lord.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A LAST KISS.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

CHAPTER III.—SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

RUTH had been hard at work all day hoeing thistles. Many a time she lifted up her eyes to the green woods where Ishmael and Elsie were at play, and recalled the rare days of holiday like it which she had had when she was young. The thought of the children's pleasure made her own work lighter; and though she was tired enough when she heard the church-clock strike the hour for leaving the field, she walked along briskly under the hedge, to be home the sooner. Elsie and Ishmael would be fine and hungry before she could get tea ready; and Mrs. Chipchase had promised her some buttermilk to make them some buttermilk pikelets for a treat. There was a pleasant stir and agitation in Ruth's mind, yet there was a vague disquiet mingled with the pleasure. Ishmael was about to

cease to be a child, and was stepping into the perils and duties of boyhood, that dangerous crisis in which she had seemed to lose all her other children. He was about to escape from under her wing and flutter away; like these little half-fledged hedge-sparrows, which were twittering and hovering all along the thorn-bushes. Her other boys and girls seemed to care no more for their poor home than the nestlings of this year will care for the old nest next spring. But Ishmael was not like the others, who had all taken after their father, and only thought of their mother as a drudge to slave for them. She had not been as good a mother to them, she said to herself, but then she had not believed in God as she did now. How marvellously good He had been to her to give her such a son as Ishmael, when she was a weary, worn-down, grey-haired woman!

Mrs. Chipchase nearly filled Ruth's large brown pitcher with buttermilk; and gave her two or three spoonfuls of tea in a screw of paper. Ruth was a favourite with her, as being a quiet, harmless old woman, and she lingered a moment at the door to speak a word or two to her.

"Mind Ishmael's here in time of a morning," she said, "for the master's very particular."

"I'm sure," answered Ruth falteringly, "as I don't know how to thank you and the master for taking him. It 'll be the makin' of him, I know; and he's a good lad, ma'am, God bless him!"

It was seldom Ruth uttered so many words together, except to Ishmael; but her heart was full. The farmhouse was a homely place, but there was a rude abundance about it, which she seemed to feel for the first time, as if she also had a share in it. She stood at the kitchen door, and could see the big table at which Ishmael would eat, and where a plough-boy was now sitting, deeply absorbed in the contents of a huge basin, which had been filled up from a big iron pot hanging a little way above the fire. The smell of the good broth reached her, and seemed to promise that Ishmael would grow a strong, hale man, when he could always satisfy his hunger. "He hath satisfied the hungry with good things," she murmured to herself, as she took up her brown pitcher, and with a curtsey to the mistress turned to go away.

"Ruth Medway," shouted a loud, rough voice from the far end of the farmyard, "Nutkin the keeper's been and hauled Ishmael to gaol for stealing pheasants' eggs in the wood."

"There's the master come home!" cried Mrs. Chipchase. "Whatever is he shouting, Ruth?"

Ruth was still standing with a smile on her wrinkled face; but it died away as the meaning of the words reached her brain. The sky grew black, and the sunshine fled away; a dizziness seized her which made the solid ground she stood on reel beneath her. The loud crashing of her brown pitcher, as it slipped from her hand, and broke into a hundred fragments on the stone causeway, brought her back to her senses.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Chipchase, running to the door, which her husband had now reached.

"Matter enough!" he answered. "Here's our new waggoners' lad, that was to come on Monday morning, taken off to gaol for poaching. Nutkin caught Ishmael and Elsie roasting eggs in the wood; pheasants' eggs, stolen from the nest! There's no chance of him getting off; for the squire's mad after game; and Nutkin swears he'll lock him up out of harm's way. I'm sorry for you, Ruth, to have such a husband and family. I did think Ishmael was going to be a comfort to you in your old age. But the lad knew better; and he's no excuse."

"It was naught but a lad's trick," said Mrs. Chipchase, "such as anyone 'ud do. Ishmael never stole an egg of mine, when I set him to gather them. Our own boys never brought in more than he did. He's as honest as the day, I'm sure."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," murmured Ruth, turning away and walking slowly down the causeway towards home, with a bowed head, and feeble feet. How heavily her sixty years seemed to weigh upon her all at once! How rough the road was, which she had trodden so many hundreds of times in all kinds of weather, to earn her own bread and Ishmael's! Was she half-blind that everything looked so dim? And where had all the merry sounds of the summer evening gone to? There was a sort of numbness and stupor over her mind, until she found herself trying to fit the old key into the lock of her poor hut, the home Ishmael had never yet left for a single night. He was not coming home to night!

She sank down on the door-sill, and swayed herself to and fro in mute despair. No tears came to her eyes; for she was old and her tears were exhausted; but she sobbed heavily again and again, and yet again. There was no hope in her heart. She thought of Nutkin's enmity, and her husband's bad character. The Rector's family had gone away to foreign parts for six months, and a stranger, who knew nothing of Ishmael, was taking the duty of the parish. The squire could not be reached, for Nutkin's influence was all-powerful with him. No, there was no chance for Ishmael.

To be in prison! Home was poor enough; she felt all at once what a dark, miserable, empty hovel it was. But if Ishmael could only be within, it would be a true home to both of them. She sat down on the desolate hearth, and tried to think of God; but she could think of no one but Ishmael yet. Her soul was in the deepest depths. All night long she lay awake. The little bed on the floor beside her was empty for the first time; and her ear listened in vain for Ishmael's quiet breathing. Her husband had come home so drunk that she had not dared to get him up the ladder, and he was lying in a dead sleep on the floor below. Over and over again she counted her nine children on her fingers, some dead and some living, and a heavy sob broke from her lips as she whispered "Ishmael." She had mourned over her dead, and grieved over her living children who had forsaken her; but no sorrow had been like this sorrow. None of them had ever been in prison, and now it was her youngest and dearest, yes, and her best, who was fallen into deep disgrace. When the morning came her heart turned sick at the thought of going to church, though Humphrey told her surlily she might go. Ishmael would not be in the singing-gallery; and how could she sing "Glory be to the Father" while he was in prison?

All the morning Humphrey, sitting by the wood-fire, was cursing Ishmael as a disgrace; but Ruth did not answer a word. She had kept silence so long that she hardly knew how to talk, except to Ishmael.

It was a relief to her when her husband took himself off in the afternoon, and left her in solitude as well as silence. She was sitting alone, with her wrinkled face hidden in her hands, deaf, blind, and mute to everything but her trouble, when she felt the warm pressure of loving arms round her neck. For a moment she thought it was Ishmael, but looking up she saw the face of Elsie. Her mother was standing near, and when Ruth rose to drop a curtsey to the school-mistress, she took her hard cramped hand between both of her own, and bending forwards, kissed the old woman's brown cheek. Ruth's face flushed a little, and a strange feeling of surprise and pleasure flashed across the darkness of her grief.

"I want you to get a cup of tea for me," said Mrs. Clift.

It was something for Ruth to do, and as she busied herself in kindling her swift-burning fire, and filling her small tin kettle from the well, for a few fleeting moments she forgot Ishmael. But she could eat nothing when the tea was ready, though Elsie had brought some dainty tea-cakes in order to tempt her appetite.

"I have been up to the Hall, and seen Mr. Lansdowne," said Mrs. Clift, as they sat together at the rough little table. "Elsie has to go before the magistrates to-morrow at Uptown; and I went to speak for poor Ishmael. But there's not much hope, Ruth. Mr. Lansdowne tells me Nutkin says Ishmael has infested the woods since his very babyhood, and all the village thinks him to be in league with poachers. That's not the truth, I know."

Ruth shook her head in sorrowful denial.

"I told the squire so," said the school-mistress, softly; "and he answered, women never could be made to believe that poaching was a crime. I did say I couldn't call taking a few eggs from a wild bird's nest any great sin—not bad enough for a young lad to be sent to gaol for. He said it was not only that, but all the Medways were a plague and a pest in the parish; and it would be a kindness to check Ishmael at the outset. Ruth, I'm more grieved than I can tell you."

Again Ruth shook her grey head in silence.

"I've been thinking how lonely you are, and how you have to bear the sins of your husband and sons," said Mrs. Clift; "and it seems to me that to think of our Lord's life here is the only thing to comfort you. Do you remember the words, 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were, our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not'?"

The quiet voice speaking so gently to her ceased for a few minutes; and Ruth covered her troubled face again with her hands. It was the Lord Jesus who had been despised and rejected of men, as she was by her neighbours. He had been "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," more deeply than she was. Did her old companions in the village hide, as it were, their faces from her? Nay, all the world had hid their faces from Him who died to save them. Even on the cross those that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads; and the chief priests and elders, and the thieves crucified with Him, had mocked and jeered at Him.

"'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,'" resumed the quiet, gentle voice. "'He was wounded for our transgressions: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'"

She was not bearing her griefs alone then, as she had fancied during the long dark night. The Lord Himself had carried her sorrows. He had been wounded for her transgressions, and for Ishmael's. A healing sense of His love and compassion and fellow-feeling was stealing over her aching heart.

"'All we like sheep have gone astray,'" went on the soothing voice; "'we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.'"

Dumb, and opening not His mouth! Was not that again like herself? She could not cry aloud, and speak many words, and make her grief known to every ear. It was true. Jesus Christ had lived her life of sorrows, and grief, and scorn, and silence. Her head was bowed down still, but her heart was lifted up. The suffering Son of God made it easier for her to bear her own suffering.

It was growing dusk now, and the school-mistress bade her good-night; but Ruth would go a little way on the road with her. When she returned to her lonely home, she lingered for a minute, trembling and reluctant to re-enter its dark solitude. It had always been her custom, since Ishmael was a baby in her arms to sing, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," as the last thing before he went to bed, except when Humphrey happened to be at home, which was very seldom. She had not thought of it last night, the first time that Ishmael had been away from her. But the thought crossed her mind and could not be driven away from it, that, maybe, this Sunday evening he was singing it alone in his cell at Uptown. The tears, which had not come last night, stood in her dim eyes, as, sitting down in her old chair by the dark hearth, she sang the hymn right through, in a low and faltering voice, which could hardly have been heard beyond the threshold.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MAGISTRATES' MEETING.

Uptown was not worthy of the name of town; it could hardly be called a large village. But it was the centre of a wide agricultural district, and a small market was held in it once a week, chiefly for the sale of butter and eggs, as the farmers carried their corn to a more important market farther away, in the county-town. A magistrates' meeting was held at Uptown at stated intervals; and there was a police-station just outside the village, provided with two cells but seldom occupied, in one of which Ishmael had been safely kept since noon-day on Saturday.

Heavy-hearted still, though with a fund of secret courage bearing her up, Ruth entered Uptown on the Monday morning. There was more stir than usual about the single street, as there always was on the days when the magistrates came to hear the trivial cases which awaited their judgment. Round the inn where the justices' room was, there were several groups of somewhat discreditable folks hanging about in readiness. Nutkin was within the inn-

yard, eagerly talking to one of the magistrates who had arrived before the others, and had just dismounted from his horse. Ruth saw him, but it was as if she did not see him, so absorbed was her whole soul in watching for Ishmael to come along the road between the town and the police-station. She was half unconscious of the increasing crowd and stir, as the magistrates rode in one after another; and the magistrates' clerk bustled down from his house with his blue bag full of papers. Mrs. Clift had arrived too with Elsie; and Squire Lansdowne was gone into the large room of the inn; but she only half knew it. At last Ishmael appeared, walking beside a policeman, who kept his hand lightly on his collar as if to remind him it was of no use to try to escape. But could this sullen, scowling lad, with rough uncombed hair, and tear-stained face be Ishmael? He was close beside her, yet he never raised his eyes; and he would have passed her by, if she had not cried out in a very lamentable voice, "Oh, Ishmael, Ishmael!"

"It's my mother," he said, as the policeman tightened his grasp of his collar. "Don't you come inside, mother dear. It 'ud do no good, and it 'ud make me cry. You go home again now you've seen me to say good-bye. You'll loose me to kiss my mother," he added, looking at the policeman.

"Aye, if you're sharp about it," he answered.

For a minute the young boy, scarcely more than a child, and the bent, grey-haired woman stood with their arms fondly clinging about each other. Ruth felt as if she could not let him go; it seemed but a few days since he was but a baby in her bosom; and now he was a prisoner charged with an offence against the laws of his country. But Ishmael loosened his hands, and let himself be led away inside the magistrates' room. Then she sat down on the lowest step of a horse-block below its open window, through which she could hear the hum of voices coming indistinctly to her ear. How long it was she did not know, but a gaily-dressed, flaunting young woman came to her at length, and spoke in a pitying tone.

"Don't you take on, Mrs. Medway," she said; "you're a good woman, I know, but luck's agen you. Nutkin was very hard on him; and they've give him three months in the county-gaol."

"Is it my Ishmael?" she asked, looking up with a wandering and vacant expression in her eyes.

"To be sure," answered the young woman, "'Ishmael Medway, thirteen years of age; three months for stealing pheasants' eggs.'"

Ruth heard no more, saw nothing more. But bending forward, as if to lift herself upon her feet, she fell heavily on the pavement, in a deep swoon. There was a crowd clustering about her when Ishmael was marched out of the inn by the policeman; he looked round in vain for a last glance at his mother's face.

"It were best for her to go away," he said to himself, with a sob, "but I should ha' liked to ha' seen her again."

He felt as if he was going to die in the prison to which they were sending him; and as if he should never see his mother's face again. His young soul was in a bewilderment of grief and amazement. He had heard himself described as an incorrigble thief and poacher. Everything had gone against him: the notorious character of his father and elder brothers; his own admission of having haunted the woods until he knew every spot in them; even his tearful confession that he knew he had no right to the eggs, and did not know why he should take them then for the first time. All had been against him. He was going away to gaol, a shame and disgrace to his poor mother. To-day too; the very day he was to have begun to earn his own living, and relieve her from the burden he had been upon her. He would be a worse trouble to her than any of the others had been, even than his father, who came home every night either drunk or angry. What could he ever do to make it up to her now? He could do nothing better than to die.

It was late before Ruth reached home in the evening, and she found her husband awaiting her return, sober and sullen; a hard, tyrannical old man, who looked upon her as a silent and spiritless drudge.

"So," he exclaimed, as she stepped feebly and wearedly over the threshold, "this is what it's come to: thy fine lad's got hisself into gaol. This comes o' book-learnin' and psalm-singin', eh? He brings shame on all on us. Ne'er a one on us was iver up afore the justices till now; and they say at the 'Labour in Vain' as he's got three months. And serve him right, I say. I takes sides with Nutkin, and th' squire, and the justices, as are ivery one on 'em gentlemen. If I'd a bit o' land, I'd hang ivery poacher as set foot on it. And a young, little lad o' his age! What'll he be when he's a man? I'd ha' sent him to Botany Bay, I would. I'm on the side o' justice. And if iver Ishmael crosses o'er that door-sill agen, I'll thresh him to within an inch o' his life. I'll break ivery bone in his body. And thine, too," he shouted, with growing fury, "if thee don't open that cursed mouth o' thine, and say somethink!"

"I'm ill, Humphrey," she answered meekly; "I swoonded away dead, when they told me on it."

"Swounded!" he repeated, sneeringly; "don't tell me. It's only born ladies as can do that, not a workin' woman like thee. But swound or no swound, just hearken to my words. Ishmael niver sets his foot over yon door-sill. I'll harbour no poachers or gaol-birds under my roof."

Very quietly Ruth went on lighting the fire, and boiling the kettle. It was a relief to her to be at home again, out of the stir and buzz of the little town, and out of sight of inquisitive eyes. Even her husband's threats and jeers could not altogether spoil the sense of having found rest at her own fireside. And when he was gone, the unbroken silence of the dark hut suited her. Her harassed soul could re-collect itself now. Even in dense darkness our eyes by eager gazing begin to see a little, and so in the deepest trouble the soul by its earnest yearning towards God, begins to discern light. As Ruth sat alone in the dark hut, there came back to her memory the old story in the Bible, from which she had taken a name for her youngest boy. She thought of Hagar in the wilderness, a runaway slave, fleeing from her mistress, and how God heard her affliction; and how once more she was driven into the wilderness, wandering up and down homeless, until her son Ishmael was dying of thirst, and his mother cast him under a shrub to die, and went away out of sight—a good way off—lest she should see the death of her child;

and how God heard the voice of the lad, and once again sent his angel to succour Hagar. Ruth shut her aching and swollen eyelids with a feeling of comfort and awe, as she whispered, "'Thou, God, seest me.'"

Yes, God saw; God knew. There was unspeakable consolation in that. She felt no bitterness of heart, even against Nutkin. She had nothing to say against the law that had sent Ishmael to prison. She did not try to justify her boy; he had done wrong, though in lightheartedness and thoughtlessness, not in malice. None of these things occupied her simple mind. God had seen all; and He knew all about it. It was in that thought she was to find consolation and strength. She must endure, as seeing Him who is invisible.

TEXTS MISUNDERSTOOD OR MISAPPLIED.

THERE are many familiar passages of Scripture which we frequently hear used in such a way that it is obvious they are not rightly understood.

In a few instances the blundering arises from ignorance of the original languages, so that the English translation is quoted in a sense quite different from the true meaning.

For example; in a celebrated controversy about "universal salvation," this text was adduced (Heb. x. 10): "Through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." The unlearned arguer no doubt thought this quotation conclusive; not knowing that the original had no reference to *all* as an adjective of number, but was an adverb (ἅπαξ) signifying time, once only, or once and no more. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross was not often repeated, like the sacrifices of the ancient ritual, which were types and emblems of the one great oblation on the cross, nor like those of modern ritualists, who pretend to offer the sacrifice of the mass, for "by one offering (one sacrifice for sin for ever), He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

By a similar ignorance of the original word, the statement that "Charity (ἀγάπη) shall cover a multitude of sins" (1 Pet. iv. 8) is turned to error both in doctrine and practice. Many people think that by charity is here meant liberal giving of alms to the poor, or other gifts to benevolent, and especially to religious objects. This they suppose atones for many personal faults, and makes amends for moral or religious shortcoming. It is the same principle that leads the ignorant and superstitious, whether among Romanists or Protestants, to reckon charitable gifts and bequests as reparations for wrong and helps to salvation. And this, although it is expressly said by St. Paul (1 Cor. xiii. 3), "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth nothing." The sentence in St. Peter is a quotation from Proverbs x. 12: "Love covereth all sins," that is, charity or love covereth or throweth a veil over the faults of others or the sins of others as committed against ourselves. So in the epistle of St. James (v. 20): "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins;" not his own sins, but those of the converted sinner.

These are examples of texts misapplied through misconception of the translated words.

But supposing Scriptural words, or phrases rightly translated, and easily understood in literal sense, they may be still wrongly applied. For instance, that verse of Ecclesiastes (xi. 1): "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," is often used to encourage people in doing good in apparently unfavourable or even hopeless circumstances, when it would seem as if they were throwing away or wasting what is valuable. If the verse has this effect, it may encourage zeal, which is often needed as well as wisdom and prudence. But the real meaning of the passage is that we should deal with our talents and opportunities as a merchant does with his capital, expecting a return or profit, not at once, but after a time, it may be in the remote future. Some say that the reference is to the sowing of seed when the surface of the soil is covered with water, which will spring up after the inundation abates. But if this really was the origin of the phrase, it has become proverbial, and can now be understood by readers of Ecclesiastes on upland plains, or in crowded cities as well as on the banks of the Nile.

MATT. v. 48.—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This verse gives no countenance to the doctrine of personal perfection or freedom from sin, a condition unattainable by mortal man. Freedom from guilt there may be, and a peaceful or joyful consciousness of being in a saved state. But freedom from indwelling sin is a very different matter. He that thinks himself perfect in that sense may be full of spiritual pride and other sins of the spirit, though he may by grace have subdued all sins of the flesh. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 John i. 8). Yet a man may be perfect in a Scriptural sense. Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations; and Job was perfect and upright; that is, they were true in their religious professions.

JOHN XIII. 7.—"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." This was said to Peter, and simply implies that when the Master had finished what He was then doing He would explain its meaning. Peter would know presently, as he did (verses 12–17). There is no reference in "hereafter" to the world to come or the future state, though the phrase is often thus applied.

This leads us to remark that some texts are very commonly taken as themes for preaching, "used as pegs for a discourse," as the saying is, apart from their original meaning and connection. For instance, "What think ye of Christ?" has been the text or motto for many a sermon, in which the appeal to the hearers is as to their opinion and feeling about the Lord Jesus. As good John Newton has it in one of the Olney hymns:

> "What think ye of Christ is the test
> To try both your state and your scheme,
> You cannot be right in the rest,
> Unless you think rightly of Him.
>
> As Jesus appears in your view,
> As He is beloved or not—
> So faith is found formal or true,
> To live or be dead is your lot."

But the question as put in the gospel (Matt.

xxii. 42) is "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?" What is your opinion as to the Christ, the Messiah, as to his earthly descent and origin, etc. The pulpit use of the text may be very useful and popular, only let it be remembered that it is not the use of the words in their original context.

So of many texts popularly used, and profitably used. For example, "He must needs go through Samaria" (John iv. 4). The words in the gospel do not refer to a moral or spiritual necessity, though the lessons from this view of the passage are touching and true; but the words simply express the fact that, in leaving Judæa to return to Galilee, Jesus must needs cross the region of Samaria.

But we must not enlarge on such "accommodations" of the written record. Enough has been said to illustrate the misunderstanding and misapplication of texts, whether through ignorance, or from design with good motive. Many examples will occur to every intelligent student of Scripture. The following may be of use towards the careful consideration and exact knowledge of some passages.

1 Cor. iv. 4.—"I know nothing by myself": not, "I am of myself ignorant," but "I am not conscious of any evil practice as a minister of Christ and steward of the mysteries of God."

Rom. xiii. 11.—"And that, knowing the time," etc. "And that (do), knowing the time," etc. *That* is a demonstrative pronoun. The words are too often read, "And, that knowing the time," etc.

Acts xxi. 16.—"One Mnason of Cyprus, an *old* disciple"—an early disciple—a disciple of long standing.

Acts ii. 10.—"Strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes." Jews and proselytes were two classes of "strangers of Rome," that is, Roman citizens resident for a time in Jerusalem. It should be rendered, both "Jews and proselytes."

Isa. iv. 5.—"Upon all the glory (shall be) a defence." Not "a defence shall be upon all the glory," but "upon all (the dwelling-places and assemblies of Mount Zion) the glory (as of the pillar of cloud and fire) shall be (also) a defence."

Isa. xlvi. 13.—"I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory." Not "salvation for Israel" (who is) my glory, but, "salvation in Zion, my glory for Israel."

Matt. xxiii. 24.—"Who strain *at* a gnat, and swallow a camel." Should be, "who strain *out* the gnat," *i.e.* from any liquor which you are about to drink.

Mark xii. 32.—"Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth." Not "well" interjectionally, but adverbially, qualifying *said*, "Thou hast well said the truth." Compare vii. 9: "Full well ye reject the commandment of God," etc.

Luke xix. 8.—"The half of my goods I give to the poor . . . . I restore him fourfold." Not to be understood as stating a previous habit or practice, but as a promise now made of almsgiving and restitution.

Luke xxii. 38.—"They said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And He said unto them, It is enough." Not "two are enough." "It is enough" means, "That will do, say no more," intimating that they did not understand Him.

Luke xxiv. 26.—"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" "Was it not necessary, according to the Old Testament Scriptures, and for the fulfilment of prophecy, that Christ (the Christ, the Messiah) should suffer?"

Luke xxii. 31.—"Satan hath desired to have *you* (all the Apostles) that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for *thee* (Peter), that thy faith fail not," etc.

John i. 21.—"Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. *Art* thou *that* prophet?" Not to be read as if the question "Art thou Elias?" was repeated, but with no emphasis on *Art*, and a strong emphasis on *that*, i.e., the prophet foretold by Moses.

John xi. 16.—Thomas said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him." Not with Lazarus, but with Jesus, who risked his life by going into Judæa again.

John xii. 27.—"What shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour." The latter sentence is sometimes read as with an interrogation: "Shall I say, Father save Me?" etc., whereas it is to be read as a distinct prayer, like Luke xxii. 42: "Father, remove this cup from Me."

John xvi. 29.—"Lo, now speakest Thou plainly." The word "*now*" should be emphasised. It is an allusion to our Lord's just previous saying, "The *time cometh* when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you *plainly* of the Father."

John xix. 22.—"What I have written, I have written." The emphasis should not be on the word "have," but "written." "Written is written, and shall stand."

Acts ii. 42.—"They continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread," etc. It is not "the doctrine and fellowship of the apostles," but "in the doctrine of the apostles, and fellowship, and in," etc.

Acts v. 20.—"Speak to the people all the words of *this life*," *i.e.*, the life to come—the life and immortality brought to life by the Gospel, which the Sadducees denied.

Acts xviii. 17.—"Gallio cared for none of these things," *i.e.*, Gallio took no notice of their proceedings. It does not mean "Gallio was indifferent to the subject of religion."

Acts xix. 2.—"We have not so much as heard whether there *be* any Holy Ghost." This should be translated, like the parallel passage in John vii. 39 with the explanatory word "given:" there it is, "The Holy Ghost was not yet (given)." Here it should be "We have not heard whether the Holy Ghost be (given)."

Acts xix. 23.—"There arose no small stir about *that way*"; about the way of life, about the way of the Gospel, as taught by St. Paul.

We must not conclude without expressing a wish that the pulpit were more used for the exposition and explanation of the meaning of Scripture. Eloquent and stirring sermons have their influence, but without sound knowledge the movement of the feelings is apt to be transient, and sometimes fanatical. It is often amazing to find the ignorance of Divine truth among people who are otherwise well educated, and who have had Bibles in their hands, or within reach all their lives. The following anecdote we know to be true. A devout layman volunteered to accompany a well-known evangelist, or "missioner," on a preaching tour. He admired the preaching, and loved the preacher, with whom he doubtless felt warm and living sympathy. A friend asking how he got on with Mr. A——, he said he held

with him in everything except that he was rather given to fasting occasionally. "And you know, sir, that cannot be right, for did not the Lord say to Peter more than once, 'Feed My sheep!'" This is true, however strange it may appear; yet not half so strange is it as many wild interpretations and absurd quotations of Holy Writ, especially in discussing prophetical and other disputed subjects outside the few and simple truths that are necessary to salvation. Even as to these there is some risk of error, as the diversities of creed, and the frequent perversions from the faith of the gospel too sadly prove. Now that a new century of Sunday-school work has commenced, let attention be more than ever be given to the study and the explanation of the Bible.

THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

I.

OUR knowledge of the Russian Church comes to us chiefly through two channels: the pens of ecclesiastical authors, and the writings of modern travellers. From the latter it is not too much to say that the Russians and their religion often receive scant justice, not to add, misrepresentation; for when an Englishman looks upon the gorgeous and elaborate ritual of the Eastern church, sees the picture-worship of the people, their kissing of relics and invocation of saints, he is reminded of like things in the churches of Spain and Italy, and he not unfrequently condemns both East and West as superstitious and corrupt alike. Such a charge, however, is too sweeping, and betrays a lack of knowledge of many points which, if more generally known, would bring us nearer, at least in sympathy, to members of the Church in Russia. On the other hand, the writings of ecclesiastical authors are usually so condensed as necessarily to fail in bringing before us what the traveller sees as the every-day religious life of the people.

These papers relate to three tours in the Russian Empire. The first in 1874, was through St. Petersburg and Moscow, returning by Warsaw; the next in 1878, through Moscow and Jaroslaf to Archangel;* whilst the third journey, undertaken the following year, extended across Russia in Europe, and through Siberia, from the Urals to the Pacific. I thus had an opportunity of seeing something of the mission work of the Greek church amongst the various Asiatic tribes, especially those beyond Lake Baikal and on the Amur, such as the Buriats and Gilyaks, as well as the condition of things in Russia proper.

A few words, first, on the *history* of the Russian Church, which is one of the youngest in Europe. Here I thankfully avail myself of Dean Stanley's historical divisions, namely, the foundation, consolidation, transition, and reformation periods of the Russian Church.

The foundation period extends from the end of the tenth century to the beginning of the fourteenth. In the year A.D. 957, a Russian princess named Olga visited Constantinople, was baptized, and returned with the Christian name of Helena. About thirty years afterwards there came to her grandson Vladimir envoys from the different religious communities of the known world—from the Mussulmans, the Pope, the Jews, the Greeks—inviting him to adopt their respective creeds. To these he replied by sending elders and nobles to examine their various religions; and shortly afterwards, in 988, he was baptized into the Greek Church. Vladimir then brought about a wholesale baptism of his submissive and docile subjects at Kieff. A church was built there, and the work of conversion advanced easily and rapidly. The Holy Scriptures, it must be remembered, had been translated into Sclavonic a century before for the nations on the Danube, so that the Greek priests, on going to Russia, had this powerful lever ready to hand, and in the language of the people. In 1010 was founded the Pechersky monastery at Kieff, and in 1045 the cathedral church of St. Sophia at Novgorod the Great. The year 1017 gives us the name of Jaroslaff, who introduced into Russia the Byzantine system of canon law, and the first beginnings of Christian education; whilst a hundred years later, in 1113, we are introduced to the almost saintly Vladimir Monomachus, who displayed the greatest interest in the welfare of the Church, and who took to wife Gytha, the daughter of our Saxon Harold.

The period of the consolidation of the Russian Church dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, during which time the local centre of church history is transferred from Kieff to Moscow; and three great powers come prominently forward in the Tsars, the Metropolitans, and the Monks. The Tsar, in his ecclesiastical position, represented the laity of the Church, and received the unbounded veneration of the people; and the Metropolitans, second only to the Tsar, almost without exception supported the authority of the sovereign. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Metropolitans became independent of the See of Constantinople; and in 1589, Job, the Metropolitan of Moscow, was elevated to the dignity of a Patriarch. Meanwhile the hermits and monks acquired an immense influence. In 1338 was founded the famous Troitza monastery—a university, palace, cathedral, church, and fortress all in one—the monks and clergy of which have more than once showed themselves the deliverers of their country: first from the Tatars, by encouraging and accompanying the Grand Prince Demetrius to the famous battle of the Don in 1380; secondly, from 30,000 Poles, who in 1608 besieged the monas-

* See "Sunday at Home" for February and September 1875 and January to July 1879.

tery for sixteen months. The holy warriors turned the fortunes of the war, and the Poles were expelled from the country.

The transition period of the Russian Church extends from the middle of the seventeenth to the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, during which time lived Nikon, the famous Patriarch of Moscow. He has been called a Russian Chrysostom, a Russian Luther, a Russian Wolsey. Ivan the Terrible, in his own savage way, had done something towards rectifying the abuses of the Church. The Patriarch did more. He took in hand the Russian hierarchy, whom he found idle and drunken. He set them a good example on one hand by founding hospitals, feeding the hungry, visiting prisoners, and above all, after the silence of many centuries, by preaching sermons; but, on the other hand, he administered clerical discipline with uncommon severity. He was perpetually sending his officers round the city, with orders that if they found a priest or monk in a state of intoxication, they were to imprison him, strip him, and scourge him: and numbers of dissolute clergy he banished to Siberia. His name, however, is chiefly remembered by reason of his innovations. He was a great stickler for the jots and tittles of the Greek ritual. Finding that copyists' errors had crept into the service-books, which were in manuscript, he sent deputations to Mount Athos, and throughout the Eastern churches, for correct copies, put the printing press to work to circulate new rubrics, and set on foot a work of revision, which met with frantic opposition on the part of the ignorant among the people, and was ultimately made the ground for the secession of a large part of the Russian *raskolniks* or nonconformists.

The fourth, which has been called the reformation period of the Russian Church, extends from the time of Peter the Great to our own day. The patriarchate had attained to a position of great power, and the Great Peter was not the man to brook such a rival as Nikon had been to his father Alexis. Accordingly, on the death of the patriarch Adrian, in 1700, his chair was allowed to remain vacant for twenty years, at the end of which time Peter abolished the patriarchate, and appointed a synod. He also carried out many reforms and improvements which he had the good sense to see were sorely needed. He established schools for the children of the clergy, abolished anchorites, reformed the monasteries, and issued regulations enjoining bishops to read the Scriptures carefully, and not to be absent from their dioceses without permission of the Synod. Many of his changes, however, excited great dissatisfaction. The measures of Nikon had sadly perturbed the orthodox Russians; those of Peter drove them to desperation and to further schism. Among the charges brought against the Tsar were such as these, that he had introduced into the churches pictures by western artists; which was held to be a mortal sin. The former Tsars and Patriarchs had forbidden the use of tobacco; but Peter tried to force it on the people, of whom he inquired whether it was more wicked to smoke tobacco than to drink brandy? Yes, they replied, because it is not "that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of a man, that defileth him." Moreover, at the opening of the eighteenth century, Peter changed the calendar; gave his people the 1st of January for their New Year's Day, and began to compute their chronology from the birth of Christ instead of the creation of the world. This, among other like things, was regarded as the very sign of Antichrist, inasmuch as he was "to change times and laws;" and Peter the Great is still designated Antichrist by the majority of Russian *raskolniks*. Since the time of the great reformer the Russian Church has gone on very much as he left it, the few minor reforms introduced by the Emperors Alexander the First and Second being in the right direction. There have not been wanting, moreover, men of note and learning who have filled the chairs of the Metropolitans, to some of whom we shall have occasion to allude hereafter.

We now turn to the *rites* and *ceremonies* of the Russian Church, introducing the subject by a few words upon its church buildings, which are modelled, almost without exception, on the Byzantine style of architecture. Dr. Neale defines a Byzantine church as "a gabled Greek cross, with central dome, inscribed in a square, or quasi-square." On the exterior, besides the central, there is sometimes a western dome; often there is one at each angle of the square, occasionally one at each end of the cross. Instead of spires, therefore, the eye of a traveller in Russia becomes accustomed to cross-crowned domes, which, as they are brightly painted, and sometimes even covered with gold, and furnished with bells, affect both eye and ear not unpleasingly. In bells the Russian Church is the richest in Europe. The largest we have in England, that of Christ Church, Oxford, weighing seven tons, is but a baby compared with many in Russia. The largest in St. Petersburg weighs twenty-three tons; "Great John," in the older capital, weighs ninety-six tons, whilst the old "*Tsar Kolokol*," or the king of bells, in Moscow, weighed originally nearly two hundred tons, or 432,000 lb. Reckoning eighteen silver roubles,* or thirty shillings per *pood* of thirty-six English pounds, we get a price for our Oxford bell of 700*l.*, and for that of the largest one of Moscow, of 18,000*l.* This monster bell is twenty-six feet high and sixty-seven feet round, and would provide room inside for several cells for monks, such as those I visited underground at Troitza. The church bells are rung by an ecclesiastic in minor orders, and, according to definite rules. Entering a church from the west, the internal arrangement is seen to be fourfold: first, the narthex, or porch, anciently for catechumens and penitents; next, the nave, or body of the church; then a narrow platform, raised by steps, answering to the choir; and beyond that the sanctuary. The sanctuary is divided into three chambers: the central one being called "the altar," in which stands the communion-table, and behind it the bishop's throne; the southern chamber forming the sacristy, whilst that on the north is for preparing the sacramental elements. The sanctuary is parted off from the choir by a high panelled screen, called the *iconastasis*, pierced by three doors, the centre opening being called the "royal gates," on the north side of which hangs an *icona*, or sacred picture of the Virgin; and on the south side a picture of our Saviour, and also the patron saint of the church. The remaining parts of the screen are covered with other pictures, upon the frames and coverings of

* The silver rouble is here reckoned at 3*s.* 2*d.* In subsequent parts of these papers the rouble is reckoned at 2*s.* 6*d.*

which an almost fabulous amount is sometimes lavished. The precious stones on the picture of Our Lady of Kazan in St. Petersburg are valued at 15,000*l.*, whilst at Moscow one emerald on the picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir is valued at 10,000*l.*; the whole of those on the *icon* being estimated at 45,000*l.*

Picture-worship is an almost universal attendant of Russian devotion, more so even than in Roman countries; and the Russian Church has found it bought at the church entrance. In one church in St. Petersburg, and that not the largest, I was told that money is taken yearly for candles up to ten thousand roubles (say 1,250*l.*). The vestments of the priests and bishops are gorgeous in the extreme. A Metropolitan's *sakkos* is shown at Moscow, which is said to weigh fifty pounds, by reason of the pearls and gems with which it is embroidered. At the Troitza monastery are fifteen dresses for the Archimandrite, one of which, for the mere making, cost the

GILYAKS OF THE LOWER AMUR, IN WINTER COSTUME.

necessary to issue many warnings against the perils of idolatry. She draws a nice distinction between the unlawfulness of using in worship an image proper, and the lawfulness of using the same image if carved on a flat surface; but the ordinary observer who beholds people in an Eastern church bowing down before graven images and likenesses of things that are in heaven and in earth, must find it exceedingly difficult to determine where reverence ends and idolatry begins. A prominent feature of Eastern worship is the plentiful use of lighted candles,

Empress Elizabeth 800*l.*, the robe itself being valued at 14,000*l.* This monastery, according to Dr. King, is said to possess among its treasure two bushels of pearls, and from what I have twice seen there, I am inclined to add an estimated *pint* of diamonds, to say nothing of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires innumerable!

The church services are of a monastic character, long and tedious, read in Slavonic, "which is to the modern Russian," says Dr. Neale, "about what the language of Chaucer is to us." For my own part

I hope it is no worse; but when, in Kasan Cathedral, I asked my interpreter, born in Russia, what the priest was saying, he could not tell me. From time to time in the services commemorations are made of the Virgin and saints, and prayers are offered to them, blessings are asked of God through their intercessions, and the response, *Gospodi Pomilui*, "Lord, have mercy," is uttered thirty, forty, fifty times, or more, almost at a breath.

There are also many minor and curious services, as, for the consecration of a church, for an *icon* or picture, washing the feet on Thursday in Holy Week, prayers on laying the first stone of a house, and for seed-time: longer offices to be used in drought, earthquake, plague, incursion of barbarians, for children when they commence their education, and many more; but I think that on this head I have said enough.

II.

It would appear from Dr. Neale's "History of the Eastern Church," that the Russian dioceses are subdivided into rural deaneries, each consisting of a circle of from ten to thirty parishes, some of which, in Siberia, must be very extensive, though not necessarily populous. A priest near Tobolsk, however, told me that he had 5,000 parishioners; another at Kansk, near Irkutsk, had 2,000, widely scattered; whilst on the Siberian coast of the Pacific, Nikolaefsk and Vladivostock, towns of three and five thousand inhabitants respectively, form only one parish each. Every *selo*, or town of a certain grade, has a church, and in some of the *derevnia*, or villages, churches, and small chapels, or oratories, are built, in which latter, services other than the liturgy may be performed. The churches are kept in repair and furnished by parochial committees, of not less than five persons, elected annually, who on retiring from office are called "church elders." They visit every house in the parish, and determine what proportion of the expenses shall be paid by each householder. There would seem to be no difficulty in raising the necessary funds, and I must add that I was agreeably surprised in Siberia to see how well and how clean the churches were kept, even those in the remotest and most out-of-the-way places.

Concerning the clergy, they are of two orders, the parochial and the monastic, or, as sometimes called, the white and the black, the secular and the regular clergy. Dr. Neale, thirty years ago, gave the number of priests in Russia at 34,000, and deacons 16,000; whilst a recent report from the Holy Synod says that the church services are carried on by 37,718 priests and 11,857 deacons: and that there are also other church officers numbering 65,951. Such was the plethora of clergy in the time of Peter the Great, that they had to restrict the number of ordinations, and of those who should serve. Now, however, there is no superabundance of clergy, but, speaking generally, every parish church is under the control of a *pricht*, or corporation, consisting of the priest, deacon, and two *dechoks*, or bell-ringer and reader, and also a widow woman to prepare the sacramental bread.

The parish priest may rise to be a protopope, that is, head priest of an episcopal church, or one having other priests under him, but so long as his wife is living he can go no higher. Should he become a widower, and take the monk's habit, he is then eligible to be made a bishop. In former times there prevailed in Russia a pernicious custom, that every clergyman's son was obliged to follow the profession of his father. This is no longer compulsory, and the sons of the clergy, finding themselves free, choose other callings to such an extent that there is now a lack of candidates for the priesthood. Candidates, however, are still drawn for the most part from the homes of the clergy, and sometimes from the lower class of merchants; but hardly ever, I am informed, from the upper classes.

Peter the Great found his clergy exceedingly ignorant, and wisely established seminaries for their children, enjoining the bishops to support them with a twentieth part of the income from the monasteries. These seminaries, and others which have been added, still exist, and in them are educated the rank and file of the clergy. In Siberia I happened to fall in with a number of students on the steamer, returning to a seminary after their holidays, and from them and their teacher I got much information. Priests' sons are provided with education, food, and clothing free; other scholars have to pay for food and clothing. They are at the seminary ten months and a half during the year, and have the remaining six weeks for a holiday. They have six classes, and stay two years in each, with four lectures daily, and read from eight till two. At the seminary at Blagovestchensk they had last year fifty students and nine professors, namely, of Latin, mathematics, Greek (no Hebrew), theology, philosophy, the Bible, Russian, Manchu, physics, music, etc.

The students, I was told, on leaving, usually know a little Latin and Greek, and may learn modern languages, but this is not compulsory. I did not once meet with a priest who could speak French, German, or English. Perhaps they throw their strength into patristic and ecclesiastical learning, since the parochial clergy are usually said to be very ignorant in secular studies. Two instances were given me, one by a friend, who said she had from time to time endeavoured to instruct the priest of her country parish in geography, but that he persisted in maintaining that London was in the middle of France. The other instance was given me by an Englishman who travelled in Siberia with a Russian archbishop. One day the archbishop asked the Englishman which had the greater population, London or San Francisco. Whereupon my wicked friend said, "Well, you see, London has a population of two hundred thousand, and San Francisco four millions." "Ah!" said the archbishop with satisfaction, "I thought so: I thought San Francisco was the larger!" Those students who wish to attain to the higher degrees of learning, on leaving the seminary, proceed to one of the ecclesiastical academies, which correspond to our universities, and it is now required that all who are to be consecrated bishops shall have passed through the academy.

The pay of the priests is small; but it must not be inferred that their duties are light. They have every day, morning, noon and evening services, and every priest has to keep a clerical journal of his official acts, what he and his fellows do daily. This is for the bishop's assistant; and should the journal be

suddenly found not written up to date, the priest is liable to be punished. "How would you be punished?" said I to the protopope. "With a good talking to, perhaps, for the first offence, and for the second a fine, or perhaps have the delinquency inscribed on one's character paper;" in other words, carry a blot on one's escutcheon for life! Verily, ecclesiastical discipline, whether in great things or small, is not a dead letter in Russia. Perhaps it is not altogether uncalled for. By it priests are forbidden to find their amusements at the theatre, or in cards, buffoonery, or dancing; and though among so many thousands of clergy, denied of so many advantages, one would expect to find a certain proportion of evil-doers, and even of criminals, yet I was hardly prepared for a statement made to me by a released political exile, that in one of the Siberian mines in which he worked, there were a hundred convicts who had formerly occupied a priestly position. This, of course, is a sad picture, though we shall not have far to seek for a principal cause, and shall recognise in it an old foe too well known in England. It is drink! I would not make this allusion upon mere hearsay, which is ever ready to blacken a clergyman's name; but I was obliged in Russia to know and see things in men of my own cloth that made me hate drink more than ever. This is a painful and humiliating subject, though the more respectable amongst the Russians regard the matter in various lights. Some, of course, condemn such priests unmercifully. One man told me he had not communicated for several years; "for," said he, "how can I in the morning receive the sacrament from the hands of my country priest, when I know that before night he may probably be inebriated?" On the other hand, a religious general said to me, "If my priest supplies me properly with the ordinances of the Church, I am not concerned with his private life; that lies between God and his own soul," whilst, again, others made allowance for their great temptations. On five festivals in the year, at least, the priest is supposed to go the round of his parish, and say a prayer in every house; and on these festive occasions, refreshment stands on the sideboard, and *vodka*, or spirits, is proffered as drink, the evil results of which, among clergy and laity, on one of the festivals, I myself was compelled to see.

OLD MR. QUILCH.

"OLD Mr. Quilch is very ill," said our good doctor to me as we met on our parish rounds. "I wish you would go to see him, but you had better not let him know that I have spoken to you. He is so peculiar."

I went at once, of course.

The old gentleman (he was not *very* old after all; but we had got into the habit of thinking and calling him so) was a parishioner of mine, a man of secluded and self-contained life, and reputed to be wealthy. He came occasionally to church, not often. He never appeared at the Lord's Table. He was shrewd and intelligent, somewhat testy in temper, lived in a good house, and had his notions; and I, though I was his pastor, was almost as much a stranger to him as everybody else. He was one of those people who will not let you become acquainted with them.

My interview was not a very agreeable one. Whether the old man considered a clergyman's visit in sickness an unwelcome reminder of death, or whether he suspected that I intended to catechise him severely as to his spiritual state, I do not know, but his manner was most ungracious, and he took especial pains to make me understand that he had neither sent for me, nor desired that I should come. "Well," I said, "Mr. Quilch, I am here, as you see, and if you will kindly permit me, I will remain with you a few minutes; I promise not to weary you."

He gave a gruff assent, and I sat down.

Thereupon, perhaps by way of anticipating me, he opened the conversation by telling me that he did not believe in a death-bed repentance. "Nor, in your sense, do I," was my rejoinder. "That it *is possible* to repent and be converted even when the sands of life are running low I do not question for a moment; the story of the penitent thief is conclusive on that point; but still, it is a terrible thing for a man to postpone to the last repentance and turning to the Lord, and neither you nor I could, I am sure, wish any one dear to us, nor, indeed, any one at all, to act so."

"Quite true," said he. "Quite true; 'as the tree falls so it must lie.' Now, as to myself, I know that my end is not very far off; this disease is a fatal one, and will kill me a few months hence. But I am satisfied as to my condition; I have no reason to be afraid, for I have always modelled my life upon the Ten Commandments."

I was not a little startled when I heard these last words: "I have modelled my life upon the Ten Commandments!" "Why," I thought, "I have been these many years past preaching Christ as a *necessity* to every human soul; and here is one of my flock, who deliberately puts Christ aside, and professes his ability to get to heaven without any heavenly assistance whatever. No Saviour required, no Spirit, no atonement, no new birth, no spiritual life! The whole scheme which Divine wisdom has devised, and Divine self-sacrifice effected, and Divine love is now carrying out, completely ignored, and the work accomplished by man himself!" And I must confess that my first thought—it ought not to have been my first I know, but it was—was one of humiliation at the thought of the inefficiency of my ministry, and of my inability to instruct an intelligent hearer in the very rudiments of the Christian faith.

After a moment's awkward and embarrassing pause, it occurred to me to remark that I remembered the story of a young man who was mentioned in the gospels, and who also claimed to have "modelled his life on the Ten Commandments." I had no doubt, I said, that the young man's statement was true, taking the words in the meaning which he himself affixed to them; for no one would dare to look into the eyes of Jesus of Nazareth and tell Him a falsehood; the young ruler had doubtless lived an exceptionally pure and correct life—but for all that, I said, he turned his back upon Christ and left Him, and probably never came into His presence again.

I spoke quietly, and with no special emphasis. The idea had presented itself to me, and I uttered it

without much definite purpose; it was just a sort of simple and natural reflection that flowed from me; but the word proved to be like a fiery dart flung into the heart of my hearer. He was obviously deeply irritated; he became at once very restless; and then throwing off the mask, flinging down and trampling, as it were, underfoot his plea of obedience to the Ten Commandments, he exclaimed, with the air of one driven to bay, but determined to face it out to the last, "*Well, well, I have lived like other men; and now I suppose I must take my chance.*"

Simple words these, but when we look into them, what a depth of mournful meaning they convey! The man knew that he was about to enter upon that long journey from which no traveller ever returns. He comforted himself with thinking that he was like other men. If he was ignorant of what should befall him, so were they. Should the worst come to the worst, he was only one of a very large company; and God would not have the heart to shut such a vast multitude out of the kingdom of Christ. It seems very strange, does it not? that men, when they are intending to emigrate to a foreign country, should be most anxious about making preparation and providing means, and doing everything in their power to secure for themselves a kindly reception and welcome in the place to which they are bound, and yet that they should think so little about their migration to the eternal world.

How different the hope of those who know the Lord Jesus Christ. He has been revealed to them, and they have a personal acquaintance with Him; and they feel that they cannot be strangers in the place in which He deigns most especially to manifest Himself. A true disciple, unless his mind be overclouded by physical depression, need be in no doubt about his reception in the unseen world. He is sufficiently informed what he shall have to meet with when he departs. He will not say, like poor Mr. Quilch, "I must take my chance." He will rather say, "I know where I am going, and, therefore, I know to what I am going. I am going home."

G. C.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

FEBRUARY 6.

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS. LUKE II. 39–50.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 40.—'*And the Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him.*'

I. THE CHILD JESUS IN NAZARETH.—*Read vers.* 39, 40. **They returned into Galilee.** But not *immediately* after the Presentation in the Temple (see last Lesson). First returning to Bethlehem, they were visited by the Magi from the East (Matt. ii.). Then followed the flight into Egypt, the massacre of the children, the death of Herod; and the Holy Family were in fact on their way back to Bethlehem, presumably intending to settle there as in the royal city, when they were divinely directed to turn aside to Nazareth.

> Needless difficulties have been made with respect to this order of events. Luke omits what Matthew records, but the accounts, combined as above, are perfectly harmonious. Note that the 'star in the East' appeared at the time of Christ's birth, and from Persia or Chaldæa the journey would take some weeks, which would bring the date to the time immediately succeeding the Presentation. The tradition which places the 'wise men's' visit on the twelfth day after the Nativity is plainly incorrect.

Nazareth; for descriptions, see Biblical Dictionaries or Gazetteers. It was remarkable for its secluded situation, on the brow of a hill, with open plains surrounding. None of the main lines of traffic passed near it.

What was Nathanael's question about the place? John i. 46 (implying *obscurity* rather than *ill-fame*). Here, in quiet home life, apart from the world, the Child Jesus grew. Apparently the angels' visit to Bethlehem, the words of Simeon and Anna, the visit of the Magi, were forgotten by most—yet, who still treasured them in her heart? The Golden Text gives the picture of a perfect childhood. **Growth, strength** (the words **in spirit** are not found in the best authorities), **wisdom** and **grace**, a fourfold description, in every feature most beautiful! Note: this is spoken of Christ's human nature; the Deity within giving purity and perfection to all, but leaving Him still a Child.

II. THE VISIT TO JERUSALEM.—*Read vers.* 41–45. 'The stages of Jewish childhood were marked as follows: At three the boy was weaned, and wore for the first time the fringed or tasselled garment prescribed by Num. xv. 38–41, and Deut. xxii. 12. His education began at first under his mother's care. At five, he was to learn the Law, at first by extracts of the more important passages written on scrolls, the Shemà or Creed of Deut. vi. 4, the Hallel or Festival Psalms (Psa. cxiv., cxviii., cxxxvi.), and by catechetical teaching in school. At twelve he became more directly responsible for his obedience to the Law.'* Accordingly, now for the first time Jesus accompanied **His parents to Jerusalem** (as was still held binding, according to Deut. xvi. 16) to keep **the Feast**. Women were not compelled, but were permitted, to accompany their husbands; so Hannah (1 Sam. i. 7). The ancient word was fulfilled: Mal. iii. 1. 'Suddenly;' unknown! Who could look for His coming thus—a village child! The days, how many? At their close **He tarried behind.** How was this? A farewell visit to the Temple would be paid at the time of the morning sacrifice before the party from Nazareth started homewards. The company would be large, and a child (who might be trusted anywhere and with anybody) might not be missed until each little group or family was preparing for nightly rest. Then came anxious inquiry for Him, in vain! — and after a broken night of sorrow, the second day was spent in returning to the city.

III. JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.—*Read vers.* 46–50. How do you reckon the **three days** before **they found Him**? Some time at least they must have lost before inquiring at the right place. At last where was He? Who were **the doctors**? 'A chamber of the Temple was set apart as a kind of open free-school. The "doctors," or teachers—famous "doctors of the law" (Acts v. 34) "sat in Moses' seat"; the older students on a low bench, the younger on the ground, literally, at the feet of their instructor.'—*Plumptre.* Among the great 'doctors' living then, were the Rabbis Hillel, Simeon, and Gamaliel, father, son, and grandson. It is not too much to suppose that these great lights of Judaism may have been there, listening to the Holy Child? [Would not Gamaliel remember? Acts v. 34.] And how did He approach them? Like a child, no doubt,

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* *Plumptre.* See also Edersheim, *Sketches of Jewish Social Life*, ch. vii.

sitting on the lowest seat, showing his desire to learn in two ways—**hearing and asking questions.** [The learner who is not encouraged to ask questions loses half the value of a lesson. Such questions teach and help the teacher.] But never had such a disciple entered those Temple courts before! We cannot tell the particular subjects of conversation: but they must have related to the fulfilment of the Law, the hopes of Israel, the coming kingdom. An understanding such as no child had ever shown before prompted those questions, and those **answers** had a depth of meaning that astonished all, as by a new revelation! Happy for them, had they thus been prepared in after days to know Him who is the Way, and the Truth and the Life! Surely He himself must now have been filled with the consciousness of His own relation to God, and to His truth!

At length the earthly parents of Jesus found Him here, and thus engaged. What are Mary's first words? A *question*, rather than a *rebuke*. They can trust Him still, as having done rightly, but they long to know *why*. Look at the answer of Jesus, 'No need to have sought Me, had you but known!' There was a Divine necessity in His course. **I must be.** The very law of His life is thus disclosed, not in this act alone, but *always*. **About My Father's business.** Note the direct reply to Mary's **Thy Father.** The Divine Son asserts His higher relationship. My true Father is on high! Mary herself would understand *this* well. Observe again, that the word *business* is not in Christ's own saying, which may be literally rendered, *In the things that are my Father's, i.e.*, in His work, in His house, in all that belongs to Him. This would remind Joseph and Mary that the Father's house, the Temple, was the place in which to have sought the Son; but it means much more. The Child Jesus takes this now as the *motto of His life;* and these first recorded words of His declare the principle to which He was ever true, until at last He lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do!' There was something in this too great for Joseph and Mary to understand. Yet surely they *might* have understood! Had they forgotten Bethlehem? But that they **understood not** only proves to us how truly Jesus had been a child, their child, through those twelve years. No marvels or mysteries, but just a quiet, loving obedient, household life—a pattern to children everywhere.

IV. The Return to Nazareth.—*Read vers.* 51, 52. Jesus had declared that God was His Father; would He now not choose to stay in His Father's house—like many a consecrated child of old? (1 Sam. i. 28.) Mary must have tremblingly wondered what His next words, His next act would be! We know what it was. No doubt, no hesitation. He rose at once and **went down with them, and came to Nazareth.** Is not this the most wonderful part of the story? He had found His true home in the Temple, and willingly now He turns from the Temple to the home. The Son of God becomes again as a son to Joseph, and takes up again the thread of His lowly working life at the Galilean village, where, for eighteen silent years, He abides until His hour has come. Two lessons let us all learn. 'Our Father's business' lies in the right discharge of daily duty; and faithfulness to present obligations is the best preparation for what future days may bring. The highest example teaches us all 'to labour and to wait.'

His mother kept all these sayings in her heart—just as she had done twelve years before (see ver. 19). What a storehouse of holy remembrances must her mind have been, as thus she quietly pondered the history of the Divine Son! And this leads to a suggestion of no small interest. The two chapters from which these first six lessons have been selected form a record that stands alone in the Gospels. It might itself be called 'The Gospel of Christ's Infancy.' Now Luke had knowledge of all things 'from the very beginning,' and had his information from 'eye-witnesses.' Must not this part of the record have come to him *from Mary herself*, containing much that only she could have known, and throughout relating that which she, more than any one, had stored in heart?

Thus the years went on, and to the notice of the growth of Jesus in vers. 40, it is now added that He had **favour with man,** as well as **with God.** Every one loved him—so unselfish, upright, loving, pure. The time had not yet come for His rejection by the very people of his own Nazareth. See Lesson for February 20.

Questions.

1. Show the harmony of the accounts of Matthew and Luke, down to the time of the residence of the Holy Family in Nazareth. How long was this, probably, after the birth of Christ?

2. At what feasts were the male inhabitants of the land bound to appear in the Temple at Jerusalem? Cite any passages from the Old Testament bearing on the instruction of children in connection with these solemnities.

3. By what other appellations were the 'doctors' known, and what may we gather from the New Testament as to the character of their teachings?

4. Quote the chief sayings of Jesus in His after life that correspond with His earliest recorded words.

5. 'It was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene,' Matt. ii. 23. Explain the reference.

Pages for the Young.

"IN LOVE FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER."

III.

THE long days had come, and the ocean-weed was carefully spread all over the sand-banks that it might get dry and fit to be burned. The Elliots had collected an unusually large quantity this year, and Patrick had already reckoned up the number of shillings which he should get for the kelp.

The crisp stuff was piled in cocks, just as farmers pile up hay, and when it was as dry as wind and sun could make it, the kiln was built upon the beach above high-water mark. Brian and his father arranged the great stones of which the kiln was made, and flattened it at the bottom, and smoothed it at the sides until it looked very much like a shallow open grave. But directly it was finished Katrine came and lit a bright turf fire in it, and then the important operation of making kelp began.

Small quantities of the dry seaweed were placed on the fire, and wherever little tongues of flames showed themselves, more seaweed was flung—daintily at first, so as not to overpower the fire, then in larger quantities as the mass below glowed fierce and hot.

Volumes of smoke rolled off into the air, smoke so dense that Patrick could not see his children, although they were standing within five feet of him on the other side of the milky cloud. It appeared as though tons of cotton wool were pouring up from the kiln, rolling off slowly along the ground, clinging together without scattering, and keeping one unbroken line for

a mile or two before the fresh air from off the Atlantic succeeded in dispersing it.

The Elliots stood in the clear atmosphere "to windward" of this pungent suffocating smoke, piling on the leagh with cautious hands. The kiln could not be left for a moment, for if the fire once forced its way through and leaped into a blaze, the kelp would be spoiled.

It was quite late in the day before the heaps of seaweed were exhausted; then the work was over—the kelp was burned.

Not that it was quite finished yet. Patrick, Brian, and some of the neighbours gathered round and pounded away at the red-hot ashes with iron rods. It had to be beaten in this manner all the time it was cooling to make it stick together; when it was nearly cold they formed it into blocks of about two feet square.

Then they piled it up proudly, and Katrine came to look at it, and Kitty patted its rough blue surface with her little hands, and wondered "how many pound notes it was worth."

Three or four days afterwards a ship's boat came to the pier to take it on board the vessel which was to carry it to Glasgow; and the captain, who was also the kelp merchant, stood settling with Patrick about the price.

Like many buyers this man was offering far less money than it was worth. Patrick remonstrated.

"The kelp's good," he said, "and it's full weight, if it is not over the mark."

"Ay," said another voice, significantly, "stones are bound to weigh well."

It was Quigley who spoke. He was lounging on the quay and had drawn close to the captain.

"Are there any stones in it?" demanded the captain, sharply; "if so, I'll not have it at any price."

"No, no!" cried Patrick, "indeed 'tis as innocent kelp as ever was made; not a stone the size of a nut in the whole of it."

But the merchant shook his head doubtfully.

"Break it, and see," said Patrick.

"All very well when you know I can't sell it myself when it is all smashed about," was the reply.

For a long time the dispute went on, and at last poor Patrick was obliged to take a very low price indeed for his kelp, all because of Quigley's unkind and untrue hint about the stones.

He did not say a word about it at home; "What would be the good of telling it?" he said to himself. "Telling won't mend matters; and Brian would be fairly wild with Micky, so he would! It's sorry enough Micky will be one day, or I'm much mistaken."

IV.

Michael Quigley's leagh was still lying spread out upon the sand-banks; he had not so many pairs of hands at his command as some of his neighbours had.

The stuff was ready at last, and he hired a man to help him with the business of the kiln the very next day.

Suddenly the wind changed, and a great mass of cloud with ragged edges came rising from behind the sea.

"There'll be a sight of rain soon," said Patrick.

"Ay," responded his son, "and there's a whole lot of seaweed lying out on the far bank yet; come along, lads, and let's be helping to get it into stacks."

"It's Micky Quigley that owns it," remarked one of the boys.

"Oh," said Brian, his manner changing at once, "it belongs to Quigley, does it? Then it may lie there and rot, for all I care!"

Patrick took hold of the lad's shoulder as he used to do when Brian was a little boy in petticoats. "No, it mayn't lie here, and it shan't rot," said he. "Come along, Brian, and help me, if ye won't help Quigley. I'm after going this very minute, and if you don't come there'll but be the more for myself to do."

So Brian followed his father to the shore, sulkily enough; and Michael Quigley could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the whole Elliot family labouring hard to save his leagh from the coming rain.

A sharp twinge of shame came over him when he thought of all he had said against them; why, it was but a week since he had spoiled the sale of his poor neighbour's kelp!

Micky and his stubborn, churlish heart had a sore battle between them that night.

The rain was splashing down, when somebody tapped at Elliot's door. Kitty opened it, and saw Michael standing there.

"Come in," said the child, true to her Irish instinct of hospitality.

"Not the night, thank ye," was the answer. "Give that to your mother, will ye," and he disappeared into the darkness.

Kitty brought a parcel to the fire, which, when unrolled, proved to contain a large shawl, seemingly quite new. The party round the hearth gazed in utter surprise.

"I believe it belonged to his poor wife that's gone," said Katrine softly.

Brian was for sending it back at once.

"I think it is sheer impudence giving things to mother after how he's behaved himself," the young man said hotly.

But Patrick interposed.

"'Tis kindly meant," he said, "and kindly we'll take it. 'Tisn't much Bible learning that I have, anyway, but I do know that Christians should be forbearing and forgiving one to another. And I believe that a civil tongue and a heart that bears no malice, are better weapons to conquer an enemy with than the toughest stick and the strongest arm that any of you boys can show."

"D'ye think to conquer Quigley, then, father?"

"Well," answered Patrick, "anyway I mean to go this minute and thank him for the shawl."

And off he marched out into the rain and the night.

None knew what passed between those two men; but from that day forward the neighbours heard no more words against the Elliots from Quigley's lips. In time even Brian grew civil to his old antagonist; and as for Kitty, the child is always "up at Micky's," whenever her mother can spare her. She housekeeps for him, and chatters to him, and brings many a gleam of happiness to his solitary home, and many a smile to his withered old lips.

It may be that after the winter-time of bitterness the sunshine of peace may arise in his heart, and he too may learn the Saviour's lesson of love. Perhaps all his crossings and ill-will may be forgiven for that blessed Saviour's sake.

"Ay, but there's not many in this world like Patrick Elliot," Michael has been heard to say.

Perhaps he is right. More's the pity.

BIBLE CLOCK.

We resume our series of Bible Clocks with the word Sing. The number of answers we have received in past years, for which we have been unable to find a place, shows the interest awakened by these exercises. They have come from foreign lands, from servants and cottagers, from "mothers' meetings," as well as from many a school and family circle. As before explained, the object is to find a word or subject about which twelve texts or portions of Scripture can be given in the form of a diagram representing the face of a clock. In the index space of II., a verse, or portion of a verse, consisting of two words, is to be written; at III., a sentence of three words, and so on. The sentences must have the exact number of words required, and must be a clear statement, whether formed of one verse, or part of a verse, or portions of more than one verse.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE outlook of 1881, viewed from a religious standpoint, has its serious aspects in more than one foreign country, as well as in our own land. Our nearest neighbour, France, in the minds of many experienced observers, excites not a little anxiety for the stability of her institutions, inasmuch as, from one cause or other, the outburst of a spirit of anarchy seems ever and anon to threaten the national well-being. That spirit finds allies at one time in the ranks of a fierce fanaticism, engendered by superstition; at another among men whose avowed irreligion and gross materialism are only equalled by their contempt for true morality. On the other hand, the antagonism between these conflicting forces seems at times to afford a freer field for the proclamation of the Gospel. The Secretary of the Evangelical Continental Society, in appealing for aid on behalf of that institution, remarks that the closing of the monasteries, or, more strictly speaking, the dissolution of the unauthorised congregations, appears, at first sight, a strange proceeding on the part of the Government. "But," he goes on to say, "it should be borne in mind that the measures are part of a great and much-needed policy directed towards the emancipation of nearly half the schools throughout the land, both primary and secondary, from the hands of the Ultramontane party, by whom they are used as a means of instilling into the youthful mind doctrines utterly subversive of all modern liberties. The mortal conflict between the State and the dominant Church must deepen the conviction already strong in many minds that Rome is the sworn foe of independent political life, and that consequently it is the duty of all true patriots to abjure its pretensions and seek for another religion. It is certainly a fact that, while monasteries are being closed, and bishops and priests are uttering their anathemas and sentences of excommunication, the multitude are ready to listen to the claims of the Gospel. I have letters and papers before me showing how widespread is the change that has come over men's minds. In the Basses Alpes and the Vendée, in the centre of the country where Protestantism is perfectly unknown—in Burgundy and in the Northern Departments—in every direction, indeed, men seem to be waiting for the preacher of the Gospel. No part of the heathen world can offer a more splendid field for the Christian missionary." And while the present attitude of the French people in regard to the Gospel is unparalleled in the history of their country, and, perhaps, of the world, other European lands also offer, we are told, unusual facilities and openings for evangelistic enterprise. Belgium is at war with Rome in regard to education, and its Walloon, if not its Flemish, populations are rapidly being alienated from the Church of which, not long since, they were such devout adherents. In Spain, although the outlook is not a very cheering one, new fields are opening up. In Italy, where perfect liberty prevails, and the most intense misery is endured by an overtaxed people, whole regions neglected by the English and American Protestant agencies which have all congregated in a few of the larger cities, need to be visited by bold and determined evangelists. In other regions, such as Bohemia, and the various Sclav provinces of Austria, also, large opportunities for usefulness are presented.

SOMETHING like a crusade against the Jews is being carried on in Berlin and other parts of Prussia. The leaders in the movement, it is alleged, blame the Jews for getting money and position, for influencing public opinion, and for causing German notions of honour, religion, and morality, to be superseded by cosmopolitan ones. Instead of trying to vanquish the Judaism they hate by the strength of their own superior morality and religion, and endeavouring to convert the Jews to the true faith, they are represented as wishing to institute a system of persecution against them, and to deprive them of all influence in the State. The consequence of this agitation has been that several Jews have been insulted in the streets at Berlin, and even acts of violence have been committed. The movement has no sympathy among the upper classes, nor indeed among the majority of the people; and a petition has been sent to the Emperor, signed by many influential persons, asking that the Jews may be protected in their rights. The Crown Prince and Princess, too, have discountenanced the agitation, and, to show it has not their sympathy, have attended Jewish festivals and concerts.

SEVERAL important religious assemblies were held during the latter part of the past year in the United States. The Presbyterian Council, which met in Philadelphia, was one of the most important ecclesiastical conferences ever held in that country. It consisted of delegates from the different Presbyterian churches, not only of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, but of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, India, China, Austria and Africa. The Council had no executive or judicial control over the bodies represented in it. The principal part of the business consisted in the reading of papers on different topics followed by discussion. An address to the churches, to be read in Presbyterian places of worship, in all the countries represented in the Council, was adopted. A New York journal remarks that "as the Evangelical Alliance, in 1873, exalted the Gospel in the eyes of the country, and of the world, so the testimony of this great council will confirm the faith, strengthen the heart, and increase the joy of the churches it has so intelligently and nobly represented."

THE Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States met in the city of New York, and continued in session two or three weeks. The indications of sentiment in the Convention were in the highest degree gratifying to the friends of evangelical religion and of the onward progress of the Gospel. It was evident in the deliberations and in the resolutions that ritualistic tendencies had received a decided check, and that, without any abatement of true Churchmanship, there was a revival of that earnest faith in the spirit and power of a pure Gospel which rejects all dependence on vestments and postures and mere forms. The order of Sisterhoods received no encouragement, but the contrary, at the hands of this Convention; the divorce question was wisely handled; and the Indian question had an intelligent Christian discussion, action being taken tending to influence Congressional legislation in the interests of justice and humanity.

THE seventy-first annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in the city of Lowell, and occupied four days. In his annual survey of the work of the Board, presented by the Rev. Dr. Clark, the Foreign Secretary, he thus summed up the labours of the year: "The marked events of the year are the great revival at Marash; the religious interest continued so healthfully in the Shantung Province of North China, in the Madura and Micronesian Missions; the enlargement in North China, Micronesia, and among the Dakotas; the organisation of new missions in Africa; the demand for higher education in Japan, India, and the Turkish Empire; and remarkable openings for woman's work in nearly all the mission fields, requiring a large increase of missionaries and expenditure to meet the opportunity. The statistics show an increase at almost every point save in the working force of missionaries; a hundred more places in which the Gospel is preached; eleven more churches organised; nearly twenty-five hundred more on the roll of Church membership; four hundred more youth in higher institutions of learning; a thousand more in common schools; hundreds, perhaps thousands, more of women reached by Christian influences in their homes; a Christian literature scattering its leaves more and more widely in advance of all other agencies; and as expressive of the appreciation of the people for the Gospel and its results, larger sums than ever before raised and expended on our mission fields, amounting in the aggregate during the year to not far from 50,000 dollars. The review of the year may well lead us to ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving to the Head of the Church, and inspire us with new hope and generous anticipations for the future."

A CONVENTION has been held in the State of New Jersey to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of the translation of the Bible into the English language by Wycliff. The convention was composed of delegates from a large number of Bible societies. Meetings were held at which papers and addresses on selected topics appropriate to the occasion were delivered by eminent gentlemen—among others, Presidents McCosh and Campbell, Professors Green, Woodbridge and Strong, ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, and Judge Nixon.

A FOREIGN journal contains a communication, apparently from a well-informed channel, on the condition of Abyssinia. The Negus (or King) Johannes, is said to be the first person for hundreds of years who has succeeded in uniting the divided

portions and peoples of Abyssinia, or, as the Government officially term it, Ethiopia. In a letter from a German missionary, who is living in Shoa, to the principal of the well-known Missionary College of Chrischona at Basle, the writer states that early in the present year the king issued a decree requiring the "conversion" of all his Mohammedan subjects to the Christian faith. "Emigrate, or convert yourselves," said the king, and it is alleged that all, without exception, preferred the latter, and have become Christians—of a sort. The Negus has since declared that he will not tolerate any more missionaries in Ethiopia, neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Ethiopians are already Christians, he says, and do not want them.

SEVERAL important cases have come before Lord Penzance. The first of these was that of the Rev. T. Pelham Dale, Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, London. An inhibition had been issued against Mr. Dale for disobedience of the monition of the Arches Court, but this had been disregarded by him; he not only continued to officiate, but persisted in practices which had been judicially declared by Lord Penzance to be illegal. Mr. Dale did not appear, and his lordship now said that the law provided that in such cases the parties offending were in contempt, and on the same being signified to the Court of Chancery a writ of imprisonment would be issued. "With the policy of these proceedings," said the judge, "I have nothing to do. If appeal is made to the law, it is not only within the province, but it is the plain duty of this Court, to see that the law is upheld, and when called upon in a proper case, to enforce its own decree. The respondent can at once regain his liberty by announcing that he is ready to render obedience to the Court's decree. His imprisonment is of his own seeking, and his release will lie within his own reach." Mr. Dale was arrested on the following Saturday night at his residence by an officer of the Court of Chancery, and the Apparitor of the Arches Court, and lodged in the City prison at Holloway.

A series of resolutions justifying Mr. Dale's proceedings, and seeking the interference in his favour of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are said to have been passed at a meeting of the congregation of St. Vedast's. This document having been forwarded to his Grace, elicited a reply, in which the Archbishop said that it would, in his judgment, have been wiser for the churchwardens to have waited for the slow but sure remedy provided by the Public Worship Regulation Act, whereby, if obedience were persistently refused, the living could have become vacant, rather than resort, as they had done, to imprisonment. Referring to the theory of Mr. Dale and his supporters, that "the bishops and her Convocation alone can govern the Church," the Archbishop shows that Mr. Dale is really contravening this principle of clerical obedience to the bishop of each diocese laid down by both these authorities. He adds: "Unless, therefore, Mr. Dale claims to be entirely a law to himself, he ought to have no hesitation in dropping the usages which his bishop has condemned." He will then be free. A similar application to that which resulted as stated above was made on the same occasion, in the Arches Court, in the case of the Rev. R. W. Enraght, incumbent of Bordesley near Birmingham. As in the case of Mr. Dale, a previous monition to abstain from Ritualistic practices had been disobeyed. Lord Penzance deferred giving judgment in order to afford time for the respondent to consider his course; but the day to which the proceedings were adjourned having been reached without any alteration in his proceedings, his lordship pronounced Mr. Enraght contumacious and in contempt, and directed the matter to be signified to her Majesty in Chancery, in order that a writ for imprisonment might issue. In a third case, Lord Penzance sat as Official Principal of the Chancery of the Province of York. As in the Bordesley case, and for the same reason, judgment was deferred on the first occasion. When the Court again met, the Rev. S. J. Green, Vicar of St. John's, Miles Platting, the respondent, whose Ritualistic practices had been continued in defiance of its monitions, was the subject of a similar application to that in each of the cases stated above. The learned judge said that, this case being precisely similar, the order must be the same. A writ for imprisonment issued, therefore, in this case also.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH has, on account of articles published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," throwing doubt on the inspiration of certain books of the Bible, again been suspended from teaching his classes in Aberdeen Free Church College. The Free Church Commission came to that decision after a long and sometimes excited discussion. Professor Smith made a lengthy speech in defence, but the commission, by 270 to 202, adopted a motion instructing Professor Smith to abstain from teaching his classes during the ensuing session, and leaving the whole question as to his status and position in the Free Church to the determination of the ensuing assembly.

THE Bishop of Liverpool, on a recent Sunday, occupied the University pulpit at Oxford. Preaching to crowded congregations, he said that the world nowadays was well-nigh drunk with self-conceit about our so-called progress in arts and sciences. They had fallen on a sceptical and unbelieving age, and met on every side with doubts and questionings about the truth and value of revelation. There were districts in the great metropolis, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham, in the Black Country, where Christianity seemed practically unknown. The Bishop of Long Island, America, was the select preacher before the University of Cambridge on a recent Sunday afternoon, when there was a large congregation. Dr. Littlejohn based his discourse upon the 8th Psalm, in which he dwelt upon the individualism of modern times as it affects character, morality, and religion. Agnostic materialism and socialism were also treated of by the bishop in the course of his powerful sermon.

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Q.C., M.P., presided at a recent conference of Sunday-school teachers and others, who met at the offices of the Sunday-school Union to consider "the best means of training the young in a reverent regard for the Sabbath." Sir Thomas Chambers said that he had always felt the question of Sunday observance to be one of the greatest importance. They could not travel abroad without seeing with intense pain that the ordinary occupations of life were carried on in a manner unknown in London. The very dulness of London was a great comfort to a Christian man. Here the shops were closed, all the external indications of Sabbath observance were satisfactory, but they would still have to fight for it if they wanted it maintained.

MR. HUGH MASON, M.P., speaking at a recent meeting held in Ashton-under-Lyne, on behalf of the Religious Tract Society, remarked that he was very much impressed with the fact that at the present day there was a grand and mighty movement for the instruction of the young. He hoped that in a very short time it might be the boast of our country that every child throughout the length and breadth of the land, of the age of ten years at the least, would be able to read; but when we had accomplished that result we had done, he thought, a very small portion of our duty. It was a comparatively small thing for us to make the children of the country able to read, but it was a greater thing to put in the hands of every child in the country pure literature. The printing presses of this country poured forth, he was sorry to say, trash, and worse than trash—literature which was not simply trashy, but was wicked, and as fast as the circulation of pure literature was increased it did seem that it had to run a race with that other class of literature to which he had alluded. One of the best things in connection with the society was that the management always had been and was up to the present in the hands of a committee consisting of six Churchmen and six Dissenters—half Churchmen and half Dissenters. If it was only from its constitution and management, the society commended itself to the approbation of Christians of every denomination, who might learn from it the lesson that Churchmen and Dissenters could agree to work together in the circulation of pure literature for the benefit of mankind.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, has been delivering lectures in Glasgow and elsewhere, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The titles of two lectures give some indication of the nature of the subjects discussed in them, "Does Death end All?" and "The Certainties of Religion."

AMONG the deaths which occurred during the latter part of the past year may be mentioned those sustained by the Wesleyan Methodist body in the removal, at the age of seventy-seven, of Sir Francis Lycett, a former Sheriff of London, and a munificent promoter of chapel building; and of the Rev. Samuel Coley, a popular preacher and theological tutor, aged fifty-five. Continental Protestantism sustains a great loss in the decease of the Rev. Dr. Henri De La Harpe, the successor of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné as President of the Theological Seminary of Geneva. American religious journals record the decease of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, one of the most brilliant intellects of the American pulpit, in his eighty-eighth year; the Rev. Dr. William A. Hallock, one of the founders of the American Tract Society, for forty-five years its secretary, and for ten more its honorary secretary, in his eighty-seventh year; and of the Rev. Dr. Plumer, until recently Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Columbia, South Carolina, who was approaching the eightieth year of his age.

Kronheim & Co. *F. T. Underhill.*

SUNDAY MORNING.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

A LONELY SPOT.

CHAPTER V.—TURNED ADRIFT.

THE hay-harvest and the corn-harvest, with their long hours of labour in the hot sunshine, passed by; and Ruth was one of the busiest of the women working on Chipchase's farm. No one saw much change in her, for she had always been a silent, inoffensive woman, minding her own business, and leaving other folks alone. But when harvest was ended, and the shooting season begun, the term of Ishmael's imprisonment was nearly over. Nutkin and his assistant-keepers were very busy about the woods, watching them all night, whilst all day long the crash of guns could be heard far and near. It was not a good time for Ishmael to be coming home; there was too much to put her husband in

mind of his threats, and to keep his anger hot against his son. But surely he could not be so hard as to turn Ishmael out of doors when the law let him go free!

"Ishmael's time's up to-morrow," she said, in a tremulous voice one evening, with a deep anxiety she was striving to conceal.

"Aye," answered Humphrey, slowly, "that's what Nutkin says. So I up to the Hall this mornin' early, and I says to th' squire, 'Squire, I've been a honest man all my life; and I've worked on your hedges many a year; and I'm not a-goin' to harbour no poacher in my home. There's that lad o' mine, that's been a disgrace to me, a-comin' out o' the county gaol to-morrow. He'll niver set his foot o'er my door-sill, I promise you.' The squire says, 'As you choose, Humphrey. Go into the kitchen, and get a draught o' ale.' And good ale it was; a sight better nor that at the 'Labour in Vain.' I'm not the man to drink the squire's good ale, and go agen him in any way."

"Thou'lt never turn the lad adrift on the world?" cried Ruth.

"Adrift! He's big enough to shift for himself," said Humphrey, doggedly. "The squire could get us turned out o' here neck-and-crop, if he chosen; and what 'ud become of me, if we had to go to the workhouse? The squire won't have no poacher harboured close to his woods; and who's to save me from goin' into the House in my old age, eh? Me, as can't live without my drop o' good ale, often and regular. I tasted the beer in the workhouse once. No; Ishmael niver sets his foot o'er that door-sill agen! And now thou knows it, and can make the best on it."

Ruth had a sleepless night again, as if the first bitterness of her sorrow had come back upon her with ten-fold power. Early as the dawn came the next morning she was up before it, making a bundle of all Ishmael's coarse clothing, the scanty outfit she had scraped together for him three months ago, when he was going out to earn his own living. Mrs. Chipchase was taking her butter to market in the county town, and had offered to carry Ruth with her in the gig, that she might meet Ishmael at the gate of the county-gaol. She saw little enough of the dusty high road along which they drove, or of the bustling streets thronged with a concourse of market people. It was only when she came within sight of the gaol that she seemed to wake up from a brown study, and get her wits about her again. It stood outside the town, amid green fields; a large square ugly building, surrounded by strong and black stone walls. Small round windows, closely barred and grated, looked out like hoodwinked eyes, over the lonely fields. Ruth felt herself shivering, though the September sun was shining in an unclouded sky, as she looked up, and wondered which one of those gloomy windows had lighted Ishmael's cell. But before she could reach the heavy gate, she saw sauntering down the path from the gaol, creeping with sluggish footsteps, and a bowed-down head, her boy, Ishmael himself.

"Mother," he cried, "mother!"

He threw himself into her arms, laughing and crying at the same moment. Ruth could not weep; but she held him fast in her arms, until he lifted up his head to look into her dear face. There was no one near to see them; they were as much alone as in their own quiet woods; only that grim and ugly building looked down upon their meeting with its hollow eyes. She drew him away to a lonely spot under its walls; and they sat down together on the grass, whilst, with her trembling hands, she untied the little packet of home-made bread, baked in their own oven, which she had brought for them to eat together, before they had to part again.

"I never meant any harm, mother," he said, when their meal was over. "I never thought of anything save little Elsie wishing for 'em. But I know it was poaching; and oh, mother it 'ill turn up against me all my life."

"I'm afeared so, lad," she answered, sighing. "But hast thee asked God's forgiveness, Ishmael?"

"Often and often," he replied, eagerly. "Mother, I never forgot to sing 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night;' only I sang it low, in a whisper, like I used to do when father was at home. I thought you'd be singing it as well, mother."

"Ay," she said softly; "thank God, I could sing it after the first evenin', Ishmael."

"When I get home," he went on, "I'll go up to the hall and ask the squire to forgive me; I'll beg and pray of him; and if he will maybe I can go to work with Mr. Chipchase, like I was to go before I came here."

"He's got another waggoners' boy," answered his mother, "and thee'rt not to go home with me, but do thy best away from home. Father won't hear of it; and maybe the squire 'ud get us turned out altogether if thee comes home. But if God has forgiven thee——"

"Not go home with you, mother?" he cried.

"No," she said, half sobbing, "no! But God sees; God knows. Jesus Christ had not where to lay His head; and had to wander about without a home. Ishmael, I want thee to believe that God sees us always; and He loves us, in spite of it seeming as if He didn't take any notice of us. Oh, if I thought God didn't know and didn't care, my heart 'ud break. I'd go down to the river, yonder, and just drown myself. But some day He'll find us a home again, thee and me."

She had never spoken so passionately before, even to him; and he was startled, gazing into her agitated face with wondering eyes. Then he looked back at the dreary gaol, his last dwelling-place. There seemed to be no place for him in the whole world now he had been in there.

"Where can we find a home again, mother?" he asked at last; "there's no place like home."

"Up there!" she said, lifting her dim eyes to the great sky above them; "if God gives us no other home here in this world, He's got one ready there for thee and me. 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' That's what Jesus said. He's preparing a place for us, Ishmael; and we must not trouble our hearts too much. Only we must go on believing in Him."

"I'll try, mother," he said, putting his hand in hers; and they sat there, not speaking much, but with hands closely clasped, till the chiming of the church clocks in the town behind them reminded Ruth there was still something to be done. A place must be found for Ishmael to sleep in that night; and if possible to stay at till he could get work to do.

It was hard work leaving him, so far away from her, to loiter about the streets and pick up any stray job that might fall in the way of a boy with a doubtful character. Her mother's heart told her but too plainly how precarious such a life must be. Only a few months ago he was still a child; even yet in happier homes he would be reckoned among the children, to be punished indeed for his faults, but not to be thrust into want and temptation. But Ishmael was to fight in the thickest of the battle, bereft of his good name, and removed from all good companionship. Yet Ruth had hope and faith. She worked harder than ever, never taking a day's rest, that she might save a few pence every week to send to his help. She knew he was almost always hungry; often pinched with cold; ragged and nearly barefoot at all times; scarcely able to pay for a shelter night after night. He roamed about the country from farmstead to farmstead, doing any odd work the farmers would trust him with, and sleeping in any outhouse or broken shed he could find open. But he failed in getting a settled place; there were too many boys of good character who wanted to set their foot on the first step of the ladder.

There was one thing he could not make up his mind to do. He could not put such a distance between himself and his mother as would prevent him seeing her every Sunday. He never failed to steal homewards at the close of the week, lurking about the lime-kiln or the woods, in hiding from his father, until he could make his presence known to his mother. It was the great solace and enjoyment of her life. She could still wash and mend his clothes for him, and get him a sufficient meal or two, and listen to all that had happened to him during the week. He never crossed the threshold of his old home; but on summer evenings Ruth and he sat together within the tangle of green brushwood behind it, and on winter nights they sheltered themselves under the walls of the old kiln, or, if they needed a roof over their heads, they met in the limestone cave, which most often of all was Ishmael's sleeping-place.

CHAPTER VI.—FIVE YEARS.

So five years went on, and still Ishmael was not a man. There was little hope now of his even making a strong, hardy, capable man. The privations he was compelled to undergo had told upon his undersized, thin, and feeble frame. But still more had the anxieties and the mortifications he had to endure borne down his spirit. No one but his mother cared for him. Suspicion dogged him, and the doubtful companions necessity forced upon him strengthened suspicion. He was losing heart, and growing hopeless. His mother had called him Ishmael, because the Lord had heard her affliction; but she might have called him Ishmael, because every man's hand was against him. Would the day come, dreaded by his mother, when his hand would be against every man?

The last few years had weighed more heavily upon Ruth than ten might have done if Ishmael had been at home. She could no longer help her old husband up the ladder, when he came home drunk; and many a night he had lain on the damp floor, groaning with rheumatic pains, for want of a strong young arm such as Ishmael's would have been. Still every Sunday brought her a gleam of gladness. As yet Ishmael had not gone astray amid his manifold temptations; and she was comforted for her own sorrow and his. But what would become of him when she was no longer there?

It was a hard trial to her, when she heard Ishmael's call, plaintive and low, sounding round and round the hut through the stillness of a winter's night, and she could not answer it. It came nearer and nearer, until it seemed as if it was under the very eaves; but if her husband was crouching over the fire, she dared not even open the door to look out. In the black darkness outside the little casement she could see for a moment the dim outline of her boy's white face gazing through the lattice panes; and then the long, low, plaintive cry grew fainter, and died away in the woods behind.

"I must tell Nutkin o' that owl," said old Humphrey, peevishly.

At last Ruth could go out no more to her hard work, but lay still and almost helpless in her close loft, scarcely able to creep down the ladder to the hearth below. Old Humphrey could not understand that she was no longer the willing drudge she had been so long. That she should get free from him by death never once crossed his dull brain, soddened by drink. Many a moan he made over his wife's idleness in the sanded kitchen of the "Labour in Vain," where he sat now on a corner of a bench farthest from the fire, having only a few pence to spend; he who in better days had been welcome to the best seat, and been most lavish with his money.

But whenever Sunday came new life seemed to visit Ruth. Whence the strength arose she could not tell; but it never failed her when she rose up from her bed, and crept downstairs, and out into the spring sunshine to meet Ishmael. Everybody knew now, except Humphrey, that Ishmael haunted the old home where his mother was dying; but they took no notice except by carrying food, as they said, for old Ruth, though they knew well she could not eat it. Some of the women offered to do any washing they could for her, and made no remark when Ishmael's clothing was among it. For when we are going down visibly into the dark valley of the shadow of death, those around us look upon us with other eyes, and press upon us some of the kindliness and tenderness which would have made all the pilgrimage of life only a happy journey. Ruth, so long a solitary and sorrowful woman, wondered at the friendliness which gathered about her in her last days.

"It makes home seem sweeter," she said to Ishmael, "to have plenty o' friends, and plenty o' everything else. But if it had always been so I might never ha' thought as dyin' was like goin' home. I always think as if heaven were home now, Ishmael," she added, a faint smile lighting up her wrinkled face.

She was sitting beside him on the old door-sill for the last time, though that they did not know. For when death is drawing near to any one of us we do not always know that the last time is come for the old familiar duties and habits of everyday life. It had been a long sunny day in May, but now the twilight was coming on, and every minute made her beloved face more thin and shadowy.

"It feels a'most," she went on falteringly, "like

when I was a little girl, and 'ud hear father callin' me in from my play. I'm partly afeared to say it, Ishmael; but it's sometimes as if I could hear the blessed Lord callin', callin', 'Ruth, come to Me, and ye shall find rest.' And last night I answered Him out loud, 'Lord, I can't rest because of my lad Ishmael.' And it seemed to me as if there came a low quiet voice whispering to me, 'Leave Ishmael to Me. He is My son.' And I said to myself, 'The Lord has heard my affliction again.'"

Ishmael sat silent, with his eyes fastened on the pale yellow light in the sky behind the tops of the trees, across which a bat was flitting to and fro; but he did not see the sunset light, or the flight of the bat.

"Ay!" she said, almost joyously, "and to-day I knew He'd heard; for Mrs. Clift and Miss Elsie came to see me; and Ishmael, my lad, they brought grand news for thee. They're going away across the seas to that country where folks go for a better chance than they've got here; and they've promised to take thee with them; for Mrs. Clift said, 'It was all along of Elsie that Ishmael got into trouble and disgrace; and folks won't think badly of him there; and I'll be like a mother to him,' said Mrs. Clift. And I knew then that God had heard my affliction again."

"Oh mother!" cried Ishmael, "I couldn't leave thee, never; not if the Queen of England sent for me to go."

"But oh, my lad," she answered, "if the Lord doesn't take me home afore the time comes for thee to go, thee must leave me. Ay, and I should die happier, knowin' thee were safe away, and havin' a chance to be a good man, than leavin' thee here to be tempted and drove into sin. Ishmael, promise me thee'll go, whether I'm alive or dead, when the time comes. Oh, my dear, dear lad, promise to obey me."

"I cannot, mother, I cannot," he sobbed; "I'll go gladly if thee art dead; but so long as thee can speak to me, and I can look at thee, I cannot go."

"They're not goin' afore hay-harvest," she said softly, "and, please God, I may be dead by then."

But as she lay awake at night, thinking of Ishmael, who was sleeping soundly in his old shelter, the cave in the limestone rock, she wondered what would become of him if she could not prevail upon him to leave her for ever, whilst she was still living. There would be no one who loved her to close her dying eyes, and hold her dying hand, and whisper last words of love into her dying ear, if Ishmael were gone. But oh, how gladly would she rather die in utter loneliness if she knew that he was safe, and would have a new start in life.

The days passed slowly away; and the grass grew in the fields around, and blossomed, and ripened for the scythe; but still life seemed to cling to Ruth, weary as she was to die and set Ishmael free. She could no longer come down the ladder which led to the loft where she lay in darkness, but whenever Humphrey was away, Ishmael was beside her in the darkness, within reach of her hand, as in the old time when he was a child. There was no stint of food for him now, for Mrs. Clift came every day with Elsie, and Mrs. Chipchase sent from the farm, or called in to see Ruth herself, and neither of them came empty-handed. It was only when the time came each day for him to escape out of the way of his father that he felt himself still an exile from his home.

"I'll not leave thee to-night," he said, one evening when she seemed worse than he had ever seen her before; "I can't leave thee to-night. Maybe thou'rt dyin'."

"Nay," she answered with a long, low, sad sigh, "nay, Ishmael, there mustn't be a fight 'twixt thy father and thee over my dyin' bed."

"He'll come home drunk," he said almost fiercely; "and I can't leave thee alone with him."

"I'm not afeard to be left alone with thy father," she replied. "He was a good husband to me once, and he'll not be hard with me when I'm dyin'. I wasn't always as good a wife as I might ha' been; and I've a many things to say to him. Hark! they're runnin' to tell thee he's comin' up the lane. Go, Ishmael; kiss me, and go quickly."

"I cannot go," he cried, clinging to her; "p'r'aps I shall never see thy face again, never! Oh, mother, I cannot go!"

But as he still held her in his arms, and she pushed him feebly away, Elsie's clear young voice was heard in the kitchen below, calling hurriedly.

"Ishmael," she cried, "little Willie Nutkin is lost in the old quarry behind the cave, and we want you. Nutkin, and the squire, and everybody; we all want you."

JOHN MASON.

A FORGOTTEN HYMN-WRITER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FEW studies in the by-ways of literature reward the quiet mind better than the old hymn-writers. Here we wander in a comparatively untrodden field, where the grass is most sweetly green, and where the flowers grow in untouched beauty. The few who have been before us have for the most part been gently-stepping pilgrims, who have passed over it with unsandalled feet, because to them it was holy ground. Rougher wayfarers have turned to stronger, if not richer, pastures.

George Herbert is almost the only specially sacred poet popularly known as belonging to the time of Charles I.; a few have a kind word to say of Henry Vaughan; whilst, perhaps, the only well-known hymn-writer of the latter part of the seventeenth century is Bishop Ken. And yet there were others whom we should know, men less gifted than they, but men of holy life and high attainment, men of keen poetic feeling and of deep spiritual insight. The very quaintness of their writings, moreover, gives a piquancy to some of them; and to this we have occasionally to add the quaintness of their lives. Among these men, John Mason may be singled out as one whose life and works are worthy of study.

The date of John Mason's birth does not seem to be known; but we know enough to be able to fix

the date somewhere about the beginning of the reign of Charles I., the same period which gave birth to the finer genius of Henry Vaughan. His youth was spent amid rural and quiet scenes, and his first school was in the village of Strixton, in Northamptonshire. Northampton one thinks of as a pretty county, yet there is not much in its scenery to draw out a poet's mind; there is little of that nobility of landscape which helped to form Vaughan's mind amid the fastnesses of Wales. Rather, we may think of Mason as brought up where Nature wears her every-day garb, and of his home as among homely men and things. And I think we can trace this in his writings; in them we have little of Nature in her grander moods, little of the rush of torrents, little of the "munitions of rocks;" his similes for the most part, when not Scriptural, are of quaint and common things. And hence among his "Songs of Praise," we do not find one "for the beauty of the earth," and even in those which are general ascriptions of praise to Almighty God, the grandeur of nature finds but little mention; we almost feel that he himself owned his lack of such imagination in such lines as these:

> "Thy wisdom, which both makes and mends,
> We ever much admire:
> Creation all our wit transcends;
> Redemption rises higher."

From Strixton, Mason passed to Cambridge, where he entered as a student at Clare Hall. Here he took his master's degree, but no incident occurred to make his college career in any way memorable. After leaving college, he was for some time curate at Isham, in his native county, and so again he dwelt amid the old familiar scenes, the beginnings of his work, like the beginning of his days, passing amid quiet, restful surroundings. In the year 1668—for now at last we are rejoiced to come to a date—he was presented to the living of Stantonbury, and a little more than five years afterwards, he became vicar of Water-Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, the place with which his name is identified to those who know anything about him. The little village of Water-Stratford, or Stratford-Water, is now, as we suppose it was then, a mere hamlet, with little in it to interest us save its venerable old church. Here John Mason lived and died; here his remarkable ministry was exercised; here he wrote his "Songs of Praise." Here, too, he was quietly penning those proverbs and other sayings, which his better-known grandson, the author of "Self-knowledge," gathered together and published after his death, proverbs and sayings which sometimes, by their holy wisdom, make one think of Thomas à Kempis. He died here in 1694, just a year before Vaughan.

By the help of those who knew him we learn what manner of man he was. One who did not by any means sympathise with him in many of his views says of him, "He was a person of as great devotion as ever I met with . . . . He was very affable in his carriage, and meek in his converse; never over-carnest but—where he thought he could not exceed—for God." Says another who knew him well: "The frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his deportment so humble and obliging, his discourse of spiritual things (and little else could we hear from him) so weighty, with such apt words, and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish, and was not so burdensome to others, as discourses of that nature have been from other ministers." Richard Baxter, we are told, spoke of him as "the glory of the Church of England." His grandson tells us that he prayed six times each day: twice alone, twice with his wife, and twice with his family. Here, then, we have the picture of a man who maintained a life of quiet contemplation and deep devotion amid uncongenial times. For his time was that of Laud and Strafford, of Charles I. and Cromwell, of Charles II. and James II. and of William III.; it was the brief generation which witnessed a Commonwealth, a Restoration, and a Revolution. A time it was now of anarchy and of bloodshed, now for a little while of peace, then again of licence and debauchery, to which even royalty gave its sanction. But he was not moved by these things; and he seems to have taken little cognisance of them, save in one strange time of his life to which we shall immediately refer. Amid noise and tumult he is "in the stillness"; amid times of setting down kings, and putting up kings, he is dwelling in the shadow of the everlasting throne, and quietly doing the will of Him whose Kingdom cannot be moved; his ears hear of vice installed in the palaces of nobles, and enthroned in the courts of kings, but his soul is resting in that Presence under the light of which impurity cannot dwell.

> "There are, in this loud, stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of the everlasting chime."

Might not Keble's words be used with fitness of this "man of God"?

I have spoken of his life as a whole; but just at the close came a strange episode, that to which I have referred, the only thing that, as curiosity-hunters would say, redeems the life from commonplace. Indeed, so striking is this part of the life that one or two who have cared nothing about the man, have referred to this as indicative of his whole character. It is the episode identified with the preaching of a sermon on the Ten Virgins, entitled, "The Midnight Cry," a sermon proclaiming the close approach of the Second Advent. His thoughts had grown full of his Saviour's re-appearing; his daily communings with Jesus had made him long to see his face; and longing had grown into hoping, and hoping, as with many more good men, into something like realisation. And so, one night, about a month before his death, as he lay awake, he turned himself about in bed, and there in the midst of his room (so he said) he saw Jesus sitting. He could not keep the vision to himself, and inquiries and requests for fuller details poured in from every side; but he had little to add. "Had the vision spoken?" "No: there was no need to speak, for it was enough in itself." "What was the Saviour like?" "He wore on his head a glorious crown, and upon his face there was a look of unutterable majesty." This was all. A dream of the night, it may have been; or one of those which come with the dawn, daylight dreams which carry with them a sense of reality to the very end of life. But to John Mason this vision was a premonition of the Advent, and he was sure that the Lord would speedily appear. Accordingly, and with his concurrence, the report was spread abroad that the end of all things was at hand, and

that the Lord would speedily be seen at Water-Stratford. The people gathered from all the villages around, some for curiosity, many in order to witness and to share in the Advent. Furniture and provisions were brought in, and for weeks the crowd remained, filling up every available corner in the vicarage and elsewhere; not a few poor people were among them—some, we may suppose, hoping to have a share of the provisions, since all things were in common. The most extraordinary scenes were enacted; there was singing, and leaping, and dancing, and the place rang again with the songs and shouts of the people. One humorous gentleman, who gives a not unfriendly account of the scene, says that on one occasion he perceived that much noise was made by a man with a wooden leg. He asked this man what all this tumult meant, and received the answer, "Do you not know that it is the coming of the Lord?" "Nay," said the other, "He will not come till the restitution of all things." "But this is the time of restitution," said the vigorous dancer. "I think not," said the other; "else you had got your good leg back."

It was the old story: the hope slowly died out, and the crowds dispersed. First the poor were sent off for lack of provision; others followed, and the dream of the Advent had vanished. It is easy for us now to smile at vain hopes such as those of John Mason, but there is little room for derision. It was a time of religious as well as political excitement. And as to the vision which good John Mason saw, or thought that he saw, and the vain hopes which it inspired, let us remember the power of enthusiasm, and that it is often the mark of men full of a poetical faith thus to dream themselves into a belief in the nearness of a golden age.

One thing in the story amuses us. Water-Stratford was to be Zion, and those only were to share in the Advent who were in it at the time. This was to be the end of all the prophecies about countless multitudes surrounding the Saviour in his glory. A little nook in Buckinghamshire was to circumscribe the Coming One! A thing this worthy to be pondered by fondlers of shibboleths and heralds of sects, by all who love narrow spiritual enclosures and know of no grace outside their Zion. This is what it comes to: a regenerated world's acclaim shrinks into the "murmur of a little bourg."

The last words of Mason form the climax of his life, as they are the germ of his immortality: "I am full of the lovingkindness of the Lord." This, although his fond hope has gone. The dream has vanished, but the reality remains; he finds that his little parish is not Zion, and he is caught away into that love whose heart has room in it not for our little parishes and coteries and councils, but for universal man.

So much about the man; now a little about his songs, for his other works must be left out meanwhile. The spirit of his book of "Songs of Praise to Almighty God," may be gathered from these words in the preface: "Our blessed Saviour, immediately before He went out to suffer, sang an hymn, and His disciples sang with Him. After His ascension into heaven, the apostles sang the praises of God, and taught others to do so. After them the primitive Christians sang, and so must the Christians of this time. For if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out. Should we be silent even the heathen might shame us, one of whom said formerly to his friends: 'If I was a nightingale I would sing like a nightingale; but now I am a man, I will sing the praises of God as long as I live, and I would have you sing with me.'"

Thus he began to sing, and his songs are worth our hearing. They are not smooth or even in their flow. They remind us, not of the silver lake, but of the brawling brook with its rough bed. At least, there is no artificiality, if there be little art; and with so many smooth versifiers, sometimes as weak as smooth, we are thankful for a little homespun. Of this *homespunness*, here is a specimen. Speaking of man's nothingness apart from God, he says:

"For as that liquor's scent remains
Which first the cask did fill;
So feeble creatures hold the scent
Of their first nothing still."

This is quaint enough, almost coarse to sensitive ears, but there is a beauty lurking even in these lines, which unfolds itself in later verses, until we grow thankful for a homeliness which can sing of our creature-dependence upon God in such strains as these:

"In Thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days:
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord
Let me renew Thy praise:

From Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be;
'Tis better for me not to live
Than not to live to Thee.

My God Thou art, my Glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine.
As Thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever Thine."

It would only weary the reader to enumerate the various themes of praise which Mason selects for his forty songs. We may say, generally, that in them we have thanks for "creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory." I wish I could quote one of his general songs as a specimen of what a hymn or sacred song essentially is—adoration rather than meditation. What could be more true to this ideal than the following lines?

"How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep;
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.

Thou art a Sea without a shore,
A Sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere."

So, again, in his hymn of praise for creation. His genius, as I have said, does not serve to describe the beauties of nature, but very lowliness of adoration supplies the lack:

"Thou wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun;
Of Thine eternity possest
Before Time's glass did run.

Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade;
Couldst Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made."

He gives thanks for common mercies—for health, for instance, which he designates "a jewel dropt from heaven." His evening hymn is singularly beautiful; and with beauty there is in it the quaintness always characteristic of Mason and his contemporaries. In it occurs the somewhat well-known verse:

"Man's life's a book of history:
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely joined;
The title is Thy praise."

These few lines, in his hymn on "the Lord's Day" remind one of the oft-quoted ones of George Herbert, with which they may almost claim comparison:

"O Day of Wonder! Mercies' Pawn,
The weary soul's recruit,
The Christian's Goshen, Heaven's Dawn,
The bud of endless fruit."

His "Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost" has been put into modern dress in the hymn to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and beginning there with the line, "A living stream, as crystal clear;" but his version is not disfigured by the extraordinary mixture of metaphors which we find in the new rendering:

"Faith sees and hears; but oh, for wings
To touch, and taste, and feel."

Mason is thinking of the quickening of his Godward aspirations; he has learned to "leap" towards God. But this new-gotten power only makes him sigh for wings that he may fly to Him and be at rest.

"My soul doth leap; but oh, for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove."

It is remarkable that Mason sings of sin after singing of Divine glory and of the gifts of Divine grace, showing us how "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance." With him, as with Job, the beatific vision leads to self-humiliation; and so we come upon the story of the sinner's fears and trembling cries almost last of all. It may be as well to observe here that Mason was not, as some have supposed, the author of that "Lamentation of a Humble Sinner," which is given at the end of many copies of the Prayer Book, that having been written by one Mardley. No doubt the mistake arose from the fact that some lines from this hymn are incorporated in a hymn which, along with a few others, is supposed on good grounds to have been written by Mason. These hymns appeared in a book called "Penitential Cries, by the Rev. Thomas Shepherd, M.A." But, although we cannot claim for our author the credit of that exquisitely tender hymn, "O Lord, turn not Thy face from me," we could quote lines of his which prove that he might have written it. Some will recognise a likeness to it in the lines in which the penitent owns his sin:

"I have been Satan's willing slave,
And his most easy prey;
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey;
Or if at times he left my soul,
Yet still his work went on:
I was a tempter to myself!
Ah, Lord, what have I done?"

The gradual uprising of hope and faith is beautifully traced, until that mercy which begins with a "perhaps" grows into a happy certainty.

"The door is shut, *but is not barred;*
And He that is within
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
And strive to enter in."

At last the miserere ends, and all heaven and earth seem to join in hallelujahs to Him who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

John Mason was a man worth knowing, and his hymns are worth knowing too. Their virtue lay in that they were strong utterances of strong faith, strong emotion, strong vision; whilst their weakness lay in the lack of those finer elements which we look for in the hymns of to-day. Mason's hymns are "rough diamonds," but diamonds still; you may call them gold-dust, but the dust is precious. They have lines which show that he held, perhaps, less firmly than we do to what may be called the centrality of Divine love in Christian theology. But these are features which mark not him only, but the devout Puritans of his time. These men lived in sterner times, and their faith was in form severe; but in them, as in us, there was an intense realisation of that love, which only superficial readers and thinkers can miss; and so we might with safety write over Mason's hymns, as a motto, those golden words which were indeed the sum of his life, "I am full of the lovingkindness of the Lord."

NAMES OF SHIPS.

I NEVER did read, nor can learn from any, that ever Queen Elizabeth had any ship-royal, which in the name thereof carried the memorial of any particular conquest she got either by land or by water. Yet was she as victorious as any prince in her age, and (which is mainly material) her conquests were mostly achieved against foreign enemies.

The ships of her navy had only honest and wholesome names, the "Endeavour," the "Bonaventure," the "Return," the "Unity," etc.

Some of our modern ships carry a very great burthen in their names; I mean the memorial of some fatal fights in the civil wars in our own nation (or wars with other nations now friendly), and the conquerors ought not to take much joy, as the conquered must take grief in the remembrance thereof.

I am utterly against the re-baptising of Christians, but I am for the re-dipping of ships, that not only some inoffensive, but ingratiating names may be put upon them; the "Unity," the "Reconciliation," the "Agreement," the "Concord," and healing titles (I speak more like a bookman than a seaman), and others to that purpose.—*Thomas Fuller.*

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CANON OF CANTERBURY.

RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

THAT "in general the Greek religion may be correctly described as a worship of Nature; and that most of its deities corresponded either to certain parts of the sensible world, or to certain classes of objects comprehended under abstract notions," is a remark of Bishop Thirlwall's[1] in which most critics at the present day will acquiesce with readiness. Placed in a region of marked beauty and variety, and sympathising strongly with the material world around him, the lively Greek saw in the objects with which he was brought into contact, no inert mass of dull and lifeless matter, but a crowd of mighty agencies, full of a wonderful energy. The teeming earth, the quickening sun, the restless sea, the irresistible storm, every display of superhuman might which he beheld, nay, all motion and growth, impressed him with the sense of something living and working. He did not, however, like his Indian brother, deify (as a general rule) the objects themselves; or, at any rate, if he had ever done so, it was in a remote past, of which language alone retained the trace;[2] he did not, in the times in which he is really known to us, worship the storm, or the sun, or the earth, or the ocean, or the winds, or the rivers, but, by the power of his imagination, he invested all these things with personality. Everywhere around him, in all the different localities, and departments, and divisions, and subdivisions of the physical world, he recognised agencies of unseen beings endued with life, volition, and design. Nature was peopled for him with a countless multitude of such invisible powers, some inhabiting the earth, some the heaven, some the sea, some the dark and dreadful region beneath the earth, into which the sun's rays could not penetrate. "Of such beings," as Mr. Grote observes,[3] "there were numerous varieties, and many gradations both in power and attributes; there were differences of age, sex, and local residence, relations, both conjugal and filial, between them, and tendencies sympathetic as well as repugnant. The gods formed a sort of political community of their own, which had its hierarchy, its distributions of ranks and duties, its contentions for power, and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals. The great Olympic gods were, in fact, only the most exalted amongst an aggregate of quasi-human or ultra-human personages — dæmons, heroes, nymphs, eponymous genii, identified with each river, mountain, cape, town, village, or known circumscription of territory, besides horses, bulls, and dogs, of immortal breed and peculiar attributes, monsters of strange lineaments and combinations—"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire"—and besides "gentile and ancestral deities," and "peculiar beings whose business it was to co-operate or impede in the various stages of each trade or business." Numerous additions might be made to this list. Not only had each mountain-chain and mountain-top a separate presiding god or goddess, but troops of Oreads inhabited the mountain regions, and disported themselves among them; not only was there a river-god to each river, a Simoïs and a Scamander, an Enipeus and an Acheloüs, but every nameless stream and brooklet had its water-nymph, every spring and fountain its naiad; wood-nymphs peopled the glades and dells of the forest regions; air-gods moved in the zephyrs and the breezes; each individual oak had its dryad. To the gods proper were added the heroes, gods of a lower grade, and these are spoken of as "thirty thousand in number, guardian dæmons, spirits of departed heroes, who are continually walking over the earth, veiled in darkness, watching the deeds of men, and dispensing weal or woe."[1]

It is this multiplicity of the objects of worship, together with their lively active personality, which forms the first striking feature of the ancient Greek religion, and naturally attracts the attention of observers in the first instance. Nowhere have we such a multitudinous pantheon. Not only was the multiplicity of external nature reflected in the spiritual world as in a mirror, but every phase, and act, and circumstance of human life, every quality of the mind, every attribute of the body, might be, generally was, personified, and became a divine being. Sleep and Death, Old Age and Pain, Strength, Force, Strife, Victory, Battle, Murder, Hunger, Dreaming, Memory, Forgetfulness, Lawlessness, Law, Forethought, Afterthought, Grief, Ridicule, Retribution, Recklessness, Deceit, Wisdom, Affection, Grace, were gods or goddesses, were presented to the mind as persons, and had their place in the recognised Theogonies,[2] or systematic arrangements of the chief deities according to supposed relationship and descent. Similarly, facts of Nature, as distinct from her parts, were personified and worshipped, Chaos, Day, Night, Time, the Hours, Dawn, Darkness, Lightning, Thunder, Echo, the Rainbow, were persons—"persons, just as much as Zeus and Apollo"[3]—though not, perhaps, so uniformly regarded in this light.

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[1] "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 217.

[2] Zeus may have been once *Dyaus*, "the sky" (Max Müller, "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. ii. p. 72), but the word very early "became a proper name" and designated a person.

[3] "History of Greece," vol. i. pp. 463-5.

[1] Thirlwall, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 235. Compare Hesiod, "Works and Days," l. 250.

[2] Hesiod, "Theogon." ll. 114-264; Apollodorus, "Bibliotheca," i. 1-6.

[3] Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 2.

THE PARTHENON.

Another leading feature in the system is the existence of marked gradations of rank and power among the gods, who fall into at least five definite classes,[1] clearly marked out the one from the other. First and foremost come the Olympic deities, twelve in number, six male and six female, but not as a rule connected together in pairs—Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephæstus, Hermes, Hera, Athené, Artemis, Aphrodité, Hestia, and Demeter. Next in order come the great bulk of the gods and goddesses, Hades, Dionysus, Cronus, Uranus, Hyperion, Helios, Nereus, Proteus, Æolus, Leto, Dioné, Persephoné, Hecaté, Selené, Themis, Harmonia, the Graces, the Muses, the Fates, the Furies, the Eileithyiæ, the Oceanids, the Nereids, the Nymphs, the Naiads, and the like. In the third rank may be placed the deities, who act as attendants on the greater gods, and perform services for them, Iris, the messenger of Jove, Hebé, his cup-bearer, Kratos and Bia, the servants of Hephæstus,[2] Boreas, Notus, etc., subordinates of Æolus, the Hours, handmaids of Aphrodité, etc. Fourthly, we may name the more shadowy gods and goddesses, Night, Day, Ether, Dawn, Darkness, Death, Sleep, Strife, Memory, Fame, Retribution, Recklessness, etc., who do not often appear as deities except in poetry, and are perhaps rather personifications consciously made than real substantive divinities. Finally must be mentioned the monstrous births ascribed to certain divine unions or marriages: *e.g.* the Cyclôpes and Centimanes, the offspring of Earth and Heaven (Gæa and Uranus); the Harpies, daughters of Thaumas and Electra, one of the Oceanidæ; the Gorgons and Grææ, children of Phorcys and Ceto; Chrysaor and Pegasus, born of the blood of Medusa, when she was slain by Perseus; Geryon and Echidna, sprung from Chrysaor and Callirrhoë; Orthros, the two-headed dog of Geryon, born of Typhaon and Echidna; Cerberus, the dog of Hades, with fifty heads; Scylla and Charybdis; the Lernæan Hydra, the Sphinx of Thebes, the Nemean Lion, the Dragon of the Hesperides, the Centaurs, the Chimæra, etc., etc.

The chief interest naturally attaches to the gods of the First Order, those commonly denominated "Olympic;" and, in a paper like the present, some account must necessarily be given of the twelve deities who constituted the Olympian council.

ZEUS.

At the head of all, occupying a position quite unique and unlike that of any other, stood the great Zeus. Zeus is "*the* God, or, as he is called in later times, the Father of the gods, and the God of gods. When we ascend to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God, as the Supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact."[3] "Zeus," said an ancient poet, "is the beginning; Zeus the middle; out of Zeus have all things been made." Zeus is "the lord of the upper regions, who dwelt on the summits of the highest mountains, gathered the clouds about him, shook the air with his thunder, and wielded the lightning as the instrument of his wrath. From elements drawn from these different sources his character, a strange compound of strength and weakness, seems to have been formed by successive poets, who, if they in some degree deserved the censure of the philosophers, seem at least not to have been guilty of any arbitrary fictions; while, on the other hand, by establishing his supremacy they introduced (?) a principle of unity into the Greek polytheism, which was not perhaps without influence on the speculations of the philosophers themselves, though it exerted little on the superstitions of the vulgar. The Olympian deities are assembled round Zeus as his family, in which he maintains the mild dignity of a patriarchal king. He assigns their several provinces, and controls their authority. Their combined efforts cannot give the slightest shock to his power, nor retard the execution of his will; and hence their waywardness, even when it incurs his rebuke, cannot ruffle the inward serenity of his soul. The tremendous nod, wherewith he confirms his decrees, can neither be revoked nor frustrated. As his might is irresistible, so is his wisdom unsearchable. He holds the golden balance in which are poised the destinies of nations and of men; from the two vessels that stand at his threshold he draws the good and evil gifts that alternately sweeten and embitter mortal existence. The eternal order of things, the ground of the immutable succession of events, is his, and therefore he himself submits to it. Human laws derive their sanction from his ordinance; earthly kings receive their sceptre from his hand; he is the guardian of social rights; he watches over the fulfilment of contracts, the observance of oaths; he punishes treachery, arrogance, and cruelty. The stranger and the suppliant are under his peculiar protection; the fence that encloses the family dwelling is in his keeping; he avenges the denial and the abuse of hospitality. Yet even this greatest and most glorious of beings, as he is called, is subject, like the other gods, to passion and frailty. For, though secure from dissolution, though surpassingly beautiful and strong, and warmed with a purer blood than fills the veins of men, their heavenly frames are not insensible to pleasure and pain; they need the refreshment of ambrosial food, and inhale a grateful savour from the sacrifices of their worshippers. Their other affections correspond to the grossness of these animal appetites. Capricious love and hatred, anger and jealousy, often disturb the calm of their bosoms; the peace of the Olympian state might be broken by factions, and even by conspiracies formed against its chief. He himself cannot keep perfectly aloof from their quarrels; he occasionally wavers in his purpose, is overruled by artifice, blinded by desires, and hurried by resentment into unseemly violence. The relation in which he stands to Fate is not uniformly represented in the Homeric poems, and probably the poet had not formed a distinct notion of it. Fate is generally described as emanating from his will, but sometimes he appears to be no more than the minister of a stern necessity, which he wishes in vain to elude."[1]

And Zeus bears to man the relation of "father." Each mortal who has a supplication to make to him, may address him as Ζεῦ πάτερ, "God (our) Father." He bears, as one of his most usual titles, the designation of "Father of gods and men." As St. Paul says,[2] quoting a Greek poet, "we are his offspring."

[1] Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. pp. 14, 15.
[2] See Æschyl. "Prom. Vinct." *sub init.*
[3] Max Müller, "Chips," vol. ii. p. 148.

[1] Thirlwall, "History of Greece," vol. i. pp. 217–19.
[2] Acts xvii. 28.

The entire passage where these words occur is remarkable, and very instructive on the subject of the Grecian idea of Zeus.

"With Zeus begin we—let no mortal voice
Leave Zeus unpraised. Zeus fills the haunts of men,
The streets, the marts—Zeus fills the sea, the shores,
The harbours—everywhere we live in Zeus.
We are his offspring too; friendly to man,
He gives prognostics; sets men to their toil
By need of daily bread; tells when the land
Must be upturned by ploughshare or by spade—
What time to plant the olive or the vine—
What time to fling on earth the golden grain.
For He it was who scattered o'er the sky
The shining stars, and fixed them where they are—
Provided constellations through the year,
To mark the seasons in their changeless course.
Wherefore men worship Him—the First—the Last—
Their Father—Wonderful—their Help and Shield."[1]

A pantheistic tinge pervades this description; but still in parts it approaches to some of the most beautiful and sublime expressions of Holy Writ.[2] It presents Zeus to us as omnipresent, beneficent, worthy of perpetual praise, our father, our help and defence, our support and stay. It sets him forth as "wonderful," or rather "a mighty wonder"—*μέγα θαῦμα*—a being beyond our power to comprehend, whom we must be content to reverence and admire. It recognises him as having hung the stars in the blue vault of heaven, and having set them there "for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." It calls him "the First" and "the Last"—the Alpha and Omega of being.

Such is the strength of Zeus, according to the Greek idea; but withal there is a weakness about him, which sinks him, not only below the "Almighty" of Scripture, but even below the Ormuzd of the Persians. He has a material frame, albeit of an ethereal and subtle fibre; and requires material sustenance. According to some of the myths, he was born in time; according to all, he was once a god of small power. Heaven had its revolutions, in the Greek system: and as the sovereignty of Olympus had passed from Uranus to Cronus, and from Cronus to Zeus in former times, so in the future it might pass, and, according to some, was doomed to pass, from Zeus to another.[3] Nor was he without moral defect. A rebellious son, a faithless husband, not always a kind father, he presented to the moral consciousness no perfect pattern for man's imitation, but a strange and monstrous combination of wickedness with high qualities, of weakness with strength, of good with evil.[4]

POSEIDON.

Poseidon is reckoned as the second of the Olympic gods, rather as being, in the mythology, the brother of Zeus, than from any superiority of his own over the rest of the Olympians.[1] He is viewed as especially the god of the sea, and is worshipped chiefly by maritime states and in cities situated on or near the coast; but he has also a considerable hold upon the land, and is "earth-shaking" and "earth-possessing," quite as decidedly as sovereign ruler of the seas and ocean. His worship is ancient, and in many places has given way to an introduction of later and more fashionable deities. It has traces of a rudeness and roughness that are archaic, and stands connected with the more grotesque and barbarous element in the religion. "Among his companions are wild Titans and spiteful dæmons;"[2] human sacrifices are offered to him; horses are buried alive in his honour; Polyphemus the Cyclops, whom Ulysses punishes, is his son; and his offspring generally are noted for huge size, and great corporeal strength.[3] It has been maintained that his cult was of foreign origin, having been introduced among the Greeks by the Carians,[4] or by the Libyans;[5] but there are no sufficient grounds for these refinements, or for separating off Poseidon from the bulk of the Olympic deities, admittedly of native growth, and having a general family resemblance. If Poseidon is cast in a ruder and rougher mould than most of the others, we may account for it by the character of his element, and the boisterousness of sailors, who were at all times his principal worshippers. Poseidon's roughness is compensated for by a solidity and strength of character, not too common among the Grecian deities; he is not readily turned from his purpose; blandishments have little effect upon him; failure does not discourage him; he is persistent, and generally, though not always, successful. His hostility to Troy, arising from his treatment by Laomedon, conduced greatly towards that city's destruction; and the offence which he took at the decision of Erechtheus led to the final overthrow of that hero's family. On the other hand, his prosecution of Ulysses, on account of the chastisement which he had inflicted on Polyphemus, does not prevent the final return of that much-enduring wanderer to Ithaca, nor does his opposition succeed in hindering the settlement of Æneas, with his Trojan companions, in Latium. For grandeur and sublimity of character and position Poseidon cannot compare with Zeus, whom, however, he sometimes ventures to beard;[6] in respect of moral conduct he is in no respect Zeus's superior; in respect of intellectual elevation he falls decidedly below him.

APOLLO.

The conception of Apollo as the sun is a late form of Hellenic belief, and must be wholly put aside when we are considering the religion of the ancient Greeks. Apollo seems to have been originally, like Zeus, a representation of the one God, originating probably in some part of Greece where Zeus was

[1] Aratus, "Phænomena," ll. 1–15.
[2] Compare "everywhere we live in Zeus" with "in Him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28)—the provision of constellations with Gen. i. 14—the term "Wonderful" with Isa. ix. 6—"the First, the Last" with Rev. i. 8, 11, etc.—"their Help and Shield" with Psa. xviii. 2; xlvi. 1, etc.
[3] Æschyl. "Prom. Vinct." ll. 939–959.
[4] Compare Mr. Gladstone's remarks in his "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 186–190.

[1] Poseidon claims in the "Iliad" an authority within his own domain independent of Zeus ("Iliad," xv. 174 *et seqq.*), but exercises no right of rule over any other god.
[2] Curtius, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 56.
[3] Hom. "Odyss." xi. 505–520.
[4] Curtius, vol. i. p. 298: "The Carians introduced [into Greece] the worship of the Carian Zeus, and of Poseidon."
[5] Herod. ii. 50; iv. 188. [6] Hom. "Iliad," xv. 175.

unknown,[1] and subsequently adopted into the system prevalent in Homeric times, and in this system subordinated to Zeus as his son and interpreter. Compared with Zeus, he is a spiritualised conception. Zeus is the embodiment of creative energy and almighty power; Apollo of divine prescience, of healing skill, and of musical and poetic production. "In Apollo Hellenic polytheism received its harmonious completion, and the loftiest glorification of which it was capable."[2]

Apollo rises on the vision of one familiar with Greek antiquity as almost a pure conception, almost an angelic divinity. To a form of ideal beauty, combining youthful grace and vigour with the fullest perfection of manly strength, he added unerring wisdom, complete insight into futurity, an unstained life,[3] the magic power of song, ability and will to save and heal, together with the dread prerogative of dealing out at his pleasure destruction and death. Compassionate on occasions as Mercy herself, he shows at times the keen and awful severity of a destroying archangel. *Ekebolos*, "striking from afar," he speeds his fatal shafts from his unfailing bow, and smites whomsoever he will with a death-stroke which there is no escaping. Never offended without cause, never moved by caprice, he works the will of Zeus in all that he does, dispenses retributive justice, and purifies with wholesome fear the souls of men. Partaker of all the counsels of his father, and permitted to use his discretion in communicating them to the denizens of earth, he delivers his oracular responses from the various spots which he has chosen as his special abodes, and, though sometimes his replies may be of doubtful import, seldom sends away a votary unsatisfied. The answers which he gives, or at any rate is supposed to give, determine the decisions of statesmen,[4] and shape the course of history. War and peace, treaties and alliances, are made and unmade, as the Delphic and other oracles inspired by him advise; and the course of Hellenic colonisation is almost entirely determined by his decrees.[5]

Poet, prophet, physician, harper, god of victory and angel of death in one, Apollo is always on the side of right, always true to Zeus, and not much inferior to him in power. It is, perhaps, a fanciful analogy which has been traced between him and the Second Person of the Christian Trinity;[6] but the very fact that such an analogy can be suggested is indicative of the pure and lofty character of the god, which equals at any rate, if it does not transcend, the highest ideal of divinity that has hitherto been elaborated by unassisted human wisdom.

[1] Curtius suggests Lycia or Crete ("History of Greece"), vol. i. p. 59.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] See this point discussed in Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 106–111.

[4] Herod. vii. 140–3.

[5] *Ibid.* iv. 150–9; v. 42, etc.

[6] Friedreich says: This triad of Zeus, Athené, and Apollo bears an unmistakable analogy to the Christian Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Zeus answering to God the Father, Athené to the Holy Ghost, and *Apollo to the Son of God, the Declarer of the will of his Heavenly Father*" ("Die Realien in der Iliade und Odyssee," part iii. pp. 635 and 689). Mr. Gladstone came independently to the same conclusion, and says:—"In Apollo are represented the legendary anticipations of a person to come, in whom should be combined all the great offices in which God the Son is now made known to man, as the Light of our paths, the Physician of our diseases, the Judge of our misdeeds, and the Conqueror and Disarmer, but not yet Abolisher, of death" ("Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 132). Professor Max Müller, on the other hand, thinks that "it seems blasphemy to consider the fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole of mankind" ("Chips from a German Workshop," vol. ii. p. 13).

HOW TO SERVE.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century there lived at Rome a pious prelate named Filippo Neri. He was the founder in 1548 of the celebrated congregation of the Oratory, a religious association of the order of St. Augustine, consecrated to devotional exercises, works of charity and the study of theology, but without requiring any vows. Filippo Neri was, according to his light, a sincere and humble Christian, and nothing was so repugnant to him as any ostentatious display in matters of religion. One day the pope sent for him and said, "They tell me the abbess of the convent of S——, some leagues off, is a saint and works miracles; I wish to know whether this is true." "That will be easily discovered," replied the prelate, and ordering his mule to be saddled he set off to the convent.

The road was most deplorable, and Neri arrived in a very muddy plight. They opened eagerly to welcome a deputy from the pope, and he immediately took a seat. When the abbess appeared he stretched out his feet covered with mud, saying, "I pray you take off your guest's boots and clean them." She drew back indignantly, whereupon Filippo left the room without saying another word, remounted his mule and returned to the pope, saying the abbess was no saint, and could not possibly have worked any miracles.

"But how can you have found this out so quickly?"

"She has no humility, and does not know how to serve," replied Filippo with decision.

The test was a severe one, though not out of harmony with the temper of the age. Great deeds need to be tested by their spirit. There can be no saintliness without humility. To know *how to serve* is to have learnt one of the lessons of Divine wisdom.

"JUST THE TEXT."

"I WAS once told by the waterman who was rowing me amongst the vessels in the London Docks," said a sailors' missionary whom we met at a seaport on our eastern coast, "that it was no good going to a certain crew, towards whom I directed him; they were too bad for anything; others had tried it."

"'Just you row me there,' I said. On the deck of the vessel in question I hoisted the Bethel flag, and had a crowd of attentive hearers, as I spoke on the words, 'God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Many years afterwards a man came to the Sailors' Institute and asked for me; it was to tell me how that text had struck right home to his heart, and led

him to his Saviour. 'Not a word you said about it, sir, but just the text,' repeated the sailor."

Among many interesting incidents connected with his work the missionary told us the following.

A sailor whom he had met in the London Docks showed him a tract, saying, "This tract, which someone gave me at Lowestoft, was the means of my salvation; and I couldn't tell you, sir, how I love this tract. I'm going to write a little more to it, and then have it bound, with gilt edges."

That very day the missionary had been called into a group of seamen by the somewhat unceremonious form of invitation, "Come here; we're talking about religion;" and this man had said to his mates, as soon as he saw him passing, "That old fellow will tell you all about it." When, after some earnest conversation, the group dispersed, one lad remained beside Mr. L——, and told him that for three years past he had been longing to serve Christ, but it was "so hard," what with ungodly shipmates, and other trials. The missionary told him how well he knew it all, how he himself had been kept by the power of God through it all. "You believe the ship you're going in to-morrow will take you safely, my lad?"

"Yes, or I shouldn't sail in her."

"Well, trust Jesus just the same way; not only believe there's safety in Him, but sail in Him, so to say. Just put yourself into his keeping, and He'll carry you through every danger, and bring you safe to land." Apparently much cheered and strengthened, the sailor-boy went on his way.

To such mission-work as this, with what literal fitness do the sacred words apply: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

The Healer.

"And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."—*Matt.* viii. 2.

STRICKEN one! what earthly cure
Could suffice to make thee whole?
Who can make the spirit pure
Save the Healer of the soul?

As the kneeling sufferer prayed,
Doubting not Thy power to heal;
So may I, O Lord, be stayed
On Thine arm in woe or weal.

"Lord! Thou canst," his only cry,
"Naught the leper-stain to Thee:"
And "I will," Thy swift reply:
"From defilement thou art free."

Jesus! Thy dear blood alone
Can wash out my bosom's stain;
All my hope Thy cross I own,
All my strength from Thee I gain.

To Thy love and grace I flee,
On Thee only I rely;
Refuge Thou and help for me,
Turn not from my heart's sad cry.

L. E. BINGHAM.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

FEBRUARY 13.

PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(LUKE III. 1-22.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 8.—'*Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.*'

INTRODUCTORY CHRONOLOGICAL NOTE.—*Read ver.* 1. 'Among the evangelists,' says *Godet*, 'Luke is the true historian;' connecting his record with the annals, first of the Empire, then of the Jewish state, civil and ecclesiastical. By the help of this verse, we can determine with some certainty the date of our Lord's birth. **Tiberius**, Emperor of Rome, was associated in the government with Augustus his predecessor, in the year 765 A.U.C.* His **fifteenth year** would therefore be 780 A.U.C. (or 27 A.D.). Herod the Great had died in the spring of 750. As our Lord, therefore, was now about 30 years of age (ver. 23), and yet was born, as we know, some time before the death of Herod, the Nativity must have been somewhere near the close of 749†; or four years before the common era 753. **Pontius Pilate** was the fifth in the series of procurators or governors appointed after the fall of Archelaus. He held the office from 778 to 789 A.U.C., or 25–36 A.D., and was therefore in the second year of his administration. **Herod** Antipas had succeeded to the tetrarchy of **Galilee** (under Pilate, much as the native princes of India are under the Viceroy) on the death of his father, Herod the Great. **Tetrarch** means, literally, governor of a *fourth* part, but is employed of tributary princes generally. Antipas is also called "king." **Philip**—best of Herod's sons; to be distinguished from Philip the husband of Herodias. **Ituræa**, at the foot of Mount Hermon. **Trachonitis**, the 'rough country,' the ancient Argob. See *Pictures from Bible Lands*, p. 65; *Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer*, map x. Philip's tetrarchy included also Gaulanitis, Auranitis (the Hauran) and Batanæa (the ancient Bashan). **Lysanias of Abilene**, 'the meadow country' below Mount Lebanon, is not mentioned in contemporary history; but as there was a Lysanias *before* this and a Lysanias *after*,‡ it is natural to suppose that here we have another link in the family succession. **Annas and Caiaphas**; it is singular that the best MSS. here read not **high-priests** but *high-priest*. The office was but one, although its functions and honours might be shared. In fact, Annas had been deposed by the Romans before this time (in A.D. 14), but as the office, according to the Law, was for life, he would be still regarded as the true holder of it; his son-in-law Caiaphas having been appointed A.D. 17.§ As we say, Annas was priest *de jure*, Caiaphas *de facto*; and it is plain from John xviii. 13, 24, that

* Tiberius assumed the sole government, on the death of Augustus two years later, 767, A.U.C.

† After the birth of Christ, the forty days of purification, the return to Bethlehem, the visit of the Magi, and the flight into Egypt, preceded Herod's death. Now from the 25th of December 749, to the death of the tyrant, about April 1, 750, there would be a little over three months, which would allow time for all this. The 'two years old and under,' Matt. ii. 16, simply represents *Herod's conjecture*. He adopts a wide margin, to make sure.

‡ See Josephus, *Wars*, i. 13 § 1, and *Ant.* xv. 4 § 1

§ Between Annas and Caiaphas, three had in succession held the office—Ishmael, Eleazar, and Simon.

there was a good understanding between the two. The reference shows St. Luke's minute accuracy.

I. The Baptist's Commission.—*Read vers.* 2–6. **The word of God came**: a usual way of describing the prophetic call. Jer. i. 2, etc. **In the wilderness**, where the Evangelist had left him, ch. i. 80. It was 'the wilderness of Judæa,' Matt. iii. 1, the thinly-peopled, broken district between the hill-country and the Jordan. For the garb and habits of John, see *Matt.*, *Mark.* **Preaching**, *proclaiming*, as a herald. There are two words for preaching in the New Testament; the other, meaning to *declare glad tidings*, is used ver. 18. **The baptism of** (or belonging to) **repentance**, or more fully, the doctrine concerning repentance (reformation), of which baptism was the symbol; **for the remission of sins**—the object of the *whole*—of the preaching, the doctrine, the baptism. In particular, as baptism implied the renunciation of sins, it was, to those who sincerely received it, the pledge of Divine forgiveness.

As it is written, Isa. xl. 3–5; the grand opening of the 'second part' of Isaiah's prophecy, the *immediate* theme of which is the return of the Jews from Babylon. **The wilderness** there denoted is the mighty desert tract that lay between the desolated land of Israel and the countries of their captivity. In this desert a solitary **voice** is heard, clear and ringing amid the silence—**Prepare ye the way of Jehovah.** He himself was about to come, like a king at the head of his people, leading them in their homeward triumphant march. And as, in a great royal progress, the **paths** were **made straight, valleys filled, hills brought low**, all obstacles cleared away, so should it be in the march of the Great King to His Zion. [Illustrate from the construction of a railroad, the most familiar modern equivalent to this preparation of the way.] So great and conspicuous would be the restoration, that **all flesh**—all mankind, should wonderingly **see the salvation of God**—the deliverance wrought by God for Israel. Now these events prefigured a more glorious restoration, a mightier deliverance. The prophecy was fulfilled in the return from Babylon, it was consummated in the salvation from sin through Christ. Another voice is heard in another wilderness, and its burden is still *The King is on His way to redeem His people!* Then, the manner of his advance is the same, though in a spiritual sense. The *valleys* of humiliation and despair are *exalted* (as with the 'publicans and sinners'); the *heights* of pride and self-sufficiency are *made low* (Pharisees and Sadducees); the *crooked* ways of error and deceit are *straightened*, and the *roughnesses* of life are *smoothed*. So the Christ advances to His kingdom in the soul.

> It is only St. Luke who fully quotes the words of the prophecy, though all the evangelists allude to it: Matt. ii. 3; Mark i. 3; John i. 23. Observe that the summary of John's proclamation, *Repent, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand*, is not in Luke.

II. John's Warning to his Hearers.—*Read vers.* 7–9. **To the multitude**, or *multitudes*, 'many of the Pharisees and Sadducees' (*Matt.*) **Generation**, literally, *broods* **of vipers**—hypocritical and ensnaring. This wilderness might suggest the figure, or add vividness to the illustration. **The wrath to come**, the woes that according to prophecy should precede the manifestation of the Kingdom, Mal. iii. 2. Perhaps John's first reference is to the destruction of Jerusalem; but he points onward to a more fearful ruin, Rev. vi. 15–17. **Worthy of** (your) **repentance**, corresponding to the reformation which you profess—something to show it to be *real*: **and begin not to say**—do not venture on the *first step* of self-excuse—**We have Abraham**: the boast of the Jews, who fancied thus that they had a hereditary claim to the love and favour of God. Compare John viii. 33, 39. **These stones**—pointing, no doubt, to the rocks and boulders that lay on the desert-slopes around. **God can raise up true children unto Abraham**—those who partake his faith, Gal. iii. 9—from the most unlikely material. 'He who made Adam from clay can make a child of Abraham from a stone,' *Bengel.* **The axe is laid, 'is lying' at the root of the trees**—ready for use. The husbandman has already been round to mark the fruitless trees, but he has granted a brief respite; he has not yet lifted up the axe to strike; but *it is lying there.* Time is given, but not for long!

III. Exhortations to different Classes.—*Read vers.* 10–14. This passage is only in Luke. Note the various replies to **people, publicans, and soldiers**, and the one principle running through all, that they must show the truth of their reformation by giving up their most besetting sins. Thus the first class, including, no doubt, many of the well-to-do Jews, are exhorted to generosity. Hardness to the poor was a sin against which the prophets were continually protesting; and its prevalence was a mark of evil times.* The tax-gatherers were notorious for extortion, for which the Roman system gave them every opportunity, as they paid a round sum to the government, or the superior official, and made what they could out of the district. (Did these 'publicans' attend to John's lesson? Matt. xxi. 32.) The soldiers were on active service, 'on the march,' as St. Luke's word implies—again illustrating his accuracy, as Herod Antipas† was now at war with Aretas, his father-in-law, and the troops would have to march through this district. Their temptation was to plunder the territory through which they marched by acts of **violence**, by **false accusation** against those who resisted their exactions—and all to supplement their scanty **wages**, *pay* or rations.

> In all these directions observe that the Baptist bids the enquirers to do their duty *in their own sphere.* 'They were not to forsake their work that they might serve God more punctually and faithfully; that would be a distrust and denial of Him. They were to serve Him *in* their work; they were to avoid those things which they knew were inconsistent with fidelity to it; they were to do the acts of simple kindliness and good neighbourhood which belonged to their position, and which came in their way. The preacher in the wilderness, whose raiment was of camel's hair, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey, attached no worth to such costume or such food. They were suitable to him; he recommended them to no one else. Soldiers and tax-gatherers were to be soldiers and tax-gatherers still.'

IV. Announcement of the coming Christ.—*Read vers.* 15–20. **Whether he were the Christ**, the promised Messiah, expectation of whom had now taken possession of all. **John answered**—first, as appears from John i. 19–20, to a deputation of 'priests and Levites' from 'the Jews' (the Sanhedrin) to ask him distinctly who he was—but he so said it, that **all** might know. **Mightier**—'*The* mightier,' emphatic; **the latchet of whose shoes**—the thong of whose sandals (*Latchet;* old English, kindred with *lace*). **To unloose**—the most servile office. Compare Matt. iii. 11, 'to carry.' Christ's baptism would be **with the Holy Ghost and with fire**; inspiring, purifying, illuminating human hearts. Of this promise the gift of the Spirit at Pentecost was the great fulfilment; but the work is continuous, the Spirit is the giver of the new Life, and the fire is the light and warmth, and refining power of his grace. See Mal. iii. 2, comp. with iv. 1. For the fire *consumes*, while it brightens and refines. The flame symbolised in the 'tongues' on the apostles' heads is the same force as that **fire unquenchable** which will **burn the chaff**:—the holiness of God, which when it meets our sins will either purify or destroy (Isa. iv. 4, 5). So the other imagery of cleansing. The fan is the wooden shovel from which the farmer flung up the threshed-out grain against the wind that the chaff might be carried away. The great lesson is that the very proclamation of the glad tidings would bring a terrible testing-time to

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* See Isa. iii. 15; Amos ii. 6; iv. 1, etc.

† Antipas had divorced his wife to marry Herodias, the wife of Philip, and Aretas had taken up arms against him.

the people. Yet in declaring this, the great prophet spoke in love; the words in ver. 18, **preached, exhortation,** being among the tenderest employed in setting forth the Gospel.

The imprisonment of John is mentioned here in a parenthesis. Observe that Herod's crime was twofold. While his own wife, the daughter of Aretas, was living, he took **Herodias,** whose husband, Herod's (half-) **brother Philip,** was also living. For further details see Lesson, March 6.

V. The Baptism of Jesus.—*Read vers.* 21, 22. Compare the accounts in the other Evangelists, Matt. iii. 13–16; Mark i. 9–11; John i. 32–34 (from the Baptist's own lips). Luke adds several touches and omits others, especially John's reluctance to baptize the Saviour, and Christ's reply. (From this it appears that John *knew Him* so far as to apprehend His superiority, but *knew Him not* as the Lamb of God, as he proclaimed Him to be after the heavenly vision). Luke alone says that Christ's baptism was after that of **all the people,** perhaps when they had retired, leaving John in comparative privacy; also that Christ was **praying** as He submitted to the rite (so on other great occasions of His life, ch. v. 16; vi. 12; ix. 18, 28, 29, etc.); adding too, that the vision of the descending Spirit was **in a bodily shape like a dove**—else it might have been supposed that the reference was simply to dove-like *motion*—descending, wavering. The vision and the **voice** were for Jesus—('opened *unto Him*, and *He saw*,' *Matt.*) also for John himself ('*I saw* and bare record,' *John*) **Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased.** Christ's solemn designation for his ministry. Isaiah xlii. 1.

Questions.

1. With what Old Testament prophet is John the Baptist compared by our Lord? Specify the points of similarity.
2. The motto of John's earlier ministry was *Repent;* of his later, *Behold the Lamb of God.* Supply the connecting links.
3. What is repentance, according to the teaching of Scripture? Confirm your answer by texts.
4. Explain the reply of Jesus to John when the latter held back from baptizing Him.
5. On what other occasions was the Voice from heaven heard, and to what special work did it then designate the Saviour?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. IV.

Double Acrostic.

1. Find the name of the land where Moses died.
2. The chief town of that land.
3. A name by which Christ was called.
4. The mother of King Jehoiachin.
5. The son of Shem.

The first letters of the answers give the name of the food sent down from heaven. The last give the name of our daily food.

M. A. B.

No. V.

Double Acrostic.

1. A day for which we should take no thought.
2. One of king David's mighty men.
3. The wild beast that Samson slew.
4. The animals that drew the ark of God home.

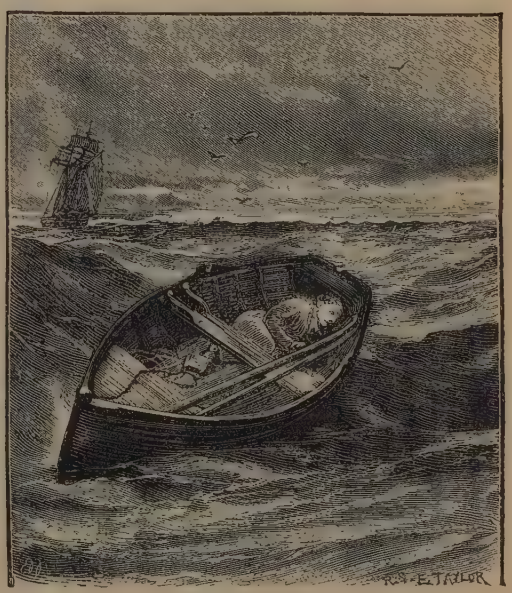
The first and last letters give the names of two gifts offered without money and without price, even as God freely offers his grace to men.

J. E. B.

Pages for the Young.

HARRY MARTINDALE'S BROWN BOOK.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.



ALONE AT SEA.

A LAD named Harry Martindale lived in a small seaport town on the east coast of England.

His father and mother were dead; he was quite alone in the world. He earned his bread by working on board a fishing-smack belonging to a bold, bad man, called "Captain Wild," but none knew if Wild were really his name.

Harry's mother had taught him to love and worship the great God, who, although so high in heaven, yet stoops to think of his people upon the earth. And this good mother had made her boy promise that he would read a chapter in his little Testament every day.

Harry promised, and he kept his word.

At first he read merely because he had given that promise but soon he began to see how his little book comforted him, and helped him on the way to heaven—that beautiful home to which his mother had gone.

There were wonderful stories in his Book, and Harry read them, word by word, with keenest interest. Some of the writers of that little brown Book had been fishermen, and St. Paul himself had sailed on many a voyage, and many of the stories were told in just the clear, simple, sailor-like way that sailors enjoy to read. Then there were the stories of what our Saviour did while on earth. His miracles, his parables, his acts of love and mercy, and his holy words to his disciples. And besides the stories there were his letters, the Epistles, full of words which made Harry long to be counted worthy to receive the incorruptible crown, which is for those who are "faithful unto death."

His companions noticed his queer ways, he was so different from what they were, and they hated him for it. They laughed at him and persecuted him, calling him "parson" and "saint."

"I wish I *were* a saint," said poor Harry.

When he was at sea he could manage to snatch a few quiet

minutes to read his beloved little Book, sometimes perched aloft in the rigging, or coiled up in a corner on a heap of rope; but on shore it was a more difficult matter. The house in which he lodged was crowded with people, and there was no such thing as quiet to be found there; so he generally stole down to the shore, and under the quiet sky read the message of his Father in Heaven.

One of his associates, a lad named Tom Allen, would have befriended him if he had dared. In his heart he wished that he were like Harry, for Harry always seemed happy, Harry's eye was always bright, and his words kind and true.

"If you would only give up that stupid reading of yours," said Tom Allen, one day, "nobody would find fault with you; but it riles the fellows to catch you poring over a book instead of joining in a bit of fun."

"'Tisn't stupid reading," returned Harry, "and I can't give it up."

"Why, what's the good of it?"

"It is every good to me; it is my little book that brings me the happiness of my life. And besides," and here Harry's voice sank lower, "I promised my mother that I would read it: and she is dead."

Tom said nothing more, but his face was very grave as he turned away. "After all," he thought, "it is very unfair of the fellows to interfere. Why should they mind his reading?"

Three days after this conversation, a vessel named the "Amazon," was beating up the English Channel. She was Norwegian, homeward bound with a cargo of salt. She was about thirty miles from the English shore, struggling along against awkward winds, when the look-out man called out that he saw something floating on the water a mile or so away. Presently those on the deck could see it, and they found it to be a small drifting boat, apparently empty. The captain of the "Amazon" steered so that it would come close alongside, and then they saw that in the bottom of the boat a lad was lying, fast asleep.

It was strange to find him sleeping there, alone, and helpless upon the wide ocean. The sailors shouted to him, but he did not awaken. Was it indeed sleep? or was it death?

They threw a coil of rope into the boat, and the rattle aroused him. He stirred feebly, and tried to lift himself up. Then he caught sight of the ship, and he stretched out his arms with a low cry, and fainted dead away.

They lifted him on board the schooner, and tended him kindly, drawing his little boat on board after him. In it they found nothing but a pair of oars, and a small brown Testament.

The care and kindness of the Norwegian sailors soon brought back life and warmth to the fainting boy. They asked him how he came to be drifting there. His story was soon told. His name was Harry Martindale, a fisher-lad from the Norfolk coast. He had been reading his Book in an empty boat, moored to the quay, when his comrades, to tease him, had cut the rope, and the boat had drifted a long way before he had discovered that it was drifting at all.

This was all he had to tell, and yet the boy had suffered terrible agonies since the moment that he left the side of the quay, where the ebb-tide was running in quiet swirls and dimples by the grey and green stones.

At first he had thought to be able to row back, but the wind blew freshly, and that ebb-tide was strong. He struggled in vain. The evening came, gloomy and chill; the flat line of the coast sank below the edge of the sea; the night fell, and hungry, cold, and weary he lay down in his boat to sleep.

All the next day he drifted on. White-sailed ships came in sight now and then, and with every sail his hopes rose high. But the ships passed on without seeing him, speck as he was on that waste of tossing water, and as they passed, Harry felt the bitterness of despair.

Floating there in the silence and desolation of the sea, he took out his Book to read. The fourth chapter of St. Peter's first Epistle was where he had left off when the boys had so thoughtlessly cut him adrift. He turned to the place now, and read until he came to these words: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are made partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy . . . . Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." He read, and as the beautiful words came home to his heart his despair fled away. What if this were to be his death-hour? Then Christ's glory should the sooner be revealed to him, and he should be glad with exceeding joy!

But life was strong within him, and the pangs of bodily hunger were agonising. He lifted his pale face to Heaven, and prayed that he might have strength to die—that his agony might not force him to doubt the love of God, and the nearness of Jesus, even in this trial of solitude and pain.

Another night passed, and the third day dawned. Pain was gone now. He slept hour after hour. At last he awoke to see kind faces bending over him, and to hear kind pitying tones, although the words were uttered in an unknown tongue. He was saved!

The ship sailed on her voyage, and carried Harry Martindale to the foreign port to which she was bound. It was many days, even weeks, before he came again to the little town on the Norfolk coast, where his old companions were thinking of him with guilty sorrow. They thought that he was drowned, and they knew that it was through their fault.

Tom Allen welcomed him rapturously: the others shrank away, ashamed and afraid. Would he try to punish them, to "serve them out" for what they had done? They need not have feared. Harry Martindale's little brown Book had long ago taught him to forgive his enemies, to be gentle and loving to those who "despitefully used" him. To the village boys he was as he had always been, and they marvelled exceedingly.

Perhaps this conduct of his did more to win them to see the beauty of his religion than mere talking would have ever done. Tom Allen openly came over to his side, and begged that he too might hear the words of the little brown Book. "I can't read much," said poor Tom; "but if ye would speak the words out aloud, now and then, maybe they'd make me a bit the better."

Captain Wild, that bad rough man, had heard the story of the drifting boat; he too was touched. Could it really be that "religion," the thing he had scoffed at all his life, had supported that young weak lad through such a time of trial, and had kept his heart free from anger and the blackness of revenge. "Will you sail with me still?" he asked one day.

"Yes, sir," said Harry; "my time with you was not quite up, that was one reason that I came home."

Captain Wild, who had never spoken softly to any human being since he sailed the Norfolk coast, looked at the lad half curiously, half admiringly.

"You are a brave boy, for all your saintly ways, I do believe," he said. "Come on the smack and read until all is blue if you choose. Let me see the man or boy that will lift a finger to you on board the 'Mary Ann,' that's all!"

And so Harry worked on board the fishing-smack again, just the same as before. And yet there was a difference. The boy's earnest and honest love to God had made itself felt.

For many a year he sailed still on board the "Mary Ann," and he prayed still for God's grace and power to aid him his whole life through, that when death came, indeed, he might be counted a faithful servant. And when out on the black hissing water alone at his night-watch, if he remembered the hours of his trouble and despair, he would thank God for them, and "rejoice!" For was not Tom Allen his dear comrade and brother? and did he not hope that the light of God's love was breaking through the hard, dark heart of his captain too? He was but a lad at the time of our history, simple and ignorant of many things, yet he had learned noblest, truest, holiest lessons from his little Brown Book.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A MIDNIGHT PROCESSION.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

CHAPTER VII.—HER LAST COMMAND.

ISHMAEL loosed his hold of his mother, but he did not rise from the place where he was kneeling beside her. A faint gleam coming up from the room below lit up Ruth's face as she looked earnestly and searchingly into his.

"I can't quit my mother," he answered, speaking in a loud but forced tone; "she's dyin', and if I go maybe I shall never see her again."

"Ishmael," said Ruth, "thee has never forgiven Nutkin yet."

"No," he muttered, "no; it's been too much to forgive. He drove me away from home; and I'd have been a man by now, instead of a wastrel, if he hadn't been hard on me. Thee'd not ha' worked thyself to death, mother, if it hadn't been for him. No; I've not forgiven him. Let him find his little lad for himself."

"You must come, Ishmael," called Elsie. "Willie's been missing five hours or more; and we can hear him crying in the old quarry; and nobody knows it like you do; and the opening's too small for a man to crawl through, and it's no use sending in a boy, if any of them would go alone. Oh, come quickly! Suppose he strayed into one of those pools you told me of, and was drowned. Come down this minute!"

But Ishmael did not move, holding his mother's hand between his own, and gazing mournfully into her beseeching face.

"If I bid thee go," she murmured, "thee would not disobey me now I'm dyin'?"

"Don't send me," he cried; "don't bid me go."

"Nay," she said tenderly. "I'm bound to bid thee, and thee art bound to go. It 'ud be no comfort to see thee nigh me, if I couldn't die happy for thinkin' o' the little lad in the pit. And it's partly because thee hasn't forgiven Nutkin. And if we forgive not men their sins, neither will our heavenly Father forgive ours. That's what the blessed Lord says. And oh, if thee forgives him, the Lord will forgive thee. Go, Ishmael, I shall see thee again—not here, maybe—but in some better place."

"I'll go," he said, looking into her face very sorrowfully; "but, oh, if I never see thee again in this world, it'll seem hard to wait till we get to heaven."

Still Elsie's impatient and entreating voice reached their ears, urging him to make haste, and his mother's sunken eyes were fastened upon him with a look in them as if she was beseeching him to go. It might be the last time he would ever see her face. With a deep and heavy sob Ishmael stooped to kiss her, and as if afraid to trust himself to linger another moment, he sprang down the ladder, and pushing on through bramble and brushwood, quickly reached the entrance of the cave.

It was no longer dark and solitary. Many of the villagers were there, and the glimmer of several lanterns produced a lurid and fitful light. Nutkin knelt at the far end of the cave before the low and narrow inlet, through which, when there was a moment's silence, he fancied he could hear in the black darkness the voice of his child crying.

"The men will be here with pick-axes soon, Nutkin," said the squire, who stood beside him, "and we'll get the little fellow out in a very short time, my man."

"I'm more afeard of the picks bringing the old roof in than aught else, sir," answered Nutkin, in a voice of despair, "there's been a deal o' heavy rain o' late, and there's been two or three hollows given in above ground; and if the roof gave way betwixt us and the little lad he'd die o' fright before we could dig him out. If the hole was but big enough for a man to creep through! But nobody could creep through a hole no bigger than a rabbit-bury; only a teeny creature like little Willie."

A profound silence followed Nutkin's speech, for no man or woman there could risk the life of any of their boys by sending them into the workings of the old quarry. And amid the silence there was heard plainly enough a low stifled voice speaking.

"I can crawl through," it said; "I know every step o' the old pit."

"Ishmael Medway!" shouted half-a-dozen voices, joyously, "he's the lad, if there is one."

He felt himself pushed forward to the far end of the cave, where the light was strongest. The thin, stunted, under-sized lad, in his tattered clothing, and with his mournful face, stood in front of the squire, and of his old enemy, who gazed at him half in shame and half in hope.

"Mother's sent me," he said, touching his old ragged cap to the squire. "She's dyin', and I don't s'pose as I shall ever see her again; but she couldn't die happy with the little lad lost in the pit. And mother says if I forgive him here God 'll forgive me; and take me, some day, somewhere, to the place where she's goin'! I slept here last night, and I heard the ground give way. Don't set any picks at work."

Ishmael did not wait for an answer, but lying down on the ground, crept through the narrow, winding tunnel he had often crawled through as a boy. He called back to them when he had reached the shaft, where he could stand upright, and they saw that he had struck a light; but presently all sound and sign of him was lost, and Nutkin and the squire rose from their knees where they had been watching and listening, and the fitful light of the lanterns shone upon the tears in their eyes.

"I'll make a man of that lad," said the squire, in a broken voice.

"God Almighty bring him and Willie safe back," cried Nutkin, sinking down on his knees again, "and I'll treat him as my own son, I will; as long as ever I live. So help me, God!"

So silent for some time was the crowd of villagers now thronging the cave that they could hear the heavy splashes of water falling from the rain-sodden earth into the little pools collected below in the subterranean alleys of the old pit; and once a low rumbling like distant thunder, telling of the earth giving way in one of the many galleries, made them hold their breath in speechless dread, and look anxiously into one another's faces. But as if Ishmael too had heard it, and wished to reassure them, there came the sound of his voice, calling back to them from the hidden pathways.

"God bless him!" exclaimed the squire, a smile for a moment crossing his anxious and clouded face.

"Ay!" cried Chipchase, "he was as good a lad as ever breathed before he went to gaol for stealing them pheasants' eggs; and old Ruth, his mother, you might trust her in a room full of golden guineas. She's as good an old soul as ever lived. Ishmael said she was a-dying, didn't he, sir?"

"Yes," answered the squire.

"And she'd send him away from her to save Nutkin's little lad!" said Chipchase, "that's what I call being a Christian. Any minute might bring the roof over his head, and bury him alive; and old Ruth knows it. But if any soul in Broadmore believes in God, it's Ruth; and please God, I'll be a better man myself from this day forth."

The farmer's voice trembled as he finished speaking, and he turned his face away from the light, ashamed to let his neighbours see how much he felt.

"Old Ruth's had a hard, bitter life," said Mrs. Chipchase, sobbing; "she was near broken-hearted when Ishmael went to gaol; and she's never been the same woman since. He was like the apple of her eye, Ishmael was; and he'd worse luck than

any of her children, thanks to Nutkin, I always said, and always shall say to my dying day. What was a boy's taking a few paltry eggs, I'd like to know?"

"I'll treat him like my own son," muttered Nutkin, not looking up.

"We must make it up to him," added the squire. "If I'd known he was a good lad, he should never have gone to gaol."

"Hush!" cried Elsie, who was standing beside Mrs. Chipchase. Instantly there was a breathless stillness in the cave, and every eye was turned towards the low outer entrance, through which they could hear the dragging of weary footsteps. Bent almost double, and tottering as if every step must be the last, came old Ruth herself.

"Where's Ishmael?" she asked, looking round at her neighbours' faces with eyes dim and glazed.

CHAPTER VIII.—GOING HOME.

When Ishmael had obeyed her, and gone away from her death-bed, Ruth had for a little while lain still in utter solitude. After the echo of Ishmael's and Elsie's footsteps had died away, not a sound had reached her ears. She was accustomed to be alone; but this loneliness seemed terrible in her last hours. An unutterable yearning came upon her to see her boy once more, to know what he was doing, and what was befalling him. He had gone into danger at her bidding; and until she knew what became of him, she felt as if she could not turn her thoughts even to the God in whom she trusted. If only Humphrey would come home, she would prevail upon him to follow Ishmael to the cave, and bring back word, or send some one to tell her what was going on. How could she die in peace whilst her boy was in instant danger? She lifted herself up, and strained her ear to catch some distant sound of voices or footsteps, but there was nothing save utter silence and solitude.

Then a feverish strength, the strength of the dying, came to her. To be somewhere near where Ishmael was, to have faces about her, and hear the voices of her neighbours, seemed absolutely needful to her. With feeble, yet hurried hands, she dressed herself in the poor old clothing she had laid aside for the last time, and with faltering feet she descended the steep ladder. The fresh air of the evening blowing softly in her face revived her, and made her feel as if it had only been because she had been lying in bed, in the hot, dark loft that she had thought herself dying. But as she crept on through the tangle of brushwood, with barely strength enough to part the hazel twigs which beset her path, the numbing hand of death weighed more and more heavily upon her. She heard the voices of her neighbours passing to and fro in the woods, but she could not call loudly enough to make them hear. The thrushes sang in the topmost branches of the trees where they could yet see the lingering sunset light, but below her path was all in darkness, and the power of seeing was fading out of her eyes. Half-blind, stumbling over the roots of the trees, fainting with weariness, yet urged on by her passionate love for her son, Ruth reached the cave at last. She was come to die somewhere near where Ishmael was.

"Didn't he say his mother lay a-dying?" exclaimed some of the crowd, as they fell back to make way for her. But as soon as they caught sight of her face by the light of the lanterns they knew that she was dying. She tottered forward with stumbling feet to the end of the cave, and sank down on the ground breathing fitfully, whilst her sunken eyes gleamed with a bright light. Nutkin shrank away in awe of her; but she smiled faintly, and beckoned with her hand that he should watch and listen still at the post he had held since Ishmael had entered the old quarry. But he stood, pale and panic-stricken, looking down upon her as if she had been one come back from the dead.

"Ruth," cried Mrs. Clift, the schoolmistress, coming forward from among the villagers, "how did you get here?"

She sat down on the ground beside her, and drew the grey old head upon her lap, and Ruth looked up thankfully, and summoned all her failing strength to answer.

"I was afeard," she whispered, "never to see Ishmael again. And God helped me. The poor lad 'ud fret so if he never saw me again; and it 'll be easier to die here than all alone at home yonder."

"Some of us ought to have thought of you," said the schoolmistress.

"It's best here," she whispered again, "near Ishmael. God's been very good to me all my life; and He's very good to me now I'm dying. I'd rather wait here for him to come back than be anywhere else in the world. Only I shall miss seein' Humphrey, and he was a good husband to me once."

"Ruth Medway," said the squire, speaking slowly and distinctly that she might hear him, "don't you be troubled about your son. I will see after him, and make a man of him; I promise you solemnly."

Ruth looked up inquiringly into the squire's face; an unfamiliar face, looking blurred and misty to her failing eyes.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"The squire," said the schoolmistress, gently.

"I thank you humbly, sir," she said, making a great effort, "but it's too late now, I'm afeard. He's goin' away to a country where there's a better chance for him as soon as I'm gone. He won't leave me, sir, not as long as I live, if he starves for it. But he'll go as soon as I'm dead."

"I'll make it worth his while to stay at home," said the squire.

"There won't be no home when I'm gone," murmured Ruth, "he's never had a home these five years; like Him that had no place to lay His head."

She closed her eyelids, and lay still, breathing heavily and fitfully; whilst all around her her old neighbours looked on in mournful silence.

"He's long in coming," she murmured at last, "and it's growing dark, very dark. It's time to sing, 'Glory to Thee;' it'll cheer him, maybe, wherever he is. Only I can't begin."

"She wishes us to sing 'Glory to Thee,'" said Mrs. Clift, looking round at the circle of grave and sorrowful faces surrounding them; "she says it will cheer Ishmael; and it will if he can only catch a distant sound of it. Some of you belong to the choir; please start it, for I cannot."

Her voice was broken and low; and for the first two or three lines the hymn was sung very tremu-

lously by the villagers. But Ruth's eyes brightened, and a smile broke over her grey and withered face, as the familiar strain and the old words reached her dull ear. Her lips moved, and now and then the feeble whispering of a word or two was heard by the schoolmistress. But when the "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow" had been sung in a loud, clear, hearty chorus of every voice, there came, in the silence that followed, a sound as of an echo repeating it in the winding galleries of the old quarry. Ruth lifted up her head, and with sudden strength, raised herself to her feet, and leaned against the opening to listen.

"I can hear him," she said, joyously, "and I shall see him again. I bid him go, for I was afeard he hadn't forgiven Nutkin; but my heart went with him. He's the only one of 'em all as cares for their old mother; it's the way of young folks," she added, as if to excuse them herself; "but Ishmael was loth to leave me, for fear I should die afore he got back. But I'm here, Ishmael, my lad; I'm close beside thee. Thee and me 'ull see each other again."

She sank back, slowly back, to the ground; and the neighbours gathered round her again. She was only a poor, old, toiling woman, for years well known to them all, and little thought of; but there was not one of them who did not grieve for her, or say to themselves how they could have made her hard life a little easier for her. Nutkin knelt down beside her, and his red, sunburnt face looked more full of life and health than ever beside her thin, pinched pallid features.

"Ruth, forgive me," he said. "I'd rather have had my right hand shot off, if I'd ha' known it before. It were my wicked hatred as did it. I'd ha' winked at any other lad robbing a pheasant's nest; but I hated the very name o' Medway."

"I never thought myself as there were anything to forgive," she answered. "It's the law, I know; and the justices are wise men. But Ishmael couldn't forgive it, not till now."

But before any one could speak again, there came a shout through the narrow opening, and the sound of a child's voice calling "Father." Ruth lifted up her head again, and turned her smiling face to the opening.

"He's coming," she said. "God is very good to us."

Yet a few minutes passed away, long slow minutes, before they could hear Ishmael's footsteps, and his voice speaking gently to the child, who was chattering back again, as if he felt no fear of him, or of the strange place they were in. Very soon the child's tear-stained face was seen crawling back through the archway; yet no one stirred or spoke but Nutkin, who caught his boy in his arms, and hushed him into silence. Ishmael was coming back; and his old mother was leaning forward with her eager, dying face, waiting to see him once more. The lad crept out slowly and reluctantly, unwilling to face so many of his old neighbours, and anxious to get away out of sight. His dazzled eyes saw nothing but a cluster of faces about him; and he did not perceive his mother until her feeble voice broke the utter silence which astonished and affrighted him.

"Ishmael!" she called.

"Mother!" he cried, in a loud, shrill tone of surprise and gladness, as he flung himself upon the earth beside her, and put his arm about her, drawing her head down upon his breast.

"I couldn't keep away," she murmured, "and God helped me to come. Be good, Ishmael. God sees us, every one, always. I shall watch for thee on the door-sill—to come into the Father's House—boldly—where He's gone to prepare a place—and then we'll be at home again—with Him."

The words dropped slowly, one by one, from the failing lips which were growing stiff with death; and the bright light in the sunken eyes flickered and died out. But there was still a faint, patient smile on the wrinkled face, and as Ishmael called to her for the last time, in a voice of bitter grief and loneliness, she tried to raise her head, and look again into her boy's face. "Ishmael," she whispered, "because the Lord has heard thy afflictions."

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW HOME.

It was a solemn and almost speechless procession that marched through the midnight woods, waking up the sleeping birds in their nests, and frightening timid rabbits in their burrows. The moon shone down from the cloudless sky, filling the open spaces with a white light, but deepening the shadows where the high hazel bushes grew thickest. Elsie walked beside Ishmael with her hand in his; remembering, oh! how keenly, that day five years ago, which had laid the foundation-stone of all his sorrow. But beyond the present sadness there shone a bright hope in the future, though he could not at this moment catch its light. Only a few days and she and her mother were going to sail for America; and now, when Ishmael had seen his mother's feeble worn-out body laid in the old churchyard, he would be free to go with them, and begin his new life in a new country.

They found old Humphrey lying in a drunken sleep on the damp floor of the hut, at the foot of the ladder, which he had not been able to climb up, and they had to drag him on one side to carry their burden to its resting-place in the loft overhead. He was an old man, with a brain softened and soddened with drink, and he could not be made to understand what had happened, or be persuaded to let Ishmael remain even for a few hours in his old home. It was only now and then when his father was away during the few days that intervened before the funeral, that he could steal in to look at his mother's calm and placid face, from which the wrinkles, graved sharply on it by many troubles, seemed almost smoothed away. But every house in the parish was open to him, the castaway who had been driven from his home, and thrown upon the world. He followed his mother to the grave; and stood for the last time amid his father and brothers. There was a whole crowd of villagers and neighbours gathered about the grave; and Nutkin was there, with the little boy whom Ishmael had sought and found in the windings of the old quarry.

"I'd like to shake hands with all the Medways," said Nutkin, as the crowd began to melt away, "and let bygones be bygones. And, Ishmael, the squire bid me say, is there nothing as he can do for you; nothing as 'ud make it worth your while to stay at home, 'stead o' going to America?"

"Nothin'," answered Ishmael; "there's no home

for me now mother's gone. It was her as made home sweet, and I shall never have another."

But ten years after when Ishmael came back to England, not to stay but only to visit the old place, he had made a home for himself, with Elsie in it for his wife. He owned a farm of his own, and was prospering in every way. He found the old hut fallen into ruins, for his father had died in the workhouse the year after he had left England; and no one had lived in the desolate hovel since. The old door-sill was there yet, though the thatched roof had long ago mouldered away; and he could almost fancy he could see his mother sitting there, and looking out for him. The trees behind the ruins tossed their green branches in the wind, and the blue sky, flecked with clouds, shone above them, as in the bygone days. There were the old pleasant sounds, the song of the birds, and the hum of insects, and the rustling of myriads of leaves; but still it was no more home. His mother, who had made this poor hut a home for him, was no longer there.

"I remember," said Elsie, softly, with her hand in his, "how she said, 'I shall watch for thee on the door-sill, to come into the Father's house, boldly, where He's gone to prepare a place; and you and me 'll be at home again, with Him.'"

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

II.—THE MAGNIFYING WINDOWS OF SCIENCE.

THE study of the indefinitely small has, since the microscope attained its wonderful perfection, become one of the most interesting windows of the Great King, looking out through which new marvels of creative wisdom are seen. Mrs. Somerville, in her captivating volumes on "Molecular Science," speaks of the microscopic structure of the vegetable world as furnishing a most interesting illustration of the relation between the powers of nature and the particles of matter. But where is nature not microscopic? Where have we not illustrations of even infinite marvels hidden in some minute globular nucleus? The book to which we have referred presents a perfect universe of instances. Comparisons are unsafe, but perhaps if we were called upon at once to mention the most marvellous we should refer to the great family of the diatoms (Diatomaceæ, or Brittleworts). They seem almost to constitute—shall we say?—the alluvial flooring of the globe. We suppose there is hardly a spot on the face of the earth, from Spitzbergen to Victoria Land, where they may not be found; they are in the ocean, in running fresh water, and even on the surface of the bare ground; they extend in latitude beyond the limits of all other plants; they can endure all extremes of temperature. Infinitely too small to be seen by the naked eye, they occur in countless myriads. Their beauty is exquisite beyond all power of description; they constitute the food of innumerable aquatic creatures, and they purify the water from the carbonic acid which animal respiration and the decomposition of matter produce. "Even the Noctiluci," says Mrs. Somerville, "those luminous specks, which make the wake of a boat shine like silver in a warm summer night, live on the countless millions of diatoms." As a creature it is ineffably beautiful, and appears through the microscope in a vast variety of forms. Few eyes have ever seen it, only the more cunning naturalist suspects its existence; but it exists in its manifold proportions of beauty everywhere. So that the words of the poet are not less true than beautiful:

"I tell thee that those living things,
To whom the fragile blade of grass,
That springeth in the morn
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world—
I tell thee that those viewless beings,
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Think, feel, and live, like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws
Ruling their moral state;
And the minutest throb
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs."

The man who wrote the above words fancied that he was an atheist. But what an assurance both the science of Mrs. Somerville, and the fancy of Shelley present to us of the infinite life spread over the whole compass of the globe. All these microscopic things and creatures were unknown until the power of the microscope was brought to bear upon them,

and now, says the illustrious lady to whom we have referred, "the deeper the research the more does the inexpressible perfection of God's works appear, whether in the majesty of the heavens, or in the infinitesimal beings of the earth." And what a fine illustration she was of her own remark: her first work was to unfold the mechanism of the heavens when she was almost a girl; her last, when nearly ninety years of age, on the researches of the microscope. We recur to the fine words of Revelation, which tell us that as we look through the windows of the King, we find Him at once "telling the number of the stars, and comprehending the dust of the earth." And the faith of the Christian, as well as the observation of the philosopher, beholds how He

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

and the instructed heart, looking through all, may see the Great King pass by, whispering as He goes: "Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known Me?"

There is an unseen glory underlying all created things; there is indeed an unseen universe; and the assurance of this should be a help and handmaid to faith. We have not seen Mr. Ruskin's "Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne," but we meet with the following extract from letter the twenty-fourth: "Yesterday afternoon, I called on Mr. H. C. Sordy, to see some of the results of an enquiry he has been following all last year" (the letter is dated April 24th, 1867) "into the nature of the colouring matter of leaves and flowers. You most probably have heard of the marvellous power which chemical analysis has received in recent discoveries in the laws of light. My friend showed me the rainbow of the rose, and the rainbow of the violet, and the rainbow of the hyacinth, and the rainbow of the forest leaves being born, and the rainbow of forest leaves dying, and last he showed me the rainbow of blood. It was but the three-hundredth part of a grain dissolved in a drop of water, and it cast its measured bars, for ever recognisable now to human sight, on the chord of the seven colours, and no drops of that red rain can now be shed so small as that the stain of it cannot be known, and the voice of it heard out of the ground." So true it is, as has been said, that we see only a very limited portion of what there is to see in nature, that we see only what our very limited organ of vision enables us to see. Professor Cooke, in his most interesting lectures on Religion and Chemistry, truly says: "The beauty of nature is in the infinite presence it conceals, and unconsciously though it may be, it is the spirit, not the matter which the artist loves. Not only is there a depth to the poetry of nature which man cannot fathom," but Professor Cooke goes on to show, "that there are waves of light and sound of which our dull senses can take no cognisance; there is even a great difference in human perceptivity." He quotes Professor Tyndall's words, from his very interesting work on the "Glaciers of the Alps," an illustration which the writer of this paper has in the same circumstances often confirmed. Tyndall says: "I once crossed a Swiss mountain in company with a friend; a donkey was in advance of us, and the dull tramp of the animal was plainly heard by my companion, but to me this sound was almost masked by the shrill chirruping of innumerable insects, which thronged the adjacent grass; my friend heard nothing of this, it lay quite beyond the range of his hearing." The illustration is very simple, but following upon a series of scientific incidents, Professor Cooke beautifully says: "There may therefore be innumerable sounds in nature to which our ears are perfectly deaf, although they are the sweetest melody to more refined senses; nay, more, the very air around us may be resounding with the hallelujahs of the Heavenly Host, when our dull ears hear nothing but the feeble accents of our broken prayers." And Sir W. R. Grove, in that great work on which the most advanced science in our day has set its seal, his "Correlation of the Physical Forces," goes so far as to say, "Myriads of organized beings may exist imperceptibly to our vision, even if we were among them." So that Shakespeare expressed a truth which Exact Science sustains when he says:

> "Such harmony is in immortal souls,
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

So true it is also that science teaches us that we know not a millionth part of the marvels and wonders of this beautiful world. In fact, it is science which reveals to us that which a little thought prepares us to expect, a whole universe of invisible things and powers, "things not seen"; we are compelled to believe in what we cannot see; we can only see effects, we cannot see causes or things.

It has been truly said, and some of the remarks we have already made illustrate the truth, that the world of sight in which we live is a sort of central point or table-land, half-way between the telescope and the microscope. But a very large portion of what we call the material world is invisible, composed of "things not seen." Heat and steam are invisible; we can *feel* a ray, and we can *see* vapour, that is, an invisible thing rendered visible by contact with cold air; but who ever saw the mighty giant at home in the boiler, the great moving power of the world? The force which drives a vessel of three thousand tons against wind and tide across the Atlantic, or hammers a twenty-ton weight of iron into shape as easily as you would mould a pellet of bread between your fingers? that five hundred or thousand horse-power nobody has ever beheld, only the vehicle through which it acts. Thus, everywhere a light shines guiding the mind to a principle of Divine order and proportion, all things turn into windows through which we may look out upon an infinite presence beyond; and so, to the thoughtful mind, the universe becomes another universe, and the world another world; it is all as if mysteriously haunted by a presence of Divine unity.

We remember what an old friend of ours, whose acquaintance we made many years since, Robinson Crusoe, says: "It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plainly to be seen on the sand; I stood as one thunderstruck, as if I had seen an apparition; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine." But Robinson Crusoe did not doubt that some man like himself had

walked that way. Innumerable mysterious fossil footsteps have been traced in the various strata of the world, apparently of birds and other creatures, giving to us information concerning extinct races; strange "footprints on the sands of time" indeed. But there is far more than this shed by the light of the science of comparative anatomy. Can anything be more wonderful than the results of the labours of Baron Cuvier? You show him a tooth or a bone, and he seems to create or build up before you a startlingly-grotesque animal. Many papers, even volumes, have been written on fossil footprints; but what if Robinson Crusoe, as one has said, had found not merely a footprint, but a mathematical problem sketched on the sand? Do you think he would have said, "It is a way the sand has of working those problems"? And are not all these ancient creatures singular proofs of the unity and harmony of the one mind of the invisible Authorship, which has wrought through all ages in the kingdom of nature?

Thus, science is not hostile to faith, science is only one of the King's Windows. The discoveries of science only give more distinctness to the vision of Faith, they cannot enlarge the dimensions of the kingdom over which it prepares to spread its wing. It may be urged, indeed, that faith is a motive power to all the attainments of science, so that we may be bold to say there would be no science at all but for the principle of faith in man; faith antedates all science, as we see in religion or in reference to the being of God; faith affirms it, the philosopher reasons upon it, while the man of science proves it; so that we may repeat, that science is indebted to faith for its very existence.

Among the tales which have charmed and enchanted for many ages, in that strange volume of Eastern adventure, the "Arabian Nights," no story has been a greater favourite, and none has exercised a more pleasing pressure upon the imagination, than that of the poor youth who, while the victim of a magician, suddenly found himself possessed of an old lamp; there seemed to be no worth in it, and he was only meditating the polishing of it a little, when by that very accident he became wonderingly aware of its powers; he had but to touch it, and obedient to his touch or call appeared the wonderful Spirit of the Lamp. It was certainly very convenient: if he were hungry and poor, the touch of the lamp spread before him tables groaning with provisions, and the obedient slaves of the lamp came bearing their rich services of massive silver. It is, in truth, a very wonderful story, how the poor and simple lad was transformed by the possession of his quaint old piece of furniture, into the lord of vast possessions, the monarch of all conditions, and the bridegroom of the beautiful princess. It is a tempting story, and has thrown its charm over many fine poetic fancies, as in the splendid poem of the Danish poet, Oehlenschläger. But if we possessed the power, we could tell a tale which would even yet more marvellously inflame and affect the imagination; for certainly, while the hero of the old Arabian tale hovers like an unsubstantial child of the mist, a mirage picture, before the fancy, he of whom we are about to speak is substantial enough; he is no creation of the imagination, no mystical or dramatic impersonation of poetry.

The modern Aladdin has effected feats which, while as real in fact as those of poetry or fable, have as far eclipsed them as they in their turn eclipsed the wanderings of a dervish, or the adventures of a caterpillar.

It is a tale which leaves all the wonderful wonders of past ages and of Arabian enchantment far behind; for armed with his mystic lamp, he appears to have gathered all the tales of Arabian enchantment into one. Our readers will remember how the three kings' sons wished to obtain the hand of a certain lovely princess, and were told that he should have it who brought home the most wonderful object. And one brought a flying carpet; and the other brought the instrument which showed what a friend was doing at a distance merely by looking into it; and another brought the wonderful apple, by which the most exquisite sufferings were alleviated merely through inhaling its fragrance. Our friend the modern Aladdin has done such things that all these are mere trifles to his performances. He has invented wings by which we can travel six hundred miles in our own proper persons in the course of a day. He will enable us to send a message six or eight thousand miles away with nearly the same swiftness and ease as a whisper could be conveyed to a friend sitting in our room. Our friend can take us in his arms and wrap us in a dream of pleasant sensations, while a surgeon's knife is either taking our leg off or submitting us to some of the ghastly horrors we associate with his knife.

There seem to be no bounds to the powers of our friend; we do not fully know all that he has done or what he is doing now, or what he will do next, and he is as far beyond our conception as the story of the earth is beyond that of an ant-hill. He is all eye, all ear, all touch, he has the power of making things to grow out of vacancy, and seeing things where things are not. For instance, it is curious what our friend can do with a little piece of glass, as he fits it into his lamp. When Catlin was among the Red Indians, they had a decided objection to his taking their likenesses; they could not understand how that could be without his taking their souls away from them—although one of them did wax wroth when his profile was taken because the artist had in this instance taken half a soul, and left half a soul behind. But *our* friend has a way of catching a shadow as it flies through the air; before us there is nothing, no shadow, mere entirely empty space; a little wizardry, and lo! there we are—the very transcript and soul of ourselves. It is quite wonderful what the modern Aladdin can do with his little piece of glass fitted into his lamp. Upon an inconceivably small disc he drops a point, say of nitrate of silver, not larger than a pin's head: "Look!" says our friend, and lo, through the magic glass we see it growing—growing, a tree the gorgeous glories of whose jewellery far outshine the splendours of those fabled trees of blazing jewels, of which we read in the eastern tale. Every little grain, every drop of water, every thread of hair, when our friend holds his lamp over it is alive with wonders, and a mere grain of mud, one of our diatom friends, exhibits splendours before which the blaze of diamonds in the court of Majesty become dim and pale. "What do you think your friend can do," said one to us the other day, "with that piece of glass of his?" "Oh, we don't know," was our reply. "I'll tell you what I think," said he; "he shows me that there is nothing in anything." "No," we

rejoined, "far other, at any rate, is the lesson his little pieces of glass have given to us; it is rather that there is something in everything, almost every grain of earth or drop of water seems alive." Most wonderful are the wizard-like tricks the young Aladdin plays with his little pieces of glass.

Have our readers ever seen a planet belonging to our system called Herschel? Probably not, for so far from being at all a near neighbour, it is exceedingly remote, and can only be well described through our friend's little pieces of glass. Very recently our friend was looking at the same old Herschel. The old acquaintance seemed fidgetty, restless, no eye but our friend's could have noticed that at all; but he continued to look, and to say while he looked, "What *is* the matter with you? whatever makes you so fidgetty?" There seemed to be no cause for it. Our friend thought, somehow, this must be accounted for by another world being in the way, so he went to work with his pieces of glass, and he held them steadily over that great dark waste, all those unfathomable millions of miles away, and there, at last, he discovered one of the last and most recent accessions to our celestial knowledge, Neptune.

We have heard of spirits seen in rock-crystal; we are not so certain about them. Magic mirrors, Aunt Margaret's mirrors and such like, are very curious to read of, ghosts stepping across the strange opaque plain. We very much want to see one. But *our* friend, he has a piece of glass with which he breaks a ray of light into pieces, and he has a strange way of discovering what the most distant thing is by the colours he has broken from the ray; having proved this down here it has been quite easy for him to use his piece of glass to take sun and moon and stars to pieces, at any rate so sufficiently dissecting them that he easily tells you the materials of which they are constituted.

But what is the uniting spirit here? It is not the glass alone, it is not the hand which holds the glass, alone; no, nor even the observing eye which looks through the glass; it is the wonderful, the harmonising and unifying power of light—

"All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat."

For there is a *revealing* power in light, although light itself cannot be seen; in light the more luminous overpowers and extinguishes the feebler—just as we cannot see the light of a candle if we hold it up against the sun—it needs the background of darkness to bring out the light; and yet it is the merest truism to say that light reveals. Thus, the phenomena of nature enable us to realise the omniscience and omnipresence of God. As has been often remarked, we see no star as it actually is, but as it was at the second when the ray of light was transmitted; the light of our sister, the moon, is the most immediate, and we see her face as it was a second and a quarter before, the sun eight minutes before, Jupiter, fifty-two minutes, almost an hour previously, the principal star in the constellation, Centuar as it was three years since, Vega, twelve years since, Arcturus twenty-six years since, the pole-star forty-eight years since, Capella seventy years since, and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it looked four thousand years ago, or in the time of Abraham. And thus we are reminded that we are walking in the old light; divine words are transmitted to us from far off and ancient times. As the poet says:

"The light of Homer shines upon us still."

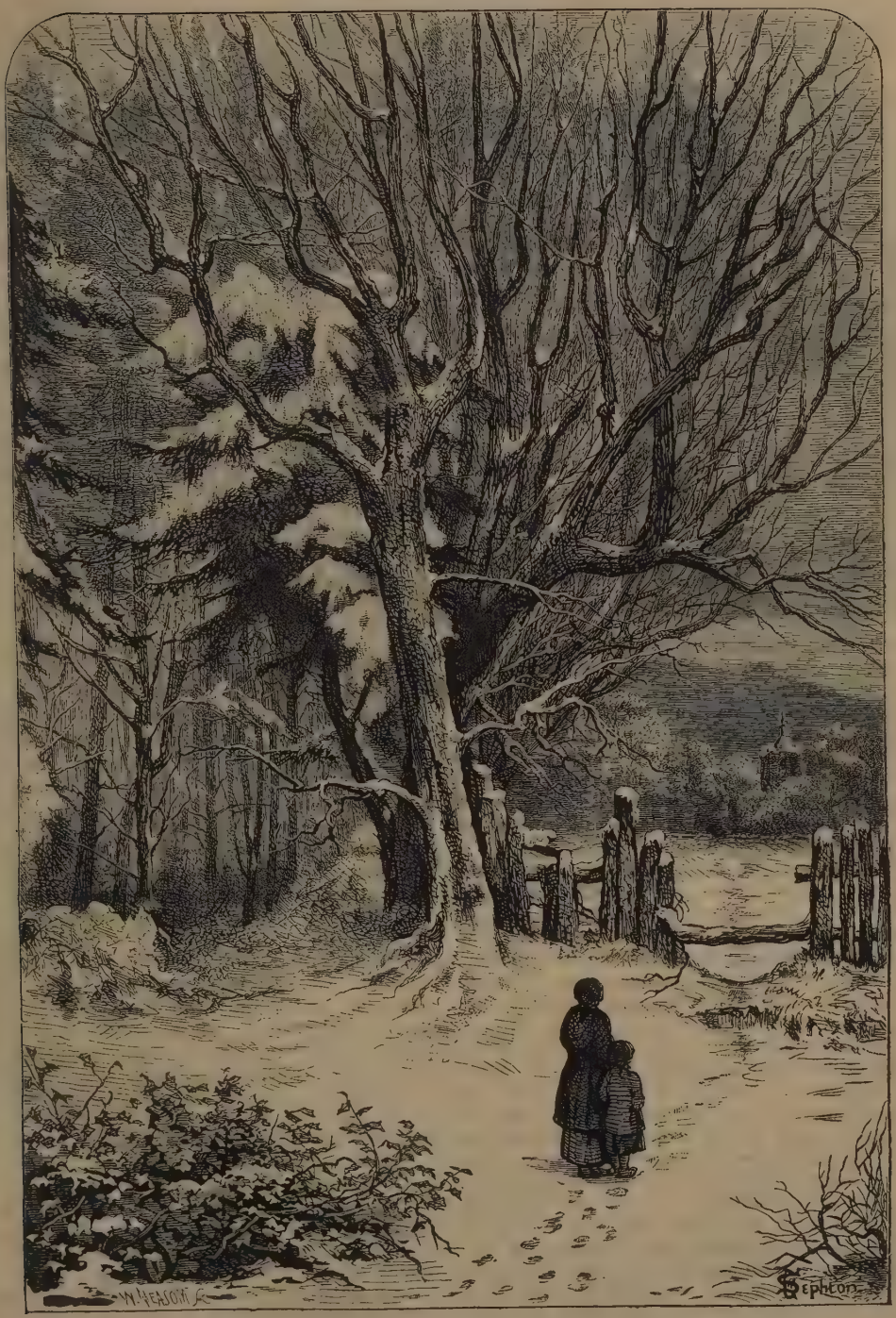
There is a *transforming* power in light. In this age of science it is only very recently that that which we speak of as light has been discovered to be only the sheath, even as it were the hiding of a more subtle force within itself. As when we speak of oxygen as that which supports life, we find that within oxygen there is a yet more subtle power, ozone, which is the true life-supporter; so when we speak of light, within light itself there is a yet more subtle principle, called actinism, which is the true life-quickener, the Actinic ray. So that in virtue of this, no substance can be exposed to the sun's rays without undergoing a chemical change. Thus it is with the mind and moral nature when it stands in the light of God—God, who is light. And we may separate, and say there is a spiritual light which is not Actinic, it reveals but does not transform, but the perfection of the Divine light is that it "converts the soul." There is a luminous ray which is not a transforming ray; but as there is no organisation where the sun's rays do not penetrate, where there is unchangeable darkness, all things that live are bound together by the silver thread of light.

"God said: 'Let there be light!'
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried: 'Tis day! 'tis day!'
'Hail, holy light!' exclaim'd
The thund'rous cloud, that flam'd
O'er daisies white;
And, lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmur'd 'Light'

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays,
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory bloom!
And all the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb."

But light is altogether too large, too transparent, and too revealing a window in the palace of the Great King, to be sufficiently dealt with in a paragraph or two at the close of a paper. We must return to this window again.

Bare Boughs.



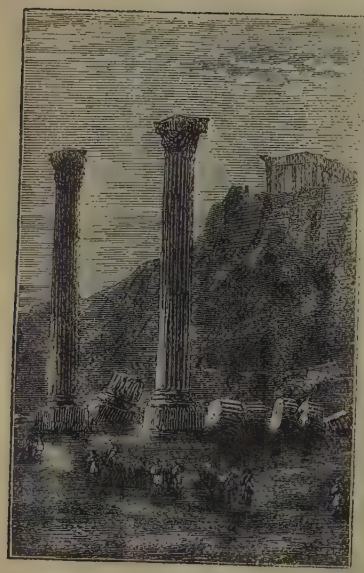
BUT let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. Those naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.

Cowper.

ATHENS.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

I.



AS if to complete the experiences of a journey round the world, it fell to my lot to be for three days in quarantine. From Constantinople and the Chersonese we had crossed the Archipelago in the good ship "Oddone," and were approaching the port and city where centre all the interest of classic Greece. Land and water are eloquent with the associations of history and poetry on every hand. We round the high promontory of Sunium, the extremity of Attica, still marked out by the white columns of the temple of Minerva, which was the landmark to Greek sailors; the morning is bright and fair, and now, with the island of Salamis before us, we are passing up along the coast to the Piræus, when, lo! the portentous yellow flag is run up our mast-heads, and the isolation of quarantine casts a gloom over every face.

We passengers are all in health, and so are captain and crew, and every one on board; we have no sickness whatever. But alarms of the dreadful plague beginning to show itself afresh in Turkey are now abroad, and the States of Europe along the Mediterranean are enforcing a prudent quarantine. Though a clean bill of health can be presented, our ship has to cast anchor outside the harbour of the Piræus, and no boat approaches, save a gloomy, dark-looking barge, itself bearing the yellow flag, with the quarantine officers on board. Into this boat we passengers, bag and baggage, are lowered, and are rowed ashore to a barren rock, where stands the dismal "lazaretto," a sort of barrack, or prison-like house. A score of visitors to Athens, like ourselves, whose term of quarantine is partly gone through, saunter lazily over the rocks, and watch us from afar; but as we approach they retreat, and will speak to us only at a distance of at least six yards, for to approach us would be to re-infect themselves and to prolong their isolation. We enter the bare and roughly-built house, already nearly full, and find two small unfurnished rooms assigned to our party of five. Mattresses are brought in during the day, and spread in each corner on the floor, and an officer is told off to keep charge over us, who never allows us out of his sight. Fifty yards away is an eating-house where we get our meals at our own expense, and are charged heavily for very poor fare. Happily, however, the weather is gloriously fine, and the air bracing; the blue sea is at our feet, and the term of our sojourn is not to be, as the word "quarantine" signifies and originally denoted, "forty" days, nor even a week as for a time it had been, but now it is modified to three days and three nights, and one of these days is a Sunday.

We were now prisoners on a bare, rocky promontory, within sound of church bells, but there was no sanctuary, no service within our reach. There were perhaps about fifty persons here, now in quarantine; but we cannot associate, we cannot meet for worship, each must shun his neighbour. We five, however, who landed together, read together the Word of God, and unite in common prayer, and confer about many topics relating to the Church and Kingdom of Christ. It is an Easter Sunday, and this year Easter in the Greek and Latin churches falls upon the same day, and the war ships, before us in the harbour of the Piræus—Greek, Russian, French, Italian, and English—as a happy family, are all illuminated at night and gaily dressed with flags by day.

The prospect on every side was full of classic interest. The tongue of land on which we are, described by Plato as the claw or breakwater of the Piræus, bore the name Eëtionia, where was the Athenian arsenal, where the Four Hundred erected a fort and built a strong sea barrier. The granite rocks over which we climb bear marks of the mason's chisel. Signs of ancient fortification are on every hand down to the water's edge. Immediately before us across the sea channel is the promontory Alkimus, where lies the tomb of the famous Athenian statesman Themistocles, whose bones were brought from Persia. The supposed tomb is down at the water's edge, and is still marked by pieces of the shaft of the lofty column erected over it four centuries B.C. There are the foundations scattered round on which the altar mentioned by Plutarch was probably raised. It is not well said by Byron to be "high o'er the land," for it is hollowed out at the foot of a rock jutting forth into the sea. Yet, low as is the grave of Themistocles, he who stands by its side sees full in view "the gulf, the rock of Salamis," the scene and monument of his glory.

Before us to the west is the illustrious Salamis, and the narrow winding strait where the memorable battle was fought, and the little rocky island of Psyttalea, where Persian soldiers were stationed to destroy the Greeks, who it was expected would be driven ashore. Not far off is the hill, the "rocky brow" called "Xerxes' Seat," where the proud king sat to watch the battle.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er seaborn Salamis;
And ships, by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?"

Climbing to the extreme boundary of our quarantine ground on the hill, a prospect of still fuller interest burst upon us, and in contemplation of it we spent hours of these bright quiet days. Below on the right lay the Piræus, the port and outpost of Athens, with its noble harbour in great part the work of Themistocles; and following the track of "the Long Walls"—the two arms of stone which connected the Piræus with Athens, forming a street across the plain, five miles in length—the Acropolis itself rose in all its majestic loneliness, crowned with the Parthenon, and the bare and tawny mountains Pentelicus and Hymettus formed the impressive background of the lovely picture.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed." *

Contemplating the prospect lying spread out in the rich sunshine, and with our Bibles in our hands, it was natural we should think also of the lonely Apostle, and picture to ourselves his arrival at this port. In St. Paul's time, even as now, the proximity of Athens caused the Piræus to be the resort of ships. Here no doubt he would land; here he would take leave of those who conducted him hither, commissioning them to tell Titus and Timotheus "for to come to him with all speed;" and along yonder road between the Long Walls, in his day already ruined, he would make his way to the proud city and would pass by the altar with this inscription, "to the Unknown God." Here too, again, would he take ship when he sailed on to Corinth, for his journey thither would not be made along the hilly and circuitous road over the mountains, but by the shorter and easier way by sea to Cenchrea, the port of Corinth upon the shore of the isthmus.

While thus in our bare rock-prison the scenes around carried our thoughts back to Scripture and to classic times; the dawn of a beautiful Easter Monday recalled our thoughts to modern times and transactions of the present day. The ironclads in the harbour were decked with flags and fired salutes. Ten and twelve-oared galleys were plying gracefully from one ship to another, and preparations were evidently on foot for a gala day. By-and-by the queen of Greece came down from Athens and went on board the Russian flag-ship, where she was sumptuously entertained. The sky was peculiarly clear, the air bracing, and the sunshine bright and joyous. On every hand were signs of new life and presages of future enterprise and greatness for the kingdom of Greece. English, French, and Russian warships were here in the ancient harbour, anchored side by side as pledges of defence and support against Turkish treachery, procrastination, and misrule. The band played the national air of each country in turn, and upon the queen's leaving, the yards were manned, the sailors gave three hearty cheers, and the great guns thundered forth the royal salute. From our quarantine ground we too gave the royal party below us as they drove towards Athens a hearty cheer. Afterwards the calm of sea and sky and mountains was most impressive, and the glow of sunset perfect.

* "Childe Harold," ii. 15.

Happily next morning, as no signs of disease had shown themselves among us, the term of our quarantine ended, and we obtained *pratique*, i.e. we were allowed to go free. Our baggage, our papers, our clothes had all undergone fumigation. The letters which we wrote and posted were dropped from our hands into a receptacle, where they were cut and pierced and thoroughly fumigated; in fact, every precaution was taken that the actual existence of the plague amongst us would demand. We bid farewell at a distance to those who had landed after us, and gladly enter our boat and are rowed into the harbour, and thread our way amid the ironclads to the landing-stage. Here we secure vehicles to convey us to Athens, for though there is a short railway, the carriage road follows the ancient track of the Long Walls, once the scene of Greek enterprise, business, and pleasure. The present road is itself almost a continuous street with many houses, and full of traffic. An hour's drive brings us up to the modern city which embraces ancient Athens, but extends north and north-west of it. Modern Athens looks bright and joyous. The chief streets, Hermes, Athena and Æolus, are clean, the houses well-built, stuccoed and white, and around the large rectangular palace with its gardens, are several good hotels. Here one meets, for the first time from the east, all the comforts and luxuries of a European capital. During the week of our sojourn we at once set ourselves first and chiefly to see ancient Athens, next to learn somewhat of evangelical Christian work in the city, and afterwards to make one or two excursions to places of historic interest.

Led by our guide, a very intelligent man, who boasted of having acted as cicerone to many distinguished names, we first of all crossed the olive-fringed Ilissus, the stream which bounds the city on the south-east, and entered the ancient Stadium. It is a vast oblong area grown over with grass, with two parallel hills sloping down on either side, continued at the end in a semicircular form, thus making an oblong amphitheatre open at one end. A low wall called the *podium*, runs along the arena on either side and round its semicircular end. Within this wall the foot and chariot racers and the wrestlers carried on their contests, and on the banks on either side the spectators sat. Of the Panathenaic contests here from time to time, Phidias has left us pictures in stone in the frieze of the Parthenon. As you look round and imagine those assemblies of ancient times, the comparisons of the Pauline epistles are felt with a force and a reality they never had for you before. Here stood the herald summoning the contending runners; before us is the course along which they pressed their way; there sat the judge holding out the prize, a wreath or chaplet only of olive or parsley leaves; and around on those banks, or on seats of marble sat the crowds of spectators, men only—for the presence of women was strictly forbidden—cheering the racers and eagerly watching for the result.

With these things before him, whether in Asia Minor or at Athens, or wherever the Greek stadia were, it was natural that the apostle of the Gentiles should adopt them to illustrate Christian duty in writing to Greek believers. Speaking of the race-course to the Ephesians, he says, "That I may finish my course with joy;" and of the careful diet

on the part of the racer, he says to the Corinthians (1 Cor. ix. 25), "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Of the laws of the race, to Timothy (2 Tim. ii. 5), "If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." Referring to the prize, "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible;" and to the judge (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8), "I have finished my course: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day." Drawing his illustration from the conduct of the runners, he writes, "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before, I press toward the mark" (Phil. iii. 12–16); and with those banks on either side crowded with spectators to the number of forty thousand, we read (Heb. xii. 1), "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." All these passages appropriately suggest themselves as we tread that vast now lonely grassy theatre, the Stadium of ancient Athens.

From the Stadium we recross the Ilissus, and see before us the giant yet graceful columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. Where all the massive masonry of that great building, which once had 124 Corinthian columns, has gone to, it is not easy to explain. Two huge columns lie prostrate, piece after piece like cut slices lying side by side on edge from base to cupola. Fifteen of the columns are still standing, and form an august and imposing group. They are of Pentelic marble, six feet six in diameter, sixty feet high.

Next we wind our way round the base of the Acropolis, and visit the Theatre of Dionysius, and the Odeum on our way. The Athenians lived in such a clear, mild and sunny atmosphere that they usually held their meetings in uncovered buildings and in the open air.

A winding footpath leads up to a flight of steps within the walls, and onwards to the platform of the Acropolis. This huge square craggy rock rises abrupt on all sides save the west to the height of 150 feet, and its summit is a platform of 1,000 feet long by 600 feet wide. It was called by the Athenians the "Polis," as we nowadays speak in London of "The City," denoting the central area only. Afterwards it was called the Acropolis or "upper city," as distinguished from the lower. It was a fortress, a sanctuary, a treasury, and a museum of art. Upon it are the ruins of the Propylæon, forming the great entrance-hall, of the temple of Victory, of the temple of Erechtheus, and of the Parthenon, the masterpiece of Phidias, the finest edifice on the finest site in the world.

Athens was so called as the city dedicated to Athené or Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and the Acropolis was cleared of all buildings save temples, halls, and statues to her honour. Here stood three very celebrated statues to Minerva, that of olive-wood, said to have fallen from heaven, the Athena Polias, the Minerva "of the city" with its sanctuary the Erechtheum; that of ivory and gold, Minerva the Virgin, which stood within the Parthenon; and that of bronze, the Athena Promachos, the most colossal of the three, with helmet, spear, and shield, which towered over all the buildings upon the rock, and was hailed by the homeward seaman approaching the Piræus. We climb the path on the western face of the rock through the massive ruins of the Propylæon, and pass under an archway and along a pavement over which rolled for centuries the pomp and glory of the ancient world in the Panathenaic festivals and other triumphal processions. The ruts of the chariot-wheels are deeply marked, and between those two ruts the feet of the noblest Athenians have trod. To our right is the beautiful little temple of the Wingless Victory, restored from its broken fragments in the year 1835. And before us, a little to the right as we enter the vast platform scattered over with marble fragments, rises the majestic and graceful Parthenon, the glory of Athens and wonder of mankind. Fragments from the Parthenon, the Elgin marbles, forming its frieze, are still the admiration of visitors from all parts of the world in our British Museum. The Parthenon was the central goal of the Panathenaic festival, the festival of chariot-races and other games, and within, instead of an altar, there was before the goddess a platform whereon the victors in the race received their chaplets and vases of olive-oil.* The building is of Pentelic marble, which now, seasoned by age, is of a rich brown colour. It is pure Doric, and rests upon a vast base of limestone. There is nothing to divert the attention from the simplicity and majesty of the whole. The eye rests upon it, and is satisfied. There is not a straight line in any part. The steps from side to side form a gentle curve, being 12 inches higher in the centre than at either end; yet to the eye they look perfectly straight. Phidias must have understood so perfectly the laws of optics, as to anticipate in these delicate curves what only photography has taught us. The dimensions of the building are about 230 feet long by 100 broad, and its height 66 feet. The *cella* or hall is surrounded with columns, 8 at either end, and 17 on either side, all of marble, six feet diameter at the base. Here are no bricks, no mortar, no small stones; only large blocks of marble beautifully cut and polished, and adjusted with the nicest care. The whole building within and without was adorned with the most exquisite pieces of sculpture.

To the left of the Parthenon stands the Erechtheum, a most graceful ruin of the Ionic order, smaller than the Parthenon, and distinguished by the beautiful Caryatides, the draped maidens bearing up the portico, which has been imitated on the side of St. Pancras church in London. Within the precincts of this building is the fabled well of salt water, the emblem of Neptune, and the olive-tree, representing the goddess Athené, both Neptune and Athené contending for the presidency and protectorate of the city, which owed its wealth alike to the olive which grew in the plain, and to the sea which bore its commerce. The mythology associated with these temples, so childish and impure, presents a striking contrast to the purity, grace, and beauty of their architecture. Grandeur of architecture is no evidence of purity of faith. "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made by hands." "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

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* See Michael's "Parthenon," p. 31; Enc. Brit., art. Athens, by Rev. E. C. Hicks.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

FEBRUARY 20.

THE PREACHING OF JESUS. LUKE IV. 14–32.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 18.—'*The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.*'

CONNECTION.—It will be observed that the present course of Lessons, in following the Life of our Lord as related by St. Luke, dwells chiefly on incidents and discourses omitted or slightly touched by the other Evangelists. Much had happened in the interval between His baptism and this visit to Nazareth. The Temptation—His enrolment of disciples—His miracle at Cana—His visit to Jerusalem—His earlier ministry in Judæa—and that memorable journey in which 'He must needs go through Samaria,' had all preceded His public work in Galilee, with which the Lesson opens.

I. JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT NAZARETH.—*Read vers.* 14–16. **Returned**; so far as would appear from *this* Gospel, from the wilderness of Temptation. But for His intermediate labours see above. **In the power of the Spirit**, describing the special energies, now awakened, latent before: the power of which the Dove descending on Him at His baptism was a sign. The same Spirit had led Him into the wilderness, ver. 1. **Galilee**, where His more public ministry had its beginning and centre, Acts x. 37. **A fame of Him.** It was the time of His first and brightest popularity. Not yet had His humbling doctrines aroused men's pride against Him. The people were everywhere charmed by His words, amazed by His miracles. **The region round about**, so desolate now, was then filled with busy life. The populous towns and thriving villages all had **their synagogues**: an active energetic population, rustic, simple and ardent, carried from place to place the tidings that a great Teacher had arisen. 'The Galilæans received Him, having seen all the things that He did at Jerusalem at the feast' (John iv. 45). To this period of His ministry belongs His second miracle (wrought at Cana) on the nobleman's son at Capernaum; after which, as it appears, Jesus Himself went to the latter city, Matt. iv. 13.

> The word **He** in ver. 15 is emphatic in the original. *He Himself* went, after His fame had preceded Him, and this report of His words and works was more than confirmed by His personal ministry. He was **glorified of** (by) all.

To Nazareth, where He had been brought up. Few events in a young life are more interesting and impressive than the first return to the home of childhood, after the experiences of maturer life have begun. This visit marked a great crisis in our Lord's career. At Nazareth, as a child, a youth, a man, He had lived in the 'favour' of all. They had loved Him for what they saw Him to be; but now their regard was to be put to another test. For they had never known Him *really*. Had even His mother spoken much among her neighbours of the marvels that she could tell? See ch. i. 19; ii. 51. The reports, therefore, which now reached Nazareth from Cana, Capernaum, and many a place beside, were strange to these villagers. Think how everyone would be talking about Him; the old men who had 'known him as a boy;' his former comrades in daily work and converse; the women of the place, as they gathered around the well at eventide! The news *He is coming* would set all Nazareth astir; and **on the Sabbath** when He was seen accompanying His mother **to the Synagogue**, as had been **His custom** in the bygone quiet years,* the village sanctuary would be crowded by an audience, eager with curiosity. [The arrangement and services of a synagogue in our Lord's time should here be briefly sketched. See *Biblical Dictionaries*, art. 'Synagogue,' and almost any *Commentary* on this passage.] The reading of the Law (the first Lesson) was over; and at the time for the second Lesson, from the Prophets, Jesus **stood up.** This was according to custom. There was no *minister*, in our sense; one of the villagers, or a visitor might **read**; and any one of reputable character, or a stranger present, might be further called on, or might volunteer, to give an address. See Acts xiii. 15.

II. CHRIST'S READING, AND ITS APPLICATION.—*Read vers.* 17–21. **The book**, the roll, **of the prophet Isaiah**: no doubt because it contained the Lesson for the day. This scroll, wound upon two upright cylinders, was so arranged that when drawn apart they disclosed the proper Lesson. **He** thus **opened it**, well knowing what the words would be.

> We must not suppose that He selected a Lesson *out of course*, or that He unrolled the scroll *at random*. On the other hand, we cannot tell from the passage read what particular time of the year it was. In later times, this part of Isaiah was selected for the Day of Atonement, and this may have been the ancient plan. If so, how appropriate the words from the lips of the great Atoner!

Compare this truly 'Golden Text' as it stands in the prophecy, Isa. lxi. 1, with the citation here. [Our Lord read, of course from the Hebrew. St. Luke quotes mainly from the Septuagint Greek translation; hence the little diversities.] It is part of the same great chain of prophecy as that fulfilled in the Baptist's ministry. See last week's Lesson. The imagery, however, is not that of a return from captivity, but of the year of Jubilee; Lev. xxv. *This* is **the acceptable year**, employed as a type of Christ's saving work; and He, on whom the Spirit descended in His baptism, who had come into Galilee in the power of the same Spirit, now proclaims release: He is the MESSIAH, the **Anointed**—solemnly set apart, **to preach the gospel**, glad tidings, **to the poor**, literally, Matt. xi. 5, spiritually, Matt. vi. 3. To the poor what tidings could be better than the announcement of their debts being paid, their lost possessions restored? Such was the purpose of the Jubilee. Show how Christ does this for the 'poor in spirit.' Other descriptions of human need—**brokenhearted — captives — blind — bruised**, literally. *crushed*: all pictures of what sin has made us—the need which Christ supplies—the misery from which He redeems. Thus far the reading from the prophet. The 20th verse surely is from an *eye-witness*; every action being noted by one whose **eyes in that synagogue were fastened upon Him**—with an intense gaze, as the word denotes. Giving **the book to the minister**—the attendant, or *chazzan*, as called in Hebrew, **He sat down**—the teacher's posture (Matt. v. 1). This seating Himself—on the raised platform in sight of all—was the sign that He had something to say to that eager audience. And **He began**—with the most direct simplicity, the most august majesty. **Fulfilled**; because I am here in the power of the Spirit to proclaim these glad tidings to you.

> The anticipation of the first three Beatitudes in the Sermon on the mount, Matt. v. 3–5, is here very noteworthy.

III. THE EFFECT OF CHRIST'S DISCOURSE.—*Read vers.* 22–27. Note the successive emotions of the hearers—first gazing in-

* At five years old a child *might*, at thirteen he *must* attend the Synagogue.

tently (v. 20), then **bearing witness**, i.e. to the truth of the rumours that had reached them respecting Him, then **wondering**—now it was no longer the mere confirmation of what they had heard from others—for they themselves listened to His **gracious words**—words of grace—beautiful, winning, tender, Psa. xlv. 2; John vii. 46. No doubt He continued speaking, although we are not told of His words after the first. For a time His hearers were thus entranced; then, as if breaking the spell, they began to question, *Who is this*, that is so speaking to us? **Joseph's son**—for aught they knew—John vi. 42. As if that settled the matter! The words of grace, the fame of the mighty works, were to go for nothing—because they had known Him in his childhood, because He had been a villager amongst them! (In Jewish synagogues much more freedom of conversation was tolerated than in our places of worship.) Jesus overheard their mutterings, or knew what was in their hearts, and Himself puts their thoughts into words. **The proverb**, in its application, seems simply to mean, *Why not begin at home?* Art Thou the great Healer? Then show it in Thine own case (making Thyself great) and in exalting the people of **Thy country** Nazareth! Christ's reply, **No prophet is accepted**, etc., had been uttered by way of anticipation; before this journey into Galilee (John iv. 44; a reason why he had gone to *other parts* of Galilee before visiting Nazareth). He declared the same thing again; Matt. xiii. 57. So true was it in His case, that even His brethren did not believe on Him, John vii. 5. The Old Testament instances which follow show how the prophets of God had been sent to others than the chosen people. **Elias**—Elijah. How long did the famine last, according to the history? Explain the variations. (One reckoning starts from the *last rainy season*, the other from the time when rain might *have been expected*, i.e. three and a half years from *February*, three years from *November*, 1 Kings xviii. 1; James v. 17). **Sarepta**, Zarephath. **Sidon**, a heathen territory. **Eliseus**, Elisha. **Naaman the Syrian**, again a heathen.

> Observe the force of the words **save, saving** (= *except*). It is not implied that the widow of Zarephath, or that Naaman belonged to Israel. Lay the emphasis in each verse on **them**.

IV. CHRIST DEPARTS FROM NAZARETH.—*Read vers.* 28–32. A yet deeper animosity is now aroused; the thought of a gospel for strangers being especially abhorrent to them. 'Thou rejectest us, and we reject Thee!' How short the transition from admiration to **wrath**! We see the tumultuous throng, climbing the nearest ascent, **thrusting Him** forward **in the midst of them** to the brow of the hill.

> Not the traditional *Mount of Precipitation*, which is two miles from Nazareth, but some rocky projection of the limestone hill on whose broken face the village stands. One is pointed out, above the Maronite Convent, about 40 feet high.

Cast Him down headlong—not a customary punishment among the Jews, though it was so in other ancient nations. (But see 2 Chron. xxv. 12.) The marvel that followed was not necessarily supernatural. A disorderly mob will often be awed by calmness and resolution. A momentary hesitation may well have held them back from completing their murderous design; and in His own majesty **He passed on**, before the boldest or most cruel of the crowd ventured to lay hands upon Him. Involuntarily they all fell back, and He **passed through the midst of them**! If not a miracle, it was a marvel attesting His Divine dignity (John viii. 59). So He left them, but not for ever, and returned **to Capernaum**, where for a time He made his home among a people **astonished at His doctrine** (or *teaching*, manner as well as matter), eager to listen, proud of Him (Mark ii. 12, etc.), but, alas! not saved. See ch. x. 15.

> Did Jesus ever visit Nazareth again? The account in Matthew xiii. 54–58 seems to decide the matter. Some expositors, however, from the likeness between that narrative and the present Lesson, regard both as referring to *the same visit*, narrated by Matthew much too late, or by Luke much too early, for its place in the history. It seems more natural to suppose that a second visit was paid, in the Saviour's unwearying love, and that the Nazarenes who had spurned Him once, rejected Him again, though with less violence. On this second occasion also, He *wrought miracles among them*, but 'not many' because of their unbelief.

QUESTIONS.

1. What passages speak of the Spirit of God as resting upon Jesus?
2. Name the several provisions of the year of Jubilee, and show how they prefigured the blessings of Christ's salvation.
3. Why was Jesus rejected by the Nazarenes; and how does their conduct illustrate that of all despisers of the Gospel?
4. What illustrations does the ministry of Jesus contain of God's purposes of mercy to all mankind?
5. In what passages is the effect of Christ's teaching on his hearers specially marked?

Pages for the Young.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

I.

THE holidays were over, and the Abbey school at Bandlebury, which had been silent and almost deserted for the last few weeks, began to show signs of returning life and activity.

Flys and cabs were continually drawing up at the door of the school-house, and there discharging their freights of merry-faced boys, most of whom seemed to be as happy in returning to school as they had been six weeks before in leaving it.

Piles of luggage, boxes and hampers brought from all parts of the country, stood in the large hall, and suggested an immense amount of labour in store for the school porters, before they could all be put in their places.

There was a good deal of excitement among the boys who had already arrived, as they heartily cheered their friends and schoolfellows who came later in the day, and greeted them with question after question: "How are you?" "How have you got on?" "Have you enjoyed yourself?" and so on.

At length the evening closed in and the latest arrival for the day made his appearance.

"Many new boys this time?" asked one of the elder lads of a classfellow.

"I don't know, Charlie; there is one new fellow put in our room though."

"Oh! What a pity. What do we want with a new boy there? What sort of fellow is he?"

"I haven't seen him yet. I only know he is coming by his box being put with ours."

"Did you see his name?"

"No, but his box is marked with the initials 'O. C.'"

"'O. C.;' what can they stand for? Obadiah something, I expect. I'm sure I shall not like him."

"Oliver Cromwell, more likely," put in one of the boys. "You will have to look out for your head, Charlie Stewart," he continued.

"And your kingdom," said another; "you won't be allowed to reign in our room after Cromwell comes."

Charles Stewart laughed, but did not appear quite pleased. For some time he had been high in his class, and he was also the acknowledged "head" of his dormitory, and the joke about being deposed irritated him.

Just then the prayer-bell rang, and the conversation ended for the time; but when the boys were in their room a short time afterwards, it was resumed.

"Look, Stewart," said one; "here is Oliver Cromwell's box; don't you tremble?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so foolish," he answered rather loftily. "I think it is a pity you have not got something better to talk about."

This speech set the boys laughing, and when they found that Stewart was getting vexed, they teased him all the more.

Fortunately most of the lads were sleepy, and they soon ceased talking, but not before they had said enough to annoy their schoolfellow and, foolish as it may seem, to prejudice him against the owner of the offending initials.

Charles Stewart was not altogether a favourite with his schoolfellows; he was easily offended, and ready to take as an insult any little joke that did not just suit his humour, and once offended, he was not easily reconciled.

Knowing this, it was a pity that his schoolfellows should have tried to annoy him. They would have shown much greater wisdom and proper feeling if they had carefully avoided anything that was likely to give offence and cause unpleasantness. Instead of this, however, they were constantly trying to irritate him, just for the fun, as they called it, of seeing him in a passion. Need we tell our young readers that, in this, they acted not only foolishly, but sinfully. We think not, and we hope that if any of them are ever tempted to tease, either their brothers and sisters or their schoolfellows, they will remember the words of our Saviour, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God," and thus be prevented from doing or saying what might cause anger and sin.

The next day, the new boy made his appearance at the school. Whatever his name might be, he certainly did not look likely to prove himself a very formidable rival to Charles Stewart. He was a little fellow with a pale face and shy look, as unlike the portraits that the boys had seen of Oliver Cromwell as could possibly be. They had yet to discover that the slight and childish frame of the new-comer held a courageous and manly heart, and that although he appeared diffident and shy he could, when occasion required, speak and act with a boldness that few of the others would have attempted.

In a large school, such as that at Bandlebury, the advent of a new scholar was hardly noticed except by the boys in whose class and room he was placed; but by them he was usually put under a sort of examination as to what his name was, where he came from, how far he was advanced in his studies, and various other things, interesting only to those into whose immediate companionship he was likely to be thrown; and no exception to this rule was made in the present case. Hardly were the morning studies over before the new boy was surrounded by his classfellows, all except Charles Stewart, who walked away, and the catechism commenced.

"I say, what is your name?" asked one of the boys.

"Oswald Compton," was the quiet answer.

"Oliver Cromwell, I said so," laughed the first speaker, and his laugh was taken up by the others.

"I said Oswald Compton," returned the new-comer, his face flushing a little; "not Oliver Cromwell."

"Ah! well, it's all the same; that's what we shall call you; and you know you will have to look after Charles Stewart, and keep him in order; do you understand?"

"No," answered Compton, "I do not."

"Why, don't you know that Oliver Cromwell had Charles the first, Charles Stuart, you know, beheaded, and——"

"But I don't want to behead anyone," answered the new boy, smiling.

"No, no! but there is a boy of the name of Stewart in our room, and if we call you Cromwell, you will have to put him down, you know."

"Oh," answered the other; "but if I am to be like Cromwell, I shall think and act for myself, and not let others tell me what I am to do."

This answer seemed to stagger the others for a moment, but they soon commenced again.

"It is only a joke, you know, but we have been telling Stewart that you will sure to be his rival, and that before long you will be head of the class, and of our room, too."

"And what does he say to that?" asked Compton.

"Oh! he is in a terrible way about it. He dislikes you already, and the very mention of your name, at least of Oliver Cromwell, puts him in a passion."

"Then why do you mention it?"

"Oh, it's such fun to see him in a temper. He looks so wild and fierce."

"Yes," said another; "he is terribly hot-tempered, and as he has taken a dislike to you he will lead you a nice life. I wouldn't be in your place for something."

"I shall know who to thank for setting him against me, at any rate," answered Compton; "but if you think you are going to frighten me about a boy I have never spoken to, you are mistaken."

"Ah! it's all very well to talk like that; you just wait and see."

"That is what I intend doing," answered the new boy; "and even if I find Stewart such a formidable fellow, I dare say I shall be able to conquer him."

"Bravo, Cromwell," shouted the boys; "we will tell Charlie Stewart what you say."

"Do as you please," Compton answered. "I am going to look round the place now."

"Wait a minute," cried one of the lads. "How far are you in Latin?"

"Oh! you will see when we are in class; I am tired of being examined now." Saying this, Compton moved to the door, leaving the others looking after him in surprise.

"Well, he is a cool fellow," said one; "I never saw a new boy take things so easily."

"Won't Charlie be in a rage when we tell him what Cromwell, or Compton, or whatever his name is, said about conquering him."

"He is a little fellow, but he looks as if he means what he says," put in another.

It was not long before the boys found Stewart and told him what Compton had said.

"He declares he will conquer you," said one.

"Yes, and he said he wasn't going to be frightened by you," put in another.

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Stewart, who was already getting angry.

"Ay, that he did; he regularly sets you at defiance."

And so these young mischief-makers rattled on, trying all they could to make ill-will between Stewart and Compton; and so well did they succeed, that before he had spoken to his new schoolfellow, Stewart thoroughly hated him.

A HIDDEN TEXT.

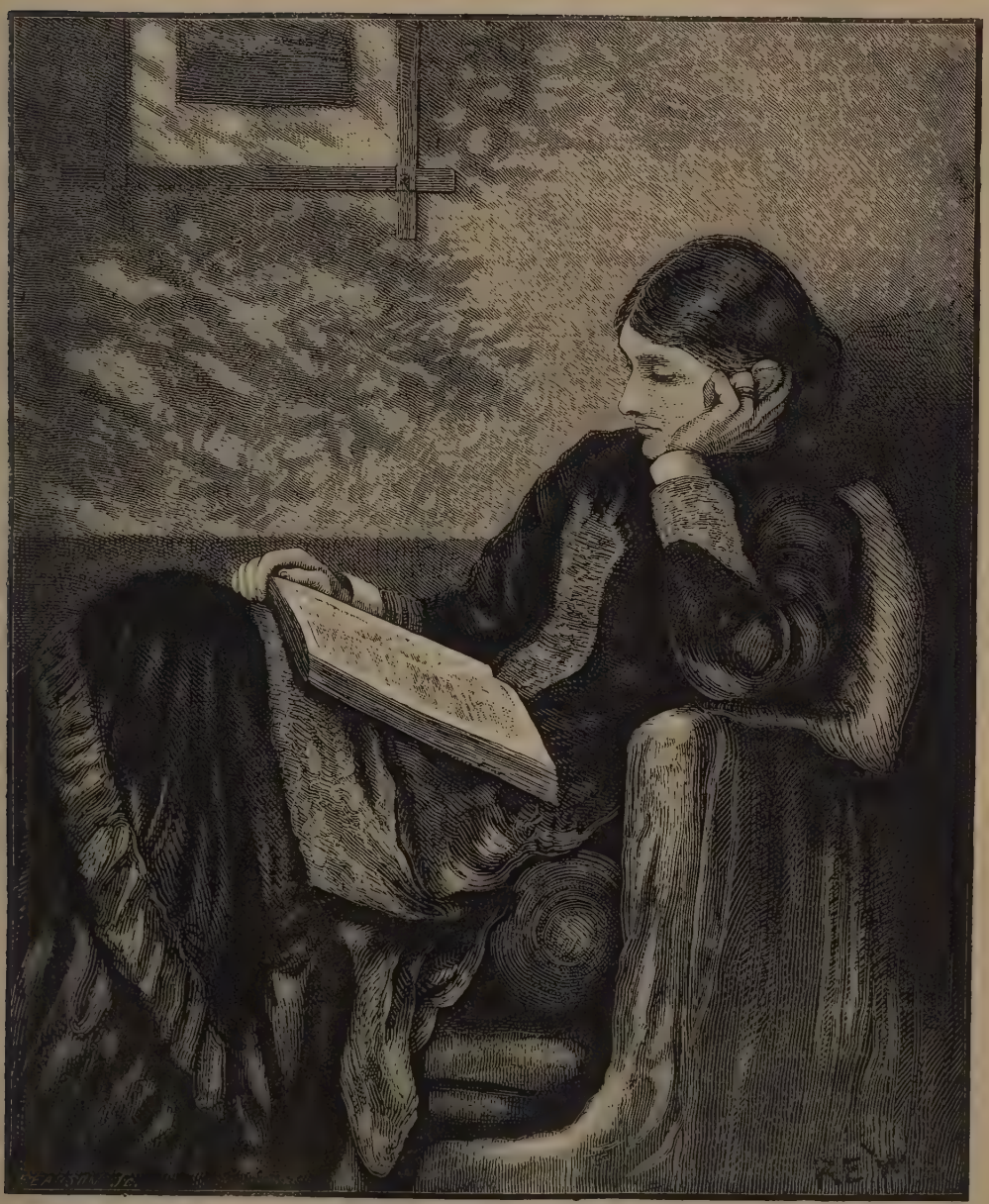
NO. I.

With a rod and staff supporting,
Who are they that come?
Shall they find the promised mansion—
Dwell at home?

Yes; they'll enter in with gladness,
At their God's command;
'Tis their own, by Jesus purchased,
Precious land.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



COMFORTABLE WORDS,

"Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around."

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THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

I.—PRELIMINARY.

IT is one of the happiest characteristics of that great Bible revision, whose firstfruits appear during this month, that, by common consent, our own *English Scriptures* are, in every essential feature, to be preserved. No new translation could ever become, to the faith and intelligence of English-speaking people all over the world, what the old Book has been for more than two hundred and fifty years. For, apart from higher claims to reverence, it is the foremost of British classics. Its phrases and turns of expression, even more than direct quotation, pervade our entire literature. Its tones and cadences live in our ears and hearts; it is among us, yet above us, the homely, lofty standard of our speech. Other works of the same age survive in their antique grandeur as relics of the past, this belongs to the living present, like some old cathedral untouched by modern art, yet crowded with the worshippers of to-day.

"Who will say," writes a late distinguished pervert to Romanism,* "that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of our Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear, like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled."

Grievous would be the loss, hardly to be compensated by any gain in critical accuracy, should associations like these be rudely broken. This choicest treasure of the household and the Church we never can let go. Nor is such a demand now made, whatever may have been the case in former times. New translations have been often proposed, and not infrequently attempted, during the last hundred years; but the protest of instinct and affection is at length seen to be in accord with the soundest judgment; and the New Testament soon to be given to the world is still the old book, unimpaired in its majesty and music, and with the necessary amendments so inwrought into the structure that the fabric still is harmonious and one. Such, at least, has been the aim of the revisers; we shall know very soon whether they have succeeded. Meantime, it may be useful to remind ourselves that the New Testament of 1611 was itself no more than a revision, or rather the result of several revisions, of Tyndale's version published eighty-five years before. For this, as Mr. Froude truly says,* though many times revised and altered, "is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale." The story of these successive revisions, from 1526 to 1611, has been told so fully by Mr. Anderson and Professor Westcott, by Dr. Eadie, Dr. Stoughton and Dr. Moulton, and in our own columns by Mr. Demaus,† and is happily now so familiar, that no details need here be given. Suffice it to say that the aim of the revisers of 1881 has been to do for the version of 1611 what the revisers of 1611 did for Tyndale's, or rather, for the Bishops' Bible, the form which Tyndale's had ultimately taken. Should they prove to have succeeded in this endeavour, they will have performed the noblest task of our generation.

It is a task, we may add, which could not have been hopefully attempted until quite recent times. During the Georgian period of English literature, at least, the standard of taste prevailing would have been fatal both to the simplicity and the unction of the Book, and that without any gain of critical accuracy: we should have had, in fact, "an elegant translation." The Archbishop of Dublin has gathered some curious specimens of modernised versions. Thus, where our Bible reads, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," one of these improved translations has "A man unsteady in his opinions is inconstant in all his practices;" and in the same chapter, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," is replaced in another version by, "Keep yourselves perfectly cheerful when you are exposed to a variety of trials." The late Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen, whose work on the Gospels (1788) is still read with profit by scholars, does not offend against good

* Dr. F. W. Faber, Essay prefixed to "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," 1853.

* "History of England," ch. xii.
† See "Sunday at Home," 1877.

taste quite so grossly, but yet his renderings serve chiefly to show by contrast the superiority of the old diction. Thus to take a brief example at random, in Luke viii. 42–44, we read, "Who now is the discreet and faithful steward whom the Master will set over his household, to dispense regularly the allowance of corn? Happy that servant, if his master, at His arrival, shall find him so employed. I tell you truly, He will entrust him with the management of all His estate." Such versions are but a long succession of failures; and it is in English rather than in Greek that the translators have missed the mark. Happily, the scholarship of our own age has directed especial attention to English; the genius and resources of our own noble tongue are perhaps better understood than ever before; and one result has been the adoption, by the revisers, of two rules, a consistent adherence to which will have secured the success of their work:

"I. To introduce as few alterations as possible in the text of the Authorised Version consistently with faithfulness.

"II. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorised and earlier English versions."

Should these principles have been fairly carried out, such fears will at once be laid to rest as that to which, among others, the noble President of the British and Foreign Bible Society gave utterance when protesting ten years ago against a "diluted" and "Frenchified" adaptation of Bible language to modern tastes. We may say, with some assurance, pending the appearance of the Book, that this is precisely what has not been done. Nor have the apprehensions of the Archbishop of York been verified that the Bible would be "laid on the table of the anatomist," or "sent to the crucible to be melted down and recast." It remains with us in its integrity, retouched and corrected, but with its meaning deepened and its beauty unimpaired.

REASONS FOR REVISION.

The reasons for revision have during the last twenty years become familiar to all readers. Suffice it to say, confining our attention at present to the New Testament, that the first and chief reason is found in the imperfections of the Greek text to which the translators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were restricted. Since that era, the discovery and collation of MSS., the examination of ancient literature bearing upon the subject—in a word, all that is comprised in the modern science of Biblical criticism, has led to the adoption of a text, not indeed absolutely perfect, but in accuracy far beyond that which our Authorised Version represents. It would plainly be unfair to the English reader that the results attained by Griesbach and Scholz, by Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, with their only less renowned compeers who consecrated laborious years to the task of discovering the very words of evangelists and apostles, should be lost to all but scholars. Criticism has not indeed yet said its last word upon many points, but the greater number of readings may now be pronounced as virtually settled; and the revised version of the New Testament is, we understand, to be accompanied by two editions of the Greek original, one to be published by the University of Cambridge, containing the received text with accepted emendations in the margin, the other, undertaken by the University of Oxford, giving the text as amended. Two of the revisers, Professor Westcott and Mr. Hort, were at work upon a recension of the text several years before the present revision; another, Dr. Scrivener, has devoted a lifetime to the task; and this new Greek Testament may be accepted with confidence as representing the latest conclusions of the highest scholarship.

The second reason is based upon certain acknowledged errors in the Authorised Version. On these we do not speak in detail; it will be our business hereafter, when the work is before us, to point out the chief among them, and to show how they have been rectified. Only one word of forewarning must be given. Very probably it may turn out that these errors have been exaggerated both in number and quality. Even within the limits of alteration already specified, the New Testament will hardly be so much changed as many people think. The later stages of the revision have, we understand, been very much in the direction of restoring what had been questioned; not so much from the inevitable conservatism of so large a company, as from a further and deeper examination correcting first impressions. Illustrations of this fact we hope to give hereafter. It may serve meanwhile to quote an anecdote from old Izaak Walton respecting Dr. Kilbie, one of King James's translators. "A young preacher," says Walton, "had no more discretion than to waste a great part of the hour allotted for his sermon, in exceptions against the translation of several words; and showed three reasons why a particular word should have been otherwise translated. At supper time Dr. Kilbie observed to the youthful divine that as for that word for which he offered to that poor congregation three reasons why it ought to have been translated as he said, he and others had considered all of them, and found thirteen more considerable reasons why it was translated as now printed." The incident, *mutatis mutandis*, will probably recur pretty often within the next few years!

PREPARATORY STEPS.

Such being the grounds of action, it is not wonderful that the years before the task was formally undertaken were fertile in proposals and in partial endeavours to supply the need. Five-and-twenty years ago, scattered papers in our chief literary and religious periodicals* showed that the matter was taking some practical shape in the minds of scholars. In February 1856, Canon Selwyn moved the Lower House of Convocation to request the Upper House to consider an address to the Crown for a Commission "to consider such amendments of the Authorised Version as have been already proposed, to receive suggestions from all persons who may be willing to offer them, to communicate with foreign scholars on difficult passages when it may be deemed advisable, to examine the marginal readings which appear to have been introduced into some editions since the year 1611, and to point out such words and phrases as have either changed their meaning or become obsolete in the lapse of time." Nothing practical came at the time of this; but in July of the same year Mr. Heywood moved in the House

* See "Edinburgh Review," Oct. 1855; "Christian Remembrancer," Dec. 1856; "Quarterly Review," Jan. 1863.

of Commons for a similar address to the Crown praying for a Commission "to consider amendments that had been proposed in our present Version, to receive suggestions from those willing to offer them, to point out errors and obsolete words, and to report accordingly." The motion was opposed by Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, and was withdrawn. Another effort was made in Convocation; this time simply to obtain the appointment of "a joint committee of both Houses to deliberate upon the best means of bringing under review the suggestions made during the last two hundred and fifty years for the still further improvement of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scripture, and of publishing the results of the inquiry." The motion was opposed by Dr. Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, in an amendment declaring "That any alterations or additions which it may be deemed expedient by competent authority to be adopted, should be confined to the margin, and not be introduced into the text"; while Archdeacon Denison characteristically moved, "That it is not expedient that this House give any encouragement to any alteration or modification of the Authorised Version, whether by way of insertion in the text, marginal note, or otherwise." It does not seem that any division was actually taken on these competing resolutions. The original mover probably thought that sufficient had been done for the time by raising the question; and from that time it has never slept.

Good service was in the meantime done by many scholars, who took up the work on the principle, already recognised, of as close an adhesion as possible to the language and style of the Authorised English text. "Five clergymen"* led the way by a careful version of St. John's Gospel and most of the Pauline Epistles. A translation of the whole New Testament followed by Mr. Highton (1862), a work which has scarcely received the attention which its high scholarship and soundness of judgment well deserve. Dean Alford worthily crowned his lifelong labours as a commentator on the New Testament by his well-known and popular translation, first published in 1869. In the various critical commentaries, versions, more or less paraphrastic, will be found; while since the revision began Dr. Davidson has issued his literal translation of Tischendorf's Eighth Critical edition, and the late Mr. Joseph Gurney published a "Revised English Bible" with the avowed object of embodying only those emendations on which most scholars were agreed. Several editions of the Scriptures, or of the New Testament, were published with marginal notes, containing various readings, or corrected renderings. A Paragraph Bible in quarto with emendations was issued by the Religious Tract Society in 1871. But the "Variorum Bible," published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode,† must undoubtedly take the first place among publications of this kind, containing as it does, after the model of the "Variorum" classics, all the chief variations both in text and translation, in Old Testament and New, selected by four of the most competent scholars of the day. By the aid of this admirable volume, the English student may both understand and appreciate the conclusions of the highest Biblical criticism and exegesis; and as preparatory to the intelligent reception of the Revised Versions both of the Old and New Testaments the work will be found invaluable.*

Nor, to return to the period previous to 1870, were appeals to the public wanting in favour of a complete and joint revision of the Scriptures. Dr. Beard of Manchester published in 1857 a thoughtful and learned work, although occasionally questionable in its criticisms, entitled, "A Revised English Bible: the Want of the Church and the Demand of the Age." In 1858 Dr. R. C. Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin, gave to the world his scholarly essay on the "Revision of the English New Testament;" a work which contains the sum of the whole question, put with the accomplished writer's well-known felicity of style and illustration. And in 1864 a "Licentiate of the Church of Scotland" published "A Plea for a New English Version of the Scriptures," still worth reading for its mass of illustrative instances, though somewhat loosely arranged. Mr. Malan, of Broadwindsor, came forward as a defender of the Authorised Version in its integrity, and made, it must be confessed, some good points. In the "Edinburgh Review" for July, 1865, the whole controversy is summed up with the hand of a master; and from that time it became evident that the moment for action could not be long delayed. Bishop Ellicott's "Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament," and the essay of Canon Lightfoot (now Bishop of Durham), "On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament," were issued when the work had actually been determined upon, and are of special value now, as handbooks to the whole subject.

THE PRESENT REVISION.

It is not easy to say who had the chief share in inducing the Convocation of the Southern Province at last to take decisive action. The initiative is probably due to the three great New Testament expositors of our time, Drs. Alford, Ellicott, and Lightfoot, well supported by the intelligence and determination of Dean Stanley. By this time the interest of Nonconformists also was thoroughly aroused. A valuable paper read by Professor Newth to the Congregational Union in 1870 excited much attention, convincing some who were undecided before. By this time it was understood on all hands that the work must be one in which the representatives of all churches should take part. Conferences were held by eminent members of the Church of England with Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Angus, and other leading Nonconformists. The idea of a Royal Commission, though still favoured by some, was tacitly abandoned; and the work was left to the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury; that of York, led by its accomplished and learned Archbishop, still declining to unite. The first formal resolution on the subject was moved, we believe, by Dr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Winchester, who proposed that the

* Dr. Barrow, Dr. Moberly (now Bishop of Salisbury), Dean Alford, the Rev. W. G. Humphry and Dr. Ellicott (now Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol).

† "The Variorum Edition of the Holy Bible. Various renderings and readings from the best authorities, edited by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A.; Rev. R. L. Clarke, M.A., S. R. Driver, M.A., and Alfred Goodwin, M.A.," London, 1880.

* It may be added that an edition of this really great work has been published, with the Queen's Printers' well-known Appendices and Aids to Bible Study, under the title of the "Variorum Teachers' Bible," the whole containing a mass of information on Biblical subjects absolutely unrivalled.

revision of the New Testament should be undertaken, Dr. Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, immediately asking, "And why not the Old also?" a suggestion adopted at once. As the result, a Committee of bishops and other dignitaries was appointed, at whose instance the following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of Convocation held May 6th, 1870:

"That it is desirable that a revision of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken; that the revision be so conducted as to comprise both marginal renderings and such emendations as it may be found necessary to insert in the text of the Authorised Version;" and "that it is desirable that Convocation should nominate a body of its own members to undertake the work of revision, who shall be at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong."

entered on the task, Dr. Alford was soon called away by death. Bishop Wilberforce died in 1873, Dr. Eadie in 1876, Dr. Tregelles, who had been unable to attend from the first, in 1875. The rest have uninterruptedly continued the work for ten years; the Rev. J. Troutbeck acting as secretary. It should be added that the labours of the revisers have been gratuitous, the heavy necessary expenses of the work being defrayed by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in consideration of the copyright.

The place of meeting has been the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, a room of many and various associations with historic personages and events. Taking its name probably from the tapestry which once adorned its walls, and which represented scenes from the history of Jerusalem, it long seemed invested with a strange sacredness in the minds of men. It was the death-chamber of King Henry IV.,

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

The Committee for the Revision of the New Testament consisted at first of the Bishops of Winchester, Gloucester and Bristol, and Salisbury, with Dr. Bickersteth (the Prolocutor, now Dean of Lichfield), Deans Alford and Stanley, with Dr. Blakesley, now Dean of Lincoln. To these, by invitation, the following were added, at first or subsequently, Archbishop Trench, Dr. Angus, Dr. D. Brown, of Aberdeen, Dr. Eadie, Rev. F. J. A. Hort, Rev. W. G. Humphry, Canon Kennedy, Archdeacon Lee, Professors Lightfoot (now Bishop of Durham), Milligan, Moulton, Newth, Edwin Palmer, and Roberts, Dr. G. Vance Smith, Dr. Scott, Dean of Rochester, Dr. F. H. Scrivener, Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, Dr. Tregelles, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Master of the Temple (now Dean of Llandaff), and Professor Westcott. Dr. J. H. Newman was also invited, but declined, and Dr. Merivale, Dean of Ely, resigned soon after his appointment. Of those who

as readers of Shakespeare will remember. Here, in later days, were laid in state the bodies of Robert South, Joseph Addison, Sir Isaac Newton, and other famous men. But the ecclesiastical associations of this chamber must ever give it a chief place in our remembrance. It was here (driven in the first instance by cold from the interior of the Abbey) that the Westminster Assembly held its sittings for more than five years (1643–1649). Here also was convened that well-intentioned though abortive conference held in 1689 for the Revision of the Prayer Book with a view to the conciliation of Nonconformists. So lately as 1867 another Royal Commission assembled in the same spot to examine the Ritual and Rubrics of the Church of England so as to relieve troubled consciences in the matter of subscription. But those ancient walls have never looked down upon a work more surely calculated to harmonize the strifes of the

Church, and to reconcile divided brethren, than during the long sessions of patient labour in which men of various ecclesiastical relationships and often warring creeds have been found uniting with one accord in the serious and simple endeavour, first to discover to the uttermost minuteness what God has spoken, and then to devise how best and most directly to communicate that knowledge to the English people. Fitly were the proceedings of the companies introduced by the celebration of the Communion, June 22nd, 1870, in the Chapel of Henry VII., at the grave of Edward VI. In reference to this impressive service Dr. Bickersteth wrote the following sonnet:

"Over the youthful Sovereign's grave we bent,
A little company; and there was given
To each, with reverence due, the Bread of Heaven:
And then some silent prayers were upward sent
To God's high Throne, that He would deign to bless
All those who knelt in meek devotion there,
With the strong faith and gentle holiness
Of that sweet saintly king. Moments there are
When strives in vain the over-burdened heart
To utter what it feels. Dread Spirit, guide
With pure intention and with judgment clear,
The students of Thy Word! Do Thou impart
True wisdom, light celestial. All beside
Is dark, light comes if only Thou be near."

In this spirit the work has been continued, with painstaking and reverent care. The Bishop of Winchester was the first President, and after his lamented death the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol succeeded to the chair. The proceedings have been simple and orderly, the rules of procedure being few and explicit. Every important suggestion has been submitted in writing; the discussion on each several point being full, careful, often animated, but always friendly. The revisers have virtually, though not formally, fallen into place, each being regarded as an authority in his own department, one on textual criticism, another on the discrimination of synonyms, another on the niceties of English, and so on; while for the *final* adoption of any change, a majority of two-thirds has been requisite; alternative renderings strongly though not decisively supported being placed in the margin.

The sessions have been monthly, ten in each year, each for four days of about seven hours. During somewhat more than ten years, therefore, 412 meetings have been held; corresponding thus to about a year and a quarter of working days, to say nothing of the time given to private study in connection with the work, and in preparation for the meetings. On the thirteenth of December, 1878, the Second Revision was closed; and this again drew from Dean Bickersteth a graceful sonnet:

"Propitious hour! in which we saw with joy
Our hopes well nigh fulfilled, the approaching end
Of nearly nine years' toil. The Almighty Friend
Has blessed our work and given us to enjoy
His Peace throughout this dignified employ.
His Love has been our banner on our road!
His Truth has led us, Truth without alloy!
Therefore we knelt and humbly thanked our God.
Glory to God! for He our minds has taught
To shed some rays of light which He has given
Upon the abiding Word which came from heaven;
Contented we, if through our careful thought
These living waters henceforth flow more clear,
The longing soul to satisfy and cheer."

It so happened that December the 13th is Dean Stanley's birthday, and on receiving the above sonnet, he sent the following charming reply:

"When dark December's days had reached thirteen,
Heaven's light first dawned upon a future Dean.
What seer could in that far-off year have guessed
How his grey age would on that day be blessed?
A gift to grace with more than gold or gem
The chamber of his own Jerusalem,
By the skilled hands of kindest friendship wrought,
Through nine long years of labour and of thought;—
On its bright face forgotten splendours shine;
Though old, yet new, though human, yet Divine!"*

Another year was still to elapse before the completion of the work; not only for those final touches on which supreme excellence depends, but for full and deliberate intercommunication with the American company, which had been working almost through the whole period upon the same lines. So early as August, 1870, Dr. Angus, then in New York, had been authorised by a letter from the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to open negotiations for the formation of an American Committee of Revision. Not until the latter part of the next year were the two companies fully organised, very much on the English plan; the first meeting for the arrangement of preliminaries being held December 7th, 1871; the first for active work, October 4th, 1872. The companies include names of world-wide fame as Biblical scholars and theologians, Dr. Philip Schaff having been throughout the leading representative in communication with the British revisers. As might be expected, there has been much friendly discussion between the two countries, not so much, perhaps, on directly critical matters as on minutiæ of style and expression. All these points have, however, been satisfactorily settled, the two companies in some few cases "agreeing to differ;" and not the least of the achievements connected with this great work will have been the adoption on both sides of the Atlantic after a century of national separation, of this one book—the standard at once of language and of faith—for English-speaking people throughout the world.

Of the new bond of concord thus instituted between Christians of almost every name, it is needless now to speak. Whether the Revised New Testament be speedily adopted or not for common worship matters comparatively little. It is in the preparation of the work, far more than in the circumstances of its first diffusion, that the sublime possibilities of Christian unity appear. It is impossible that the members of the New Testament Company should go their several ways without a greater mutual respect, a deepened mutual trust; and though the old controversies are sure to reappear, fortified on either side by texts from the Revised New Testament, a proof will at least have been given to the world that no diversity of opinion has prevented Christian men from hearty co-operation in ascertaining the uncorrupt text and the simple meaning of Scripture. And so, before a line of it can be publicly read, the Book has already taught the world its greatest lesson.

* "Guardian," January 8th, 1879.

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

BY THE REV. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

CHAPTER I. — DIEPPE PIER.

IT was blowing a gale in the Channel, and the waves were beating boisterously against the end of the Dieppe pier. A few adventurous spirits were clustered around the little lighthouse which stands on one side of the entrance to the harbour, to watch the wild grandeur of the sea in this her angry mood; and truly it was a sight worth seeing, the breakers near at hand, and the vast ever-moving floor beyond, across which the foam was being blown, like so much chaff before the wind. Nearer in, towards the town, a group of women were kneeling at the foot of the lofty crucifix, which presents so conspicuous an object to the traveller entering Dieppe harbour. These were praying for husbands, fathers, and brothers in peril on the sea.

The Newhaven steamer had long been expected, but it caused no surprise that her arrival should be so much more tardy than usual, considering the state of the weather. The usual knot of officials, idlers, and employés were waiting for her; the same little crowd that always meets us on our landing in these parts, the important gendarme, the inquisitive *douanier*, a few slovenly soldiers of the line, with their hands in the pockets of their red trousers, and a contingent of swarthy mariners from the "Pollet," in blue jerseys and heavy boots.

"How now, Monsieur Anglais?" observed a somewhat pompous gendarme to a shabbily-dressed but bright and intelligent-looking lad, whose general appearance bore evidence of English extraction; "how comes it that you are idling here, instead of being busily employed in the workshop of Monsieur Lecroix?"

The lad thus addressed blushed slightly and then replied, "All the world knows, Monsieur Pompon, that the ivory trade is bad at this time of the year, and that the last order from Paris has been finished. Besides," added he in a lower tone to himself, "there is never much work to be given to English workmen and Protestants."

"But what is it that you expect to do here?" enquired the gendarme, still eyeing the lad suspiciously, and with that show of authority in which all classes of French officials seem so much to delight.

"I simply wish, monsieur, to earn a few sous," replied the boy, moving away from the gendarme and trying to penetrate further through the little crowd on the landing-stage.

The expectant throng were not destined to wait much longer. The semaphore at the harbour's mouth indicated the near approach of the steamer.

To enter was by no means an easy task in such a sea, in spite of the skill and experience of the commander. The passage is narrow, and the ever-moving tide threatened at every moment to sweep the vessel with resistless violence against the stony barriers on either side. A cable was, however, soon attached to the steamer, and even the women left their devotions at the foot of the crucifix to give the assistance of their brawny arms and sturdy frames in pulling the vessel into calmer waters.

The usual pale and weary-looking travellers appeared on the deck as the vessel was being made fast to the landing-stage; and the English lad looked anxiously down upon them, to see if any of them were likely to need his assistance. Scarcely was the connecting plank thrown across to the steamer than an eager rush began; gentlemen with rugs and carpet-bags, and ladies with baskets and children, all pushed together, and all anxious to be the first to quit the wave-tossed vessel, the captain, now that *his* anxiety was over, looking on unconcernedly from his paddle-box at the impatience of his passengers to leave him.

"Do you want any one to help you, sir?" asked the lad repeatedly of the passing travellers, till at last he met with a response from a tall and pale-looking clergyman, who was crossing the plank with rather feeble steps.

"Ah, an English lad, the very thing I want, to carry this bag for me through the *douane*," replied the clergyman, with a kindly smile as he handed a somewhat heavy carpet bag over to our young friend.

The process of examination did not take so long as usual, owing to the alertness of the bearer of the carpet-bag in securing a good and prominent position on the examining counter. There being nothing to "declare" the usual chalk hieroglyphics were hastily made upon it, and the clergyman and his young companion quickly found themselves in the street outside.

"Can you show me the way to the Hotel des Postes?" asked the gentleman, looking about him in a somewhat bewildered way, at the numerous white-curtained cafés which line the sides of the Quai de Henri Quatre.

"Certainly, sir," answered the boy; "if you will be so good as to follow me this way down the Grande Rue."

The clergyman slowly followed his guide over the rough stones of the *trottoir*, Monsieur Pompon, the gendarme, still looking suspiciously after the lad as if he would throw some difficulty in the way if that were possible.

The traveller was evidently wearied with his journey. His naturally kind and pleasant countenance seemed as if it had been clouded by overwork and illness. But now that he had found his feet safe on terra firma his spirits seemed to revive, and he began to give his young companion some kindly looks of interest. And truly the lad's features were such as anyone might have gazed upon with pleasure, for besides those natural advantages, which a clear bright complexion, blue eyes, and curly auburn hair are supposed to contribute, these were lighted up with looks of intelligence which invited sympathy and conversation.

The numerous ivory shops that adorn almost every street in this quaint old town did not fail to attract the traveller's attention, and the clergyman

soon found that he had in the lad an intelligent authority in all the mysteries of the most beautiful art of ivory carving.

"Ah, what a masterpiece!" observed the clergyman, pausing for a moment before a beautifully-carved group displayed in a shop window, representing Faust and Marguerite; in which the artist (for such he might truly be called) while he had not failed to do justice to the German magician's mysterious features, seemed to have devoted his softest and most skilful touches to the graceful form and innocent countenance of the German maiden.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, in answer to his companion's involuntary expression of admiration, and gazing upon the group as if on the countenance of an old friend. "It took Monsieur Collette a whole winter to carve that. We always said how fortunate he was in having such a piece of ivory for the work."

"Then you know the workman who carved that group?"

"Yes, sir, Monsieur Collette is a Protestant, and I worked in his shop. It is Mademoiselle Christine who is Marguerite. Mademoiselle Christine is Monsieur Collette's niece, and he carved the figure from her, but we all said it was not beautiful enough."

"And where does Monsieur Collette work?" enquired the clergyman.

"He is gone to London, sir. Monsieur Lecroix owned that he was the best workman in the trade, but it is not so easy for Protestant workmen to get on as others here."

"And are you employed in any ivory shop yourself?"

"I was sir, but trade is bad, and they do not care to give me work."

"Ah, that is why you met us at the steamer," continued the clergyman. "And have you no friends in France, no parents or relatives?"

"I have a mother, sir, but she is very ill. My name is Long—Rupert Long; we live in the Rue des Maillots, *numero* 27 on the fourth *étage*."

"Well, if I have time to-morrow, I think I must try to find you out. I am going to the South of France. I have been very ill—but come, show me the way to the Hotel des Postes."

"Here it is, sir," said the boy, carrying the clergyman's luggage up the carpetless stairs to the room which the bowing landlord indicated.

CHAPTER II.—NUMERO 27, RUE DES MAILLOTS.

The town of Dieppe, busy seaport that it still is, presents many evidences of having been a more important and affluent place in days gone by.

The beautiful art of ivory sculpture, which is carried on here, is a vestige of the African trade which at one time poured its treasures through the narrow portals of this safest of French harbours. The vast and stately mansions to be found in the back streets, and which seem almost to be without limit in their extent, to him who explores them afford additional indications of the wealth of the early Dieppe merchants. The place has changed its character and the ordinary traveller sees but the fanciful hotels and *pensions* on the *plage*—the summer resort of Parisian bathers—but the old mansions in the back streets of the town still remain.

Picking his way over the rough stones and enquiring of the jersey-clad sailors and white-capped workwomen of the cigar factory for the Rue des Maillots, our traveller of yesterday found himself at length at the door of a large and gloomy mansion, within a stone's-throw of the grand old cathedral of Saint Jacques.

"*Numero* 27, fourth *étage*," said the clergyman to himself, as he prepared to ascend the dark staircase; "I think that was the address."

The first story was occupied by a *blanchisseuse*, the numerous achievements of whose art were hanging about conspicuously at the open doors and windows of the apartment. On the second a tailor was located, and on the third there were to be seen through the open door of a workshop, several men and boys filing pieces of ivory, and surrounded by plaster casts of all shapes and sizes. On the fourth landing-stage the clergyman was confronted by a very rough and shaggy dog, of the terrier type, who sat immovably staring at the intruder, and who returned his proffers of friendship and an attempt at a caress only by a solemn growl.

Venturing to pass this somewhat unsympathetic guardian of the *étage*, the visitor knocked at the door of an apartment, which was immediately opened by the young English lad whose acquaintance the reader has already made.

"Good morning, my boy," said the clergyman entering the apartment; "you see I have kept my word, and am come to see you. Is that your dog outside, that keeps such solemn watch over your home?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "that is our dog; we call him Bruno. Perhaps he growled and looked as if he wasn't glad to see you, but that's only because he doesn't care to do himself justice now. He was a very different dog, sir, when Mademoiselle Christine was here—Mademoiselle Christine, Monsieur Collette's niece. He belonged to her, but she went away to England with her uncle, and she could not take Bruno with her. So she left him to me, because she thought I would take care of him, and because I knew what kind of a dog he had been."

"Well," said the clergyman smiling, "I daresay you don't blame him for remembering his mistress; but let me see how your mother is."

The visitor now advanced farther into the room, and found to his surprise, lying on a very poor but neat bed, a really beautiful and refined-looking English woman. She was indeed only a shadow of what she once must have been, for the practised eye of the clergyman at once detected the ravages of consumption.

"I thought, my friend," said the minister, kindly, "that the visit of an English clergyman might be a comfort to you in this foreign land."

A flush passed over the delicate features, as the invalid gave utterance to a few heartfelt words of thanks. Whilst Rupert now left the room, on some errand for his mother, the clergyman sat down by the bedside and began to speak such words of comfort as his experience seemed to prompt. The sufferer's answers, whilst they convinced him that she had long been in the possession of the truth, both surprised him because of the clear intellect which they revealed, but also because they seemed to indicate that there had been some hidden sorrow,

which had long burdened the heart and clouded what ought to have been bright and happy days.

By degrees the skilful pastor seemed to gain the invalid's confidence, and in accordance with his kind and sympathizing invitation, the young Englishwoman commenced to tell him her sorrowful story. That story was often interrupted by her racking cough, but the facts, as the clergyman gathered, were briefly these.

Mary Long, for that was the invalid's name, had removed thither. But, in quitting his native land, he did not leave his old habits behind him. At last, through bad company and drink, he had drifted into smuggling transactions and become a suspected character. Soon a terrible calamity fell upon Mary Long and her unconscious babe. There had been a fierce encounter between a coastguard and two smugglers at a seaside village near the town. The coastguard was left dead upon the shore with a bullet through his heart, and Richard Long was

ON GUARD.

been deceived in the man who sought her love fifteen years before, and whom she had married in the confiding trustfulness of early womanhood.

From a good position in life, he had gradually sunk lower and lower, until it became necessary for him to support himself and his wife by the labour of his hands. There was one talent which Richard Long possessed in an eminent degree, that was skill in ivory carving. An opening for his abilities had been offered in Dieppe, and he and his wife had

searched for everywhere, as the supposed murderer.

But he could nowhere be found, except that, after three stormy days, a boat was cast up upon the beach, bottom upwards, to which was attached some article of his clothing. When it was known that the murderer had thus met with a watery grave, the excitement gradually diminished, although suspicion was for a time attached to a gendarme named Pompon, as his probable accomplice, in consequence

of evidence which Mary Long had been obliged to give of frequent mysterious conversations between the two men. But this was not considered sufficient proof of Pompon's guilt.

For the first few years of her widowhood Mary Long had been supported by remittances from a somewhat harsh and unsympathising father in England, but subsequently on his death she had become dependent on her own exertions, and earned a scanty livelihood by lace-making and needlework. But it was a sad life for this cultivated and high-principled young Englishwoman; and by degrees hardship and a life shadowed by a sad reproach, had done their work and laid her on a bed from which she knew she could not hope to rise.

"Ah that is a sad story," said the clegyman with tear-moistened eyes, "but do you not think that God may have sent me at last, a minister from your own land, to offer you words of sympathy and consolation?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the sufferer softly, closing her eyes, as if to summon up old familiar memories, "a voice from dear old England with a message of comfort from dear old England's God."

"Let me then read to you a few words out of dear old England's Bible," said the minister gently, and then he read slowly and with a subdued voice those ever-memorable words of comfort and invitation: "'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.'" The clergyman added a few words of exhortation and then closed his Bible, kneeling down by the bedside. Rupert, who had returned, knelt reverently too, and added a fervent "Amen" to the minister's petitions. Mary Long's lips moved silently, pleading not merely for herself but for her boy whom she was leaving behind.

These travellers on life's journey, assembled by such an apparent accident, were agreeing together as touching anything they should ask—a simple meeting, with simple surroundings, but if there be a word of truth in that Book which they had been reading, they had not met nor prayed together in vain.

"I fear I must not stay longer," said the clergyman, looking at his watch. "Should you like," he added turning to Rupert, "to have this book from which I have been reading to your mother?" and taking a pen and ink from a little table which, with a bouquet of flowers, stood close by the bed, he wrote in it—"Rupert Long; the gift of a friend." In a moment more, having placed a little money in the boy's hands, he was hurrying down the stairs to be in time for the Paris express.

Mrs. Long did not survive the stranger's visit many days. Her bodily strength rapidly declined, but her spirits seemed to rise as she drew nearer the realisation of those blessed hopes with which the minister had filled her mind. When she grew too weak to read it herself, she would often ask Rupert to take the Bible and repeat to her once more those gracious words of invitation to the weary and heavy laden. Thus the boy got to know the words by heart, and would always turn to them of his own accord.

The end was not so mournful as might have been expected. The atmosphere of rest seemed to have entered the poor chamber, and left a smile upon the dead mother's face. She had left her boy to God.

One or two of the neighbours followed the humble procession up to the quiet cemetery above the town, for there are kind hearts in most lands, and left their immortelles on the poor Englishwoman's grave.

THE MASTER AND HIS SLAVES.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., MANCHESTER.

"Denying the Lord that bought them."—2 *Peter* ii. 1.

THERE were three great stains on the civilisation of the world into which Christianity came: war, the position of woman, and slavery. With the two first of these we have nothing to do at present, but the relation of the New Testament to the last of these great evils naturally connects itself with the words before us. That relation is at first sight very singular. There can be no doubt that the atrocious system of slavery is utterly irreconcilable with the principles and spirit of the Gospel. It dies in the light of Christianity, like some foul fungus that can only grow in the dark. And yet there is not a word of condemnation of it in the book. The writers of the New Testament found that evil institution, which makes the slaves chattels and the masters fiends, in full force, and they said nothing against it. Paul recognises it in several of his letters, regulates it, gives counsels to Christians standing to each other in the extraordinary relation of owner and slave; sends back the runaway Onesimus to his master, and shows no consciousness of the revolutionary force of his own words, "In Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free." Whether he foresaw the effect of the gospel in breaking every yoke or no, the fact remains that Christianity at its beginning ran no tilt against even the most execrable social iniquities, but was guided by the wisdom which said, "Make the tree good, and its fruit good." The only way to mend institutions is by mending individuals. Elevate the tone of society by lifting the moral nature of the units, and evil things will drop away and become impossible. Other ways are revolutionary, and imperfect.

In like manner, this same wicked thing, slavery, is used as an illustration of the highest, sacredest, noblest relationship possible to men—their submission to Jesus Christ. With all its vileness, it is still not too vile to be lifted from the mud, and to stand as a picture of the purest and loftiest tie that can bind the soul. The apostles glory in calling themselves "slaves of Jesus Christ." That title of honour heads each epistle. And here in this text we have the same figure expressed with Peter's own energy, and carried out in detail. The word in our text for "Lord," is an unusual one, selected to put the idea in the roughest, most absolute form. It is the root of our word "despot," and conveys, at any rate, the notion of unlimited, irresponsible

authority. We might read "owner" with some approach to the force of the word.

Nor is this all. One of the worst and ugliest features of slavery is that of the market, where men and women and children are sold like cattle. And that has its parallel too, for this Owner has bought men for his.

Nor is this all; for, as there are fugitive slaves, who "break away every man from his master," and when questioned will not acknowledge that they are his, so men flee from this Lord and owner, and by words and deeds assert that they owe Him no obedience, and were never in bondage to Him.

So, then, there are these three points brought out in the words before us: Christ's absolute *ownership* of men; the *purchase* on which it depends; and the *fugitives* who deny his authority.

I. The strong expression of the text asserts *Christ's absolute ownership.* If a word had been sought to convey the hardest possible representation of irresponsible unlimited authority, bound by no law but its own will, the word in our text would have been chosen. Such authority can never be really exercised by men over men. For thought and will are ever free. To claim it would be blasphemy, to allow it would be degradation. But such an authority, in comparison with which the most absolute that man can exercise over man is slight and superficial, this peasant of Nazareth claims, and not in vain. Proud hearts have bowed to his authority, and through the centuries the whole being of thousands upon thousands has gloried in submission—utter and all-embracing to Him. "What manner of man is this," it was said of old, "that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" But the question opens a deeper depth of wonder, and a higher stretch of power: "What manner of man is this that even the hearts and wills of men obey Him?" His autocratic lips spake, and it was done, when He was here on earth, rebuking disease, and it fled; the wild storm, and there was a great calm; demons, and they came out; death itself, and its dull cold ear heard, and Lazarus came forth. To material things and forces He spoke as their great Imperator and commander, saying to this one "Go," and he went, and claiming his Divinity, as even the pagan centurion had learned, by the power of his word, the bare utterance of his will.

But His rule in the region of man's spirit is as absolute and authoritative, and there too "His word is with power." The correlative of Christ's ownership is our entire submission of will, our complete acceptance of the law of his lips, our practical recognition that we are not our own. Loyola demanded from his black-robed militia, obedience to the general of the order so complete that they were to be "just like a corpse," or "a staff in a blind man's hand." Such a requirement made by a man is of course the crushing of the will, and the emasculation of the whole nature. But such a demand yielded to from Christ is the vitalising of the will and the ennobling of the spirit. To give myself up to Him is to become not "like a corpse"—but to be as alive from the dead. We then first find our lives when we surrender them to Him.

The owner of the slave could set him to any work he thought fit. So our Owner gives all His slaves their several tasks. As in some despotic eastern monarchies, the sultan's mere pleasure makes of one slave his vizier, and of another his slipper-bearer, our King chooses one man to a post of honour, and another to a lowly place; and none have a right to question the allocation of work. What corresponds on our parts to that sovereign freedom of appointment? Cheerful acceptance of our task, whatever it be. What does it matter whether we are set to do things which the vulgar world calls "great," or things which the blind world calls "small?" They are equally set us by Him, to whom all service is alike that is done from the same motive, and all that we need care about is to give glad obedience and unmurmuring honest work. Nobody knows what is important service, and what not. We have to wait till another day far ahead, before we can tell that. All work that contributes to a great end is great, as the old rhyme has it "for the want of a nail a kingdom was lost." So, whatever our tasks, let us say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The slave's hut, and little patch of garden ground, and few bits of furniture, whose were they—his or his master's? If he was not his own, nothing else could be his own. And whose are our possessions? If we have no property in ourselves, still less can we have property in our property. These things were His before, and are His still. The first claim on them is our Master's, not ours. We have not the right to do what we like with our own. So, if we rightly understand our position, we shall feel that we are trustees, not possessors. When, like prodigal sons, we "waste our substance," we are unfaithful stewards also, "wasting our Lord's goods."

Such absolute submission of will, and recognition of Christ's absolute authority over us, our destiny, work, and possessions, is ennobling and blessed. So to bow before a man would be degrading were it possible, but so to bow before Him is our highest honour, and liberates us from all other submission. The king's servant is every other person's master. We learn from historians that the origin of nobility in some Teutonic nations is supposed to have been the dignities enjoyed by the king's household—of which you find traces still. The king's master of the horse, or chamberlain, or cupbearer becomes noble. Christ's servants are lords, free because they serve Him, noble because they wear his livery and bear the mark of Jesus as their Lord.

II. The text brings into view the *purchase* on which that ownership is founded.

This master has acquired men by right of purchase. That abomination of the auction block may suggest the better "merchandise of the souls of men," which Christ has made, when He bought us with his own blood as our ransom.

That purchase is represented in two forms of expression. Sometimes we read that He has bought us with his "blood;" sometimes that He has given "himself" for us. Both expressions point to the same great fact—his death as the price at which He has acquired us as his own.

There are far deeper thoughts involved in this statement than can be dealt with here, but let me note one or two plain points. First, then, that is a very beautiful and profound one, that Christ's Lordship over men is built upon his mighty and supreme sacrifice for men. Nothing short of his utter giving up of himself for them gives Him the right of absolute authority over them; or, as Paul puts it, "He

gave himself for us," that He might "purchase for himself a people." He does not found his kingdom on his Divinity, but on his suffering. His cross is his throne. It seems to me that the recognition of Christ's death as our ransom is absolutely essential to warrant the submission to Him which is the very heart of Christianity. I do not know why any man who rejects that view of the death of Christ should call to Him, "Lord! Lord!" We are justified in saying to Him, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant," only when we can go on to say, "Thou hast loosed my bonds."

Then, consider that the figure suggests that we are bought from a previous slavery to some other master. Free men are not sold into slavery, but slaves pass from one master to another, and sometimes are bought into freedom, as well as into bondage. Hebrew slavery was a very different thing from Roman or American slavery—but such as it was, there was connected with it that peculiar institution of the *Goel*, by which, under certain circumstances, if an Israelite had sold himself into slavery, he could be redeemed. As the law has it, "One of his kinsmen may redeem him." So our Kinsman buys us back from our bondage to sin and guilt and condemnation, from the slavery of our tyrant lusts, from the slavery to men's censures and opinions, from the dominion of evil and darkness, and making us His, makes us free. He that committeth sin is the slave of sin. If the Son therefore make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

III. Our text also brings to view the *Runaways*. We do not care to enquire here what special type of heretics the apostle had in view in these solemn words, nor to apply them to modern parallels which we may fancy we can find. It is more profitable to notice how all godlessness and sin may be described as denying the Lord. *All* sin, I say, for it would appear very plain that the people spoken of here were not Christians at all, and yet the apostle believes that Christ had bought them by his sacrifice, and so had a right over them, which their conduct and their words equally denied.

How eloquent that word "denying" is on Peter's lips. Did the old man travel back in memory to that cold morning, when he was shivering beside the coal-fire in the high-priest's palace, and a flippant serving-maid could frighten him into lying? Is it not touching to notice that he describes the very worst aspect of the sin of these people in the words that recall his own? It is as if he were humbly acknowledging that no rebellion could be worse than his, and were renewing again his penitence and bitter weeping after all those years.

All sin is a denial of Christ's authority. It is in effect saying, "We will not have this man to reign over us." It is at bottom the uprising of our own self-will against his rule, and the proud assertion of our own independence. It is as foolish as it is ungrateful, as ungrateful as it is foolish.

That denial is made by deeds which are done in defiance or neglect of his authority, and it is done too by words and opinions. It is not for us to bring such a grave charge against individuals, but at least we may exhort our readers to beware of all forms of teaching which weaken Christ's absolute authority, or which remove the very foundation of his throne by weakening the power and meaning of his sacrifice.

Finally, let us beware lest the fate of many a runaway slave be ours, and we be lost in trackless bogs and perish miserably. Casting off his yoke is sure to end in ruin. Rather, drawn by the cords of love, and owning the blessed bonds in which willing souls are held by the love of Christ, let us take Him for our Lord, who has given himself for our ransom, and answer the pleading of his cross with our glad surrender. Then shall He say, "I call you not servants but friends."

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER II.—THE NEGLECTED TRACT.

PENANG lies in latitude 5° 16′ north of the equator. Although the morning and evening breezes are as constant as the rising and setting of the sun, and soft zephyrs seem to be ever breathing over the seas and the hills, the rays of the sun are vertical, causing the temperature on the plains (notwithstanding these compensations) to range in the shade from 80° to 90°. It will be obvious, therefore, that for some hours of every day it is dangerous to be exposed to the sun. But, with true boy-nature, in spite of all warnings and prohibitions, it was my delight in holiday times to be out the whole day. And at last the terrible penalty came. I received a sunstroke, and was brought home utterly unconscious, or as it was often described "like a log of wood," and thus lay for days, to awake in a state of wild delirium. My condition may be imagined when I say that my scalp was five times covered with caustic, that I was bled by the lancet six times, besides leeches, and ordinary blisters, and drams of physic. Never was human life more awfully shaken over the mouth of the grave. Such was the effect that when on slowly recovering, I was first seen by an intimate friend of the household, so ghastly was the sight that she fainted away. Surely, thought all the dear ones around the couch, this life, thus marvellously preserved, will begin its new era by consecration to the Eternal Father of our mercies.

As soon as able to be removed the sick lad was carried to one of the peaks of the hills already referred to. How vividly he can recall every incident and scene of that memorable journey! The cot on which he lay, the four "coolies" who bore him, the delicious shade of the dense woods, the air cooling with every step of the ascent, reaching the plantations of spice trees: the clove with its leathery shining leaves, purple berries, and brown buds (a fragile-looking evergeen, but known sometimes to bear fruit or rather flower, the clove of commerce, for a hundred-and-fifty years), and the handsome nutmeg, with rich laurel-like leaves, blossoms like the lily of the valley, and yellow fruit with bursting rind exposing to view the brown kernel nut coated with its thick blood-red flaky mace, —and finally the "Convalescent Bungalow," having a huge domed black rock in front, and precipitous slopes around covered with mighty ferns, splendid orchids, aromatic shrubs, wild pineapples, and creeping and climbing plants, weaving with their gay flowers garlands of fantastic beauty. How many stricken and sinking men have blessed God for these hills! The thermometer here often stands at 62° and

averages about 70° so that the idea of ice became comprehensible by the sight of frozen oil, and cold could be imagined as natives shivered in the dark dewy evening, and wrapped themselves in blankets. Often did I see this as I approached them with my bladder lantern filled with fireflies caught in my twilight gambols. Health soon came back, and with it hours of wandering amid the scenes of luxuriant life. The boy never tired of cutting feathery bamboos, chasing butterflies of golden colours, and moths of every size and hue, watching kingfishers at the frequent pools and springs, searching for nests of birds of brilliant plumage, setting scorpions to fight (the island is famous for them), and especially was he delighted by the antics of monkeys and baboons bounding from branch to branch of the leviathan trees, grinning, chattering, quarrelling and throwing nuts about. One day, I remember I saw a monkey shot. What a human cry did it raise when struck, and even more terribly human did it look as it tried in falling to catch bough after bough, and at length lay at our feet moaning and bleeding from the mouth—a sight that even now makes my heart ache. Shall I confess it? No pastime in those days was so unfailing in interest as amateur cookery. To find a shady nook by a tiny rill and put together three boulders; and gather sticks and leaves and set them alight (kindling the fire by flint and steel, and keeping it up was the chief trouble), fill a small earthen pot with rice and water from the brook, and watch the boiling, and stir the contents, and skim off the bubbling scum, and at the same time bake on heated stones some wild plantains, and when ready serve the rice and fruit on plantain leaves to any guest I could invite, old or young, black or white,—this was a daily and triumphant joy!

But was there to be no recollection of the danger just passed and of the merciful God who had wrought deliverance, no thanksgivings, and resolutions and prayers? In the devout hope that there would be all this, a fond father had sent up with his petted lad, a few narrative tracts (published by the Religious Tract Society), thinking that the hour might come, when resting from the rambles and gambols of renewed health, there would be inclination for some such reading. Never were prayers more fervent offered than for his recovery, and that the recovery might be full of spiritual blessing. Even the many Mohammedan friends of the household gathered at the tombs of eminent saints, with offerings of rice and fruit, to present and beseech intercessions for the preservation of the threatened life. Were none of the "fervent" prayers to prove "effectual"? The tracts were never read by him for whom they were intended. So far from this, as soon as they were found they were consigned to a neglected drawer, in a rickety table, in one of the rooms of the bungalow, and utterly forgotten. There they remained when the youth, now fully restored, left for his home on the plains.

But while I was on the heights enjoying the unspeakable delights of rapid convalescence, down below there was stricken to his bed by jungle fever, a young artillery officer who occupied quarters in the little fort. He was from Ireland and had probably received religious instruction in his early youth. But here, in the alluring climate, he became the gayest of the gay, and soon passed into the wildest extravagance of folly and sin. I believe I am writing the simple truth when I describe him as of violent temper, profane, and dissipated. Arrested by raging fever he too was brought to the brink of the grave. And he, too, was delivered, and carried to the "Convalescent Bungalow." And here in his hours of quiet ease, seeking occupation, he lighted upon the neglected tracts, was spiritually aroused, sent for the thoughtful father whose name he found with them, and under his guidance found rest and joy in Christ. On his return it was soon seen that he was as truly changed as was Saul the blasphemer and persecutor when he became the consecrated servant of the Lord who called to him. The last I can remember of the young lieutenant was that he had sold his commission, and become a minister of the Church of England.

But were the prayers for the sick boy not answered? Let the reader judge. Soon after the return of the officer he and a brother in arms and the boy's father, the faithful friend of both, were sitting together one evening on a lawn, while the boy was running about among the flowers and shrubs which surrounded them. They were speaking of the evil of sin and the love of Christ, and the confessions and declarations of the young officer were overheard by him, entered his very heart, and that evening when he got home he sought his beloved mother, and with tears besought her to help him to pray. How well he remembers her prayer at his side, and that he afterwards knelt alone and uttered aloud, as descriptive of his own state and expressing his desires the prayer in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," entitled, "The meditation of a sinner who begins to be awakened."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good" (Eccles. xi. 6)

Comfortable Words.

THERE is no human heart but hath desired
Something at times beyond life's petty quest,
Beyond its daily round; we are so tired,
So hungering for comfort and for rest;
We see with envious eyes the children pressed
In ready arms that soothe their childish woe;
Oh! that we, too, upon a mother's breast
Such all-sufficient love again might know.

But what if, while these hidden longings haunt
Earth's restless denizens from age to age,
Filled with self pity at a fancied want
They spurn a greater love than they can gauge,
Nor pause to gather from the sacred page
The comfortable words for their relief,
The tidings meant all trial to assuage,
The covenants that are as balm to grief?

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, we can repine,
And slight the voice which would our craving feed;
We laugh to scorn the man that hath a mine
Of wealth untouched, if poverty he plead;
Yet—righteous judges—do the like, who heed
So little what Himself, our Maker, saith,
With gracious words waiting upon our need,
"I, even I, am He that comforteth."

S. E. G.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

FEBRUARY 27.

JESUS HEALING THE SICK. (LUKE v. 12–26.)

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 17.—'*And the power of the Lord was present to heal them.*'

CONNECTION.—Our Lord, leaving Nazareth, took up His abode at Capernaum, making this city the head-quarters of His Galilean ministry, and thus 'exalting it to heaven,' ch. x. 15. Here He called His first four apostles. Whether the completion of the number of the Twelve and the Sermon on the Mount preceded the cure of the Leper, related in to-day's Lesson, is one of the unsolved questions of the Gospel Harmony. From Matthew's account, ch. viii. 1, 2, it would seem that this cure was wrought 'when Jesus came down from the Mount,' and yet this is by no means certain, as Matt. viii. ix. record a group of miracles without strict regard to chronological events.

I. A LEPER HEALED.—*Read vers.* 12–16. We cannot tell what this **certain city** was. If we place this miracle (see above) after the Sermon on the Mount, the place would probably be the village of Hattîn at the foot of the "Mount of Beatitudes." **Behold a man**—as if he sprang up suddenly before the little company, from some roadside, or street corner, where he had been grovelling in his humiliation. **Full of leprosy**—the most loathsome of diseases, eating away the body by slow corruption—regarded as a proof of Divine anger, and the most expressive type of sin. The leper was an outcast, compelled to live apart from human fellowship—bidden to cover part of his face when he went abroad, and when he saw any one approaching to cry with a loud voice, *Unclean, unclean!* Note the strength and simplicity of the man's faith. The annals of Israel had no record of a leper cured by miracle since the days of Naaman (2 Kings v. 1–14). Yet could not Jesus do even this? The Evangelists combine to represent the eager passion of the man's appeal: *Matt.*, 'the leper *worshipped Him*'; *Mark* (i. 40), '*beseeching* Him, and *kneeling down to Him*': here, **fell on his face and besought Him.** The entreaty is echoed in the answer: here the words in all three are the same:

If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.
I will—be Thou clean!

Moreover, in saying this, Jesus **put forth His hand and touched him**—gloriously transgressing the letter of the Law, but true to its spirit of love! The *manner* of the miracle was thus as gracious as the deed itself was mighty. The whole is a type of human sin and Divine pardon—the corruption of guilt (leprosy was hereditary)—its loathsomeness—incurableness by human remedy, need of simple faith in Him who 'will' and 'can' (He *will*, for He is love; He *can*, for He has made atonement). Christ's instant response—His 'touching' our humanity by taking it upon Himself (Heb. ii. 16, '*taketh hold on* the seed of Abraham')—and the completeness of His work. The miracles of Christ were parables in act—symbols of a greater salvation. **Immediately**—this 'living death' vanishing at once before the touch of the Lord of Life! But why was the cured leper **to tell no man?** (So in ch. viii. 56; Matt. ix. 30.) Partly because of *Christ's own work.* He did not choose to be prematurely made known (Matt. xii. 16), but purposed by degrees to unfold His own purposes of love. Partly because of the *man himself.* To some minds it would be unwholesome to bring themselves and their own experiences into public. Silence for a time would be best, even with regard to what God had wrought. Other temperaments would be benefited by the call to speak out ('Go home to thy friends and tell them,' Mark v. 19). Then in this case there may have been a *special* reason. He was to **go to the priest** first, in Jerusalem. Perhaps, should the news of the miracle get abroad beforehand, the priest might refuse the certificate out of malice. **Offer, etc.** The process of declaring a leper clean was very prolonged, costly and elaborate, requiring a whole week for its completion. Read Lev. xiv. 1–32. **For a testimony unto them**; i.e., to the priests, that the cure is real. Did the man comply with the injunction? Was his conduct right? He might have said, *I must tell what Jesus has done; I cannot help it!* Yet he ought to have obeyed. He might not know the Saviour's reasons, but should have trusted Him. The man was *ungrateful*, not (for the time) to hold his peace! See the result. **Great multitudes came**; and He was kind to them all! Yet in coming simply to be healed they were in danger of missing His true character. It was as SAVIOUR that He would have men seek Him. But as they crowded around Him chiefly or only for their bodily gain, He **withdrew from them into the wilderness** (see Mark i. 47), for silent communion with His Father.

II. A PARALYTIC BROUGHT TO CHRIST—*Read vers.* 17–19. This was in Capernaum (Matt. ix. 1, Mark ii. 1), whither He had once more come from 'the wilderness.' 'It was noised that He was in the house,' *Mark*, possibly the house of Simon Peter. A great company had gathered, 'insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door.' The scene was probably the covered central court, from one corner of which, near the door, an outside staircase led to the roof. Note the company gathered. The excitement had now fairly reached the upper classes. **Pharisees**, now for the first time mentioned by Luke; the 'ritualists' among the Jews. **Doctors of the law**, Teachers. These might also be Pharisees (Acts v. 34), and were the highest among the Scribes, 'members of the Sanhedrin' (*Lightfoot*), their business being to expound not only the *written* but the oral Law. At this stage of our Lord's ministry they had come probably just to see and hear Him, without any definite evil intention. Yet the phrase **sitting by** seems to separate them from the eager throng, as though they were already out of sympathy with the multitude. From **Jerusalem**, even, they had travelled to hear the Prophet of Nazareth. It was a time not only of wise and heavenly teaching, but of holy energy. Something showed that a wondrous influence, **the Power of the Lord**, filled the place. 'The Lord' is here JEHOVAH, the God of Israel, whom these 'Pharisees' worshipped, whose words and will these 'Doctors' spent their lives in expounding. And here He reveals Himself; it was the beginning of the great Manifestation;—'GOD in CHRIST') Isa. xi. 2). **To heal them**, whom? no doubt the sufferers who sought Christ's aid—not the Pharisees and Doctors, who needed *spiritual* healing, though they knew it not.

The discourse is strangely interrupted by a noise overhead. [Some Biblical Dictionary should be consulted on the structure of Eastern houses.] Four men (*Mark*) carrying a mattress, on which lay a helpless paralytic. They had made their way up the outer stair, and had removed a part of the roof. The court would be boarded over with planks, reeds or brushwood being laid on these, and the whole coated outside with mortar, hardening to a concrete which formed the **housetop.** It would be easy to break through this layer, to remove the planking.

> We have here supposed the ordinary Eastern house of the middle or lower class, of one story, only a covered court opening into small chambers on three sides. If a superior house, two-storied with an open court, we must suppose our Lord to have occupied the large upper room, which with its balcony overlooked the court.

Note the *faith* of these four men; they were so assured of Christ's power and willingness to heal, that they would take any

trouble to bring their friend to Him: their *kindheartedness;* it was not for themselves that they did all this, but for another: their *eagerness;* they could not wait until the teaching was over, and the multitude dispersed—the imploring eyes of the poor, helpless one seemed to say, 'Make haste!' and lastly, their *ingenuity;* if they could not approach the Great Healer in one way, they would in another. True earnestness will find out a way. *Can none of us bring our friends to Christ?*

III. The Paralytic Forgiven and Healed.—*Read vers.* 20-26. The first words of Jesus, when **He saw their faith** (the faith of the paralytic as well as of his friends), were of *forgiveness.* Why was this? It was for *healing* that they came. No doubt, as in another case, John v. 14, our Lord saw that there was a connection between the man's infirmity and his sin. All weakness and suffering arise from sin; but not always directly. We cannot trace the connection; the Jews who tried to do so were rebuked (ch. xiii. 1-5; John ix. 2, 3). But He saw how the bitter fruit sprang from the evil seed; and, the better to show His grace, He struck at the cause rather than the effect. See the graciousness of His word to the poor sufferer: 'Son,' *Matt., Mark* (then the paralytic was probably a youth), 'be of good cheer,' *Matt.:* **Thy sins are,** literally, *have been,* **forgiven thee.**

The cavils of the **Scribes and the Pharisees** must here be specially noted, as probably the first utterance against Jesus of the terrible word, **Blasphemy!** Of this beginning Calvary was the close! Yet was not the principle laid down correct? No one *can* **forgive sins, but God alone.** This they had learned from their own Scriptures, Isa. xliii. 25. Their error was in its application; they would not own in Christ the signs which showed His right to speak for God. **Jesus perceived their thoughts,** their *reasonings,* either overhearing their muttered words, or by His Divine insight (ch. vi. 8; ix. 47; xi. 17). What was His reply? How should *we* answer His question? **Whether is easier?** Only God can do *either.* But to *say,* **thy sins,** etc., is easier than to *say,* **rise up and walk;** because, in the latter case, the work *can be tested.* Everyone can see whether the paralytic rises and walks; no one can see whether sin is forgiven or not. But the one may be *inferred* from the other. **That ye may know that the Son of man hath power.** Here is a statement of the design of miracles. Proving the possession of a divine power in the *physical* realm, they attest it also in the *spiritual.* And who among those Scribes and Pharisees would not feel that the claim was made good, as the paralytic, suddenly restored, rose up before them from his couch, rolling it up to carry it away? The crowd that had hindered his entrance, would part asunder to let him go, as he **departed,** with praises on his lips. Note the effect upon every mind. Amazement we can understand, and praise, but why the **fear?** The presence among them of supernatural power and holiness was awful to them: a revelation by contrast of human unworthiness and sin. And they had called Him a blasphemer! See the cry of Peter, ver. 8; of Isaiah, vi. 5. But as yet the full force of Christ's truth had not reached their hearts. They could get no farther than this: **We have seen strange things to-day!**

Questions.

1. Show how leprosy is a type of sin, and Christ's healing of forgiveness.

2. Give instances parallel to that in ver. 16 of Christ's preparing Himself for public work by secret prayer.

3. Miracles are called not only *wonders* and *mighty deeds* but *signs.* How is this last designation to be understood?

4. On what chief occasions was our Lord charged with blasphemy?

5. Jesus speaks of Himself as the Son of Man, ver. 24. Show the Biblical use of this phrase, and its connection with the Saviour's work.

Pages for the Young.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

II.

DAYS and weeks passed by, and Compton was no more looked upon as a new boy. It was soon discovered that he was no dunce; indeed he frequently outdid his elders in the class; but he took his honours very quietly and without the slightest show of exultation. With most of the boys he was a favourite, but not with Stewart, who seemed to look upon him as an enemy. Not that he was afraid that Compton would endeavour to usurp his position, that idea was soon dispelled, but because of what the others had told him about the new boy—as he then was—setting him at defiance.

More than once Stewart had tried to quarrel with him, but as it takes two to make a quarrel, and as Compton declined being one of the two, he had failed in the attempt. Nevertheless he constantly tried to annoy him, and if Compton had not possessed a very even temper, he must have resented his conduct. At length he did speak to him about it, not angrily, but in such a quiet and self-possessed manner as quite to surprise him.

"Why is it, Stewart," he asked, "that you should take a pleasure in trying to annoy me? If I offend you in any way, and you tell me how, I will try not to do so again."

That was enough for Stewart; he thought he saw an opening now through which he could force his long pent-up wrath.

"Didn't you defy me the very first day you were here?" he exclaimed. "Didn't you say you weren't afraid of me, and you would put me down? Put me down indeed, I——"

"Certainly I did not say anything of the sort," interrupted Compton.

"Yes, you did, there is Thompson, and Green, too, and indeed nearly all the class to prove it."

"No one can prove it, Stewart, simply because I did not say it. I think I can tell you what I did say though, if you like to listen."

"Yes, I will listen, but I know you set me at defiance."

"When I first came, before I had been here a single day, the boys tried to frighten me about you. They said that you would lead me a dreadful life, because you disliked me on account of some joke having been made about my name. Now I put it to you, Stewart, would it not have been very foolish of me to be frightened about one of whose very existence I was ignorant?"

"Well, but you threatened me, even if you did not know me."

"I did not threaten you. I said I would try and conquer you, and I have been trying ever since, I am trying now; but I am afraid it won't be much good unless you try to conquer yourself."

"What do you mean, Compton?" asked Stewart.

"I mean that you have tried to make me uncomfortable and unhappy, ever since I came here; and I have tried to take it patiently. I have prayed to be able to do so; and not a day has passed but I have prayed for you. I was in hopes that before now I might have conquered you, and you would have seen how badly you were acting, but perhaps I haven't gone the right way to work. I know this, that if you were less easily offended and more forgiving, you would be much happier yourself, and much more agreeable to others."

A good deal more passed between the two boys, little Compton putting plainly and yet kindly before Stewart the

folly and sin of his conduct, and begging him for his own sake to try to curb his temper.

Perhaps Stewart had never been more plainly and openly rebuked; he was surprised at Compton's boldness, and he was touched by what he said. Rising suddenly from his seat, he held out his hand, saying,

"You have conquered me, Compton, and with God's help I will try to conquer myself."

It was a hard matter for Charles Stewart to overcome his besetting sin; but striving, as he did, not in his own strength, but in the strength of God, he succeeded; and from being a hasty and unforgiving boy he became patient and generous.

And this change in him was brought about by means of the very lad he had tried to injure and annoy.

Dear young reader, try to remember this: that whatever may be your besetting sin, and however firm a hold it may have upon you, if you pray for grace, and strive earnestly against it, God will give you strength to overcome it. Let your cry ever be, "Create in me a new heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

A BENGALI GIRLS' SCHOOL.

THE Bengali Zenana school at L—— was held in a large cool vaulted building (probably the remains of some palace) close to the handsome new native Christian church of the Epiphany. On entering one morning about eleven o'clock, I found twenty or thirty children from the ages of three to eleven assembled on the gallery at the end of the room. Forms were arranged round the rooms for different classes, and pictures, texts, and maps ornamented the walls. An ayah was busy getting out books and work-bags.

The children had all arrived in "doolies" or "palkees" sent round to the different houses to collect them. They were all high-caste Bengali girls, for though often asked to admit little boys, the Zenani Mission ladies find it best to confine their work entirely to the female sex, and there are the schools of other missionary societies for boys. Two or three of the eldest girls would now soon be leaving the school for good, after some eight years' instruction, to pass into the seclusion of their own homes.

Some were very plain, and not very tidy, with dishevelled hair. They wore all sorts of clothes; some only long cotton drawers and a muslin "sari" wound round them; others petticoats and bodices. As with the parents so with the children. Neatness, cleanliness, and fine clothes are not the attributes of high-caste rank or wealth in India. All had, of course, bare feet. Some of the little ones were such quaint little objects, with round, roguish faces, and bright, black, bead-like eyes. One little figure, a new arrival, in an English-shaped red cotton frock, reaching to its toes, amused me very much.

The teachers were an old pundit and his wife. For two hours a day, however, the services of a superior pundit are engaged for the elder girls. An English lady superintends the whole school, spending an hour there every day, and examining the classes every month. A Christian Bengali lady, attached to the mission, devotes herself daily to superintending the needlework.

Christian teaching, such as reading the Bible and singing hymns is the basis of the instruction given, and any parents objecting to it must remove their children. The school was therefore opened by the Lord's Prayer repeated by the children. They then sang Bengali versions of well-known English hymns set to the original tunes. The Bengali language is less harsh than Hindostanee, and "There is a happy Land" and "Shall we gather at the River," sounded very musical, in their foreign dress. The school was then put through various drilling exercises of the infant school type, accompanied by songs and clapping of hands, which seemed to amuse the children, and also to inculcate discipline and dissipate any temporary attack of fidgets.

They then adjourned to the sewing class and exhibited to me the garments and work bags they were sewing, as well as some gay wool-work, which is the favourite employment. They pay for the materials of the work themselves. One elder girl was knitting socks, and showed me a very creditable pair she had just finished. Another was copying from a painted picture an elaborate pair of wool-work slippers. One mite of four was very quick with the wool-work, counting her stitches and crossing them all the right way. Some others were doing patchwork of printed cotton pieces such as we see in old-fashioned cottage quilts. The work appeared to me to be, on an average, quite equal to that of girls of the same age in our elementary schools in England.

In the geography class I next examined, I had an opportunity of judging of the natural ability and quickness of the children. The Bengalis are the most intellectual of the races of India, and these girls exhibited an eagerness, interest, and energy in their lessons, which one would look for in vain among our stolid agricultural or artisan children. Standing in front of the large wall map of the world, with the pundit, dressed in a black cassock and bareheaded, behind them, questions and answers followed each other rapidly from the group. They enumerated and pointed out on the map, the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the boundaries of each continent. They showed the isthmuses and chains of mountains. They described the route to England, and explained the Suez Canal. They would have done much more, but my time was nearly up, and before leaving I could only glance at their writing. This was in neatly-kept copybooks of the English type.

Nearly all the children paid for their schooling, books, and work materials, as, except in a few rare cases of poverty, the conductors do not like to make the school a charity. The number of enlightened Bengali baboos anxious for their daughters' education is steadily increasing, though at present the attendance is in nothing like proportion to the Bengali inhabitants of the large city of L——. Some are utterly indifferent and send their children irregularly, needing constant domiciliary visits and stirring up. In time, however, as the benefit of education makes itself felt in their homes, the desire for it will increase.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

Once prohibited severely;
Once enjoined by Jesus dearly;
In three words a sentence find,
Binding, loosing all mankind.

1. What is yonder vale of burning?
2. Whither is that dove returning?
3. What is he that wears a crown?
4. Where did Jacob's sons go down?

1. Who by Jacob's God was hated?
2. To what king was Esther mated?
3. Which disciple scarce believed
What his senses first perceived?

1. Who with opened heart attended?
2. With what name was Judas blended?
3. What the tree of Christ the type?
4. Whence those clusters rich and ripe?

From these names and terms official,
Take and join the signs initial;
Then the precept LEARN and DO;
Doubt not Jesus speaks to you!

W. L.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

BY THE REV. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

A TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.—A SUPPER AND BED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE STATE.

MADAME DUDONET, a white-capped old lady, who, in company with her cat, sat all day long at the window of the little money-changer's shop on the Quai de Henri Quatre, was the proprietress of the house in the Rue des Maillots, where Rupert and his mother lived. She was not an unkind old lady, although, true to the instincts of her nation, and above all, of her profession, she had an ever-watchful eye to the fluctuations of profit and loss. Madame Dudonet kindly allowed Rupert to remain as long as was necessary in the now lonely apartment, without demanding any rent, which she acknowledged had been regularly enough paid to her in the lifetime of Rupert's mother.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Mademoiselle Georgette, too, the neat little *blanchisseuse*, on the ground floor of *Numero* 27, was very kind to Rupert, as she had been to his mother, and had called him more than once to share in a long roll of bread and coffee.

But the quaint old Norman town, always somewhat lugubrious in its aspect, now looked unspeakably dismal to the poor orphan boy listlessly wandering up and down its rough and dirty streets. It was impossible for Rupert to stay long in the room where he had seen his mother die.

The first day after the funeral was spent in a long ramble on the sea-shore, along the cliffs as far as the lofty lighthouse which nightly flashes its warnings and welcomes far over the inhospitable waves. The morning and afternoon of the second were spent upon the quays in search of chance employment, but in the evening there was nothing for it but purposeless wanderings up and down the dimly-lighted streets.

For a moment, Rupert would listen to the voice of the fish auctioneer as he disposed of that day's harvest to the buyers from Paris; then he would gaze for the hundredth time through the windows of the ivory shops, seeing there many an old acquaintance from Monsieur Collette's workshop—monuments of his former master's handiwork. Then he would pass along some of the less-frequented streets, with their great solemn and silent mansions, with their wondrous courtyard doors, massive and closed to all intruders. Even the portals of Notre Dame des Flottes, from whence Rupert had often seen the good Sister Elizabeth issuing forth at the head of a joyous little band of orphans, in fanciful sailor costumes, were closed to him. Rupert was far too old to be admitted there; besides he was not a sailor's orphan. He might, if he chose, put a sou into the *tronc* attached to the door, and then pass on; but poor Rupert was an orphan himself and had little to spare for others. What was he to do? Where was he to go? How was he to get away from this dismal old foreign town, with its sad memories.

Rupert was but a lad, and not more thoughtful than others of his own age, and the only resource that seemed to offer itself was to seek for some diversion in his melancholy.

It was the annual fair at Dieppe; that is to say, there were a number of wooden shops (as is the case for a month or two every year) erected in the market-place, under the shadow of the old cathedral. These were brilliantly lighted up in the evening. There were also a few shows and shooting-galleries in the Rue Desmarest, a very wide street, running up from the harbour to the foot of the château which overlooks the town.

It was something to be near these brilliant gas-lights and to hear the music, such as it was, and Rupert soon found himself amongst the sightseers and idlers who were seeking here an evening's entertainment.

The principal crowd was gathered in front of a large circular wooden shed, which had been erected with considerable care at the top of the street. The entrance, which was hung with red curtains, was decorated with a profusion of flags, amongst which the tricolour and the stars and stripes of America were most conspicuous. From within were to be heard the effective, if not very harmonious strains, of a brass band, giving utterance, with the most unflagging perseverance and vehemence, to the oft-repeated melody of the "Pompier de Nanterre." Over the doorway, in dazzling illuminated letters, might be read this inscription: "Grand Cirque Imperial; Duclos, Propriétaire."

In front of this building, with his back to the entrance, and facing, or rather overlooking the crowd, for he seemed to be a head and shoulders above them in stature, was stationed a man, who from his singular appearance immediately attracted Rupert's attention. He wore a wideawake of that peculiar shape which seemed at once to proclaim him as an American, if his sallow complexion, high cheek bones, and the characteristic cut of his beard had not already indicated that as an undoubted fact. Over his shoulders was thrown a long blue cloak, and his feet were encased in large top-boots which reached beyond his knees.

In French which would scarcely be accepted as Parisian, but which was sufficiently correct to be understood by his auditors, this individual was haranguing the gaping crowd with a description of the attractions of his entertainment, and a general invitation to enter at the small individual sacrifice of six sous.

The American, after having given utterance to his harangue, cracked his whip, and looked round him to see what effect his eloquence had made upon the populace.

The crowd had now considerably thickened, raised to a fierce heat of excitement and curiosity by the alluring description of the orator outside, and further inflamed by the vehement utterances of the band from within.

The performance was then evidently going on, and a few pressed forward between the red curtains which concealed this paradise from the vulgar gaze. But the majority seemed to be of that class whom a certain scarcity in the domestic treasury obliged to be contented with the gratuitous amusements of the fair.

Rupert was certainly unwilling in any way to decrease the little all that now remained to him (advanced to him by Madame Dudonet on the poor furniture), which he kept tightly buttoned up in his trouser pockets, and which, after having paid all the expenses attendant on his mother's funeral, he found merely to amount to a few francs. Yet the lad was unable to escape from the scene, owing to the crowd, which now compactly hedged him in.

A French crowd is not the same as an English one. There is indeed less rudeness and less roughness about the former, but then there is less hearty good-humour. The French crowd is more fickle in its moods, and is on that account more to be avoided. It can be very quiet and orderly, but a single word or untoward accident will break it into fury.

Amongst the crowd in which Rupert found himself, there were not a few suspicious-looking characters. These "gentlemen of the pavement" manifested a more marked interest in the entertainment than any others of the crowd of sightseers. Their eagerness was considerable, so much so as to produce an apparent unconsciousness of their actions, and it was not long before, in an absorbing fit of *abstraction*, the hand of one of them was discovered in the pocket of a neighbour. The neighbour, not being equally absent in mind, was by no means so slow to detect the mistake, and in an instant the cry of "pickpockets" was raised.

A scene of confusion quickly ensued, and a violent scuffle in which Rupert found himself a most unwilling sharer. It was not the interest of the light-fingered fraternity to allow the excitement too soon to subside, and the confusion and uproar increased rather than subsided. Half stunned with the rough treatment to which he was being subjected by his neighbours, and violently pushed from side to side, Rupert suddenly felt his arm arrested by a stronger than his, and looking up, recognised the grim visage of Monsieur Pompon, the gendarme.

"Ha! ha! Monsieur Anglais," exclaimed the pompous official, with a flushed face and a voice which was even more disagreeable than usual; "to vary one's occupation is very pleasant, and when one changes ivory-carving for picking pockets, one often secures a night's lodging for nothing. Come, my friend," he added, hastily securing a pair of handcuffs on Rupert's wrists, "you shall sup and lodge to-night at the expense of the State."

It was in vain for poor Rupert to protest and struggle against the stronger arm of the law, in the person of the redoubtable Monsieur Pompon, nor did the bewildered crowd show any inclination to dispute the gendarme's authority. There were evidently pickpockets amongst them, and it appeared as likely that Rupert was one of the offenders as not; so amid hissings and hootings the poor lad was marched off under the guardianship of Monsieur Pompon; the tall American appearing to be the only cool spectator of the scene, who when he saw the turn which affairs had taken, quietly put his hands in his trouser pockets and whistled "Yankee Doodle."

It did not take long for Rupert and his escort to reach the guard-house where the prisoner was to sup and sleep that night at the expense of the State.

The lump of coarse bread, of which his supper consisted, remained uneaten, and the hard bench on which he was to spend the long hours of darkness was not likely soon to woo

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A host of sad reflections filled the poor lad's mind, as he thought of his mother, sleeping her quiet sleep in the cemetery above the town, and wondered what she would think did she know he was there. Then he would think of what he still called his home, and of Bruno all alone, awaiting his return and howling piteously for his supper; and lastly his thoughts would wander over to England and he would wonder where his friends the Collettes were, and what they were doing, and what Christine, who was so good and beautiful, would think could she see him in his present pitiful state.

Thus the poor lad wept himself to sleep at last, for though in trouble, he was still young, and it is only later on in life that we spend wholly sleepless nights.

CHAPTER IV.—STRANGE COMPANIONS.

Rupert was allowed to sleep his troubled sleep pretty long into the next day. The examining judge did not take his seat until somewhat late, and the officials did not care to trouble themselves much with their prisoners until then.

In due time, however, Monsieur Pompon arrived in all the pomp and splendour of his official uniform, to conduct Rupert into the presence of the magistrate. The Rue des Tribunaux, where the court-house is, runs immediately at right angles to the Rue Desmarest, where the crowd of the previous evening had been taking their pleasure; and Rupert recognised amongst the faces of the little knot of idlers which was assembled at the court-house doors, not a few of those connected with the fair, amongst whom conspicuous, a head and shoulders above all the rest, was the gaunt visage of the tall American.

The enquiry did not last very long. French gendarmes are not infallible, and even in the eyes of French justice, Monsieur Pompon seemed to have a little overstepped his duty. There being no evidence against the prisoner, the magistrate dismissed Rupert with a caution, and with an intimation that his movements would be watched as one who was at least suspected.

To his own relief, and to the evident disappointment of Pompon, the boy found himself once more at liberty, but he stepped out of court with that unpleasant feeling which those experience who have been dragged before the stern eyes of Justice, even though innocent of the charges laid against them.

Being preoccupied with the trying circumstances surrounding him, and pondering what should be his next step, Rupert had scarcely noticed that he was being keenly eyed by the tall American of the previous evening, who was walking up and down the courtyard outside the tribunal.

"Wall, stranger," said that individual, suddenly addressing him. "You're a Britisher, I surmise. How do your views coincide with these French judicial arrangements? Saw the gendarme arrest you last night. Knew you weren't the man, but that was no business of mine. What's your name? Where do you live? And how do you get along?"

Rupert was a little startled by these personal enquiries, but in answer replied, that he was living, at least for the present, in the Rue des Maillots, and that he was not "getting along" particularly prosperously just then.

"What line in the profession are you in?" enquired the American, looking at him critically. "You've done nothing in the plate-spinning and balancing business I guess?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Rupert, with some surprise. "I'm not connected with the fair. I was brought up in the ivory-carving trade, but I haven't had anything to do for a long time. My father and mother are both dead," he added, the tears coming into his eyes.

"Humph," soliloquised the American; "no visible means of obtaining a livelihood, and yet respectable in appearance. Can you read and write this aggravating language, and," he added deliberately, "play the French horn?"

Rupert replied that as regarded reading and writing in French he had received a pretty careful education, but as regarded the last-named accomplishment, a knowledge of the French horn was not amongst his attainments.

"Sorry for that," replied the American, "considerable sorry; because at the present moment, young man, there is a French horn in our establishment which isn't paying its footing. The bills and advertising business has always gone along with that French horn. Still," he added, gravely and thoughtfully, "other arrangements aren't outside the

region of possibility. An opportunity for travel and seeing the world is now offered to you. Young man, what do you elect to do?"

Such a proposition coming to a lad brought up respectably as Rupert had been was certainly a startling one. It did not need much thoughtfulness or penetration on his part at once to perceive that the occupation offered to him, with its probable associations, was the very last which he ought to accept. Still, the temptation came to him in a time when he scarcely knew how to resist it. It was not that the employment suggested to him seemed to offer such particular charms, but it was at any rate a means of immediate escape from his present misery, and the rambling kind of life which it implied was not out of harmony with his present restless feelings.

Arrested the previous evening as a criminal, having spent a night in prison, an object of suspicion and petty persecution, without a home and friends, with no means of obtaining a livelihood—is it to be wondered at that the lad hesitated? On the one side was conscience whispering to him that the step which he was asked to take was not what would tend to his good, and on the other was necessity reminding him of his destitute condition.

The tall American watched the struggle going on in the lad's face, with the same cool expression of countenance with which he had witnessed Rupert's arrest on the previous evening, and again putting his hands in his pockets, whistled, "Yankee Doodle."

"I am willing to go with you, sir," said Rupert at length, silencing the voice of his inner monitor. "When do you wish me to begin?"

"We start for the city of Rouen to-morrow morning, young man, and if you conclude to join us, I rather calculate that you'll find us making tracks at an early hour; we leave this town at five o'clock."

Rupert hurried along the now lighted streets which led to his old house in the Rue des Maillots with a beating heart. Now that he had made up his mind to go, all the older and pleasanter associations connected with his past life came back to his memory, and it was with tears in his eyes that he climbed the dingy staircase to put his few things together and prepared to take a last farewell of his humble home. Mademoiselle Georgette was not in her room as Rupert passed her *étage*. He sighed when he thought that he ought to say farewell to this kind little woman, but he had made up his mind to slip away without any one knowing. But when he reached his own door an obstacle to his plan presented itself which the poor lad had quite forgotten until that moment. That obstacle was Bruno. Scarcely had the door been opened than the faithful dog flew to welcome back his master and only friend.

"Oh, Bruno," said Rupert with a tone of remorse, "I had quite forgotten you. Monsieur Pompon and the prison, and the strange American, had all put you out of my memory. Oh, my poor dog, have you had nothing to eat all this time? What would Mademoiselle Christine say?"

But if Bruno could have spoken he could tell of Mademoiselle Georgette's kindness, if indeed a well-licked plate upon the floor did not testify that the dog had not been altogether unattended to.

"Oh, Bruno, Bruno," said Rupert with tears in his eyes, as the dog began gradually to resume an air of easy indifference, "what must I do with you? Those people at the circus will never let me take you with me, and I promised Mademoiselle Christine to take care of you, and always be a friend to you. Oh, my poor Bruno," continued the poor lad, now giving way to sobs, "what must I do?"

Bruno was not much accustomed to hear his master give way to such sounds of sorrow, but he felt that there must be something wrong, and immediately commenced to join in with a dismal groan.

But Rupert now felt that there was no time to be lost. It was getting very late, and what arrangements had to be made must be made at once. A moderate-sized bundle was sufficient to contain all the poor lad's earthly goods. What furniture the family had possessed, had been already sold to Madame Dudonet. A few shabby clothes, the kind clergyman's Bible, and a photograph of his mother, these completed his little property, and did not take long in packing. Without undressing, Rupert threw himself upon the bed to have, if possible, a few hours' sleep; and Bruno, with his usual calm assurance, quietly jumped up beside him and made himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances.

The great clock at St. Jacques was striking four when Rupert arose from a troubled sleep. One more trying act was before him, and then he would silently creep down the stairs and be gone. With the tears rolling down his cheeks, and a face averted from his only friend and companion, he stole to a drawer in what had been his mother's old *armoire*, and taking from it a short piece of rope, he laid it on the table before him while he sat down and wrote a few hurried words on a small slip of paper to the kind Mademoiselle Georgette. She had always been kind to him, and to his mother, he said, would she be now kind to Bruno for their sakes? He then took the rope and attached it to Bruno's collar, and without daring to look at or speak to the poor animal, he tied the other end to the bed; then taking up his bundle he left the room with a heavy heart, and in another minute found himself hurrying along the cold and silent streets.

As Rupert approached the large wooden circus in the Rue Desmarest he found everything in a state of excitement and confusion. Lights were moving rapidly about, horses were prancing and neighing, men were shouting and scolding in various different languages. Hiram Wilkes, the tall proprietor of the circus, had been hurrying about to hasten on as much as possible the departure, but the morning was cold and cheerless, and did not seem much to improve either his own temper, or that of his company. They were an ill-looking set of people, and their queer jargon and harsh voices sounded strangely in the silent street. Horses were being led out of their wooden sheds, and rapidly harnessed to different kinds of vehicles. Some of these animals were really handsome creatures, and looked far more noble than the masters who were leading them. One or two of the strange equipages had already started up the Route de Rouen, when Rupert arrived upon the scene.

He had been told by the tall American on the previous evening, to ask for Hiram Wilkes, and not perceiving that gentleman's commanding presence, timidly enquired for him of a man with fierce moustaches, who while his lower extremities shivered in circus attire, was wrapt up in a very rough and shabby greatcoat, with a muffler round his neck

In this man's dirty face might be recognised the well-known features of Signor Viralla, whose nightly performances on a fiery steed, one foot on his courser's back the other in his own mouth, had won such thunders of applauses from the ignorant multitude.

"I say, Sam," said Signor Viralla, addressing a man a shade more dirty and miserable-looking than himself, "here's a chap that's asking for the governor. I expect he's in far too great a hurry to be talking to him this morning. He hasn't had his coffee yet, and it's uncommon cold."

"Oh no, Bill," replied the man thus addressed, (Rupert afterwards learnt that this was the celebrated Tom White the clown), "it's all serene; the chap's not a mounseer, he's an Englishman like you and me. Our governor met him yesterday as he was coming out of quad and engaged him for the advertising and general utility business. Step this way if you please," said Tom White to Rupert, at the same time leading him into a small shed adjoining the circus. Here Rupert found Hiram Wilkes, seated on a bucket turned upside down and regaling himself with a steaming bowl of hot coffee.

"Wall, stranger," said that individual, without discontinuing for a moment his interesting occupation. "I thought it might eventuate that we shouldn't see you this morning, you seemed so downhearted yesterday when I made you that brilliant offer, but to be sure you haven't been in this line before. Why *I* felt strange when Duclos made me his first offer, but you see I've worried on pretty well, and I'm in Duclos's place now. Bill," he shouted to Signor Viralla, who was standing shivering at the door of the shed, "I'll drive the piebalds this morning, and this young man can come along with me."

In less than half an hour more, the whole company had taken their departure. The sun was just beginning to streak the sky above the old château, when Hiram Wilkes drove his horses up the still silent Route de Rouen, with Rupert Long beside him. The quiet inhabitants in their beds in the tall houses on either side had long been wondering what was the cause of the unwonted uproar at such an early hour, and one or two sleepy faces had appeared at the bedroom windows, and seen the last of the procession.

ORTHODOX PARADOXES.*

BY RALPH VENNING, A.M.

RALPH VENNING was one of the godly ministers of the old time who were laid to rest in the Campo Santo of Bunhill Fields. He was buried in 1673, aged fifty-three years. A great concourse of Nonconformists, as was the manner on such occasions, attended the burial, and a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. R. Bragge, the colleague of Mr. Venning, at Pewterers' Hall, then one of the licensed places of worship for Dissenters.

He had not always been a Nonconformist. Born in 1620, he studied at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and he held the Lectureship of St. Olave, Southwark, at the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Refusing to conform, he was one of those ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day.

Of his life and services very little is known. In the public conflicts of those times he seems to have taken no part, but he is known, from his writings and from occasional references in the records of that period, to have been a faithful and earnest minister of the gospel. His other works have passed into oblivion, but the terse style as well as the sterling matter of this little treatise have gained for it longer life and wider notice.

In the original preface, written in 1647, the author seems to have due consciousness of the worth as well as sincere desire for the usefulness of his collection of "Orthodox Paradoxes."

"That to me, both in the first writing of them, and since in the often reading of them, they have been not a little profitable, I cannot but declare; and whatever my gain hath been, I wish the reader as much, and as much more, *terque quaterque*, thrice and four times. If the Spirit of God join with him in the reading of them, I believe he will find that made clear in two or three lines which many pages, if I say not volumes, have left under a veil. If it prove so, let God have all the glory."

In an "Epistle to the Reader" he gives fuller explanation of the scope and object of the work. The style of this preface, while marked by the pedantry too common in discourses of that age, has a quaintness characteristic of the author.

"Christian reader," he says, "in these Paradoxes thou hast a large part of my creed; I will not call it the Apostles', nor Athanasius's Creed; nor say of it, as he saith (or at least, as it is said of his), that 'whosoever doth not believe it cannot be saved.' I intend not to dogmatise, or impose; only I entreat thee to search the Scriptures, to see whether these things be so. It is the very genius of a well-instructed soul to try all things, but to hold fast only that which is good. If thou find anything in this, or in any of my writings, contrary to sound doctrine and godliness, I entreat thee to disown it, as on discovery I shall be ready to do. But if there be anything that may be of use to thy edification, as I hope there is that may be, do not despise it because the author is despicable.

"Reader, I think it is no news to tell thee, that some men rather believe that they know, than know what they believe; and that there be some also who have attained even to know what, why, and in whom they have believed. Some men think this their knowledge, that they know nothing (*hoc tantum scio, me nil scire*); they are always learning, yet cannot say that they have so learned as to have attained to the knowledge of truth; they confess that things are δυσνόητα, hard to be understood; that there are *dubia evangelica*, some dark shadows in the clearest manifestations; yea, that to their apprehensions there are more than Gordian knots *in scirpo;* difficulties in the plainest passages. Others are grown to such gigantic statures in knowledge, faith, or at least fancy, that they cannot find difficulties enough for their active faith; they think this no riddle, but a very orthodox paradox (though not among mine), that things are true because impossible, and therefore to be believed because incredible."

With regard to the alleged difficulties of revealed truth, he affirms that things necessary to be understood are plain and clear:

"It hath pleased God, the Father of lights, and lover of the

* Many editions of this quaint old book have appeared. We quote from one edited by James Randall, published fifty years ago by Simpkin and Marshall, and J. Mason, City Road, with the altered title of "Scriptural Paradoxes."

souls of men, to write the things of men's greatest concernment, (which relate to eternity), in so fair and legible characters, in such capital and golden letters, that he that runs may read. I have heard of one that said to a lady who complained of the darkness and obscurity of the Scriptures, though too well acquainted with the works of darkness, 'What more plain than this, madam,' said he, '"Thou shalt not commit adultery"?' So indeed one may say to the whining querulosity of many, What more plain than this: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned'? What more plain than this: 'He that hath this hope, or this faith, purifieth himself, as God is pure'? What more plain than this: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God'? What more plain than this: 'Without holiness no man shall see God'? What more plain than this: 'He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul'? What more plain than this: 'For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God. Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience'? Ah! if we did but seriously meditate upon these things, and put them in practice, we should then have the true knowledge of God and eternal life."

We now give some specimens of the Paradoxes. There are nearly three hundred in all (299). In style as well as matter they are very unequal, and some of them are *nugæ*, or trifling matter, if not mere plays upon words.* But there are not a few which contain much truth in little compass, and which may be used as seeds of thought.

"The Christian believes that which reason cannot comprehend; yet there is reason enough why he should believe it."

"He believes three persons (Ὑπόστασεις, subsistences) in one God, two natures in one person, and one will in three persons."

"He believes that Christ has and shall have a kingdom in this world; and yet he believes that Christ's kingdom is not of this world."

"He believes that God's will and power are equal; and yet he believes that God can do what He never will do."

"He believes that God foreknew all things; and whatever He foreknew to be must needs be; and yet he believes that God's foreknowledge was not the cause of their being."

"He sees that the things which God knows are variable and changing; and yet he believes that the knowledge of God never changes."

"He believes that man did enjoy blessedness before he fell; and yet he believes that man was never sure of blessedness before he lost it."

"He believes that Christ obeyed and fulfilled the law for him; and yet he believes that the law is to be obeyed by him."

"He knows that there is a curse denounced against them that break the law; and yet he believes that he shall not be cursed, though he hath broken it."

"He eagerly pursues the works of righteousness; but peremptorily rejects the righteousness of works."

"He believes that God will not acquit the wicked; and yet he believes that God justifies the ungodly.

"He believes that by faith, without the works of the law, we are justified; and yet he believes that faith without works doth not justify.

"He knows that grace is much resisted; and yet he believes that on some occasions nothing works so irresistibly.

"He believes that he cannot be saved by his working; and yet he believes that he is to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling."

"He eats Christ's flesh, and drinks the blood of Christ, and lives by it; and yet he never takes the flesh and blood of Christ into his mouth.

"He believes that the bread and wine are not the body and blood of Christ; nor that Christ is in them or under them; and yet when he takes them he partakes of Christ, yea, of the body and blood of Christ."

"He believes that God hath forgotten his sin, and will remember it no more; and yet he believes that God brings sin to his remembrance.

"He is ashamed that he is a sinner; and yet is not ashamed to confess himself a sinner."

"He strives to be the highest saint; and yet is contented to be the lowest."

"When the irons do enter into his soul, they do not touch his inward man.

"He may be imprisoned; yet never deprived of liberty.

"Men may kill him; but they cannot hurt him.

"He may be bound hand and foot; yet cannot be hindered from walking with God.

"Men may cast him out of house and home; but they can never banish him from his inheritance."

"He believes that he goes not to heaven for holiness; and yet he believes that he cannot go there without it."

"He disowns all the duties he performs; and yet believes that God doth own them all."

"He believes that there is more in Christ than he needs; yet less than all will not content him, or serve his turn."

"He is careful in nothing; yet none so careful as he."

"He fears God; and yet is not afraid of God."

"He believes that some have grace who cannot define it; and that some can define it who have it not."

"He is always in pilgrimage; and yet he is never from home."

"He believes that having made a promise, he ought to be as good as his word; and yet he thinks he may go from his word to go to truth."

"He knows that he was once an enemy to God; and yet he believes that God was never an enemy to him."

"He believes that all saints have a zeal for God; yet all that have a zeal for God are not saints.

"He believes that all things are ordered by providence; yet time and chance happen to all.

"He believes that every saint is careful to avoid sin; yet every one that is careful to avoid sin is not a saint.

"There is nothing hinders acceptance but sin; yet sin doth not hinder his acceptance.

"He hath no sufficiency of his own; and yet he is able to do all things.

* For example, "He (the Christian) believes that bodily exercise profits but a little; and yet he believes that there is great use of bodily exercise, and great profit by it."

"He believes that there is no new thing under the sun; and yet he believes that all old things are past away, and every thing is become new."

"He believes that dead men cannot speak; and yet he believes that Abel, though dead, speaks yet."

"He believes that there is not any thing less than nothing; and yet he believes that all the nations of the earth are less than nothing."

"He is no man-server; and yet he is willing to serve any man."

"He is one who lives to die, and dies to live; yea, he is dead while he lives, and lives when he dies.

"He is one who lives in another, and for another; he seeks not himself when he aims most at his own good: God is his all, and his all is God; he aims at no end but the glory of God, of which there is no end."

"He believes that sin cleaves to the affections of the saints; but he believes that the affections of the saints do not cleave to sin.

"He believes that a man may have thoughts of evil, which yet he believes may not be evil thoughts."

"He believes there are some who never doubt of their salvation, but live and die with their hearts full fraught with confidence that they shall get to heaven; when as he yet believes that their salvation is to be doubted of."

"He believes that it is not the will of God that men should do any evil; and yet he believes that men do often fulfil the will of God by the evil they do."

"He believes that sin itself works together for his good; and yet he believes that it is not good for him to sin."

"He believes that all things are lawful to him; and yet there are some things which he dares not do, because he believes that they are not lawful for him."

"He believes that many shall call upon the name of the Lord, saying, 'Lord, Lord,' who shall not be saved; and yet he believes that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"He believes that it is the pleasure of the Lord that the wicked should die; and yet he believes that God takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

"He believes that whatsoever the godly man doeth shall prosper; and yet he believes that many a godly man doeth many a thing which doth not prosper."

"He believes that our good works may be, yea, that they ought to be so done before men, as to be seen of men; and yet he believes that we must not do good works in order to be seen of men."

"He believes that men are sometimes delivered up to Satan, that they may be delivered from Satan."

"He believes that man's idle time is the devil's busy time; and therefore he believes, as Latimer said, 'that the devil has more service done him in one holiday than in many working days.'"

"He believes that there are many poor in the world, and many poor spirits; and yet he believes that there are but few in the world who are poor in spirit."

"He believes that a man may give all his goods to feed the poor; and yet he believes that that man may have no charity; for every man that gives is not charitable."

"He believes that a man may die for Christ; and yet he believes that such a man may not die in Christ."

"He believes that many men receive the truth who do not receive it in truth."

"He believes that every earthly-minded man minds earthly things; and yet he believes that every man that minds earthly things may not be an earthly-minded man."

"He believes that though a saint may be sometimes weary in doing the work of the Lord, yet that a saint is never weary of doing the work of the Lord."

"He believes that we may not speak evil of dignities; and yet he believes that we may speak of the evil of dignities."

"He believes that a man may be a true believer, though he should not believe all the paradoxes which are here written to be orthodox."

THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

III.

AS it is with education, so the status of the Russian clergy is low; but in thinking of the Russian priest, we must put out of our minds the average English pastor of the present day, and even the Roman priest in Ireland. We must remember Macaulay's picture of the English clergy of former centuries, or try rather to picture to our mind what English priests were when Christianity had existed no longer here than it now has in Russia. We shall then be carried back to the fourteenth century; and what sort of clergy are they to whom Chaucer introduces us in his "Canterbury Tales"? We have, therefore, no place for boasting; nor are these remarks made with any idea of drawing unfavourable comparisons, but only to give a true picture of certain of the Russian ecclesiastics. Where they are immoral, their influence, of course, is small, and they are looked up to only for their official acts; on the other hand, as in other countries, where they show a proper interest in their people, as I rejoice to have heard many do, their influence is considerable. I have heard of more than one priest taking up the temperance movement, and doing great things thereby. I called upon some few of the priests in Siberia, who, like the peasants, seemed decidedly superior, and better off than those in Russia. On arriving at a post station, I not infrequently sent for or called upon the priest, and gave him tracts to circulate in his parish, and offered to sell him at a reduced rate, for distribution, portions of Scripture. This offer was almost always accepted. One priest bought upwards of twenty shillings' worth of New Testaments, and would have purchased more, only that I feared not having enough for the prisons and mines.

But let us now pass to the monastic clergy, who alone fill all the higher offices in the Russian Church, and between whom and the parish clergy there is

said on that account to exist much ill feeling, more even than between the regular and secular clergy of Rome. Among the monastic clergy are many scholars. The present Metropolitan Macarius of Moscow may be selected as a bright example. He has written extensively, and from the very outset

MISS BOU-TA-TYO, A BURIAT YOUNG LADY.

of his literary career is said to have resolved to devote all the money derived from his works to the progress of knowledge. He has founded scholarships and prizes at Kieff, St. Petersburg, and Vilna, and so long ago as 1867, he possessed a capital of 120,000 roubles, the interest of which is distributed yearly in premiums for the best writings in the Russian language. I did myself the honour to visit this Metropolitan. A former visit to another ecclesiastical dignitary had caused me to brace my nerves for a formal and dignified interview; but in this case I was agreeably surprised by his Grace taking my hand, kissing my cheek, and motioning me to a seat at his side. He heard with interest of my intention to visit and supply with the Scriptures the Siberian prisons; said that the Russians had not the means to perform all they would like; commended the English for what they were doing; and wished me "God speed!" Other things might be said to the praise of the Russian clergy, and notably their simple manner of living. I entered the sleeping-room of the Archimandrite (who is also the Metropolitan of Moscow) at the "Skit" near the Troitza monastery, and found a room that would be thought not too well furnished for the guest-chamber of an average English rectory. Further, in Russia, both orders of clergy fast at least 226 days in the year; and the monastic clergy, which includes all the bishops, never eat flesh at all.

Something must be said of the Russian monasteries for women and men. They are of three sorts: "Lavra," of which there are only three, namely, at Kieff, St. Petersburg, and Troitza, near Moscow; next are those called "Cœnobia;" and lastly, others called "Stauropegia." Their general characteristics are Egyptian rather than Roman. The Lavra of Egypt are supposed to have been collections of tents in the deserts, where each man provided food for himself though sharing in common *devotions*. Cœnobia were institutions where all *lived* in common. The discipline is the same in all three, but the Stauropegia are under the direct jurisdiction, not of the bishops, but of the synod. Men are not admitted to be monks till thirty years of age, and nuns do not receive the tonsure till sixty, or at least fifty. Younger women may enter as probationers; but they take no vow, and are at liberty to leave and be married. Probationers, whether men or women, wear a black velvet hat without a brim, and the men a black cassock. Attached to the hat, proficients have a black veil (with metropolitans this is white), and monastics of the third degree always wear the veil or hood down, and never suffer the face to be seen. What, however, has now been said may suffice for the constitution and government of the Russian Church and its ecclesiastical institutions and persons.

We come now to speak of the missions of the Church of Russia, but first it may be remarked that in the time of Alexander the First, foreign missionaries were allowed to work among the heathen within the empire.

At the beginning of the present century a few men were sent out by the London Missionary Society to labour among the Buriats, a Mongolian tribe to the east and south of Lake Baikal in Siberia. (One of them, Mr. Stallybrass, now very old, is still living.) They went to Irkutsk, and thence to Selenginsk,

GILYAK COSTUME OF FISH SKIN, WITH BIRCH-BARK HAT.

where they remained for many years; but in 1840 the Emperor Nicholas was induced by the synod to dismiss all foreign missionaries from the country. This was done on the plea that the Russian Church wished to do all the mission work to their own heathen. I passed through Selenginsk, and pur-

posely turned aside to see the spot where these men laboured. There were still a few traces of English ideas about the house and buildings, but the most touching sight was five English graves, those of Mrs. Yule, Mrs. Stallybrass, and three children. The memory of the English missionaries was still fragrant, and we met an old man who as a boy attended their school. They baptized no converts; for they were under agreement with the Russians not to do so; but their labour was not in vain, for they laid a good foundation, Messrs. Stallybrass and Swan having translated the Bible into Mongolian. I took with me some copies, and found others in the hands of the Russian missionaries.

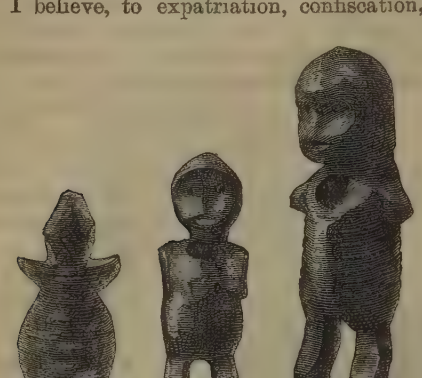
The greater part of the "orthodox" missionary zeal for the heathen is expended in Asiatic Russia; but there are yet to be found in some parts of Russia in Europe the remnants of heathen tribes, who, though partly or nominally brought to Christianity, still practise heathen rites and customs. Their chief European pagan missions are in the governments or provinces of Astrachan, Riazan, Perm, and Kasan, in which last are several semi-heathen tribes. In the city of Kasan I visited an institution for training boys from the Tatar, Cheremisi, Mordvar, Chuvashi, and Votyaks, to whom, when trained, they are sent back as schoolmasters. They have also in Kasan a college, in or near the bishop's house, for training some of these boys and others to be priests, and then to go as missionaries to their own people. In Asia, I called upon a Russian missionary living in the Trans-Baikal district, and he told me that there had been baptized about three hundred persons on the east of Lake Baikal during the previous year, and more than a thousand on the western side. At Selenginsk the Buriats were said to be of two sorts—fire-worshippers and worshippers of idols; more accurately, I suppose, followers of Shamanism and Buddhists. The fire-worshippers, they said, were gained without much difficulty, but the idol-worshippers are much opposed to Christianity. Farther east, almost to the Pacific, the Russians have two or three missionaries to some strange people called Goldi and Gilyaks, who are certainly the lowest types of humanity with whom I have ever been brought in contact. I met a priest who had been a missionary on the Lower Amur for twenty-three years, during which time he has baptized, he told me, more than two thousand persons, chiefly Goldi, Orochons, and Gilyaks. It should be understood, however, that the Russian missionaries differ widely from the English as to what constitutes proper qualification for baptism, and that the preparation and instruction of converts are very little indeed.

OSTJAKS OF THE YENISEI PROVINCE.

The late Metropolitan of Moscow, Innokente, was in his way a remarkable missionary. He translated a portion of the Scriptures and liturgy into the languages of the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, and more, he brought the manuscript all across Northern Asia, from beyond Kamtchatka, to St. Petersburg, a distance of more than ten thousand miles, had the books printed, and took them back! I myself have driven three thousand miles behind Siberian horses and over Siberian roads, and know something of their pains and penalties; but when I heard of a man who had multiplied that distance sevenfold, I could not withhold from him my intense admiration.

It cannot be denied that there is a very considerable amount of toleration of foreign religions in the Russian Empire. The Tsar does not emulate the Bishop of Rome, who, as long as he could prevent it, which was up to about ten years ago, would not allow a Protestant place of worship to be built within the walls of his capital. On the contrary, at the fair of Nijni Novgorod, the Mahometan mosque and the Armenian church stand side by side with the orthodox cathedral, and I am not sure that I did not see in the Chinese quarter a Buddhist temple. Notwithstanding all this, however, the religious toleration of the Tsar is of a somewhat one-sided character. A man is certainly left in peace to practise the religion in which he was

born. Again, should an Englishman, or any one else living in Russia, be convinced that the Greek Church is more Scriptural and catholic than his own, the Greek Church will gladly receive him into her communion. But not *vice versa*. On the contrary, should a Russian living in Russia be convinced that the English Church, for instance, is more scriptural than his own, and should he attempt to carry out his convictions, he would thereby render himself liable, I believe, to expatriation, confiscation, and



GOLDI IDOLS, OR CHARMS.

other pains and penalties too dreadful to mention; and to receive the convert into the English Church would be more than the chaplain at St. Petersburg or Moscow dare do. The matter, therefore, stands thus, that whilst the Russian Church is ready to receive from all, she gives to none.

There are notwithstanding a great many non-conformists in the empire. Among these the Russians have certain sects to deal with, whose tenets are so outrageous that no enlightened government could do otherwise than try to repress them. Some of their ideas are sufficiently ludicrous. "Cursed be the man," said one of these people to an acquaintance of mine—"Cursed be the man who presumes to pray to God in a pair of trousers!" There are other sects whose tenets are directly mischievous and abominable, but the great mass of Russian *Raskolniks* are of another character, and their history goes back for some years.

When, in the seventeenth century, the Patriarch Nikon began to have the church books revised and corrected, he met with fierce opposition. He was charged with interpolating, instead of correcting the books, and nothing would persuade some of the people to the contrary. Many thus became unsettled and broke away, not they would say, because they were leaving the Church, but because the Church, with its new-fangled notions, was leaving them. Then, when, in addition to Nikon's changes, Peter the Great introduced further novelties, things were looked upon as becoming worse than ever. There was accordingly a large section of the most ultra-conservative Russians, both of priests and people, who clung to old books, old pictures, and old ways, under the impression that thus only could they worship God according to the customs of their forefathers; and it is from these secessionists that the great mass of the "*Staroveri*," or old believers, are descended. They are split into two principal parties. They had a bishop with them at the time of their secession, and he ordained many priests. But as these priests died, they asked, How shall we fill their places? They had no second bishop to ordain more. Some decided that they would do without priests, and these are called *Bezpopoftchins*, or priestless. Others for a time got priests from the Established Church as best they could, but eventually came to a compromise with the government; and by certain concessions made to them, saved their scruples, and obtained their priests. These are called *Popoftchins*. The differences, however, between both parties on the one side, and the Established Church on the other, were not questions of doctrine, but such as these: the Starovers gave the benediction with two fingers, the established clergy with three, which latter practice was regarded by the Old Believers as a mortal sin. The Starovers' form of the cross had three transverse beams, instead of the Greek two, or the Latin one. Again, to say the name of Jesus in two syllables instead of three (as in Greek) was condemned by the Starovers, as also was the repetition of the hallelujah in the service thrice instead of twice. It became also an alarming innovation to read or write, for ecclesiastical purposes, a word of modern Russ.

But there are many among the Raskolniks of Russia who dissent from the Established Church on points less diminutive than those of the Starovers, as the *Dukhobortsi*, or "wrestlers with the Spirit," who spiritualise to a high degree both doctrines and sacraments. Also they reject pictures, do not cross themselves, nor observe the appointed fasts. In their meetings they pray for one another, sing psalms, and explain the Word of God. They call themselves Christians, and their great dogma is to worship God in Spirit and in truth. They have no magistrates, but govern their own society; they practise brotherly love, have all things common, and are remarkable for the orderly and cleanly manner in which they live.

The last sect I shall mention is that of the *Molokans*, so called because they drink milk on the usual fasting days. Their origin is involved in obscurity, and by some is dated back to the middle of the last century. Early in the present century many were living in the south of Russia. An English gentleman residing at Berdiansk in 1848, visited their villages; and from his wife I learn that Salamatin,

GOLDI FISH-GOD, OR IDOL.

the Molokan chief, and his family were pious but very simple, uneducated people. My friend used sometimes to invite them to her table. She tells me that their enlightenment came to all appearance simply from reading the Bible. They found there the worship of images forbidden, and accordingly declined to bow down before them, on which account some of them were persecuted even to bodily pain; but to no purpose. They would not give way. Their alleged disuse of baptism and the Lord's

Supper agrees with what I heard of them in Siberia, near Blagovestchensk, where there are considerable numbers of them, probably the remnant or descendants of those long since exiled. A fellow-passenger who lodged in the house of a Molokan, told me that on Sunday they hold meetings, read the Scriptures, pray, sing, expound the Bible, and ask questions, but he thought they did not baptize or receive the Lord's Supper. They had, moreover, no priests, but only elders. But I remember my friend saying to me, that when the Molokans separated from, or were turned out of, the Russian Church, they had no priests nor any persons of education to guide them: and hence I am not clear whether they are without sacraments from choice or from necessity. The Molokans of Ekaterinoslav certainly were not indifferent to the sacraments, for Salamatin, their then chief, was wont to baptize some of their people by immersion: and as for the Lord's Supper, in Salamatin's time they celebrated it sitting round a table, each communicant receiving a piece of bread broken from one loaf, and the cup with wine was afterwards passed round to each member.

In consequence of the army recruiting system adopted in Russia many of the descendants of these men, as well as the Menonites from the same locality, have migrated to Canada, for they consider war, except in the case of self-defence, as sinful. They are now British subjects and are doing well. My fellow-passenger gave the Molokans of Blagovestchensk an excellent character. He said he never saw them drunken, nor even enter a tavern; that he rarely or never saw them out of temper, or heard them use bad language; and that they spend their spare time in reading the Bible. Looking therefore at this and subsequent testimony, and comparing the lives of the Molokans with the lives of the orthodox, I felt that to bring the orthodox into contact with the Molokans would be likely to improve the "orthodox" rather than otherwise, and that the Tsar would have more good subjects than he now has if he had more of the Molokans.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

II.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—*Luke* xviii. 13.

WE have here a prayer which may most certainly be taken as a model for our own prayers, for our Lord tells us that the man who offered it in God's house went home a "justified" man. He had asked for mercy, and he had received it to the full.

Let us examine a little what we are told of the man who offered this prayer. He was a publican, or tax-gatherer, and we know well the usual character of such men in the time of our Lord. Their office exposed them to great temptation. They paid a certain sum to the Roman government for the right of farming the taxes by the Jews to the Romans. When some of them came to John the Baptist to receive baptism of him, and asked him, "Master, what shall we do?" he answered, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." This direction shows plainly what was their usual character. Accordingly, we find the Pharisee in his prayer thanking God that he was not an "extortioner," or "unjust," or "even as this publican."

We may then take it for granted that this publican had been unjust, and had obtained money by extortion and hard dealing. But he had been aroused to a sense of sin. His soul was burdened. He must seek relief in prayer. He goes to the Temple, but there he feels too much his own unworthiness to venture to mingle with the other worshippers. He stands "afar off," in some retired part of the building, and, with every outward expression of the deepest penitence and humiliation, he utters this short but fervent prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Reader, have you ever put up this prayer? You may perhaps often have called yourself a "sinner" in your prayers, yes, even a "miserable sinner." But have you truly *felt* what these words imply? Have you felt that you had absolutely no claim whatever upon God, that mercy free, unmerited mercy, was all you dared to ask?

Let me try to describe two classes of persons for whom this prayer is suitable.

I. If you have any sense of sin on your conscience; if you have been roused by some sermon, some event, some word, in short, by any means, to feel it may be for the first time in your life, "I am a sinner," go straight to God, and cry for mercy in the very words of the publican. The feeling which causes you so much pain and uneasiness is sent by God, and is the work of his Spirit. No power in the world can produce a conviction in a man's heart that he is a sinner but the Holy Ghost. I know that many may be brought easily enough to say, "Oh yes, we are all sinners;" but the real sense of sin on the conscience that makes any one say of himself, "me, a sinner," is assuredly given by God the Holy Ghost.

Do not try to get rid of this feeling by comparing yourself with others whom you think are as bad as yourself, or even worse. Cherish it rather, but let it lead you to pray. Do you want an assurance that God will show you mercy if you ask Him, then look in his word and see what is said on this subject. You will indeed find that sin is most hateful to Him: you will read that "sin is the transgression of the law," and that by God's written law given to man, sin was shown to be "exceeding sinful." You will see that our Lord Jesus Christ makes men accountable for even a bad thought. As you read, you will be more than ever convinced of your own exceeding sinfulness.

But when you look further to see what is said of "mercy" for sinners, you will see that you have every encouragement to pray in faith: "God be *merciful* to me a sinner."

The whole Gospel is so full of promises and invitations to sinners that it is difficult to know which to point to. Take only this one saying of the Lord Jesus: "I am come to call sinners to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13), and read his assurance that the publican's prayer was one that was accepted by God, and then kneel down and offer it with assured hope that you also may rise from your knees "justified" by faith in Jesus Christ and having peace with God. (Romans v. 1.) "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7). When you

cry for mercy in the name of Jesus Christ, his blood shall be sprinkled on your conscience, and his voice shall whisper the blessed words, "Go in peace: thy sins are forgiven."

II. This prayer is suitable for believers, whenever a sense of their own sinfulness returns upon them. Well is it for those who "walk in the light as He is in the light," for while thus walking they are cleansed "from all sin"! But alas, how many have not attained to the close walking with God which is thus described!

We must never deny that all ought so to walk, and that we find no encouragement to be content with anything lower. Yet is there not often given to the child of God a fresh revelation of what sin is, so that he cries out: "Unclean, unclean! behold, I am vile"? He does not lose sight of the cross, and the atoning blood, and past forgiveness, but yet he feels a deeper need of mercy, pure, free mercy, than he has felt before.

It may be that he has fallen into some inconsistency, has spoken unadvisedly with his lips, or has had some sins of omission brought home to him. Or it may be that he has been thrown with some spiritual and advanced Christian, whose bright light seems to show him the dimness of his own. Or, again, in reading or hearing the word of God preached, he may have felt its keen edge "discerning the very thoughts and intents of his heart."

In short, there are times, I believe, in the lives of many true Christians when the words "me a sinner" are all he can say of himself.

At such times, it is good to pray the publican's prayer. It is not well to turn for comfort to past experiences or to try in any way to stifle or lessen the sense of sin. The Holy Spirit is at work, producing that feeling, and no safer way can there be for obtaining renewed peace and a cleansed conscience than this: "Enter into thy closet and shut the door," and kneeling down as in the very presence of God, cry to Him in the name of Jesus Christ: "God be merciful to me, a sinner, for my Saviour's sake."

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MARCH 6.

WITNESS OF JESUS TO JOHN. LUKE VII. 19–30.

GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN V. 35.—'*He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.*'

CONNECTION.—After the miracles considered in the preceding Lesson, our Lord goes up to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Jews, John v. i; probably the Passover. Returning to Galilee, He finally appoints His twelve Apostles and delivers the Sermon on the Mount (See Introductory Remarks on last week's Lesson). Then follow the healing of the Roman centurion's servant, and the raising of the widow's son at Nain (Christ's *first miracle of raising from the dead.* Somewhere near Nain, there meet Him messengers from John the Baptist.

I. JOHN'S APPEAL TO CHRIST.—*Read vers.* 19, 20. (See Matt. xi. 2, 3). **John** was now imprisoned in Machærus, a strong fortress at the S. extremity of Peræa, overlooking the Dead Sea (See *Pictures from Bible Lands*, p. 76). He was in the power of Herod Antipas, the frivolous, capricious, worthless tetrarch. For the reason of his imprisonment, see Mark vi. 17–20; as well as for the way in which Herod treated him, with alternate severity and deference. As in the case of Paul, Acts xxiv. 23, John's friends were permitted to come to see him, so that he had no difficulty in **calling two of his disciples** that he might **send them to Jesus** with his message. It was the greatest question which could be asked, then or at any time. **Art Thou** (lit.) **the Coming One**—He whom Israel expects, whom the world needs, the Messiah, the Promised Saviour? **Or look we for another?** Professed deliverers have before now appeared; but all to no purpose—is this to be only another disappointment?

But was it not wonderful that *John* should ask this question? He, of all men, must have known the answer. He—'the voice crying in the wilderness'—the Forerunner, who had seen 'the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending,' who had cried aloud, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' is it *John*, who now seems to question whether his life had not been a mistake? Some explain the matter by supposing that he asked, only for his *disciples'* sake, that their faith might be confirmed; others, that all he wished was to have Jesus to *declare Himself.* John hearing of 'the *works* of the Christ' (*Matt.*) is thought to have been anxious for some corresponding *word* that should arouse the whole nation to follow Him. But why propose any such explanation? John was but a man, at the best: and it is not wonderful if in that prison air even his faith and courage began to droop. In the open wilderness he could speak boldly to the multitudes; when face to face with Herod he could bravely rebuke the king. But to be shut up there—still a young man—cut off from his work—not permitted to follow the Master to whom he had borne witness—no earthly prospect before him but speedy death! In such circumstances gloomy thoughts might naturally steal in upon him. (To what Old Testament prophet is he likened? Did that prophet ever fail in courage and faith? See 1 Kings xix. 4.) *Was it all true that he had been saying?* Was Jesus indeed the promised Redeemer? From His own lips let the assurance come! And let the Master show that the servant, the forerunner, was not forgotten! With such a word of comfort John would even dare to die! Let us learn from all this to tell *our* doubts to Jesus, and to wait for the answer of His love.

II. CHRIST'S ANSWER TO JOHN.—*Read vers.* 21–23. The answer is *practical.* As though Jesus had said to these messengers, 'Wait, and see, and judge for yourselves.' So **He cured many.** Note the variety as well as the number of His miracles. Imagine the wonder of John's disciples as they looked, and felt at every fresh wonder, 'It is truly He! We look *not* for any other!' Then, turning to them, Jesus says: **Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard**—wonder above wonder, even to the raising of the dead! Tell your master, if you can, of the joy of that mother to whom, at the gates of Nain, I gave her son, alive from the very borders of the tomb. And lastly, tell him this, as a greater and Diviner marvel still, that **to the poor the gospel is preached.**

Note here three main points for profitable thought. 1. Christ's *appeal to Scripture.* He plainly refers to passages from the prophet Isaiah (xxxv. 5; lxi. 1), which would be familiar to John. 'Open the prophetic roll; there read of Me; and doubt no more!' 2. His argument *from His own works.* This is what we term 'the argument from miracle:' never out of date. He who could perform such wonders must be from God. John iii. 2; ix. 32, 33; Acts ii. 22, etc. 3. The *crowning miracle.* A *gospel*, a gospel *preached*, a gospel preached *to the poor*—'*beggars.*'*

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* There are two words for poverty in the New Testament, one denoting simple *want of wealth* (as of day-labourers), the other *absolute destitution.* The latter is the word used here. So ch. iv. 18; vi. 20, etc.

For the sake of this all other wondrous works were wrought. Here is the highest exercise of spiritual power, 1 Cor. i. 24, and the supreme proof of love reaching to the very lowest; —*even* the poor—the poor *as well as* the richer and wiser—truth so simple that they can understand it, love so tender that it reaches their hearts.

Then the Lord dismisses **the messengers of John** with a benediction, which is also a gentle reproof. **Not to be offended,** made to stumble, by the lowliness of Christ's condition, or by anything in His acts or words. See Isa. viii. 14, 15; Matt. xxi. 42; 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8, etc. 'Blessed is he who shall trust Me, even in spite of sorrow and persecution—he who shall believe that I know to the uttermost the will of Him that sent Me, and how and when to finish His work.' We may be sure that after these words and acts, John and his disciples would 'stumble' no more!

III. CHRIST'S WORDS ABOUT JOHN.—*Read vers.* 24–28. The disciples of Jesus and others standing by, may have been indignant that He should be interrupted with such a question. For John to doubt, or waver in his faith—how strange! how unworthy! Christ at once checks such thoughts by reminding the people, who had been accustomed to listen to the Baptist, how true and great he really was, in the most splendid eulogy ever breathed over mortal man (*Farrar*). **A reed shaken with the wind?** Nay, rather, but a cedar half uprooted by the storm! (*Lange*). Weak-minded people are easily moved, this way or that; but when the strong are shaken the conflict is terrible. Nor was there any softness or effeminacy in John. He who stood in his rough prophet's mantle in **the wilderness,** exhorting the people to repent, was noble in every sense. If you would seek such a man in the **kings' courts,** you must go to look for him in the palace *dungeon*, a martyr to the truth. But what was He? **Let the people** themselves declare what they **went out for to see.** No doubt they expected **a prophet** (ch. xxi. 26) and they were right. **More than a prophet;** because he did not only speak and write of the object of his prophecy, but himself beheld it in the coming of Christ. The **messenger** has more than a prophet's honour. Our Lord here quotes and applies to John the great prediction of Malachi iii. 1 (See Mark i. 2).

It is in this sense that we are to explain the Golden Text. **A light,** or *luminary* (lit. *lamp*). 'He was not that Light' (John i. 8), but shone with a borrowed glory, springing from Him who was to come. Such are all Christ's true servants (Phil. ii. 15). Note, the light is both **shining** and **burning:** it shines because it burns. There is such a thing as light without heat (like frosty moonlight), or heat without light, a dull fierce glare. So there are people who have the light of knowledge without the glow of love, others who have the heat of zeal without the brightness of wisdom or purity. The followers of Jesus should seek to combine all. He Himself can give no worthier character than this to His great forerunner. And the people **were willing to rejoice** in what they saw John to be—but **for a season** only. They did not abide in the truth he taught, and they rejected the Saviour to whom he bore witness. Let us see to it that we make the right use of the 'lights' that God has sent us to point the way to Himself.

One more word, which perhaps would have been a hard saying to John's disciples, had they stayed to hear it. John indeed was more than a prophet; yet less than **the least in the kingdom of heaven.** Not, certainly, in character, but in privilege and blessing. It is more to be a Christian child, knowing Jesus and His salvation, than to have been the greatest and wisest before He came. For, to be in the kingdom of heaven is to know the Gospel—the truth 'which kings and prophets waited for, and sought, but never found.' 'John, not inferior to any born of women; but these, even the least of them, born of another birth (John i. 12, 13; iii. 5). John, the nearest to the King and the Kingdom—standing on the threshold—but never having himself entered; these in the kingdom, subjects and citizens and indwellers of the realm; "whose citizenship is in heaven;" he, "the friend of the Bridegroom;" they, however weak and unworthy members, His Body and His Spouse' (*Alford*).

IV. THE EFFECT OF CHRIST'S WORDS.—*Read vers.* 29, 30 (not a continuation of Christ's words, but the historian's comment). Those of Christ's hearers who had been **baptized with the baptism of John,** owned the truth of what He had said, and **justified God,** i.e., accepted and approved His declarations (John iii. 33).

So God is said to be 'justified' in connection with His dealings with men; i.e., *vindicated*, or *declared just*, Rom. iii. 4; and Christ to be 'justified' in the Spirit, i.e., *vindicated* in His true character as a Saviour, through the Divine Spirit that was in Him (1 Tim. iii. 16).

This class of hearers specially included **publicans** (ch. iii. 12; Matt. xxi. 32); while those, who, like **the Pharisees and lawyers** (teachers of the law), had disdained John's baptism, now in the same spirit **rejected** Christ's testimony. This testimony was nothing less than **the counsel,** or plan of God **against,** or with reference to **themselves.** How great their sin! How sure their ruin!

QUESTIONS.

1. What various motives may we suppose to have prompted the Baptist's message to Jesus?
2. Give passages in which the title of 'the coming One' is applied to Christ.
3. The question is asked of us also, whether Jesus is indeed the Divine Saviour. How may we best answer it?
4. Show that the spiritual work of Christ, wrought through the preaching of His Gospel, is the greatest of His works.
5. In what passages are Christians said to be lights of the world, and in what sense?
6. What did our Lord mean by the saying with which He closed His discourse, *Wisdom is justified of all her children*?

Pages for the Young.

MILDRED MAYHEW'S PEARLS.

A STATE drawing-room was to be held, and amidst the crowd assembled to catch a sight of the grand carriages, and their nobly-born occupants an eager little face, full of expectancy and wonder, attracted the notice of near spectators, and drew forth the remark, "She looks as if she could see them all without envy."

Mildred Mayhew (for that was the child's name), heard this speech, and stowed it away for future deliberation. After long patient waiting, the first carriage appeared, and was quickly followed by a second and a third, and others too numerous for Mildred's power of counting.

Ladies, dressed as became their high position, were seated within the richly-appointed vehicles—ladies of all ages and of different styles of countenance and beauty. But for one particular carriage, for one particular lady, Mildred evidently watched; and so rivetted was her attention on this carriage and its lady when they arrived, that she had to blink away the stiffness from her eyes when they had passed from view, before she recovered sight for the rest of the pageant.

The lady that thus attracted Mildred was young and singularly beautiful, with a calm, gentle, happy expression on her

fair face; whilst her soft auburn hair, which glistened in a ray of sunlight that shone through the open window, appeared to the onlookers as clusters of fine golden thread. But it was neither on the fair young face, with its exquisite beauty, nor the sunny hair that Mildred's gaze was rivetted, but on—what, do you think? The ornaments that decked those locks, and were suspended from that snowy neck. The ornaments were pearls, costly pearls, with a ruby pendant here and there. This much Mildred knew at a glance, for, although herself in great poverty through an intemperate father, she had an aunt living in a "great family," and this aunt had, by permission, often showed her young niece some of the jewels belonging to her mistress; but none excited the little girl's admiration so much as a set of pearls that lay in a casket lined with purple velvet.

To see this carefully fetched, slowly opened, and its contents displayed, was one of the pleasures Mildred anticipated in going to the mansion. This pleasure she was enjoying one day, and whilst standing in rapt delight over the jewel-case, she felt a hand laid gently on her shoulder, and heard a musical voice, saying:

"And what does Mildred think of these fine things?"

Mildred started, for it was a strange voice, and turning round she saw the beautiful lady of the carriage, who was none other than her aunt's youngest mistress, lately returned from an educational tour of three years. This accounts for Mildred's non-recognition of Lady Gertrude on the day of the Queen's drawing-room.

"Oh, your ladyship, I'm so proud to see you again! You are the lady with the lovely pearls, I'm sure."

"Yes, Mildred, and I saw the little eager face that watched for me."

"Please your ladyship it was the pearls I was looking out for. Aunt Stapleton didn't tell me you were back again—she only told me to be sure and look out for a young lady dressed in beautiful pearls. I didn't——"

Here Mrs. Stapleton interposed. "Your dear young ladyship will not heed a child's prattle."

"I like it; it does one good to hear the truth sometimes. Where so many tell me they are looking at *me*, it is refreshing to hear one little voice say, 'I am looking at your pearls.'"

And Lady Gertrude bent kindly towards Mildred, asking—"And what do you think of them?"

"Oh, your ladyship, I'd give ever so much to have just one, if it was only the tiniest!"

"And what would you do with it?"

"Oh, please your ladyship. I'd wear it round my neck to hang down where I could always see it."

"Milly, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed her aunt.

"Oh, I forgot I wasn't a lady, so I couldn't wear one."

"Yes, you could, Mildred; you need not be a lady to wear pearls. I know a very poor old woman who lives in a workhouse and never gets out of bed, and yet she wears the most lovely pearl I have ever seen."

"And please your ladyship" (Mildred's aunt never allowed her to speak to her mistress without using the title, which it gave *her* so much pleasure to use), "and please your ladyship, doesn't it make her very happy?"

"It does indeed! Whilst the other old people too often grumble and wish for a different lot than that God has appointed them, this dear old soul clasps her pearl to her heart and smiles so pleasantly. Before I knew she had this treasure, I wondered how she could look so cheerful and contented, shut in by four bare walls and so full of pain; and one day I asked how it was. Shall I tell you her answer, Mildred? I can never forget it."

"If it please your ladyship," replied the child in duly instructed form.

"'Cheerful!' she cried; 'why not, ma'am?'"

"She did not know my lady was a ladyship, I suppose!" said Aunt Stapleton, looking disapprovingly towards her niece.

"Perhaps not," smiled Lady Gertrude, "but that was of no consequence; the honour was in her speaking to me, as she is a daughter of royalty, though lying bed-ridden on workhouse straw."

Mysteries thickened, and poor little Mildred was fairly bewildered between the pearl in a pauper's possession, that pauper, as she imagined, being a grand lady in disguise, and the possibility of her being so happy in her low estate; but, obeying a nod from her aunt, she kept silence.

"We should all be happier," said Lady Gertrude, "if like my pauper friend, who was more astonished at my doubting her cheerfulness than I even at witnessing it;" and the speaker paused, as if to give both her hearers time to reflect a moment, then proceeded with her story of crippled Kate, as she was called.

"'Cheerful, why not, ma'am?'" ("ladyship!" muttered Stapleton). "'I have everything I need, though not everything my foolish heart wishes for. Contented!' and the dear old soul laughed in her joy—'why, ma'am, there isn't any one in the squire's open house as is better off nor me, nor got a finer look-out. For all that the lower glass is darkened over, I can see out of the top as I lie here. And day-times I catch a glimpse of God's own dear blue sky, and night-times I see a star a twinkling now and then, and oh, it do make me happy, sure enough, to think of what's up yonder for even such a poor old body as crippled Kate!' What do you think of her, my child?" asked Lady Gertrude.

Mildred did not reply until the question was repeated, when she said slowly, as though half doubting the words she spoke:

"Please your ladyship, when I went to see the queen's drawing-room I heard a woman say when I was delighted, 'She don't seem like to envy,' and I didn't one bit, but seems I could wish to be like the old woman in the house."

She glanced towards her aunt to see if she had been too bold, but Lady Gertrude quickly replied:

"You may wish it, dear, and I hope you will try to be like her, for wishing and trying must go together, and that will, by God's blessing, make you both cheerful and contented."

"I asked Kate if she had the comforts her age and infirmities required. Oh, Stapleton, her answer humbled me to the very dust. She said, looking more cheerful than ever, 'I have all the Lord promised and sees fit to give me, and that must be all I require. He promised bread and pure water; I have that and many a good thing too. He promised to make all my bed in my sickness; He does that too, or my poor old bones couldn't lie so easy here from week's end to week's end. He promised 'never to leave me nor forsake me;' and blessed be His holy name, a truer word never cheered a poor lone body like me. And oh, ma'am, my treasure's best of all,' and she clasped her precious pearl again to her heart."

Here Mildred's eagerness could no longer be restrained, even by her aunt's gesticulations, and she exclaimed; "Oh, please your ladyship, how did she get it? Was her husband a sailor like Uncle Dick, and brought it to her over the sea?"

"No, Mildred; she sold all she had and bought it."

"Is it as lovely as your ladyship's pearls?"

"A thousand times lovelier, and cost a thousand times more, Mildred."

"How could she buy it when she had so little money?" This was said in a half whisper as if to herself, then, struck by a sudden thought, Mildred exclaimed: "Why, if so little will buy it, I may be able to buy one when I am older."

"Shall I tell you a secret, Mildred? The price of the pearl is not what you've not got, but just what you have—if you give all you have, that is the price; but you shall come to my boudoir to-morrow, and hear all about the pearl, where you can get it, how you can get it, and what you must do with it, There is the warning gong sounding, I must dress for dinner."

"Will your ladyship wear the pearls to-night?" asked Stapleton.

"Yes," and then, in a low voice, she added to Milly; "and always the one pearl, I hope. Good-night, my child, come to me to-morrow."

"Yes, thank your ladyship."

The next day, when Lady Gertrude and Mildred were alone, the subject was resumed with mutual pleasure.

"It is the deep, deep sea of God's love," said Lady Gertrude, "in which this beautiful pearl is found." And she went on to explain her meaning, increasing first the wonder of her youthful listener by the assurance that she too might obtain this pearl of great price, salvation through Jesus Christ, with a quiet trustful and contented spirit, worth more than all things else in this world. In one place the Bible says, "Buy the truth;" in another, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire." The pearl of price is set in this tried gold, and the gold is set with this pearl, they are inseparable, in the casket of Divine grace; therein finding one we find the other, in buying one we buy the other. Now, God's holy word would not tell us to buy this treasure, so priceless as far as our payment goes, if He knew there was no wherewith to come before Him. Do you ask, "Do I possess this price? Can I buy the pearl and tried gold?" All you have is of no value in comparison; but Jesus Christ has paid the price by which we may claim it. The pearl and gold are both offered, accept them on the gospel terms, give yourself, body, soul, and spirit, into the hands of the Saviour, and you will never repent the bargain; you will remember the day on which you closed with it as a red-letter day in your spiritual life, ay, and in your temporal life also, for the pearl worn within the soul is a talisman to protect us from evil and the wiles of the devil; whilst the gold enriches us with riches that cannot take to themselves wings and fly away.

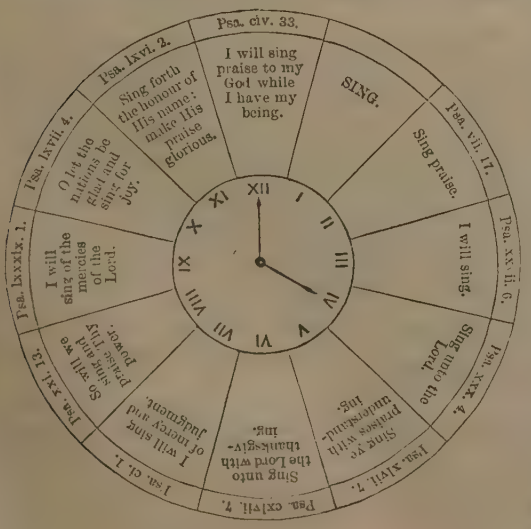
So the quiet talk went on.

Mildred lived to find this treasure, nor did she wrap it from sight; others saw that she had it, and rejoiced with her: it was said of little Mildred, "It must be a real possession, because it makes her so happy."

"I've found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy—
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
All gold without alloy."

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 78.



Let our readers take the word WALK for their next exercise.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Rev. T. Pelham Dale, whose arrest and imprisonment for contempt and contumacy, committed against the Arches Court of Canterbury, we mentioned last month (p. 80), was brought up lately before the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice on a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Four rules (including that for the writ) had been obtained from the Queen's Bench, and now that Mr. Dale appeared before the Court in the custody of the Governor of Holloway Prison, the case came on for argument as to whether these rules should be made absolute or should be dismissed. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General appeared for Lord Penzance, instructed by the Treasury, to support his jurisdiction and authority. Mr. Charles, Q.C., moved for the discharge of Mr. Dale from custody on a number of grounds, all of a technical character. He was followed by the other counsel on behalf of the prisoner; the arguments on the other side, led by the Attorney-General, were next heard; and Mr. Charles exercised his right of reply. These proceedings occupied five days. Judgment was afterwards given by the Lord Chief Justice and his learned colleagues. The four main points urged by Mr. Dale's counsel had been: 1. That Lord Penzance had not taken the oaths and signed the Thirty-nine Articles, as required by the Canons; 2. That the Bishop of Exeter could not act legally both for the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury as alternate patrons of St. Vedast; 3. That the monition and inhibition were technically inaccurate; 4. That Lord Penzance had not statutory powers to enforce his judgment by imprisonment. One after another of these objections were relentlessly and positively swept away by the lucid judgment of the Lord Chief Justice. His lordship, after disposing of the "highly technical" objections taken to the jurisdiction of Lord Penzance, and the language of the requisition, monition, and prohibition, none of which were held to have any validity, proceeded to consider "the one point of substance in the case." He said: "It seemed possible that Parliament might never have contemplated the possibility of clergymen belonging to the Establishment deliberately disobeying and defying the law of their society pronounced by the highest Court of Appeal in the country, and claiming for their disobedience to the law the sanction of conscience and the credit of virtue. For these are not 'the weightier matters of the law—judgment, and mercy, and faith'—but, at the best, points of mere ceremonial observance—points on which, prior to experience, it would be difficult to believe that any man could persuade himself that disobedience to the law could be excusable; and I should be disposed to say, if the statute stood alone, that Parliament had not conceived it possible that there would be disobedience, and would have assumed that the clergy, like other men, would obey the law of their country, and so might not have provided any means to enforce obedience. But the statute does not stand alone. . . . Lord Penzance was made an Ecclesiastical Judge in an Ecclesiastical Court, and in this case the party was brought before him and duly cited, and a lawful order was made, with which the party was required to comply, and he has refused to pay obedience to that lawful order." His judgment, therefore, was for the Crown and for Lord Penzance. Mr. Justice Field gave an elaborate judgment to a similar effect. Mr. Justice Manisty, in declaring a similar view, appealed to the clergy to consider whether they ought not, as good citizens, to resign the benefices if they could not obey, and become Nonconformists. The Rev. T. P. Dale then left the court in custody for prison. The case of the Rev. R. W. Enraght, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, was next called on, but it was a precise repetition of Mr. Dale's, with the addition of two purely formal points, on which Mr. Charles was heard, but which the Bench at once, and without the slightest hesitation, dismissed. In this case, therefore, the result was the continued detention of Mr. Enraght in Warwick Gaol. On a subsequent day notice was given of appeal in the Court of Appeal, in both the above cases. The Lord Chancellor and other judges, who heard the application, consented to the defendants being released on their own bail till the cases shall come on for hearing, on condition that nothing be done by them during the interval in contravention of the inhibition

by Lord Penzance. Mr. Dale gave this undertaking in writing, and was released; but it was refused by Mr. Enraght, who therefore continued in prison.

In the Arches Court of Canterbury sentence has been pronounced in the suit against the Rev. J. B. De la Bere (formerly John Edwards), Vicar of Prestbury, near Cheltenham. He had been suspended by this Court for using an illegal ritual, and had disregarded the order of suspension, continuing all the time his illegal practices. In giving judgment, Lord Penzance said Mr. De la Bere had deliberately set at nought the Statute of Uniformity, the Ecclesiastical Law, the Canons of the Church the authority of his Bishop and of the Court, his own vow at his ordination, and his written promise on his institution. He must, therefore, be deprived of his office and benefice.

A CONVERSAZIONE was lately given by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the Bible House, Queen Victoria-street, when a large number of members and their friends assembled to meet some of the continental agents of the Society. The year now closed is the jubilee year of this Society's continental agency work, which began with the appointment of Dr. Pinkerton to Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1830. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. Mr. Edward Millard, of Vienna, who entered the service thirty-four years ago, gave an account of the work done in the district under his charge, which includes Austria, Bohemia, Galicia, Poland, Hungary, Servia, Bosnia, and Roumania. M. Gustave Monod, of Paris, mentioned reasons for believing that France at present offered a hopeful field for the Society's work. Mr. W. H. Kirkpatrick, of Brussels, who has been the Society's agent in Belgium for sixteen years, stated that, advantage had been taken of the National Exhibition at Brussels this year to sell a large number of Testaments and parts of the Scriptures at reduced prices. The Rev. George Palmer Davies, of Berlin, who has superintended the Society's work in Germany and Switzerland for nearly twenty-four years, reported the marked progress of the work under his agency.

THE quiet old cathedral city of Canterbury has been stirred as perhaps it has never been stirred before, since Reformation days, by a general mission, the venerable cathedral having been the head-quarters of the movement. Night after night, almost all the nine or ten churches which took part in the mission were crowded, while in the cathedral the gatherings were so large, that it was found necessary to move from the choir to the nave, where a vast concourse of people were collected night by night to hear the Gospel from the Rev. W. H. Aitken. The mission was commenced on a Saturday with a general communion service for all the churches, in the cathedral, when the Bishop of Dover preached a very useful and appropriate sermon, and by a similar evening service, when Mr. Aitken was the preacher. On the Sunday afternoon, Mr. Aitken commenced the mission in the cathedral, when an overflowing congregation was gathered in the choir of the grand old edifice. That evening it was again crowded, after the other services had been dismissed, at half-past eight, by a congregation of men only; and the recollection of that sight will not soon pass away from the memory of those who witnessed it. On the following Tuesday, the numbers attending the evening service were so great that it was thought advisable to employ the nave. The services were regularly attended by the Dean, who, with Bishop Oxenham and the Bishop of Dover, did all that could be thought of to make the arrangement as complete as possible. The cathedral officials entered into the work with very good spirit, taking a great deal of extra trouble with the utmost possible cheerfulness. At the close of each service Mr. Aitken gave a short address to those who remained to the after-meeting, and then invited any who were really anxious to follow him to the north of the choir, where he has held conversation with a considerable and increasing number of seeking souls each night. From the other churches similar and encouraging accounts have been heard. Since the conclusion of his mission in Canterbury, Mr. Aitken has been delivering some highly effective addresses to "City men" in that quarter of London which has as its centre the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England.

Two hundred thieves—not all thieves; some of them Christian men earning honest wages, but who were thieves at periods varying from a few weeks to four years ago—sat down together to supper, a few evenings since, at the St. Giles' Christian Mission, Great Wild Street, Drury Lane. When they assembled afterwards for the anniversary meeting, Mr. Flowers, the magistrate of Bow Street, took the chair. Mr. George Hatton briefly stated the origin and progress of the rescue work among these men. Joshua Poole was preaching here for many successive nights in February, 1877. Many of the criminal classes formed part of the audiences, and at the close of one meeting two of them remained, and expressed their desire to lead a new life. Hence the effort which followed. The number of cases taken in hand has been 1,314; the far larger number of whom were sent to sea, found employment for on land, sent to various "Homes," sent abroad (outfit, passage-money, and all other expenses being borne by the Mission), or were relieved with money, clothes, tools, etc. Mr. Wheatley then read some touching letters from men and boys who had been helped into honest work on sea or land, and some of whom had been converted to God. Mr. Flowers spoke of his own early days, and his sympathy with the poor, not one of whom in his own neighbourhood he did not know as well as his own brothers and sisters. The Rev. George Playford, chaplain of Holloway Prison, spoke with indignation of the music-halls as sinks of iniquity, and said that a fourth of the prisoners attribute their fall to being drawn into them. Another pernicious influence was the fearful literature—foul, abominable, filthy—which teems from the press, and is a fruitful source of crime. The speaker spoke at some length, words full of sympathy and gospel truth. The Rev. Lloyd Jones, Chaplain of Newgate, followed with a few words of counsel and exhortation. The two men who stayed behind in February, 1877, and expressed their wish to lead a new life, then spoke. One of them is a missionary in the suburbs, and God has blessed him to the salvation of many souls. He meets the scoffers with the question, "Did you ever do anything to lift up a fallen man?" They are obliged to say, "No." It was the men who loved Jesus who had raised him up and helped him to earn an honest living. Others of the rescued men spoke.

THE National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States was held in the city of St. Louis, towards the close of last year. The Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., of Boston, was chosen Moderator. The Council was the fourth in the triennial series. One of the principal subjects which occupied the attention of the Council had reference to suggestions for a new statement or embodiment of the faith of the churches, to take the place of the Savoy Confession of 1658, and of others which, in many points, fail to express the living beliefs of to-day. After discussion, it was resolved that a committee or commission, consisting of twenty-five able, godly, and learned men should be appointed, who should be requested to prepare a Confession of Faith, not to be reported back to the Council, but to be reported to the churches for their careful consideration and adoption, if they should see fit to adopt it. In the course of the proceedings the Rev. A. Hannay, of London (Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales), addressed the Council, and was received with great cordiality. Shortly after his return to London, Mr. Hannay was welcomed at a public meeting convened for that purpose at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and gave an account of his visit to the Congregational Churches of the United States.

MISSIONARY prospects in Uganda, in Central Africa, are reported as not very promising. Dr. Emin-Bey writes to the "Mittheilungen" that the King Mtesa had held a great council, at which it was resolved to prohibit the English and French missionaries from teaching, and to punish with death any native of the country who listened to them. The Mohammedan religion was condemned at the same time, and ancient customs are to be adhered to. The assembled chiefs were of opinion that they required no religious teachers in Uganda, but guns, powder, and percussion-caps. One of the English missionaries wrote to Dr. Emin that the king refused to listen to anything they had to say. Mtesa had relapsed into his savagery, and sacrificed two hundred human beings on the grave of his ancestors. Dr. Emin, who had repeatedly visited Uganda, is about to write a paper on that country. The "Academy" learns from another source that King Mtesa, having been cured of some disorder by Father Lourdel, exhibited greater kindness to the Roman Catholic missionaries than before, and that they were able to baptise several adults.

WE regret to record the decease of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, one of the most able and most respected ministers of the Baptist denomination. He was for more than thirty years pastor of the congregation meeting at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, but had long been compelled to relinquish that post by failing health. Mr. Birrell was gifted both as a preacher and writer. Prominent among his works are the "Life of the Rev. Richard Knill," and the "Life of Dr. Brock."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

PASSAGES OF SPRING.

From the sod no crocus peeps,
And the snowdrop scarce is seen,
And the daffodil yet sleeps
In its radiant sheath of green;
Yet the naked groves among
Is an homeless music heard,
And a welcoming is sung,
Till the leafless boughs are stirred
With a spirit and a life
Which is floating all around.

R. C. Trench.

PARABLES CONCERNING SPRING.

BY PROFESSOR GAUSSEN.

I.

"And with many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it. But without a parable spake He not unto them: and when they were alone, He expounded all things to his disciples."—*Mark* iv. 33, 34.

WHAT magnificent scenes are those of the spring-time! What a ravishing spectacle is that of the weeks which too soon pass away! Those days in which nature revives, in which life succeeding death penetrates everywhere; in which the Spirit of God, vivifying all things, makes itself felt at once in the fields, on the hills, in the recesses of the forests, in the depth of the valleys, and up to the tops of the mountains; in which millions of living beings burst forth every minute into the air, upon the earth, and in the waters that are under the earth; in which, on all sides, delicate plants, enriched with the brilliant colours of life, and coming forth from a soil formerly frozen, seem to open it by the sole attraction of their freshness and beauty!

What a privilege is yours, happy inhabitants of these rural districts, who live, who walk, who work beneath this beautiful vault of heaven, upon this carpet of flowers, in the midst of these fields and these hills, this foliage, and these orchards, where are made manifest with so much grace and magnificence the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God the Creator!

Oh! what intelligent mind, what imagination among men would not be moved at a spectacle so grand, and not adore Him who gives life to all things, and before whom the whole army of heaven prostrates itself in reverence?

"Thy works beyond compare
The wond'ring nations see,
Admire Thy marvels great,
Though distant they may be.

From where the sun comes forth,
And brightness to us brings,
To regions where he sets,
Thy goodness Nature sings.

O'er all the grassy plains
The shepherds now rejoice,
And hills and slopes around
Break forth in cheerful voice."

Yes, without doubt, all men are moved at these great scenes of the creation, but they have for the Christian mind a language quite peculiar; they convey to the believer sensations which he alone can feel; they give him instruction, they reveal to him consolations, they procure for him joys which he alone can know.

These scenes of nature, even when not explained by the words of Christ, doubtless excite emotion. They may even affect to tears, but they do not change the heart; they do not change the desires, nor unite them to God. It is only the gospel of Christ which can work such miracles; and, as St. Paul said (1 Cor. i. 21), "the world by wisdom knew not God." It is only to the Christian that the scenes of nature and the language of the seasons, instead of being only beautiful poetry, and causing but vague emotions, become an instructive book, and, so to say, a voice from God, which edifies him, which instructs him, which consoles him, and which elevates him to eternal hopes. The believer, knowing that this beautiful world came forth from the same hand that gave him the Bible, and that it was created by Christ and for Christ (Col. i. 16), searches in it, and discovers in it every day new relations between the God of nature and the God of the gospel. He discovers in it, as in a beautiful picture, the truths which have caused the joy of his heart, and he regards it as a Divine but mysterious book, of which the book of the gospel has revealed to him the secrets, and made its language to be understood.

It is of this truth that I purpose to remind you now, my brethren. I wish to show you, by a small number of examples, how the inhabitant of the country, when he is really a Christian, may make use in turn of all the scenes of nature to remind himself of his Saviour, and of his hopes; and how this world becomes in his eyes a magnificent collection of parables of things invisible which are eternal. In a word, I propose to recall some of the parables of spring, if I may so speak; and it is with this thought that I have taken for my text those words by which St. Mark indicates the manner in which the Saviour gave his instructions, whilst He was yet on the earth. I shall apply them to the lessons which He does not cease to give us in nature. He taught many things by parables; He did not speak to the multitude without parables; but He explained everything to his disciples.

Yes, I wish to show you that if the book of nature is open to all men, the true disciple alone, "to whom his Master explains in private all these things," knows how to gather Divine instruction from them. Others perceive in them only magnificent pictures. And, just as a sensitive man, who had witnessed the return of the prodigal son to the house of his father, might have shed tears at the sight of this old man and his son, without however having at all found out that this touching scene was intended to present to us the image of mercies

greater than paternal with which God our Saviour receives into his arms the penitent and praying sinner; so also men who contemplate the spectacle of the country and of spring, yet without having the living doctrine of Jesus Christ in their hearts, may admire with emotion the richness, the magnificence and the goodness of the God of nature; but they cannot go beyond this, in understanding in these scenes of spring the parables, and the mysterious sense which the God of grace has been pleased to conceal in them.

Oh, may I, then, by my suggestions help you to read anew the Bible in the admirable scenes of creation; may my words dispose you to approach continually your God by evangelical thoughts in the midst of these beautiful places where his goodness has caused you to live, and even in the course of those labours which remove so many others from peace and from the Lord! May these wondrous works of nature and their touching language speak to all your hearts; and may He who gives spiritual intelligence teach you every day more and more to acknowledge Him everywhere, to see Him everywhere, and hear Him everywhere!

And in the first place, it is important to remember here that at all times from the earliest days of the world the God of revelation has judged it proper to instruct us by figures, by types, by parables; and this for reasons which are easy to be understood.

If you call to remembrance his Divine dispensation in the Old Testament, you will everywhere find this figurative manner of revealing sacred truths. There are types and parables in all the ordinances of the Levitical worship, in all parts of the Temple, in the sacred Ark, and the Mercy-seat, in the distinction of things pure and impure, in the institution of sacrifices by blood, in the rite of the passover, and in circumcision, in the day of atonement, and in the cities of refuge. There are parables and types even in the real events and varied circumstances of the people of God; in the lives of the patriarchs and of the prophets, in the history of Joseph, in the captivity in Egypt, in the passage of the Red Sea, in the journey of the desert, in the conquest and possession of Canaan, in the shipwreck and deliverance of Jonah, in the healing of the people through the brazen serpent. "I have spoken parables by the mouth of the prophets," said the Eternal (Hosea xii. 10). And when the "Word made flesh" appeared on the earth, when the Saviour himself descended into the midst of men to instruct them, "He opened his mouth again in parables," according to the predictions of the prophet Asaph (Psa. lxxviii. 2). He did not speak to them without parables, said St. Mark, but apart, or privately, he explained everything to his disciples.

Well, my brethren, it is in the same manner still that this Divine Master has been pleased that all the works of creation, and all the scenes of the country shall serve to recall to you the truths of his word of life, and the things which appertain to our eternal peace.

If I were only to name the diverse parables that our Saviour in the gospels has drawn from the objects and labours of the country, what should I not have to tell you? A fig-tree, that brings forth no fruit, and that the curse of the Lord has made to wither even to the roots; another that for a long time has brought forth no fruit, and which its master spares for another year, at the request of the husbandman; a vine, tenderly cared for, and for which there is nothing that its master has not done; a vine-branch, which cannot bring forth fruit if it does not remain in the vine; a sheep that goes forth from the fold, that strays, that is lost, and that the Good Shepherd goes to seek until He has found it; the Good Shepherd who gives his life for his sheep, and whose sheep hear his voice; a man, who has put his hand to the plough, but who looks behind him; a sower, whose precious seed falls by the way-side, on rocky ground, among thorns, and upon good ground; reapers that represent the angels at the end of the world that gather in the harvest, and collect the tares in order to cast them into the furnace of fire.

But I leave for the present these instructions so rich and striking, and I now only propose to recall to your remembrance the two great doctrines of the parables of the spring-time, I mean the regeneration of the soul in this life, and the resurrection of the body on the last day. And first let us treat of the former subject.

What a mournful spectacle the country presented some weeks ago! A thick covering of snow, extending over the land, exhibited to our minds only a monotonous appearance of sterility and death; all the colours of life had disappeared; the singing of the birds had ceased, their voice was frozen silent in the cold; the mountains showed us only one vast icy range, which seemed to make eternal the winter of nature; the earth, benumbed and frozen, was like stone; and even if the spade of the labourer could have broken it, and covered it with the best of seed, it would have remained insensible, like a corpse at the earnest voice of a friend that calls it by its name and that cries to it in vain. A melancholy silence reigned over the plains; there was heard in our forests, despoiled of their foliage, only the friction of branches, and the rustling of withered leaves moved by the mournful sighing of the winds. Over this scene of distress the breath of the north raged with violence, pursued man even unto his retreat, chilled him at the side of his hearth, and seemed willing to extinguish even those remains of heat and of life that he had preserved. Around us, everything was motionless, everything seemed stricken by death; and man alone seemed, so to say, to be living in the midst of all these regions, only to assist at the death of creation.

But, in the midst of this distress of nature, above the rush of winds whose freezing blast and whose groans appeared at the same time to pity and threaten the earth, an object, a single object, still preserved for our eyes its original beauty. Above our heads, beyond our frosts and storms, the heaven had preserved its brightness and its purity. The stars were continuing their course with the same order and in the same majesty. We saw that the earth alone had suffered. The sun indeed was gone to vivify another hemisphere; he was casting on us only oblique rays, often intercepted ones, and nearly void of heat; he shone for us, but after long nights; and we might have said, that if he still shed on us his brightness, it was much less to warm us and to give us life, than to reveal to us the death of nature, and to teach us that winter had taken about us the place of the perpetual spring which, before the revolt

and fall of man, Eden enjoyed. What a faithful image of the state of man since the fall! What a striking picture of the misery to which sin has reduced the soul; of its desolation, of its barrenness, coldness for God, and distance from the Sun of Righteousness!

Yes, winter is naturally in the heart of man as to the things of God; winter has entered into our souls; the word of God declares it to us on every page. And observe here, I shall not pretend to establish the truths of our faith by reasonings or by analogies; never shall I appeal for that but to the holy Bible.

If then I speak to you about the parables of nature, it is not to convince you, it is not to find in them new truths; it is to make more evident and striking to you those which God our Saviour has directly and clearly revealed to you in his word of life. It is to incline you, I say again, to reflect often in the midst of your fields, and among the scenes of the country, on the necessities of your souls and on things invisible, which are eternal. I would wish to teach you to read over, so to speak, your Bible in the pictures of creation.

Scripture declares it to us, the winter is come into our souls. "By one man," says St. Paul, "sin entered into the world and death by sin." "We were formerly," says he again, and speaking to true Christians, "dead in trespasses and sins;" we were "without strength:" we were "enemies of God;" at a distance from Him by our thoughts and our misdeeds; we were by nature children of wrath, even as others; incapable of all good works, because we did not love God, and because in the presence of God, who tries the reins and the consciences of men, without that love we are nothing.

Yes, tell it me rather yourselves, my dear brethren, has it not often befallen you, when thinking on these things, to say to yourselves: "My God, my God! why do I find myself so cold and languishing in Thy service? Why is it not always my greatest pleasure to speak about Thee, to be occupied for Thee, O my Creator, my Master, my Preserver, the God of all goodness? Why am I so soon tired of raising my heart to Thee, of hearing Thy word, of singing Thy praises? Why am I so often all on fire for the things of the world, and all in ice for those of heaven? Was it thus, then, that my soul came from the hands of a God who is all love? Is this then the heart that He made for me at first? Has He given me a feeling heart to be forgetful of Him so easily, this God of all mercy, the only source of all goodness, the author of every perfect gift? Did my soul then come forth from his hands covered with snow and ice! No, no, I see it, I feel it, winter has entered into my soul; a breath of death has penetrated it."

Poor human heart! see then what thou art in thy nature: at a distance from the Sun of Righteousness, without vital heat, like the snow which the frosts have hardened; cold and sterile as to the true ends of thy existence, and as to thy relations with thy God; tormented by the passions; without true peace in life, without solid hope in death; and, too often, like volcanic mountains, covered with snow on the side of heaven, and filled with fire on the side of earth.

Who then can be saved? asked the apostles of their Master. Our Saviour solemnly cast his looks around him upon each of them, and said to them, "With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible" (Mark x. 27; Luke xviii. 27).

"With men impossible"! When the land was still buried under the snow, when the penetrating cold had frozen the depths of the soil, when the trees, stript of their foliage, were in appearance as dead as the wood which you cast into your fires; the land abandoned to its own strength, could it, I ask you, have broken those links, melted the frost, and taken to itself life again? Left to itself, was it not condemned to remain captive in the chains of an ever-increasing sterility?

Was not the omnipotence of God necessary to bring it out of this state of death? Did it not need that the sun of this world, approaching our hemisphere, should dart his rays upon it, and come to pour again over nature floods of life and of heat?

Well, such is also the winter of our souls. It cannot terminate by your own strength. Left to yourselves, you would become colder every day; and you cannot bring on yourselves the motion of life, nor the fruitfulness of the soul: "This is impossible with man," as our Saviour has said. But we know that He has also said, that nothing is impossible with God. No, no, there is nothing but the rising of this Sun of Righteousness (Malachi iv. 2) with healing in his wings, there is nothing but the sight and knowledge of the God-man crucified for us, which can make cease in us the reign of darkness. It is necessary, according to the expression of Zachariah, that the Dayspring from on high should visit us; to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace (Luke i. 78, 79).

In order that a soul should rise from this death, it must receive, as an apostle has expressed it, "the light of the knowledge of the grace of God, in the person of Jesus Christ"; it must turn to Jesus, who is to his Church what the sun is to the world; it must see all Divine perfections in the Son of God dying for it; it must see its own misery, and recognise also the holiness, the purity, the justice of God, and, above all, that great compassion by which "He so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son for the world." For he who regards the Son, our Saviour has said, and who believes in Him, hath eternal life; he has passed from death to life. In a word, the soul must give itself up to this appeal: "All ye ends of the earth look to Me and be saved."

It is only then, it *is* then, that it "will bring forth fruit, like the palm-tree, and that it will grow like the cedar of Lebanon, being planted in the house of the Eternal, and flourishing in the courts of our God." It is then that "the desert and the dry places shall rejoice, that the solitary place shall be glad, and that it shall flourish like the rose."

A VOICE FROM BASUTOLAND.

WE have before us the official report of the proceedings of a "Pitso," or annual gathering of the Basutos and other native tribes in British Basutoland. This assembly, or "Folkmote," as we might call it, was the last before the outbreak of the Basuto war. It was held at Maseru on the 16th and 17th October, 1879. The number of natives present was probably eight thousand, the estimate of eyewitnesses varying from six to ten thousand, including all the chiefs and heads of tribes. The occasion was of unusual importance, the Colonial Secretary and Prime Minister of Cape Colony, the Hon. J. Gordon Spriggs, being there in his official capacity, along with Colonel Griffith, the Governor's agent and chief magistrate, five other magistrates of various districts, a large number of Europeans engaged in trade, and many farmers from the Free State. Mr. Rolland, inspector of native schools, acted as interpreter.

Most of the missionaries of the Paris Evangelical Society were present, and in connection with their presence the meeting has to us a significance far above any passing political interest. By the labours of these good men for more than forty years, the people of Basutoland, while only comparatively few are professed Christians, have been raised to a high level of intelligence and character, as the proceedings at this meeting will show. A large proportion of the youth of the land are being educated at Christian schools, with the consent of their parents. The native converts are numerous, and not only support their own stations, but contribute to mission-work beyond their border. When a large number of Basutos were at the diamond fields they built two churches and had native ministers. In Cape Colony they are among the most orderly workmen. In their own country they are industrious and eager for improvement. In one year they purchased three hundred ploughs to displace ruder tools of husbandry. That we should be at war with such people is a calamity which could only be the result of sad misunderstanding, if not of unfortunate mismanagement.

The proceedings opened by the Rev. A. Mabille, one of the missionaries, offering a short prayer. Colonel Griffith then saluted Letsie, the chief paramount, and the other chiefs and people, and introduced Mr. Spriggs as the Queen's representative and Colonial Secretary.

An address was then read, of which the following is a literal translation:

"*To the* Honourable J. Gordon Spriggs,
Colonial Secretary.

"I, the Chief Letsie, together with my brothers and headmen of the Lesuto, have been informed by our honourable Governor, C. D. Griffith, C.M.G,, that you have the desire to visit our country and to investigate our affairs, and to see all that relates to us, and to be present at the annual national gathering. This has greatly rejoiced us. What especially rejoices us is that to-day, although we have formerly been visited by Governors, this is the first time we see the Prime Minister of the Government to which we are attached, and we therefore hope that when you have inspected all you desire to see and know, we shall have a faithful witness before all men, who will openly declare that we are truly the Queen's children.

"We could desire that you, sir, should travel through our country, and see our dwellings and our fields, how restricted we are, and the extent to which we have cultivated it under the peaceful protection of her Majesty. We are heartily thankful for this protection, and we desire that you should inform her Majesty and all her advisers, that the peace our chief Moshesh sought from her for us is acceptable, and we have no other desire but that this peace should be established, and that we should be governed by such men as our Governor, C. D. Griffith, who has been given to us, and in whom we have implicit confidence.

"That which has caused us some anxiety has been the little rebellion of Morosi, but that is a thing which will pass, and peace will again prevail in all the land. To-day we are troubled because the children of the Queen are dispossessed of their dwellings and lands by this disturbance of Morosi.

"There is another matter which we would take advantage of this letter to mention. It is that we rejoice greatly in seeing how much the Government cares for our nation by advancing it by means of schools, and we greatly desire that these schools may be increased on all sides, and filled with our children, and thus the nation may become wise.

"With much respect, sir, I remain, your faithful servant, (signed) Letsie."

The Colonial Secretary then delivered a long speech, thanking them for the address, and then stating in detail the policy of the Colonial Government, dwelling especially on the questions of revenue and taxation, education, and lastly disarmament. The increased taxation, in form of a hut-tax, he said, was necessary in order to obtain revenue for establishing a better police, for increasing education, and other purposes of government. The disarmament was called for in order to prevent outbreaks such as had caused trouble in other parts of South Africa, and especially such rebellions as that of the Chief Morosi. He then invited the chiefs to give their opinions, and to state them frankly. The points of the Secretary's speech which attracted most attention will appear from a few extracts from the native speeches.

SPEECH OF MABUSETSA.

"I am the son of Linguana, who was killed the other day, and I wish to speak before you. You say with reference to the hut-tax that you wish we should be protected and well governed by the Government, and yet you do not act up to your words. I was ordered by Mr. Griffith to go down with our men with my father to Morosi's mountain, and we went there; that was a very simple order, and it was very easy for us to obey it; but with

regard to the hut-tax, all that I have got to say is that most of the people will be too poor to pay it; you might order us to pay two or three pounds instead of one pound, but we would not have money enough to pay it. That is all that I have to say."

SPEECH OF MPHUNGWA.

"I wish to say a word with regard to what the chief has said about the hut-tax. We have suffered and been impoverished by the war with the Free State, and we can only now say the same word that our father Moshesh said at the time when he requested the Government to take him under its protection. He said to Tsekelo, Go and represent to the Queen that our great difficulty will be because we have no longer got any garden ground, our country is too small. That was the first word that he spoke, that the people had not sufficient garden ground, and that word has remained true from that day to this. I am very glad that the Colonial Secretary is here to-day, so that we may repeat the word to him. We say that there are not sufficient gardens, that a great number of our people have grown up, and that there are not gardens enough for us, and that our cattle have no longer sufficient pasturage, and therefore I am very glad that the Colonial Secretary has come here, and I beg of him not to run away from this country, but to go through it and satisfy himself that we have not sufficient garden ground,* and that that will be the great difficulty in the way of our paying this tax."

SPEECH OF MATHLELEBE.

"When we were annexed to the Government we petitioned the Queen to be taken under her protection, and we were about to be annexed to the country of Natal, and there was a difficulty in our minds with regard to our annexation to Natal. We refused to be annexed to Natal because we knew that the Natal Government disarmed their natives, and we therefore elected to be annexed to the Cape, because we saw that they had a different policy in this respect, and we liked their treatment of the natives better."

Makotoko, a Christian native, Tsita Mofaka, a hereditary chief, and others spoke in similar strain, all professing strong loyalty to the Queen, and appealing to their conduct in the war with Morosi and Langalibalele, as proof of their readiness to use their arms only in defence or against the Queen's enemies. Against the Boers also they had fought, and were ready to fight, because they were rebels against the Queen as well as oppressors of the black people. One chief thus concluded his speech: "The reason why we refused to be subjects of the Free State was that we had no confidence in them, and we knew that by coming to the Queen's Government we should have full liberty. And now what would become of our great confidence in the justice of the Queen's Government if now we are to be disarmed, not because we have done any evil, but just because our colour is black? You do not point out any evil that we have done, but you say that we are black. The trust that Moshesh had in the Queen! He died trusting her; he used to say that the Queen was the sun of the world. We are not the first people who have been taken under the protection of the Queen; there are many slaves who have been rescued by her cruisers on the high seas from slavery, and what we poor blacks want at the hands of the Queen's Government is justice, and the justice we want is that no criminal should be killed unless he has had an opportunity of answering for himself, and unless his fault has been proved. We are highly delighted with the administration of justice in the Queen's dominions, and with the way in which your trials are conducted, and we wish to be like the English. Now I address myself to the Governor's agent. I say, sir, we will weep on your account to-day because you are the eye that has been looking at us all this time. Why did you not tell the head of the colony that to take away our arms would be to tear out our hearts from inside our bosoms. I do not say we will fight, but you are breaking our hearts. I ask you, Colonel Griffith, were you not asked about this disarmament; and if so, did you not tell the Government that this matter would crush our hearts? And if you were not asked, then why were you not consulted? I say to you, O chief, Prime Minister of the colony, you who hold such a high position, and to whom so much power has been committed, being now come to us, we pour our words into your ear; we know that what we have said to you is written down with a pen of steel, and will be truthfully transmitted to the Government. We do not resist the Government, but we wish to convey our tears, and to protest against being disarmed. I would say a great deal more, but there are a great many people who wish to speak, and so I say, may God save the Queen." (Cheers, and shouts of "God save the Queen.")

At the close of the first day's assembly, three cheers were given for the Queen, and three cheers for the Colonial Secretary. Next day the assembly met in a room, not in the open air, it being thought that with a smaller number the opinions of the leading men would be more surely obtained. The great gathering of the people on the previous day had shown their respect for the Government. The Colonial Secretary having again addressed the assembly, dwelt chiefly on the disarmament question: "It is because the Government thinks only of your good and advancement that it puts the question, whether it is not desirable for you, at the call of the Government, to give up your arms? The Government thinks it an indication of manhood for a child to go to school on a week-day and to church on Sunday, and when it has left school to go to work in the field or in the shop, to plough a good many acres of land and to get good crops, to wear decent clothes, and to endeavour to follow the example of the white people who are living amongst you; and above all, to live at peace with all; and it is because the Government desires to discourage the war-spirit, to take it out of you, and to put in its stead a spirit which shall induce you to live in the way I have just described, that it asks you now, in all kindness, whether you do not think it desirable in your own interest to give up your guns? The Government can protect you from your enemies; and if you should be required to help the Government it would at once call upon you to render your assistance, feeling sure that it would be cheerfully

* All cultivated land they call garden.

and faithfully rendered. The Government of the Queen is not despotic; and though it might put this act in force without asking you anything about it, it prefers to appeal to you now to listen to its words and to walk in the way which I have pointed out."

Of the replies the two most remarkable were from George and Tsekelo Moshesh, sons of the old chief Moshesh, who had led his people to put themselves under British rule.

SPEECH OF GEORGE MOSHESH.

"The great matter which gave us joy yesterday was the word of the Government regarding education; because we are very fond of our children, and wish them to be educated, so that they may be like the white man; and therefore I say to you, the master of our peace, that it grieves us that laws may be made for us without our being consulted. Won't the Boers be glad to hear that these Kaffirs are going to have the guns taken away from them after all! I feel ashamed and grieved, because to-day I have been proved to be a liar, for I and others pushed matters forward at the time when we came under the Queen, and told the people that they must all consent to give themselves up to the English Government, who would allow them to keep their guns, and who were not like the Free State who were afraid of the guns; and it grieves me that I am to be disarmed without any battle, just as if we had been fighting the Queen, for this is treatment given to conquered enemies. I beseech you, Mr. Spriggs, our father, our Governor, the representative of the Queen, when you go away, tell the Queen, and say, 'Do not think that those people refuse to give up their guns because they have thews and sinews, and mean to resist your authority; it is their education which influences them. At their circumcision they were given a shield and an assegai, and were told never to part with it, and that if ever they came back from an expedition, and the shield and assegai were not found before their house they should die the death, and they have grown up with that idea; and therefore I pray that the God of peace and mercy may soften your hearts that you may not stab your child.' Let those rather be ashamed who are to-day rejoicing over us, but let us be glad that we are protected by the Queen. I heard Tsekelo yesterday speaking of Mr. Upington, and attributing to him the sentiment that the black people were the natural enemies of the white people, and that is a sentiment which I repudiate; I do not feel that sentiment in my own mind; I am black by colour, but my heart is exactly like the heart of a white man. I will not say that I love every white man, but some who are my friends I love just as truly as I do any black man. I say in the first place, we should be treated equally with the other subjects of the Queen; and in the second place, with regard to the stupid children who are clasping the knife in their hands, do not forget how ignorant they are, do not draw the knife roughly away, but let them calm down, teach them and educate them, and they will lay it down of their own accord."

SPEECH OF TSEKELO MOSHESH.

"We are glad to see you to-day as we were yesterday, and we are sorry to lose you. I wish you could stay a whole week with us to learn our sentiments. These people do not perhaps understand as clearly as I and George and some others, what the Prime Minister of the colony is—that you are the head of the Government. The two principal things you have brought forward are disarmament and the hut-tax. If the Government thinks that by taking away a few rotten guns it will prevent war, I do not agree with it; the real remedy is to take away all the causes of dissatisfaction that are likely to produce war, and to satisfy all grievances, and therefore I wish to point out that quarrels, and not the possession of guns, are the real causes of war, and quarrels break out not only between black and white, but between friends, and between even husbands and wives. There may be some black men foolish enough to believe that they can fight the white man. I believe Cetewayo thought this, but we know that it is simply folly. There is no native in South Africa who does not acknowledge the Queen as Sovereign. This I know, because ambassadors came to Moshesh from every country, and he used to say there was only one chief under the sun, and that was the Queen. Therefore I say these guns are no obstacles to her sovereignty, and if the fear of war is the only reason for disarmament, I would beg respectfully to say that a more powerful and a better method of preserving peace would be to take away all grievances from the hearts of the people. You hold our destinies; it is in your hands to see the removal of our grievances; we are all under the Queen, who delivers us from slavery, even the war in Zululand, which was not so much a war as a deliverance of the Zulu people from a state of slavery. As long as we are under the Government of the Queen we have no use for our guns, but the hearts of the people cling to them, and the real means of preserving peace is the removal of all grievances."

After other chiefs had spoken, the Colonial Secretary replied. He maintained that the possession of arms, as in the case of the Zulus and the Gaikas, made war probable. He pointed out the inconsistency of those speakers who wished to be directly under the Government of the Queen instead of the Colonial Government, yet refused to be connected with the colony of Natal, which is governed by the Queen in England direct. The Secretary concluded by saying that "the Government of the Queen in England approves of this disarmament policy, and not only the present Government, but the whole people of England approve of it."

This may be true, but reason and power may often be impotent against habit and sentiment, and the chiefs and people could not be induced to give up their arms peaceably. They were willing at the same time to be under the rule of the Queen, represented by a Commissioner such as Colonel Griffith, without being annexed either to Natal or the Cape Colony. And why not? Whatever may be the result of this contention, we have every confidence that, whether under Imperial or Colonial government, the Basutos will be a loyal and prosperous people, provided peace be restored, and the Christian influences already in operation are extended. We invite our readers to give support to the Paris Evangelical Society, whose missionaries have made this part of Africa their field of labour.

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

BY THE REV. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

CHAPTER V.—SIGNOR VIRALLA.

THE way lay along one of those interminably straight French roads, shaded on either side by rows of tall poplars. Rupert's companion, as soon as they had left the town behind them, quickened his horses' pace, and rapidly outstripped the long line of lumbering vehicles. Hiram Wilkes, puffing away at a cigar, seemed little inclined for conversation, and Rupert had now plenty of time to take a leisurely view of the country, which improved as they went along, and began to undulate into those beautiful hills and valleys for which "la belle Normandie" is so justly famed. Vast forests fringed the upper parts of the hills, in which the lad had often been told the wild boar, and even the wolf still lurked. Now and then a ruined castle varied the scene.

But besides viewing the country, Rupert had now time for reflection. The events of the last few days seemed to him like a dream. He almost started with surprise when he began to realise his present position, and thought of the strange company he was in, and once more conscience began to whisper that the step he had taken was a wrong one.

The company were to stop that day at Clèves for an evening performance, going on to Rouen on the following day. By degrees the wearied and panting horses drew their heavy loads to the spot which Hiram Wilkes had selected, and as if by magic, a large and handsome pavilion was speedily raised which flaunted the tricolor and stars and stripes from its lofty summit. The usual bustle and excitement of such an arrival soon spread its influence through the little town, and once more the band was issuing forth its more than hearty invitations to the populace to enter to the strains of the "Pompier de Nanterre."

Rupert's duties were at present to be chiefly those of an assistant until he had become more acquainted with his special responsibilities. First at the entrance, assisting in taking the tickets, and afterwards in the arena watching the performers, the lad was to learn experience as speedily as he could.

The place was very crowded that night. The white caps and blouses had mustered in their hundreds, and the enthusiasm increased as each performer seemed to outdo his predecessor in feats of agility and daring. Signor Viralla flew round the arena with an almost incredible swiftness, and Tom White's jokes were never more cordially received.

The Wizard of the Rocky Mountains had now made his appearance with his performing bears, and as this was considered to be the *pièce de résistance* of the whole performance, the excitement began to reach its climax. Rupert, in spite of his uneasy feelings and the natural misgivings which had taken possession of his mind since he entered upon his new position, could not but help sharing in the general excitement. The antics of the five performing bears were really very wonderful as well as amusing, and when the Wizard of the Rocky Mountains finished off with his grand tableau, with each foot upon a recumbent monster and the rest grouped around him in striking attitudes, the whole audience rose to their feet amidst thunders of applause.

It was at this moment that a slight commotion might have been seen at the entrance of the circus: the crowd in that direction parted quickly asunder as if in sudden trepidation, when, with a prolonged howl of delight, a short rope twisted round his neck, his shaggy coat all covered with mud, and in spite of all the efforts of the assistants to arrest his progress, the faithful Bruno rushed frantically forward into his master's arms.

"I say, Johnson," said Tom White to Rupert as they were leaving the circus for the evening, addressing him by the name which the lad, not wishing his own to be known, had chosen on joining the company, "our governor says you are to mess with me and Signor Viralla to-night. You can let the dog follow you; we'll find a shakedown for him somewhere. What a point he did make, to be sure, rushing in in that excited manner. 'I've a very good mind, Tom,' says our governor, 'to give them another evening here in consequence of that incident. And mind you,' he says, 'it isn't outside the regions of possibility, that animal coming on some day as the Dog of Montargis.' Those were his very words."

Rupert followed his companion up a ladder leading into a somewhat dingy caravan, with alacrity, for the lad was very hungry.

There they found Signor Viralla in his ordinary garments, smoking a short pipe, and warming himself over a small stove, upon which simmered an iron pot containing some savoury mixture.

"Wilkes says that the lad's to stop with us to-night, Bill," said the clown in a somewhat deprecating tone, as if he were rather doubtful as to what welcome he might meet with, for it was

well known that Signor Viralla's temper was not of the best description.

Signor Viralla, however, vouchsafed only in reply to give Rupert a strange and piercing look which lasted several moments in duration. This the clown was fain to take as an assent, and the party then commenced to discuss the contents of the iron pot, Bruno watching every movement from his corner with hungry eyes.

"Your dog 's very hungry," said the good-natured Tom White, throwing a piece of meat to Bruno, which he had fished out of the iron pot. "I suppose he followed you from Dieppe. Have you left many friends behind you there?"

Rupert had already endeavoured by adopting another name on his joining the circus to cut off all connection with his former life and associations, for he was ashamed of the career into which he had now drifted, and felt it would be sacrilege to associate his mother's name with his present surroundings. He therefore merely replied that he had left Dieppe because most of his friends had quitted the place, and because he had found it difficult to get any employment there.

"I daresay you weren't sorry to get away from that tyrannical old gendarme too," said Tom White, laughing. "How he did grab hold of you the other night, to be sure. I think you said your father's name was Johnson; what could he have been about to let you get into trouble?"

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Rupert had never vouchsafed to his questioner this piece of information, and he resisted the clown's manifest endeavours to unravel his history by a brief reply, which let no further light upon the subject.

The party now relapsed into silence, the two men taking vigorously to smoking, making only a few occasional remarks bearing reference to their calling, when the necessary relighting or refilling of their pipes seemed to offer an opportunity.

It seemed a strange company. A dim light hang-

ing from a nail in the side of the caravan scarcely lighted up the gloomy interior. The deep shadows cast upon the faces of the two men seemed to give a peculiarly sinister expression to the dark features of Signor Viralla. The presence of Bruno, in a dim corner, could only be known by his snoring. Presently the two men laid their pipes aside and prepared to lie down on the rugs and old mattresses which formed their couches.

Rupert, before lying down for the night, divested himself of his upper garments, and quietly unfastened his bundle. The sight of the kind clergyman's Bible suggested to him the duty of evening devotions, but his courage failed in such a company. Taking up, however, his mother's photograph, he gazed at it fondly for a moment, and breathed a prayer, which she had taught him. The action was not unnoticed by the wakeful eyes of the two men.

"Hullo, Johnson," said the inquisitive Tom White, stretching out his hand to catch hold of the photograph; "is that the portrait of your sweetheart? Let's have a look at her lovely features."

"No," said Rupert hastily, springing forward to withdraw the likeness, and replacing it in his bundle—"no," he said, as if such a touch carried with it contamination, "it is my mother."

But weariness at length brought repose to all the sleepers, if indeed the fitful fancies and pictures which were passing through Rupert's brain could be called repose. The events of the past few days, and especially of this last eventful one, seemed to take possession of his whole imagination, and were being enacted before him once more. Again he saw the lights moving about in the early morning, the horses prancing and neighing, and the long procession wending its way up the Route de Rouen. Again he was seated by the side of Hiram Wilkes, rolling past the tall poplars, which seemed as if they would never end. Again he was standing in the circus arena, gazing at the wide circles of faces rising up to the very roof of the building. Again the panting charger was flying past him, and on its back, with swaying body and compressed lips, and sinister expression, was the lithe form of Signor Viralla.

A low growl from Bruno seemed to arouse the sleeping lad to consciousness. The dog was evidently dreaming, and pursuing some foe in his sleep, but still Rupert, while he kept motionless from that fear which one so often experiences on awaking in a strange place, certainly thought he heard somebody moving in the dimly-lighted caravan. One of the sleepers had stealthily risen from his couch, and was unfastening Rupert's bundle which lay near him. The lad feared even to open his eyes, almost to breathe, so timid had his strange surroundings and the consciousness that he had cast in his lot with the lawless and ungodly made him. Still he could not but reflect that there was little, very little, of any value in his bundle, and that it must be motives of curiosity rather than of avarice, which had prompted this midnight examination of his little property. Rupert then remembered the questions which Tom White had asked him, and the clown's curiosity, which the lad had endeavoured to check, and he ventured to turn his head slightly towards the silent examiner of his bundle, who had now retreated to the other side of the caravan, and was standing under the lantern which was hanging there. The dim light cast a ghastly hue upon the man's features, but enabled Rupert at once to recognise them, which, to his surprise he found to be, not those of the inquisitive Tom White, but of the silent and gloomy Signor Viralla, who was gazing intently at the little portrait of Rupert's mother.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ABBÉ BURELLE.

In a small country village in one of the fruitful wine districts of France, lives the Abbé Burelle. The surrounding scenery is picturesque and beautiful, but the village itself is remote and insignificant, and it is the wonder of many an English tourist, who, attracted by the good curé's widespread reputation for learning, pays a visit to his humble residence, why so eminent an ecclesiastic should occupy so obscure a position. A few score cottages nestling under the hill side upon which the humble village church stands, contain the abbé's flock. Three small rooms under a thatched roof, surrounded by a little garden, in which there are more vegetables than flowers, and which opens by a low wooden door into the village churchyard, form the extent of the abbé's own private dominions. The front door of this humble mansion opens into the central room, which is the kitchen, in which Mademoiselle Victorine, the curé's aged housekeeper, with her pans and *casseroles*, reigns supreme. On the one side of this kitchen you enter the abbé's salon, where he receives his visitors; on the other side his bed-room, the walls of which are lined with books almost from the floor to the ceiling. A little outhouse at the other end of the garden contains another sleeping apartment, in which an occasional wayfarer finds a bed and welcome, and wonders no doubt at the numerous quaint old volumes which are piled up even there.

The Abbé Burelle, as we have stated, is a man well and widely known for his remarkable learning and for extreme earnestness in his religious convictions, and yet the Abbé Burelle remains unnoticed and unpromoted by his ecclesiastical superiors. The reason of this, although a mystery to his humble and affectionate flock, is perfectly well understood by persons of education. The village curé's religious opinions are considered by his superiors to be of an extremely objectionable and dangerous character. He is known openly to disapprove of the doctrine that the Pope is infallible and can do no wrong, and he has been even heard to make the incautious remark that at the present time there was amongst Catholics far too much reverence for the Virgin Mary, and far too little for the Lord Jesus Christ. Can it be wondered at, then, that the Abbé Burelle, although beloved by his people, receives but few favours from bishops or cardinals?

Although his locks are sprinkled with gray, and there are lines of care or sorrow on his face, the Abbé Burelle is tall, erect, and handsome, and there is about him that air of grace and dignity for which French ecclesiastics are so often justly noticed.

The Abbé Burelle was not always intended for the sacred calling. He had originally been a pupil in a military academy, and had after that been lieutenant in an infantry regiment. The reason why François Burelle had made such a remarkable change in his life and occupation none but those nearest and dearest to him knew.

Years ago, they could have told you, François, who

even as a young officer had grave and literary tastes and spent much of his leisure time in study, had been quartered at a seaport town of northern France. At that time he had become acquainted with a fair young Englishwoman, upon whom and upon whose orphan child he had been the means of bestowing many delicate acts of kindness. Respectful sympathy and admiration had by degrees ripened into love, but this, owing to the difference in their religion and to other scruples connected with a painful past, the object of his affections had been unable to return. François, while he could not banish this tender attachment from his heart, had submitted to what seemed to be unalterable, but he had reached a turning-point in his life. A gay and frivolous career had never been in accordance with his tastes and feelings, and he had quitted the army for a life of self-denial and of usefulness according to the light which he then possessed.

Such was the Abbé Burelle. Few who saw him under the humble roofs of his poor parishioners of the little village of Martin Eglise could have guessed at this romance of former days.

Several months had elapsed since the events related in our last chapter. It was an unusually hot summer and the sun was beating down mercilessly upon the high road passing through the village, as the Abbé Burelle one sultry afternoon prepared to pay a pastoral visit to a parishioner, who lived at some little distance from his residence. The way lay up the hill-side upon which the village church stands. The diligence had passed about an hour ago, having waited a few minutes at the "Maison d'Or," the village inn, for refreshment for the travellers, and for the assistance of two additional horses to pull its cumbrous load up the long and dusty ascent which lay before it. The Abbé Burelle climbed patiently up this same ascent, lost, as was often his custom, in deep thought. He had scarcely, however, climbed half the distance, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a somewhat unusual spectacle. Leaning against a large stone on the way-side, his head lying back, and in a fainting condition, was the prostrate form of a fair-haired youth. His clothes were torn and dusty, and his poor shoes bore evident signs of long and weary travel. A small bundle had fallen from his back when the lad had sat down to rest, but this was guarded jealously by a rough and shaggy dog, who seemed scarcely less weary than his master, and whose tongue hung far out from his thirsty jaws.

Such a sight was sure to attract the immediate attention of the benevolent abbé. Approaching the recumbent form of the prostrate youth, he perceived at once that extreme exhaustion, the result no doubt of long travel and of the overpowering heat of the sun, had caused the poor traveller to faint away. The dog looked anxiously up, but offered no resistance, as the curé unfastened the clothing round the lad's neck, and began to fan his hot face. Not many yards from the place was a familiar spring, which the overshadowing foliage had protected from the sun, and from which the kind abbé now procured a few drops of water in his hands to dash into the traveller's face. Gradually the lad revived sufficiently to open his blue eyes, and gaze up at the good Samaritan who was bending over him. Their glances met, and it was with a strange start, as if almost of recognition, that the abbé scanned the youth's features. "Monsieur is very weary with his journey," said he kindly, "and the sun is so hot, what wonder that he should faint away?"

"Monsieur Picard," he cried to a man in the usual blue shirt of the French peasant, who was passing by, "let us succour this poor traveller, let us convey him to the rest and refreshment which he needs."

The youth had again closed his eyes, but the strong arms of the two men were able to carry rather than support him down the hill, into the village below. The dog, who at first seemed slightly inclined to dispute the desirability of these proceedings, seemed suddenly to understand their import, and followed slowly after the procession, a red-cheeked and bright-eyed lad, who was evidently Monsieur Picard's son, taking up the traveller's bundle and carrying it for him.

The little company turned into the churchyard, studded all over with its small wooden crosses, and through this passed into the good curé's own private domain. Here they were met by Mademoiselle Victorine, who had seen them through her kitchen window, and bustled out to render what assistance she could. The fainting lad was soon laid upon the bed in the little outhouse in the garden, but as he did not revive under the vigorous treatment of the good Victorine, Monsieur Picard's rosy-cheeked boy was sent off in haste for the village doctor. That worthy happened to be at home, and speedily came at the curé's request, for the wish of the Abbé Burelle was law in the village of Martin Eglise.

But even under so skilful a charge as that of the village Æsculapius the lad was not so soon to recover. He was in a violent fever, brought on, the doctor said, by over-exhaustion, and that had to take its course.

Thus for nearly a week the lad lay in a half delirious state, carefully tended by Victorine, and often visited by the kind curé, who seemed more and more interested in him, and who would frequently sit by his bedside and watch his flushed features with an increasing interest.

The fever at length subsided, and then the patient was able to exchange a few words with his nurse, and also to look anxiously about for his faithful dog, who had scarcely left the room during his illness, and who now leapt up upon the bed with frantic joy in answer to his master's feeble invitation and loving caresses.

"Monsieur has been very ill," said the watchful Victorine, endeavouring to check this over-excitement, "and must keep quiet. Is there anything that he requires?" With that the attentive nurse conveyed to his lips some cooling drink; there were no hands, the villagers of Martin Eglise well knew, so skilful in the concoction of cooling draughts for fevers as those of Mademoiselle Victorine. The lad took the cup in his trembling hands and drank it with avidity, but the tears began to flow down his cheeks as he tried to frame some words of gratitude.

"Oh, madame, how good you are to me, how can I ever thank you enough!" said the boy, fairly losing all self-command and bursting into sobs.

"Silence, mon ami," said Victorine, laying her hand upon his lips; "keep tranquil, and do not hinder your recovery; besides," she added, "it is Monsieur le Curé whom you have to thank, and you can do that to him very soon, for the doctor says that you are much better."

The lad was fain to submit, but added a petition that Victorine would kindly reach him his bundle which he now saw resting on a chair close to his bed. It had remained unopened, but Rupert (for the reader has of course already divined that it is none other than he) felt in it for his Bible, and was able to read a few words of its large and familiar print without much effort. As he laid the book aside his mother's photograph fell out of it, and taking it up in his feeble hands he gazed long at it. As he did so his mind wandered back to the past, and he began for the first time to collect his thoughts, and to realise his present position.

The strange circus life, of which we have had a glimpse in the last chapter, was soon found by poor Rupert to be anything but a pleasant or desirable one. The lad had had his strong misgivings when he took that hasty step of joining the company at Dieppe, and he soon learnt that almost any career would be preferable to that which he had drifted into. To a thoughtless crowd of pleasure-seekers there may appear to be something attractive or at least exciting about the wandering vagabond life of a travelling circus, but it took only a few days of experience to convince Rupert of the wretchedness of such an existence. To see these same performers after the glare and excitement of the public exhibition and to mix with them in their daily life was enough to shock the feelings of anyone who, like Rupert, had been brought up to regular and respectable habits, and the poor lad grew more and more miserable as all his surroundings became more and more repulsive to him. Happily he was saved from copying any of the bad examples which he daily had to witness by reason of that very isolation and misery which he felt amongst his strange companions. Still he felt that even to live in such company was to be separated from all that was good and noble, and the lad had begun even then to long for better things, and now and then to steal a few solitary moments for reading his Bible.

It was not long before Rupert became convinced that, whatever might be the consequences, his duty was to retrace his footsteps, and to quit for ever such scenes as these. Merely to escape from his companions would of course not be difficult, but what to do upon taking that step was a matter of no small perplexity. The company had been travelling southwards for the last few weeks, and they were now several hundreds of miles from Dieppe, the only town in France which Rupert knew. His idea was to make his way on foot again to that place, and then if possible procure a passage over to England, and try and find out the Collette family in London, when he might be able to return to his old occupation. Rupert had earned a small sum of money during the last few months, but the lad had no idea whether that were sufficient to answer his purpose, still he determined to make the attempt and to spend as little as he could upon the way.

It was a beautiful summer morning when Rupert with his bundle and followed by the faithful Bruno, stole quietly out of the caravan, and hastily left his sleeping companions behind him. The journey was a long and difficult one which he was about to undertake, but he commenced it with a lightened heart, for he began to feel that God's blessing would go with him now that he had quitted the companionship of those who were living without Him. Bruno, too, seemed to share in his master's improved spirits, and joyously sniffed the fresh breezes of early dawn.

The first few days were pleasant enough as the lad and his humble companion traversed the lovely scenes surrounding them. Their wants were very simple, and the shelter of a tree formed a sufficient resting-place by day and night. Still the journey was a very long one, the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the roads more dusty every day. With all his economy, Rupert's small stock of money was swiftly dwindling away. The effect of this was to make him redouble his efforts, and to press forward more rapidly, but soon his feet became blistered and sore, his strength began to fail and illness threatened to put a stop to his journey. In a weak and fevered condition, the lad struggled manfully on for a few days longer, but all his endeavours were destined to come to a speedy end. Tottering to the side of the road, Rupert had unloosed his burden and sat down for a little rest; the panting Bruno had thrown himself at his feet, looking up lovingly into his master's worn face. The glaring sun suddenly seemed to vanish away from the lad's eyes and in its place came total darkness. Rupert had fainted away, and his journey had come to an end. Happy for him that he was to be found and rescued by so good a Samaritan as the Abbé Burelle.

THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

IV.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

IT now only remains that something be said upon *the religious life of the people*. On the dark side of the Russian character are two sins which it shall not be mine to bring against them, but which I will quote from their own authorities. One of the governors of Siberia, in an official report concerning the morality of his province, writes thus: "The chief causes of crime are *gambling and drunkenness*." I was told by a young nobleman that there are clubs in St. Petersburg where gambling is carried on to a frightful extent. It is to be seen, however, everywhere, chiefly in the form of card-playing; and Siberia is worse than Russia. My fellow-passengers on the river played by day, and not unfrequently quarrelled by night. Even the prisoners, who have no money to lose, gamble away their food, and then sometimes complain that they are badly fed! But worse than the gambling is the

drunkenness which meets one, especially on festivals, and is a most fruitful cause of crime. I can present only rough estimates. A man in Siberia, through whose hands thousands of exiles pass yearly, who had books of private statistics, and whose figures were worthy of notice, expressed an opinion that of the twenty thousand exiles, or rather less, sent yearly into Siberia, half were sent through drunkenness. On one occasion, in a prison, being shown into a room occupied solely by murderers, I was informed that most of them had committed their crimes when intoxicated. I cannot but think that the evil habits of gambling, drunkenness, and idleness are in part to be traced to the very large number of holydays in the Russian calendar, on many of which they abstain from work more completely than on Sundays. They fast long and rigorously, and then at the close break out in excess.

Notwithstanding all this, however, which among them passes not only for less sin, but for less shame than with us, there is much to praise in the character of the Russian people. Let us first take some of their virtues which all can admire. Our Lord, in portraying the character of the righteous, says, they fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty; took the stranger in; the naked they clothed, and those sick and in prison they visited. And the Russians do these things—some of them to an eminent degree. The Siberian peasantry, ere they retire to rest, place food outside the window for any chance hungry traveller, often an escaped exile, who may happen to pass in the night. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, in his excellent work, says that, of all countries in Europe, Russia easily bears off the palm for hospitality, and I would add that I know no country in the world where a stranger is so readily taken in and ministered to as in Siberia; whilst, as for kindness to prisoners, it may perhaps surprise some to learn that an exile in the mines may receive visits from his friends twenty times as often as a convict in England. Outside the prison doors in Russia are boxes to receive offerings for those confined within, and at Easter the prisoners, I am told, sometimes have more eggs brought than they can eat, whilst every considerable prison in Siberia has a committee of outsiders who look after the prisoners' welfare. Besides this, it must be acknowledged that the Russians are in a sense a religious people. They have a zeal of God, albeit that we should think it not according to knowledge. One sees this not only in the large numbers both of men and women who attend the churches, but in the tens of thousands who yearly go on pilgrimage to sacred places. The monks of Troitza sometimes have in summer, on a feast day, a thousand guests. Some of course are idle wanderers, going from place to place to get food; but many walk hundreds of miles—nay, thousands—to redeem a vow or offer a prayer for something specially desired. One of the seven spiritual works of mercy with them is, "To pray for others to God." I suppose it was this led some of the pilgrims at Troitza, when books were given them, to say, "Thank you, sir, for giving us holy books: we and our children will pray for you, and also our children's children." Going to the White Sea, also, many asked my name, that they might pray for me, and one woman said she would buy a sacramental loaf at Solovetsk and have my name commemorated in the liturgy. But in Siberia I met with a more practical form of their liking for good things. I had occasion to send a waggon load of books and tracts a distance of two thousand miles by steamer; and the owner, knowing that they were for distribution in the prisons and elsewhere, would take nothing for carriage, and enjoined upon his captain to pay every attention to "Mr. Missionary." On three other boats a separate cabin was given me at reduced rates, and my load of books not charged for.

But this may be said to be all negative, and much of it belonging to the past. Let me, then, adduce a few considerations, which seem to me to bring the Greek Church nearer to ourselves in two most vital points, and to afford grounds of hope that purer and better days may yet be hers.

First, notice the attitude of the Russian Church to the Holy Scriptures. She does not forbid them, or hide them from the people, and in her "Treatise on the Duty of Parish Priests," a book by two Russian bishops, which all candidates for Orders are required to have read, and to show their acquaintance with, before being ordained, there is no uncertain sound as to the theory of the Russian Church concerning the source whence her priests should primarily derive their teaching.

But further let me mention the central sun round which they *say* this teaching should revolve, the reading of which, unless I am mistaken, will surprise not a few. The paragraph is too long to quote, but it ends thus: "In every case, I say, according to circumstances, he (the priest) can implant, and is in duty bound to implant, the knowledge of Christ Jesus; and so all instruction, and every particular instruction, should be grounded on Christ; for all that can be either written or said in reference to the faith and to everlasting happiness, if it be not grounded on faith in Christ, is unfruitful, and can never save."

Could anything, then, in theory be more satisfactory than this? But let me mention one thing more, as a proof that we hold very much more of the truth in common with the Russian Church than many are aware of. An extensive work is done in Russia by the Religious Tract Society. They sold about a million of tracts from 1875 to 1878. Now in Russia, as is well known, every book, every pamphlet, every leaflet, before it can be published and circulated, must receive the approval of the censor (I had to submit to him a proof even of my Russian visiting-card); consequently, if the doctrine of what is printed, whether political or religious, be objectionable, its publication is forbidden. Further, it is pretty well known what kind of doctrine, and what kind only, the committee of the Religious Tract Society approve. Now if these two things be put together, it surely calls for our deepest thanksgiving that we hold at least *some* very precious truths in common with them, and that we are not quite so nearly at their antipodes as is sometimes ignorantly and harshly supposed.

One of the crying wants of the Russian Church is that of preaching. This ordinance is at a very low ebb. I remember, on my first visit to the Northern capital, asking an English friend where on the morrow I could hear a Russian sermon; to which he surprised me by replying, that since the morrow was not a festival, he did not suppose there would be a sermon preached in the whole of St.

Petersburg! Whether he was right I cannot say; but on subsequent inquiry I have found that in many churches not more than three or four sermons a year are preached. "How often in the year does your father preach?" I asked of a priest's son. "About five or six times," was the reply. A country priest in Siberia, in answer to my question, told me that he gave the people instruction for five or six minutes after the service on Sunday, but that it was complained of as "too long." Thus I perceived that complaints of long sermons are not confined to England; but also I came to the conclusion, in this case at all events, that the fault did not lie with the people, but with the preacher; for in the neighbouring parish was a man who, strange to relate, made it a rule to read a sermon every Sunday, though the sermons were not of his own composing. But this is the only man in the Russian Empire I have heard of doing this. There may, of course, be others; but I believe it is quite the exception. Nor is the way by any means clear and easy, even if a man wishes to preach his own sermons. There are among the Church books certain homilies which may be read to the people, composed by eminent prelates, and couched in grandiloquent language; but if their general character be like the two I have read, I can hardly imagine the reading of them by the priest to be highly conducive to edification. One of my friends, speaking of a Russian sermon she heard, said it was on the difference between old pictures and new ones, and dissuading the people from dissent. She ventured to speak to the priest on the subject, and to suggest his composing his own sermons from the Bible. But he said he could not: and this with many priests is doubtless the case. But even where a priest can do so, he may write his sermon, but before he preaches it, it must go to the consistory of his ecclesiastical superior to be approved. It is the prime duty of the consistory to keep the diocese free from heresy; and in so doing they seem to keep out of the pulpits, not only the bad, but the good too; for one has only to conceive the difficulties, first, of a Russian priest finding time to prepare sermons at all; then to send them, it may be, hundreds of miles to the consistory; then to await their leisure, not to say supineness, in returning them, etc.; and it will be clear that the office of preaching could not be in circumstances much more unfavourable than it now is in Russia and Siberia.

The great need, however, of the Russian Church is a religion of the heart, and not merely of the letter; in other words, a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to quicken its many forms and abundant ceremonies. Mr. Wallace goes so far as to say that to the Russian peasant, what we call the "inner life" is a thing unknown, and I am afraid it is only too true. Of course my being unable to speak the language renders me almost unable to judge; but in any conversations I have had through an interpreter, or with Russians who can speak French or English, I do not remember to have met with anything that leads me to question the general accuracy of Mr. Wallace's remark. I trust it may be otherwise, and can heartily pray that the time may speedily come when the excellent teachings on the Scriptures and on Christ, to be found in some of her books may become to the Russian Church a bright and a living reality.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MARCH 13.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. LUKE VII. 36–50.

GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE XIX. 10.—'*For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*'

CONNECTION.—This beautiful incident (narrated only by Luke) plainly belongs to Christ's Galilæan ministry; almost immediately following His interview with the disciples of John. One brief discourse only had intervened (Matt. xi. 20–30), closing with the invitation, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These words sink deep into one heart at least, and its first result is that the 'woman who was a sinner' came to Jesus.

It is hardly necessary to say that this incident is entirely different from that at the supper in Bethany a year and a half afterwards, as recorded by the other three evangelists (Matt. xxvi. 6-13; Mark xiv. 3-9; John xii. 2-8). The only points of resemblance are in the name of the host (Simon, one of the commonest of Jewish names) and in the fact of the anointing. All else is different.

I. THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.—*Read vers.* 36–39. **One of the Pharisees**—for his name see ver. 40. **The city** was probably Nain, that being the last place mentioned, ver. 11. Simon, no doubt, was one of the principal inhabitants, and with some kindliness, not without curiosity, mingled with a sense of patronage, he invites to his table this young Nazarene prophet, of whom he has heard so much, and who has recently wrought so great a wonder at the city gates. Not yet had the Pharisees as a class rejected Jesus. He accepts the invitation, not coveting such entertainment, but as an opportunity of doing good. How He was received by His host, we see farther on. Some, no doubt, of the principal inhabitants had been invited to meet Him. **Sat down**, literally, *lay down*. [**Meat** here, as always in our Bible, means *food* generally.] The higher class of Jews had adopted the Roman custom of reclining at the table, on couches along three sides of a square, with the unsandalled feet turned outwards. The hall was open, so that it was possible for any one to enter and pass along between the back of the couches and the wall. **A woman, not named; a sinner**, notoriously leading an immoral life.*

Ordinary editions of the English Bible have the name of *Mary Magdalene* in the heading of this chapter, and the tradition has been rendered so familiar through painting, sculpture and poetry, that it is difficult to break the association. The weight of evidence is, however, decisively against this view, and still more against the notion (also strongly defended by many Romanist writers) that this sinful woman, 'the Magdalene,' was the same with the saintly Mary of Bethany! † We distinguish unhesitatingly between all three—Mary, one of the family that Jesus loved; Mary of Magdalene, 'out of whom went seven devils,' ch. viii. 2; and this unnamed fallen woman of Nain, so graciously restored by the Saviour's love.

* Some texts make this emphatic: *a woman who was a sinner in the city.*

† See the quaint story given by John Bunyan in his *Jerusalem Sinner Saved.* On the evidence *pro* and *con*, consult Smith's *Dict. Bible*, art. 'Mary Magdalene.' Of modern evangelical commentators, Hengstenberg and Lange stand almost

Meekly has she stolen in, uninvited, but unforbidden. She seeks but one Guest; when she has found Him, she cannot, dares not speak to Him. **Tears** are often more eloquent than words. At first she **stood**,—then bending down, prepares to anoint **His feet** with the **ointment** 'which she had bought, probably for so different a purpose!' But even while she was opening the **alabaster box**, and bowing over His feet, intent upon her task of love, her hot, fast-falling tears **bedewed** them, and for the moment hindered her purpose. Softly she **wiped** the tears away **with the** long dishevelled **hairs of her head**, left loose in token of her shame and grief. Then she as silently applied the cooling **ointment**, and tenderly **kissed His feet** again and again (for all this the word implies). And Jesus was reclining silently there, receiving the tribute of love, saying not a word until the Pharisee spoke!

II. The Pharisee's Thought and Christ's Parable.—*Read vers.* 39–43. **The Pharisee** is true to the narrow sanctimoniousness of his class; 'Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou!' He takes for granted that every one who claimed the character of **prophet** *must* judge by the same rule, and concludes therefore that Jesus *did not know*. His presumed *ignorance* therefore, rather than His *allowance of the woman's touch*, proves Him, in the Pharisee's estimate, no prophet. Thus is Simon doubly wrong. **Jesus answered**—'He heard the Pharisee thinking' (*Augustine*), comp. Matt. ix. 4. **Simon**, appealed to thus directly, does not forget his courtesy, even to One whom he was just setting down as a pretender; the word **Master** is an unconscious testimony to the power of Christ's word and look. The parable or apologue that follows was quite after the method of Jewish teachers, and would rouse the interest of listeners who did not dream of the application. **A creditor**, literally, a money-lender. It is the *proportion*, not the *actual amount*, which is important for the purpose of the parable. See a very different proportion, Matt. xviii. 21–35 (in one case, both debts due to God; in the other to God and man respectively). Note the points of comparison; in our *obligation to God* (His claim upon us of obedience: sin therefore is as it were a failure to pay, hence a debt (Matt. vi. 12), our *absolute destitution*, **nothing to pay**, and the entire freedom of forgiveness; **frankly**, freely. The *difference* in the moral character of sinners is also to be noted; especially the differing *sense of sin* in those who thiuk themselves **forgiven**; as the degree of love must depend on *their estimate* of the amount of indebtedness. This **Simon** acknowledges, with a slight touch of surprise, as shown in his answer, **I suppose**.

III. Application of the Parable.—*Read vers.* 44–47. **Seest thou this woman?** A different word from *saw* in ver. 39—'Dost thou mark her well?' 'Now note the contrast, in the welcome given to Me, a guest!' The acts of courtesy detailed in what follows were usual in the welcome of any distinguished and honoured visitor. Simon no doubt thought he had done a great thing in inviting the Peasant-prophet at all, giving Him a place at his table among his dignified associates—but did not suppose it necessary to do more than this. It was really that poor weeping, trembling woman who 'did the honours of Simon's house.' Note the contrasts that follow in enumerating the acts of loving service—the **water** and the **tears**—the **kiss** of welcome, and the kisses on the **feet**—the anointing of **the head with oil** (a customary act; the cheaper offering) and that of the **feet with ointment** (an extraordinary mark of homage, and the costlier tribute). Hence the inference, what? Plainly that **her many sins had been forgiven.** This is shown by the greatness of her love: whereas Simon's **loving little** (evinced in his want of hospitality) proves that in his own estimate he had but small need of forgiveness.

It is very important to the interpretation of our Lord's words, to observe the exact character of His inference, as many readers have fallen into the error of supposing that He speaks of love as the ground of pardon; 'forgiven because of the greatness of her love.' So Hartley Coleridge on the narrative:

> 'And He wiped off the soiling of despair
> From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.'

The parable ought to have made such exposition impossible. The 'creditor' forgave the 'debtors,' not because they loved, or because of anything but his own free favour; and *then*, the degree of their love was a sign of the greatness of the debt that had been cancelled. So here. **Her sins—the many—have been forgiven,** *and this we may know,* **for she loved much.** Grammatical students may note the two different meanings of the particle *for*, as introducing a *cause* or a *consequence*. So we may say, 'I was cured, *for* I took the medicine;' or 'I was cured, *for* I could attend to my work as usual.' Were it necessary to argue further that our Lord's words must be taken in the latter sense, it would be plain from His conclusion: **to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little.** On the other supposition He must have said, 'He who loveth little, to him little is forgiven.' What He teaches therefore most certainly is not, *love the ground of forgiveness*, but *forgiveness the motive of love*.

IV. Words of Jesus to the Penitent.—*Read vers.* 48–50. Now, for the first time, He speaks to her. With what wonder and joy, mingled with shame, she must have listened to the foregoing dialogue, we may well suppose. **Thy sins are** (literally, *have been*) **forgiven.** It was really so before—though she did not know it, dared not imagine it. She came to win a gift that was already hers! God welcomes the first movement of the soul towards Him. So the prodigal was pardoned before he could ask for pardon. The attention of the guests was now thoroughly aroused. **Who is this?**—words, we may fain hope, not of scepticism or contempt, but of dawning conviction. Or, perhaps, it was an unbelieving murmur, but Jesus did not now stay to answer or rebuke: His business was with the penitent alone. **Thy faith hath saved thee**—words so often heard by those who were cured of their diseases,* but now applied to the deeper malady of the soul. **Faith**, i.e., trust, the clinging to Christ, not her *tears*, not her *offerings*. To say *faith saves* is only another way of saying *Christ saves*. The efficacy is not in the act of trusting, but in that which is trusted. **Go in peace**, literally, *into peace*, into that state of happiness and rest of spirit which the sense of forgiveness can impart.

And so did Jesus prepare the way by His several acts of love for the great declaration afterwards embodied in immortal words in our Golden Text. **As the Son of Man** He is the Sinner's Friend; taking upon Him our nature, with its burden of guilt and woe, that He might put it all away. Simon's question, whether He were a *Prophet*, had to do with but a part of His work. As Prophet, Jesus declared what as Saviour He performed. **He came to seek** as well as **to save**; and was seeking **the lost** even when they seemed to be seeking Him. Illustrate from this penitent woman. Christ had sought her. His love had found her, even when she knew it not. Christ's love had reached her, and its silent attraction drew her to Himself. *Are we lost? He is seeking us.*

Questions.

1. Draw out the points of contrast between this incident and the anointing at Bethany.

2. Enumerate the persons mentioned in the New Testament who bore the name of Simon (or Simeon, the same Hebrew name).

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alone in still identifying this woman with Mary Magdalene. The opposite view is maintained, among others, by Bengel, Greswell, Stier, Godet, Farrar, Geikie, Plumptre.

* *Saved, cured, made whole*, all represent the same word in the original.

3. Give reasons for and against the supposition that this penitent woman was Mary Magdalene.

4. In what respect is sin a debt? Show that payment of it by the sinner is impossible.

5. Show that *free* forgiveness is in harmony with the doctrine of forgiveness through *the atonement of Christ.*

6. What light does the lesson cast on the connection of faith, repentance, and love, with the forgiveness of sins?

Pages for the Young.

THE GLOW-WORM AND THE STAR.

"TWINKLE, twinkle, little star," lisped a glow-worm from the midst of a bed of ferns and moss that grew at the edge of a wood.

It was a glorious night, and as the glow-worm gazed upward at the star-lit heaven above, she repeated once more the words which she had often heard the children repeat as they passed on their way to and from school hard by.

"I am not little," replied the star, to whom had come up through infinity of space the sound of the glow-worm's tiny voice, though she could not see the faintest glimmer of the speaker's form in the world so far below. "I am not little," she repeated, looking smilingly down from her exalted position.

"Are you not?" said the glow-worm. "You look small, almost as small as—myself."

The star laughed, a soft silvery laugh. "Things are not always what they seem," she said with another twinkle of her diamond eye.

The glow-worm was silenced, but not convinced. For days she had lived in the happy delusion that she was like the star she had admired so much, which shone night after night just above her head.

"At least we both shine," she said at last, giving utterance to the only consolatory thought that came to her relief.

"Yes, indeed; you in your place, I in mine," replied the star. "The only difference is that you shine up from the darkness below; I shine down from the darkness above."

"I wish that I could shine up there where you are," sighed the glow-worm.

The star smiled at the thought of that insignificant atom being seen among the starry splendours of the night. "I think you are better where you are," she remarked, as soon as she could command her voice sufficiently to speak. "Don't you know that many of us stars fall from our exalted stations, while—

'He that is down need fear no fall'?"

"Like me!" said the glow-worm with a sudden feeling of thankfulness that there was no chance of her suddenly falling from her nook of safety.

At that moment the moon, which had been hidden for a little while by a passing cloud, burst forth in her full splendour, lighting every object within reach of her silvery fingers, forming a strange contrast to the dark shadows which these illumined objects cast around.

The poor little glow-worm was nearly eclipsed by the wondrous brightness, and glanced round at the very small space which it was possible for her to light. "I cast no shadow," she sighed sadly.

"Don't regret that, pray!" said the star, looking down from her calm shadowless height. "There are countless numbers who would give anything to be able to say as much."

"I have often observed," said the moon, "that it is the things that do not shine themselves that make the shadows;" and as she spoke her smiling face was troubled for a moment, and she looked rather crossly on the earth who was just then darkening nearly a third of her surface.

"But you make many things to shine, who but for you would not shine at all. For instance, there is yon school-house whose face looks as white as yours in the light, but which appears dark enough at night when you are out of the way. Or yonder giant oak, whose every leaf now seems tipped with light, how dark and sombre she looks except you or the sun are shining."

"Yes," said the moon slowly as if weighing the matter in her mind as she spoke; "yes, I do make things shine. Everything that turns towards me shines in my reflected light. It is only the side that turns away from the light that is in shadow itself or casts a shadow."

The quick tread of an approaching passer-by silenced the answer that was trembling on the glow-worm's lips. It was only the elderly schoolmistress, who was hurrying to the village to buy some medicine for her sick child at home. She did not notice the glorious moon (except that she was glad of its rays to guide her on her way), for her sorrowful eyes, eyes dimmed with weeping and watching, were turned on the ground where her own shadow ran rapidly along on the path before her. Perhaps the cares and troubles of life had made her blind to the beauties of nature, as well as to the glories of the "better things than these," for she took no heed of the dew-laden grass that she brushed with her feet, scattering as she did so thousands of crystal gems from each tiny blade. But, just as she was passing it, her eye fell on the little glow-worm who was shining out close to her feet as bright as ever, despite the almost eclipsing glory of the "night lights" of the sky.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, pausing a moment in her hurried walk, as in her anxious heart was lit an answering glow from the glow-worm's tiny spark.

Perhaps that feeble light had brought to her mind some faint glimmering remembrance of words she had learnt in girlhood, till now forgotten, of a better "Light that shineth in a dark place, till the day dawn." She had not noticed them when she was walking in the sunshine of prosperity, but they had been ready all the while "waiting in calm shadow" till the dark nights of adversity should reveal their loveliness.

The glow-worm never regretted after that she was only a tiny light on earth instead of a glorious star in heaven, for she said to herself, "I can do something here that maybe I could not do if I were up there."

A. C. Tucker.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.—p. 16.—RINGLEADER.

1. Ring: Luke xv. 22.
2. Leader: Isa. lv. 3, 4.
3. Ringleader: Acts xxiv. 5.

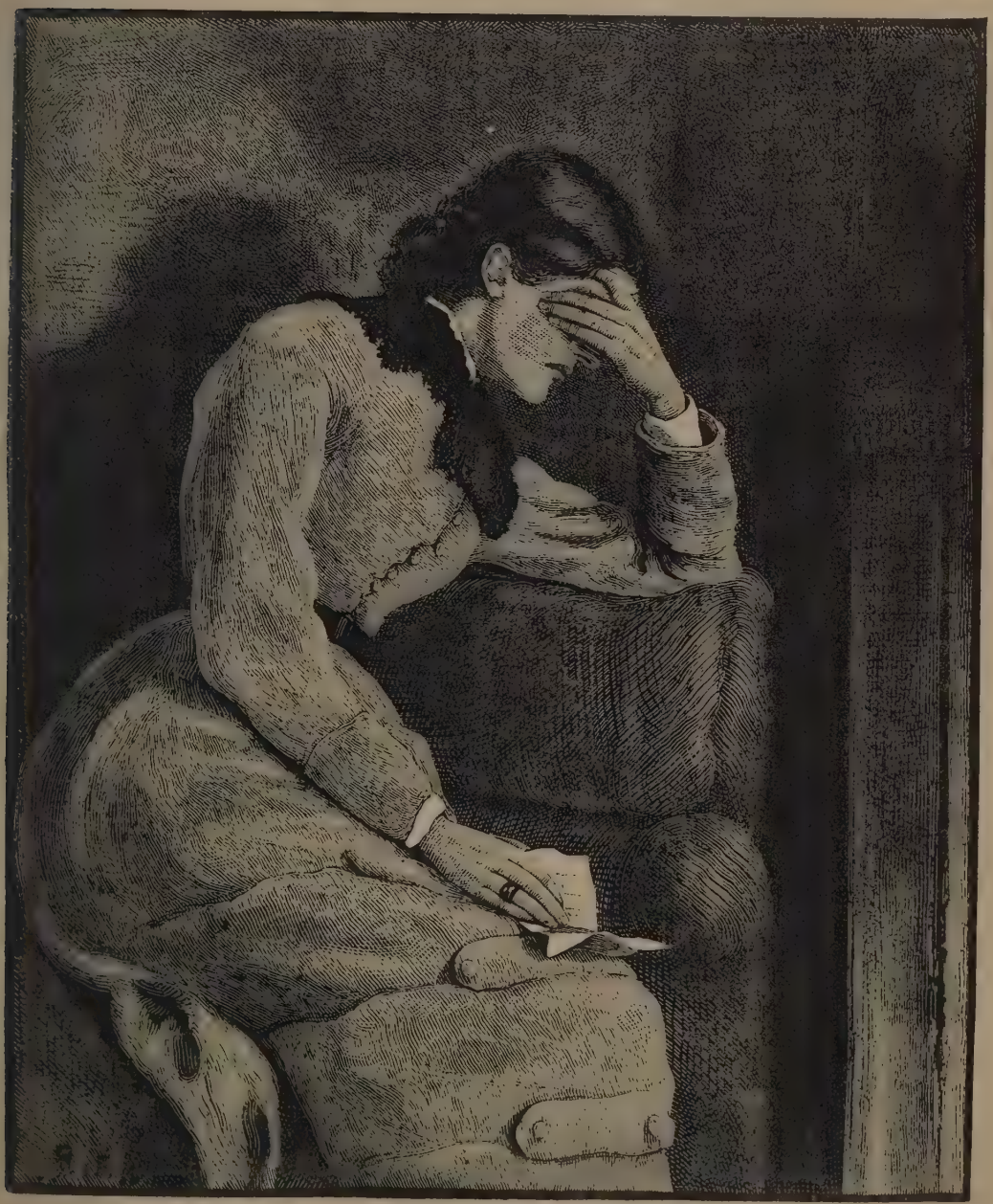
ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. II.—p. 64.—JACHIN AND BOAZ—BRAZEN PILLARS.—1 Kings vii. 15–21.

1. J-oa-*b* . . . . 2 Sam. ii. 18.
2. A-bne-*r* . . . . 1 Sam. xxvi. 5, 14. 2 Sam. ii. 12–27.
3. C-hus-*a* . . . . Luke viii. 2, 3.
4. H-u-*z* . . . . Gen. xxii. 21, 23.
5. I-gnoranc-*e* . . . Lev. iv. 2, etc. Acts iii. 17.
6. N-atha-*n* . . . 2 Sam. vii. 4; xii. 1, etc.
7. A-s-*p* . . . . Isa. xi. 8.
8. N-ahb-*i* . . . . Num. xiii. 14, 16.
9. D-anie-*l* . . . Dan. i. 3, etc.
10. B-arache-*l* . . . Job. xxxii. 2; Gen. xxii. 21.
11. O-meg-*a* . . . Rev. xxii. 12, 13.
12. A-biatha-*r* . . . 1 Sam. xxii. 20.
13. Z-acchæu-*s* . . . Luke xix. 2–4.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



GRIEF.

"O GOD, BE NOT FAR FROM ME: O MY GOD, MAKE HASTE FOR MY HELP."

"Daughter, I AM;
Shall I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"—*E. Barrett Browning.*

No. 1402.—MARCH 12, 1881.

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

BY THE REV. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PILGRIMS OF THE SACRED HEART.

WITH a sense of rest and security under the good Abbé's roof, Rupert had gradually sunk into a peaceful slumber. By God's blessing and under the kind and tender care which he had met with, there was every prospect of a speedy convalescence. It was very pleasant for the lad now to look back upon his weary wanderings and to feel that he had found so quiet and peaceful a refuge. Rupert had retraced his history up to that calm resting-place, and had then fallen to sleep, with his Bible open upon the bed and his mother's photograph in his hand.

Presently the door was gently opened by the curé, who had come to see how the patient progressed. It was a pleasant sight to see this grave and dignified Frenchman in his cassock and bands, his *sombrero* in his hand, bending tenderly over the sleeping form of the fair young English lad.

Truly this good Abbé's life would have adorned a clearer faith and more Scriptural creed than that to which, for want of fuller light, he still held allegiance, but who could tell what brighter days might yet be in store for him?

"Ah, he sleeps," said the Abbé softly, as he looked down upon the lad's face with that glance of strange interest with which he had so often gazed at Rupert before—a look which seemed to be something more than one of mere compassion for a homeless wayfarer whom he had rescued from death.

"He sleeps," said the Abbé; "it is well; the fever is gone, and now he will only require the good Victorine's nourishing food."

Saying this, the curé's hand sought the pulse of the sleeping lad, and as it did so his eye fell upon the open Bible.

"A book!" he said; "monsieur is a student, then, like myself. Ha! the Holy Bible," he exclaimed, as he took the book in his hands with no unpleased expression. "What a people these English are. It is their companion, their guide-book, wherever they go. Would that France were guided more by that sacred light!"

With the interest of a student he turned over for a few moments the sacred pages, when the inscription at the commencement suddenly arrested his attention. "Rupert Long!" he exclaimed with surprise; "what a strange coincidence—the resemblance too; but surely it cannot be. Yes," he said, as he suddenly snatched up the photograph which had fallen from the sleeper's hand, "this is Mary's picture, and he is Mary's son!"

Thus the old memories had come back to François Burelle—the soldier's life at Dieppe, the fair Englishwoman and her child, his true and faithful love, and the sad parting. He sighed, the good Abbé, but there was no bitterness in that sigh, as he gazed once more at the face of Mary Long and on that of her sleeping son.

In a few days Rupert was sufficiently recovered to be able to sit for a little at the churchyard gate which opened out into the public road. He had not been long there when suddenly there appeared in the distance a most unusual spectacle. A large concourse of people was evidently approaching the village. As they drew nearer he could perceive that it was a long procession, and that various flags or banners were being carried in it. Presently the sound of many voices reached his ears, chanting a hymn which the lad thought he had heard before in the cathedral at Dieppe.

As the procession began to enter the village, the few women and children and old men who were not at work in the vineyards, came out of their houses and knelt by the wayside. Even to Rupert, who had occasionally seen religious processions passing out of the old church of St. Jacques and through the narrow streets of Dieppe, what he now beheld was a strange and unusual sight. In the front walked a number of little boys in short surplices over scarlet cassocks, one of them bearing a tall metal cross. After these came a number of priests in their vestments, and these again were followed by many shorn monks dressed in white, brown or grey, with ropes round their waists. Immediately following these were men and women, the men, some of them, with red crosses on their breasts, and the women attired in black. Most of the women carried baskets, which looked as if they contained provisions, and seemed as if they were intended for a journey. But what struck Rupert most of all, was the number of cripples and sick people that seemed to be amongst them. Some of them were carried on chairs, and others supported on the arms of their friends. As the procession passed through the village the hymn "Ave Maris Stella" and then the "Magnificat" was chanted by many lips.

Rupert was so lost in wonder at this unusual spectacle in a remote country place, that he did not perceive the curé's footsteps behind him.

"Ah, mon ami," said the curé, noticing his wondering surprise, "you are looking at the pilgrims. France is still Catholic and religious in spite of Republicans and Communists. These are good people who love to serve God and pray for the Pope. May the time soon come," he added, looking up to heaven, "when under our beloved king, Henri Cinq, France and even Paris shall return to the true fold. But you are English, and a Protestant, monsieur," he continued, looking at Rupert and smiling, "and do not understand these things."

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé," answered Rupert respectfully, "if one might be so bold as to ask, what is the meaning of a pilgrimage, and where are these pilgrims going?"

"These are good people," replied the curé, "who are going to the railway-station at T—— for a long journey. They are going to Paray-le-Monial."

"Ah, Paray-le-Monial," said Rupert, who thought

he remembered having seen the name on the doors of St. Jacques; "is not that thought to be a very holy place?"

"Yes," said the curé gravely, "people do consider it to be a very holy place."

"And why so, Monsieur l'Abbé, if one might dare to ask?"

"Nearly two hundred years ago," replied the curé, "there lived at Paray-le-Monial a pious woman named Marie Alcoque. She would spend whole days and nights in prayer before the altar, and after praying a great deal, and fasting a great deal, at length she sees a vision. It is the Saviour of the world who appears to her. He is sad and preoccupied with an overwhelming sorrow. He displays to her his heart. It is vast and like a consuming fire. This poor daughter of the Church appears to be as a little speck as compared to it. She loses herself in it, and seems to be consumed and swallowed up. He speaks to her. They are words of sorrow. 'My heart has bled for the world,' He says; 'what has it done for Me?' This is why these good people are going to Paray-le-Monial," added the Abbé; "they go to worship the Sacred Heart."

"The Sacred Heart," said Rupert; "does that mean the heart of Christ, Monsieur l'Abbé? I suppose it must," continued the lad, "because the clergyman who came to see us at Dieppe spoke so much about it, and said it was a meek and lowly heart, and so full of love for the weary and heavy laden. My mother said the thought comforted her so, and before she died——"

The Abbé Burelle gave a start, and a look of pain passed over his face, in spite of the self-command to which that face was accustomed, and it was difficult to conceal his agitation from the lad, as he faltered out, "And is your mother dead?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied Rupert; "that is why I left Dieppe, but I could not bear that circus life, and I wandered here."

"And when," continued the Abbé, without appearing to notice Rupert's last words, "and when did your mother die?"

"She died some months ago."

"And was she happy?" asked the curé, in faltering tones.

"Oh, yes, monsieur," replied the lad; "we were very poor and had seen better days, but still my mother was happy."

"And what was it that made her so happy? She was all alone and far away from her friends in England, was she not?"

"Yes," said the lad, "but she always was cheerful, and told me to trust in God; still I think she was far more happy after the good clergyman had been to see her and comfort her."

"And how did he comfort her?" enquired the Abbé, with a brighter look.

"He told her, Monsieur le Curé, that although she was far away from home, the Lord Jesus was as near to her there as anywhere else. He said we did not need to go and seek for Jesus anywhere, because He was always near, and that He says to us when we are sick or unhappy, 'Come and find rest.' But monsieur," continued the lad, "I cannot tell you all he said, only he gave me this Bible, and I marked the place where he had been reading to my mother."

"Let me see it," said the Abbé, stretching forth his hand once more to examine Rupert's Bible, and then he read in musical and plaintive tones, translating the English words into those of his own language as he went along—

"'Venez à moi, vous toutes qui êtes travaillés et chargés, et je vous soulagerai. Chargez-vous de mon joug, et apprenez de moi, que je suis doux et humble de cœur, et vous trouverez le repos de vos âmes.' (St. Matt. xi. 28–30). Yes," said the abbé thoughtfully, when he had read the words, "that is the best meditation of the Sacred Heart."

"But, monsieur," enquired Rupert, in hesitating tones, "do you think it would have been better for my mother if we could have taken her to Paray-le-Monial, like those sick people they have been carrying by?"

"I do not know," said the Abbé gravely, after a long pause. "You see, Monsieur Rupert, she found rest without going there."

CHAPTER VIII.—MILOR ANGLAIS.

The days passed pleasantly away under the kind Abbé's roof. Rupert soon grew strong and well again, but when he suggested that he should once more resume his journey, the curé seemed little inclined to part with his guest. An almost paternal affection was that which the Abbé Burelle seemed to have acquired for this youth, thrown upon his kindness and hospitality by so strange an accident. Thus the lad began to look upon this humble presbytère almost as his home, and it was not long before he seemed to find a place in the affections of the somewhat despotic, but no less kind-hearted Mademoiselle Victorine.

There were many ways in which Rupert could be of use to the Abbé, and on the other hand great and varied was the information with which this learned ecclesiastic began to imbue his companion's mind. To impart some of his learning to others was the good curé's delight, and in Rupert he found a most ready and intelligent scholar. Never, however, did he seek to confuse the few simple religious truths which the lad seemed to have learned from his mother and his Bible; on the contrary, the humble-minded priest and his companion might be often seen studying that English Bible together.

Thus, as we have said, the days passed pleasantly away; they might have indeed gone on so for an indefinite period, had it not been for an occurrence which came to change their noiseless tenour.

One morning a travelling-carriage, which had been lumbering up the hill-side, suddenly stopped before the little churchyard gate. A very grave-looking gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, put his head out of the window and beckoned to Rupert, who was diligently working in the Abbé's garden.

"Is the Abbé Burelle at home?" enquired the stranger, who, while he was evidently an Englishman, spoke in the purest French.

"Yes, sir," said Rupert respectfully, for he was impressed by the stranger's dignified demeanour, even more than by the postillion and horses, and the valet seated in the rumble behind. "Yes, sir," said Rupert, "the Abbé Burelle is at home; shall I tell him that you wish to speak with him?"

"Thank you," said the gentleman, "but I will get out. Spencer," he said to the valet, "will you let down the steps."

Scarcely, however, had the stranger alighted, when the front door opened and the Abbé Burelle appeared. "Milor Summerhaze," said the curé with dignified politeness, raising his broad-brimmed hat from his head, and coming forward with graceful cordiality, "I received your lordship's letter some weeks ago, and shall be delighted to guide you to those traces of the Roman occupation of which you spoke. The encampment above our village is a grand vestige of those ancient times. Did not Cæsar say of us that we were a nation 'Novarum rerum avida,' a nation desirous of new things?—alas, it is too true. Still, Milor, it is you and I who love to seek out the ancient things, and you will find within my humble roof an ancient simplicity."

The grave stranger smiled pleasantly at the Abbé's courteous welcome, as he followed (Rupert thought, with feeble steps) the good curé into his humble abode.

A few minutes after, Mademoiselle Victorine bustled out in no ordinary state of excitement. "Tenez, Monsieur Rupert," said the excited housekeeper, "one would have thought that Monsieur l'Abbé would have remembered that it is Friday, and that one cannot make a repast for a great English milor out of nothing. Hasten, Monsieur Rupert, and let us get some turnips, and carrots, and onions for the potage. One shakes one's head behind the English milor, but no; Monsieur le Curé takes no notice, and will ask him to stop to dinner. Is not that what you say in English, Monsieur Rupert?"

"'To stop to dinner,'—that is English," said the nobleman's valet, who had approached the garden-gate, and was leaning over it on both his arms, watching the excitement of Victorine and Rupert; "yes, that is English, certainly, and a good specimen of the English language too, but I suppose it means that he is going to be some time in this outlandish place, looking after old Roman encampments. What is the use of my lord having a title and plenty of money, if he spends his life in this way? Why, he might be stopping to dinner where he likes, and see how he wastes his time. Come," he said to the postillion, "we may as well be putting up the horses at once, and I must try and find a bed for his lordship at that miserable Maison d'Or."

The English nobleman seemed perfectly satisfied with Victorine's efforts in the way of dinner. The maigre soup seemed to suit his tastes very well; if, indeed, he knew that it was maigre soup which he was eating. The Abbé Burelle's books and prints, and, above all, the Abbé Burelle's conversation, seemed to absorb his notice.

As Mr. Spencer, the valet, had gloomily prognosticated, Lord Summerhaze did stop some time at the outlandish little village of Martin Eglise. The tastes of the English nobleman and the French curé coincided in so many respects that the former seemed in no way inclined to quit the place. The Roman encampment took some days to explore, and there were not a few long rambles to other places of interest in the neighbourhood. Once or twice Rupert was Lord Summerhaze's companion, and although the lad thought his lordship a very grave man, and at times somewhat melancholy, yet at others there was some pleasant conversation, and gradually the visitor began to take an interest in the lad and evidently liked to have him with him.

One day Rupert noticed that the nobleman and the curé in the course of their conversation would direct frequent looks of interest towards him, and he felt that he was the subject of their thoughts. It proved to be so, for when Lord Summerhaze had retired to his bed at the inn, the Abbé Burelle called Rupert into his bedroom and began to speak to him with some emotion.

"Mon cher Rupert," said the kind priest, "I think I have found for you a good situation. During your stay with me I have learnt to love you as a son, and there are reasons which I cannot now tell you of, why I am specially interested in your welfare. I should like you to stay with me always, but it is not for your good. It is better that you should be amongst people of your own nation and of your mother's religion. Besides," added the Abbé, smiling, "the village of Martin Eglise is not a place for a lad of spirit and intelligence to make his way in the world. Lord Summerhaze is in want of a young companion to read to him occasionally and act as his amanuensis. He has taken a fancy to you, Rupert, and has promised to be a friend to you. You must go with him, mon ami, although it is with sorrow that I bid you to do so."

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé, how good you are!" exclaimed Rupert, with tears in his eyes. "Can I ever forget your kindness? How gladly I would stay here if I could be of any use to you. I can never, never forget all that you have done for me, but, monsieur, I will do whatever you desire me, and if you bid me to go with Lord Summerhaze I will do so."

"Yes, my son," said the Abbé gently, "in this you must obey me. Write to me whenever you can, Rupert, and I will not forget you." So saying, the Abbé bade Rupert good-night, and the lad retired to his little chamber with a sorrowful heart.

Two days after the foregoing conversation, the travelling-carriage of Lord Summerhaze drew up at the little churchyard gate.

The good Victorine, who had been bustling about all the morning, getting ready for the lad's departure, now showed that she was only a woman after all, by bursting into tears, as Rupert, accompanied by the kind Abbé, passed for the last time the threshold of their little home and walked with slow and lingering steps to the churchyard gate, where the carriage stood. The curé himself seemed scarcely less affected than his faithful housekeeper, but restrained his emotion to give his young companion a few farewell words of counsel. To Rupert, it was indeed a sad parting from these true friends, and the sobs would come in spite of all the lad's brave efforts to restrain them. Farewell, thou peaceful little spot, farewell, thou quiet little village of Martin Eglise, and farewell, Monsieur le Curé and good Victorine! Rupert Long can scarcely see you through his tears, as the carriage swiftly bears him away from you, who are waving your hands to him from the little churchyard gate.

Lord Summerhaze was not given to talking a great deal except upon topics in which he was specially interested, and much of the first part of the journey was passed in silence, for his young attendant did not venture to engage in conversation, unless first addressed by the nobleman. But Rupert's eyes were ever open to the different scenes of interest on the way, and also to give frequent encouraging glances at the faithful Bruno, who by Lord Summerhaze's kind permission (the dog's

history having been told him) was to accompany them on their journey.

The lad's mind, too, had plenty of topics for reflection, whether he thought of the past or looked forward into the future, for was he not on his way to dear old England, and who could tell how soon he might meet with his old friends the Collettes and Christine again?

Thus our traveller has plenty to think about as the carriage rolls swiftly on along the smiling vales and through the fruitful orchards of Normandy, towards Rupert's old home at Dieppe.

"IS THE ABBÉ BURELLE AT HOME?"

And Lord Summerhaze, what topics are filling his mind as he leans forward in his carriage and watches the milestones swiftly flying by? Rupert thinks he notices that at each stage of the journey his companion's face grows sadder and his lips more compressed. Surely there must be some cause why so rich and high-born a nobleman should look so sad, but what the cause may be the lad is at a loss to divine.

But now the country begins to be almost familiar to Rupert, as they draw near to Dieppe, and he gazes eagerly on some familiar landmark or reminiscence of his long country rambles. It seems, too, that Lord Summerhaze is equally interested with the objects on the roadside; for the carriage has scarcely climbed halfway up a very long hill which Rupert well remembers as not being far from Dieppe, when the vehicle suddenly stops, and in accordance with a silent nod from the nobleman, Spencer, who has come to the carriage-door, lets down the steps and assists his master to alight. Rupert notices that Lord Summerhaze has taken with him a small box out of his carriage and that he seems to totter very feebly as he walks towards a little simple wooden cross which stands by the wayside. Not a word is spoken. Spencer, who seems to understand his lordship's moods, falls back behind the carriage but Rupert can just see through the open door the struggle on the nobleman's face as he takes out of the box a wreath of immortelles and hangs it on the little wooden cross. They do not stay many minutes; Lord Summerhaze takes his seat once more in the carriage, and in half an hour's time they are driving through the streets of Dieppe.

That night they are to cross over to England, and Rupert finds no opportunity for even a hasty visit to the cemetery above the town. The lights are

beginning to gleam in the harbour, and cast a weird reflection on the dense volume of smoke which is already ascending from the steamer's funnel, as the lad follows his patron across the narrow plank which leads to the vessel.

"Well, Mr. Long," said Spencer, who was quietly puffing a cigar upon the deck, now that his master had gone below—"well, Mr. Long, I think we shall have a fine passage, but the accommodation of these steamers is terribly defective. I assure you there is scarcely a thing to be had worth touching down below. My lord never seems to care about these things, but really the captain ought to be reprimanded. The eating and drinking, Mr. Long, is very defective."

"Is it?" said Rupert absently, who was gazing back upon the lights of Dieppe; "but what is it, Mr. Spencer," said the lad turning to his companion, "that makes Lord Summerhaze so sad?"

"Ah, Mr. Long, you wonder at that, do you? You noticed, perhaps, that little occurrence by the roadside?"

"Yes," said Rupert eagerly, "I did, and wondered what it meant."

"Well, Mr. Long, it is a sad story, but still, as we have nothing else to do, I will tell it you."

"Years ago," continued the valet, "we were at Fecamp. A very uninteresting place, Mr. Long, I can assure you—the Benedictine, which the monks manufacture there, however, is worth one's notice; but when people go and put it on the same level as Grand Chartreuse, why then, you know, they make a mistake—well, years ago, as I said, we were at Fecamp. My lord was there to see the church, which to him is interesting. He was there with his only daughter Lady Isabella. She was certainly, Mr. Long, a very beautiful young lady, and it was no wonder that my lord adored her, for she was as good as she was beautiful. But while we were there, Lady Isabella fell ill. There was no doctor in the town, at least of any skill, but we hoped that she would recover in a few days with care and nursing. But instead of that she got worse; fever set in, and she grew delirious. My lord was frantic and seemed beside himself. He knew of a good doctor at Dieppe, but there was no railway or telegraph, and he feared that Lady Isabella might be past his skill before the doctor could arrive. In a fit of desperation, he sent me to order the carriage. The young lady was carried into it. We drove on for miles and miles, and they never seemed to come to an end, my lord holding his daughter all this weary journey in his arms. At last, Mr Long, when we had reached that place on the hill-side where we stopped to-day, I was ordered to get down and hold a light, while my lord examined his daughter's face (he had felt her hand grow cold), but she was dead, and all that my master could do was to carry the precious remains into Dieppe and across these waters to her grave in England. That is the story, Mr. Long. I think I will say good-night," said Spencer throwing the end of his cigar into the foaming waters.

Rupert had enough to think about that night, as he paced to and fro on the deck, and watched the stars peer through the clouds and then again fade from sight. The waves were his familiar friends, and there was a pleasure in hearing their voice through the gloom. They reminded him of his old home, he thought of all that had happened since he left it, and wondered what might next befall him. And then the strange history which he had just heard! It would have puzzled him to put his meditations into words, but it seemed as if there was trouble and mystery everywhere, and he breathed a prayer that God might be his guide wherever he went.

Grief.

GRIEF, to human joy allied
By ties which none may rend apart,
The world is wide, and men abide
On sea, on shore, in crowded mart;
But where is he who doth not hide
Some shaft of thine within his heart?

One groaning beareth; one will school
His face that none the secret spy;
Each is thy tool; no partial rule
Insatiate grief may satisfy;
King, clown, philosopher and fool,
All, all! must know thee ere they die.

O Grief, against thy might displayed,
Nor strength nor weakness shall avail;
For matron staid, and blooming maid,
Thou hast a stroke which will not fail;
While none the less thy subtle raid
Can pierce the warrior's coat of mail.

And yet thy sting was impotent,
When man looked upward, free from stain;
Made innocent, he was not meant
To bear the burden of thy pain;
Thou art the med'cine, heaven sent,
To fit his soul for heaven again. S. E. G.

God's Leading.

FATHER, perplexed I stand, I know not where to turn;
I cannot see Thy leading hand; Thy loving face looks stern,
My heart is sad and sore opprest;
O do Thou for me what is best.

O make a way for me, and let me surely know
That Thou art marking out the path by which I have to go.
The way which Thou dost choose is best,
And leadeth to Thy promised rest.

I dare not choose my way, my dim eyes cannot see
Which path would lead astray, and which would lead to Thee,
But choose Thou for me which is best,
Then rough or smooth, it must be blest.

O lead me safe to Thee, through trouble, care and pain,
So Thou dost choose for me, I will not dare complain;
He whom the Lord corrects is blest;
Thy loving leading is the best.

J. H.

MODEL PRAYERS.

III.

"Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned; for Thou art the Lord my God."—*Jer.* xxxi. 18.

WE have here another prayer that we may safely use and copy, for we find that it was heard and answered. The same speaker who says, "Turn Thou me" (v. 18) says immediately after, "After that I was turned" (v. 19).

What is the meaning of the petition? It is a very humble one. It means, "Turn Thou my will, for I cannot turn it of myself." Oh how much is needed to bring down man's pride to acknowledge that he cannot even will what is right without God's help!

Reader, have you ever yet been brought to this humbling confession? If you have been taught by the Holy Spirit, you will not deny that your will needs renewing grace. The Lord "alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men." It is often through much painful discipline that this lesson is learned. We begin, perhaps, with a strong determination to do all that our conscience tells us we ought; and it may only be after many repeated failures that we at length sorrowfully admit that we cannot keep our firmest resolutions.

Is it so with you? Do you feel as if you had tried and failed so often that it is useless to try again? Then begin lower than you have ever yet begun. Begin with going to God in prayer. Use the very words here taught us. Ask God himself to "turn" you away from all evil and towards all that is good. Ask Him so to turn your will, your affections, your whole being, that you may not even desire to go wrong.

Notice two things in the model prayer we are now considering. 1. It is a prayer of faith: "Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned." Do not go, as it were, to try the experiment of asking God to help, while you yet have misgivings that you will do no better than before. Did not God create you, body and soul? Has not He who gave you your will power to control it? And is not His whole word full of assurances that He never did, and never will, refuse to help any poor soul that humbly cries to Him for help, through the Mediator whom He has provided? Remember St James's direction to one who prays: "Let him ask in faith."

2. Notice the concluding words of the prayer, for they will help to strengthen faith: "For Thou art the Lord my God." As I said just now, remember that He to whom you pray is your Creator. He is absolute in power, the Lord God Almighty, the Maker of all, the ruler of all. But observe especially this title, "The Lord my God." Can you address the Lord thus? Many can speak of "Providence," "the Almighty," or even of "our Saviour," who yet shrink from saying, "My God," or "My Saviour." Yet it is only when we can say, "Jesus Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me," that we are really believing the Gospel. If there is any lingering desire to keep back something that comes between the soul and God, so that when God says, "Repent, and turn" (Ezekiel xviii. 30), you feel, I cannot turn, I cannot make myself give up all for Christ, then go and say to God: "Lord, turn Thou me, and I shall be turned. I desire to turn, but I am weak and helpless, and I want my very will to be strengthened and turned wholly to Thee." And ask Him to enable you so to come in the name of His dear Son, that you may say and feel: "Thou art the Lord my God."

Sabbath Thoughts.

OPPORTUNITY.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—*Gal.* vi. 10.

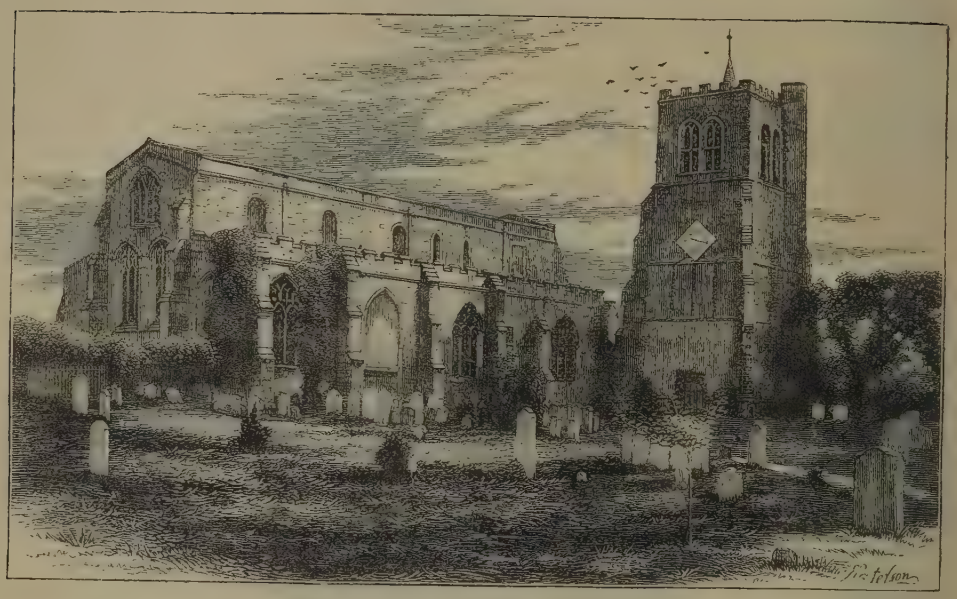
OBSERVE that St. Paul in these words stirs up his own soul as well as the souls of others: "let us do good unto all men"—not "go ye and do good." If zeal like his required to be stimulated, how much more does ours? Like a good officer, he leads and animates his men in the charge, and by his example as well as his words arouses them to action. But, observe, it is to wise and well-timed action that he calls them. "As we have therefore opportunity," we are to act; neither holding back through slothfulness, nor rushing forward through impatience when there is no need of our services. We ought to be very thankful when God honours us by granting us opportunities; we ought to watch for them and to pray for them, still seeking grace to use them aright, so that we may succeed in really doing "good," which is not so easily done as some people think.

Alas, the thought of lost opportunities may well humble us! Too often can we recall times when the hour came but not the man; when a kind word might have been said which we did not say; when help might have been given which we did not give. These thoughts, while they make more precious to us the Blood that cleanses from all sin, should also make more precious the opportunities which in God's great mercy may yet be given, and may yet through His grace be rightly improved.

The covetous man seeks opportunities of gaining riches; the ambitious man seeks opportunities of self-advancement; let it be our care as followers of Jesus Christ to seek opportunities of copying His example by doing good unto all within our reach for His sake and to His glory.

"Go, then, fill up with useful deeds
Thy threescore years and ten,
Till He who bade thee rise and work
Bids Thee lie down again."

A BUNYAN MEMORIAL.



ELSTOW CHURCH PREVIOUS TO RESTORATION

THE ancient parish church of Elstow is associated with the early life of John Bunyan. The quaint Tudor pulpit; the pew where tradition says that he sat; the grand old tower, with its belfry-chamber and its porch, where he stood trembling lest "the steeple" should fall on his head; the ancient walls and doors remain as they were in Bunyan's time. But the edifice has long been in an unsafe state, and in the beginning of last year, 1880, it was found necessary to rebuild parts of the walls and to replace the woodwork. The oak beams of the roof had done duty for three and a half centuries.

The happy thought occurred of utilising the old material for helping the restoration. The roof-beams of most churches would fetch merely the price of firewood, but those of Elstow had a value far above their intrinsic worth. Of the multitudes of pilgrims who visit the scenes made memorable by the "Immortal Dreamer," many would gladly possess some relic of the place. It was decided to publish an edition of the "Pilgrim," and to work up the best portions of the wood in the binding. The idea has been admirably carried out.* The boards of the book contain on either side a piece of the oak (six inches by four) warranted to be taken from the beams of the roof. It makes an elegant binding, and the outside has the additional attraction of an inlaid photograph copy of the best portrait of Bunyan, the original pencil-sketch by his friend R. White, which is preserved in the British Museum.

While this is the special feature of the volume, the edition is itself worthy of commendation. There is a good memoir, with bibliographical notice of early editions. The memoir is illustrated by views of various memorials, including facsimile autographs. The two parts of the "Pilgrim" have each twelve new illustrations, by W. Gunston, well designed, and in a style harmonising with the character of the edition. The book is sure to be popular, not in England only, but in America and wherever the English language is spoken and its literature prized. The likelihood is that the demand for it will be so large as to enhance the value, for the oak boards are not capable of the miraculous multiplication suggested by many historical relics.

The village lies a mile and a half south of Bedford, and still preserves its seventeenth-century features. The quaint, overhanging houses, and the venerable trees at the lower end of the village street, remain much as they were when Bunyan paced its spacious thoroughfare round to the green, where stood the ancient church and the still more antique-looking Moot House. This latter, apparently rickety, but still substantial brick and oak structure was, in Bunyan's day, and down until recently, the village hall, the word "moot" being probably a corruption of the old Saxon "Witenagemote," the palaver-house of Elstow. Here, in the large upper room, the romps and dances were carried on which Bunyan found it so hard to give up, and on the two annual fair days, for which a charter was granted by William the Conqueror, the Moot House was the scene of very considerable business. It is now used as a Sunday-school in connection with Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. The fairs are still held in May and November, and are well attended by cattle-dealers; but they are

* The Elstow edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with memoir, illustrations, and index. London: John Walker & Co.

no longer the occasions of revels and riot. On the green is the stump of an ancient market-cross, the steps of which could doubtless testify to the jovial words, and perhaps in later years the earnest pleadings of Bunyan. At the side of the green is the church.

"They stepped to it, and read the writing."

The church was originally the chapel in a convent of Benedictine nuns, founded by Judith, niece of the Conquerer and widow of Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon. The chapter-house, with its finely-groined roof, still remains, and is the vestry of the restored church. The great tower, Bunyan's "steeple-house," was built before the Reformation. It is one of the thirty towers in England that stand quite apart from the church. It is about twenty-two feet from the building. It is massive, and with four stages, each smaller than the base, giving an appearance of great stability. The bells are five in number —treble, second, third, fourth, and tenor. Tradition says that Bunyan used to ring the fourth bell. The Norman north door of the church, the newly-exposed west door with the wicket-gate, and the belfry-door, remain as they were in Bunyan's time.

"So they came up to each other, and after a short salutation, Mr. Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow."

The church was originally dedicated to St. Mary and St. Helena. Hence Helena stowe, corrupted into Eln'stow and Elstow.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CANON OF CANTERBURY.

RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

II.

THE Olympian circle, as already explained,[1] consisted of six male and six female deities. In our former paper on the religion of the Greeks, we had described three of the males. We now resume our brief portraiture with an account of the god of war.

ARES.

It has been well said that Ares is "the impersonation of a passion." That combative propensity, which man possesses in common with a large number of animals, was regarded by the Greeks, not only as a divine thing, but as a thing of such lofty divinity that its representative must have a place among the deities of the first class or order. The propensity itself was viewed as common to man with the gods, and as having led to "wars in heaven," wherein all the greater deities had borne their part. Now that peace was established in the Olympian abode, it found a vent on earth, and caused the participation of the gods in the wars carried on among mortals. Ares was made the son of Zeus and Hera, the king and queen of heaven. He was represented as tall, handsome, and active, but as cruel, lawless, and greedy of blood. The finer elements of the warlike spirit are not his. He is a divine Ajax,[2] rather than a divine Achilles; and the position which he occupies in the Olympian circle is low. Apollo and Athené are both entitled to give him their orders; and Athené scolds him, strikes him senseless, and wounds him through the spear of Diomed.[3] His worship is thought to have been derived from Thrace and to have been introduced into Greece only a little before the time of Homer.[4] It was at no time very widely spread, or very much affected by any Grecian tribe or state, the conception being altogether too coarse to attract the sympathies of a refined people.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Hephæstus is the god of fire, and especially of fire in connection with smelting and metallurgy. He dwells in Lemnos, where he habitually forges thunderbolts for Zeus, and occasionally produces fabrics in metal of elaborate and exquisite construction. Among the most marvellous of his works are the automatic tripods of Olympus and the bronze maidens, whom he has formed to be his attendants on account of his lameness. He is the armourer of heaven, and provides the gods generally with the weapons which they use in warfare. The peculiarity of his lameness is strange and abnormal, since the Greeks hate deformity, and represent their deities generally as possessed of perfect physical beauty. It has been accounted for on the supposition that he is a Grecised Phthah,[1] introduced from Egypt, directly or indirectly,[2] and that his deformity is a modification of Phthah's presentment as a pigmy with the lower limbs misshapen. But the features common to Hephæstus with Phthah are few; the name Hephæstus is probably of pure Greek etymology, connected with φάος and φαίνω; and, on the whole, there would seem to be no evidence that Hephæstus is a foreign god more than any other. Rather, it is characteristic of the many-sidedness of the Greeks, and consequent upon the anthropomorphism which makes the Olympic community a reflection of earthly things, that there should be even in this august conclave something provocative of laughter, a discord to break the monotony of the harmony, an element of grotesqueness and monstrosity. Hephæstus in the Olympic halls is like the jester at the court of a mediæval monarch, a something to lighten the seriousness of existence, to provoke occasionally a burst of that "inextinguishable laughter," without which life in so sublime an atmosphere would be intolerable. The marriage of Hephæstus to Aphrodité is conceived in the same spirit. There was a keen sense of humour in the countrymen of Aristophanes; and the combination of the clumsy, lame, and begrimed smith with the Queen of Beauty and of Love pleased their sense of the ludicrous, and was the fertile source of many an amusing legend. "The Lay of the Net," wherewith Demodocus entertains both gods and men,[3] is a sufficient specimen of this class of lively myth, and shows that the comic features of ill-assorted marriage, on which modern playwrights have traded so freely, were fully appreciated by the Greeks, and were supposed well-suited to provoke the gods to merriment. The modern moralist will regret this unworthy representation of divine beings;[4] but it is quite in accord with the general character of the Greek religion, which reflected back upon deity all that was weak, as well as all that was strong, in man.

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[1] See the "Sunday at Home" for February, 1881, p. 90.

[2] Mr. Gladstone says, "not so much an Ajax as a Caliban" ("Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 228); but this is too harsh a view, even of the Homeric conception of Ares.

[3] Hom. "Iliad," v. 885–7; xv. 110–142, etc.

[4] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 229–231.

[1] Sir G. Wilkinson on Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. ii. p. 439, note (3rd edition).

[2] Mr. Gladstone regards him as introduced from Phœnicia ("Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 255).

[3] Hom. "Odyss." viii. 266–366.

[4] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 461–3.

HERMES.

Hermes is the impersonation of commercial dealings, and hence a god who gives wealth and increase, a god of inventive power, and a god of tricks and thievery. He is "the Olympian man of business,"[1] and therefore employed in embassies and commissions, and even sometimes in the simple carrying of messages. As δώτωρ ἐάων,[2] "the giver of comforts," he secures his votaries all manner of worldly prosperity. He is industrious and inventive, constructs the seven-stringed lyre before he is a day old,[3] afterwards invents the pan's-pipes, and ultimately becomes a god of wisdom and learning generally. His thievishness must be taken to show that commercial fraud is pretty well as ancient as commerce itself, and that "the good old times" were not, as sometimes represented, an age of innocence. It has been said that he is more human than any other Olympian god; and that "he represents, so to speak, the utilitarian side of the human mind,"[4] being active, energetic, fruitful in resource, a keen bargainer, a bold story-teller, and a clever thief. His admission into the number of the Olympians is the strongest possible indication of the inferiority of the moral standard among them. The special regard paid to him by the Athenians is, however, perhaps the mere consequence of their addiction to the pursuits of commerce.

Hermes is commonly represented as a youth just attaining to manhood. The wings which adorn his head and ankles indicate the celerity of his movements. His caduceus is perhaps the golden rod of wealth given to him by Apollo in exchange for the lyre. It represents also the staff commonly borne by heralds, and in this point of view had white ribands attached to it, which in later times became serpents. Sometimes he holds a purse in his hand, to mark his power of bestowing riches.

The six female deities were Hera, Athené, Artemis, Aphrodité, Hestia, and Demeter.

HERA.

The anthropomorphism which was so main an element in the Greek religion made it requisite that motherhood, as well as fatherhood, should be enthroned in the Olympic sphere, that Zeus should have his consort, heaven its queen, and women their representative in the highest celestial position. Hera was, perhaps, originally Era, "the Earth;"[5] but this idea was soon lost sight of, and in Greek mythology, from first to last, she is quite other than the principle of mundane fecundity, quite a different being from the oriental earth-goddess, called indifferently Cybelé, Dindymené, Magna Mater, Rhea, Beltis, Mylitta, etc. Hera is, primarily, the wife of Zeus, the queen of the Olympic court, the mistress of heaven. She is "a reflected image of Zeus,"[6] and exercises all her husband's prerogatives, thunders, shakes Olympus, makes Iris her messenger, gives her orders to the Winds and the Sun, confers valour, and the like. As the personification of maternity, she presides over childbirth; and the Eileithyiæ, her daughters, act as her ministers. She does not present to us an elevated idea of female perfection, since, despite her exalted rank, she is subject to numerous feminine infirmities. Mr. Grote notes that she is "proud, jealous, and bitter;"[1] Mr. Gladstone observes that she is passionate, wanting in moral elevation, cruel, vindictive, and unscrupulous.[2] Her mythological presentation was certainly not of a nature to improve the character of those women who might take her for their model; since, although she was possessed of certain great qualities, passion, fervour, strong affection, self-command, courage, acuteness, yet she was, on the whole, wanting in the main elements of female excellence, gentleness, softness, tenderness, patience, submission to wrong, self-renunciation, reticence. She was a proud, grand, haughty, powerful queen; not a kind, helpful, persuasive, loving woman. The mythology of Greece is in few points less satisfactory than in the type of female character which it exhibits at the head of its Pantheon.

ATHENÉ.

If Hera is below the level of female excellence which we might have expected refined heathens to have represented in a chief goddess, Athené is above the level. She has a character which is without a flaw. Originally, as it would seem, a conscious impersonation of the divine wisdom, and therefore fabled to have sprung full-grown from the head of Zeus, she became a distinct and substantive deity at a very early date, and was recognised as the "goddess of wisdom, war, polity, and industrial art."[3] Homer places hér, together with Zeus and Apollo, on a higher platform of divinity than the other deities,[4] and makes her even oppose Zeus when he is in the wrong, thwart him, and vindicate right and truth in his despite.[5] It has been said that she is "without feminine sympathies—the type of composed, majestic, and unrelenting force;"[6] and this is so far true that she has certainly little softness, absolutely no weakness, and not many distinctly feminine characteristics. But she was recognised, like her Egyptian counterpart, Neith, as the goddess of good housewifery, "patronising handicraft, and expert at the loom and spindle,"[7] no less than as the wise directress of statesmen and warriors. Undoubtedly, the atmosphere in which she moved was too cold, calm, and clear for her ever to have attracted to herself any very large share of human sympathy; but she exercised an elevating influence on the nobler spirits of both sexes, as combining the three attributes of purity, strength, and wisdom in the highest possible degree, and so furnishing at once a model for imitation, and a support and stay for feeble souls in the spirit world, where they had otherwise little on which they could place any firm reliance. The universally-received myth of Mentor and Telemachus acted as

[1] Döllinger, "Heidenthum und Judenthum," p. 74.
[2] Hom. "Odyss." viii. 335. Compare "Iliad," xiv. 490.
[3] Hom. "Hym. Merc." l. 18.
[4] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 242.
[5] See Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 190. Others suggest a connection with *heros*, *herus*, *hera*, and so with the German *herr*, and our *sir*.
[6] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 194.

[1] "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 50.
[2] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 190–6.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 59.
[4] Hom. "Iliad," ii. 371; iv. 288; vii. 132, etc.; "Odyss." iv. 341; xvii. 132, etc.
[5] "Iliad," viii. 30–40.
[6] Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 47.
[7] *Ibid.*

a strong reinforcement to the power of conscience, which the young Greek felt might be the voice of Athené speaking within him, advising him for his true good, and pointing out to him the path of honour and duty. Athené's special connection with Athens and Attica added much to her importance in the Greek religious system, since it brought the best minds and most generous natures of Hellas peculiarly under the influence of a thoroughly high and noble religious conception.

ARTEMIS.

Artemis is altogether a shadowy divinity. She is a "pale reflection of her brother,"[1] Phœbus Apollo, whose attributes she reproduces in a subdued form, being, like him, majestic, pure, chaste, a minister of death, and a dexterous archer. Nothing is peculiar to her except her presidency over hunting, which determined her general presentation to the eye by the Greek artists. She embodied and personified that passion for the chase which was common to the Hellenes with most energetic races. It was supposed that she dwelt mainly upon earth, haunting the forests and the mountains, dressed as a huntress, and accompanied by her favourite hounds. Her connection with the moon was an after-thought in the Greek mythology, as was that of Apollo with the sun. It arose mainly from the fact that hunters, to be successful, had to commence their operations by night, and needed the light of the moon in order to make their arrangements.

The Artemis of Ephesus was the embodiment of a different idea.[2] She took the place of the great Asiatic Nature-goddess—Cybelé, Rhea, Magna Mater, Beltis, Mylitta—and had nothing in common with the Artemis of Hellas proper but the name. "Her image, shaped like a mummy, was of black wood; the upper part of the body was ornamented with the breasts of animals, the lower with figures of them."[3] She was a mere impersonation of the principle of fecundity in nature—"a Pantheistic deity, with more of an Asiatic than Hellenic character."[4]

APHRODITÉ.

Aphrodité is the antithesis, and in some sort the complement, to Athené. She is the impersonation of all that is soft and weak and erring in female nature, as Athené is of all that is high and pure and strong. Goddess of beauty and love, not, however, of love in its more elevated form, but rather of sensual desire, she was received by the Greeks probably from an Asiatic source, but so transmuted and Hellenised as to have become, when we first meet with her, a completely national divinity.[5] Hellenic in the whole character of her beauty, she is well described by a living English poet[6] in a passage which is eminently classical:

> "Idalian Aphrodité beautiful,
> Fresh as the foam, new bathed in Paphian wells,
> With rosy slender fingers backward drew
> From her warm brow and bosom her deep hair
> Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
> And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
> Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form,
> Between the shadows of the vine-branches,
> Floated the golden sunlight as she moved."

Nothing so lovely in form and colour and texture and combination of rare charm, graced the splendid chambers of the Olympian court—nothing so ravishing had ever presented itself to the vision of painter or poet. But the beauty was altogether physical, sensuous, divorced alike from moral goodness and mental power. Silly and childish, easily tricked and imposed upon, Aphrodité is mentally contemptible, while morally she is odious. Tyrannical over the weak, cowardly before the strong, frail herself and the persistent stirrer up of frailty in others, lazy, deceitful, treacherous, selfish, shrinking from the least touch of pain, she repels the moral sentiment with a force almost equal to that wherewith she attracts the lower animal nature. Hence the Greek cannot speak of her without the most violent conflict of feeling. He is drawn to her, but he detests her; he is fascinated, yet revolted; he admires, yet he despises and condemns, and his condemnation, on the whole, outweighs his admiration. He calls her

> "A goddess verily of many names—
> Not Cypris only, but dark Hades, too,
> And Force resistless, and mad, frantic Rage,
> And sheer untempered Craving, and shrill Grief."[1]

He allows, but he rebels against her power over him; he protests even when he surrenders himself; and hence, on the whole, Aphrodité exercises a less corrupting influence in Greece than might have been anticipated. That the pantheon should contain a goddess of the kind was of course to some extent debasing. Bad men could justify themselves by the divine example, and plead powerlessness to resist a divine impulse. But their conscience was not satisfied; they felt they sinned against their higher nature; and thus, after all, the moral standard was not very seriously affected by the existence of the Cyprian goddess among the Olympic deities.

HESTIA.

Hestia is still more shadowy than Artemis. She is, in part, the feminine counterpart of Hephæstus, the goddess of Fire; but she is principally the impersonation of the second character of each hearth and home, whether domestic, tribal, or national. Hestia presided over the private hearths and homesteads of all Greeks, over the Prytaneia of cities, and over the altars kept ablaze in the temples which were centres of confederacies. She invested them with a sacred character, watched over them, protected them. Her personality was but slightly developed. Still she seems to have been regarded as possessing, to a remarkable extent, the qualities of holiness and purity; and thus to have practically maintained in Greek domestic life a high and pure standard, such as has scarcely been much exceeded among Christians. She was fabled to have vowed perpetual virginity; and it is clear that, together with Athené and Artemis, she upheld among the

[1] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 143.
[2] Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 48.
[3] Döllinger, "Jew and Gentile," vol. i. p. 86.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] Mr. Gladstone takes a different view. He regards the Aphrodité of Homer as scarcely a Greek divinity ("Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. pp. 244–5). But to me it seems, that, even in Homer, her character is as thoroughly Greek as her name.
[6] See Tennyson's "Œnone," ll. 170–178.

[1] Sophocl. Fragm. xxiii. (Ed. Brunck).

Greeks the idea of virginal purity as a transcendental phase of life, a moral perfection, whereto the best and purest might not only aspire, but attain, as the result of earnest endeavour.

DEMETER.

De-meter, the "Earth-Mother," was an original Greek conception, corresponding to one common among the Oriental nations, the conception personified by Maut in Egypt, Beltis or Mylitta in Babylon, Cybelé in Phrygia, etc. The earth on which man lives, and from which he derives the food that sustains him, was viewed as a kind and bountiful parent—the nurse, the feeder, the supporter, the sustainer of mankind. Personified as a goddess, she demanded the worship and gratitude of all, and was hence a universal deity, though specially honoured in certain places. In the Greek religion Demeter was closely connected with agriculture, since the earth in Greece did not support men without toil. She made the Greeks acquainted with the growing of cereals, the operations of tillage, and bread-making. Moreover, as agriculture was "the foundation of all social and political ordinances, and inseparably connected with the introduction of peaceable and orderly ways of life, Demeter, under her title of Thesmophoros, was the ennobler of mankind, the founder of civilisation and lawgiving." (Döllinger.) She was thus more in Greece than she was in Asia. Her position in the greatest of the mysteries — the Eleusinian — was probably owing to this double function, this combination of a Nature-goddess with a deity of law and order, the power that led man on from the simple nomadic condition to all the refinements and complications of advanced political life.

"These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Reah's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
* * * * *
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then they were known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world."—

Milton.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MARCH 20.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS. LUKE VIII. 41-56.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 54.—*'And He put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise.'*

CONNECTION.—There are two separate references, which determine the place of this miracle in the narrative. Matthew (ix. 18) expressly says that it was at the close of the discourse at the feast in *his own house*, that the appeal was made to Christ to come to the house of Jairus. This is, of course, decisive. With equal clearness, again, Mark and Luke assign the miracle to the time when Jesus had recrossed the lake to Capernaum, after the stilling of the storm and the cure of the Gadarene demoniac. See vers. 40, 41, and Mark v. 21, 22. Luke, it is true, has related Matthew's feast considerably earlier (ch. v. 29), but no doubt the correct explanation is that the feast is there described (so in *Matt.* and *Mark*) to bring it into connection with the narrative of Levi's call; a considerable interval having in fact elapsed. Since the meal in Simon's house, considered in the last of these 'Studies,' the great series of Parables, beginning with that of the Sower, had been delivered before the Saviour crossed the lake to the eastern side. See the earlier part of this chapter.

I. THE APPEAL OF JAIRUS.—*Read vers.* 41, 42. Both Mark and Luke give the father's name, so marking the specialty of the miracle, as well as authenticating it in that neighbourhood —**Jairus** is the Heb. *Jair* (Judges x. 3–5). The **Synagogue** at Capernaum has become doubly interesting to us, from the circumstances of its erection by the Roman centurion (ch. vii. 5, read *the* synagogue) and from this miracle.* **A ruler.** The rulers are also called *elders*, as in ch. vii. 3. Jairus, in that capacity, would have accompanied the deputation to entreat Christ's help for the centurion—but now he comes for himself, an almost broken-hearted father! Compare the different evangelists for the description of his impassioned gestures, his faltering words, 'My little daughter lieth at the point of death!' (*Mark*). 'My daughter is even now dead!' (*Matt.*) **One only daughter:** a heightening touch of pathos. So the widow's *only* son (vii. 12) and the *only* brother in the home at Bethany (John xi. 5). **Besought Him that He would come.** Here was strong faith. 'Lay Thy hands upon her, and she shall live!' (*Matt., Mark*). Yet the faith of the heathen soldier had been stronger still: 'Say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.' Christ listened at once to the affecting appeal, rose from Matthew's table and **went** forth. **The people thronged Him.** Jairus, from his office, would be well known and popular; a multitude of guests had been listening to Christ's words; the population were thoroughly aroused by the wonders He had wrought; when He had landed, a little time before, 'they were all waiting for Him.' All this made the miracle that followed more signal, and its evidence more conclusive.

II. AN INTERRUPTION ON THE WAY.—*Read vers.* 43–48. The miracle that intervened is itself most deserving of study,

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* Some shattered relics discovered by travellers at Tell Hûm are in all probability the ruins of this building. There are pedestals of columns and Roman capitals, on one of which is engraved the pot of manna. See description and engraving in *Sunday at Home*, 1868, p. 281; also Edersheim's *Sketches of Jewish Life*, p. 257 (R.T.S.)

and full of teaching as to the power of faith and the grace of Jesus; but it must now be passed over rapidly, or regarded simply as an episode on our Lord's way to the house, appearing to interrupt Him, calling away His attention from the agonised father who stood by! How precious was every moment! And when Jesus 'turned Him about in the press' (*Matt.*, *Mark*) interrogating the crowd, talking with His disciples, listening to the explanation of the trembling woman whose touch of faith had brought her healing, we think chiefly of the eager impatience with which Jairus must have thought of his little daughter who 'lay a-dying'! Yet there is no word of any such feeling. Faith, though tried by apparent delay, can wait Christ's time; and this deed of love upon the way might after all serve to encourage the parent's fainting heart. The **twelve years** of this poor woman's malady may be mentioned by the sacred writers on account of the coincidence with the age of Jairus' daughter. As long as the child had lived, so long had the woman suffered!

> Note here a hint characteristic of the writer as a physician. *Mark* says she 'had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.' But Luke writes only that she **could not be healed.** To a professional eye, the case was beyond cure.

III. The Death-chamber.—*Read vers.* 49–53. **Thy daughter is dead.** It seemed, then, as if Jesus was too late! Oh, that interruption by the way! The friends of Jairus, at least, plainly thought that all was over now, past remedy. (Had they not heard of the miracle at the gate of Nain?) **Trouble not the Master**—very expressive in the original—do not *worry* Him. It is to Jairus that they speak, confirming the worst fears that he had brokenly expressed when He first fell at Jesus' feet. Christ overhears, and hastens to reassure the bereaved father in words which have ever since been a source of strength to mourners, standing as on the threshold of a great sorrow, side by side with Jesus: **Be not afraid, only believe.** So they enter **the house.** But the crowd must remain outside, not that the miracle may be wrought in secrecy, but for the sake of silence and reverence in the chamber of death. Only His three most favoured disciples and the parents of the child might now draw near. There was need that such silence should be imposed: for already the house was full of 'tumult' (*Mark*), the 'minstrels' (*Matt.*) or flute-players, hired for such occasions, mingling their professional wailings with the sincerer tears of true mourners.

> For reference to such kind of mourning, see Jer. ix. 17 (2 Chron. xxxv. 25); *Sunday at Home*, 1859, p. 775; Thomson's *Land and the Book*. The word **bewailed** means literally, 'were beating their breasts.'

Christ's word of majesty stills the tumult for a moment. 'Why make ye this ado?' (*Mark*). **Weep not!**—in a different tone from that in which He had addressed the widow of Nain, ch. vii. 13. **She is not dead, but sleepeth.** Some have strangely supposed that these words are to be taken of a literal, physical fact, that death was but apparent, and the miracle therefore only one in seeming. The bystanders could have contradicted this, **knowing that she was dead!** And thus their **scorn** and bitter laughter confirm to us the reality of the wonder. What Our Lord means is what He meant in the case of Lazarus, 'our friend sleepeth,' John xi. 2. In one sense the death of God's children always is a sleep, 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. There shall be an awaking in the end. But here there is the further assurance that the awaking is to be *immediate*.

IV. The Maiden Raised.—*Read vers.* 54–56. His time of power had come! First, the silence and solemnity of the hour must be inviolate. **He put them all out**—still no doubt laughing him to scorn—but what of that? His words were not now for them. So they stand around the couch, those six persons, where the little girl is lying pale and still. What hushed expectation, as He **took her by the hand,** in outward token of His deed of power. *Two words* only did He speak: St. Mark has preserved them to us in the language in which they were uttered,*

'Talitha cumi . . . . My lamb—my pet lamb, arise!'

Never did Jesus speak more gently—never with mightier power. And as He utters the words, the soft hues of life flush back into the sweet child's face, she opens her eyes . . . . **her spirit came again.** Nor life only, but health and strength. She does not simply look up, once more a pale invalid, to recover by slow degrees—but she is strong. She **arose straightway,** 'and walked' (*Mark*). And then He who had supernaturally restored her life sends her back to natural means for its sustenance. **He commanded to give her meat** ('food'), at once betokening the completeness of her recovery, defining the limits of the miracle, and showing His gentle care for the child; for 'He was a loving man, genial in His feelings, full of human sympathies, fond of young folks. He would enter at once into the circle of the little damsel's reawakened consciousness, and understand how sweet to her young fresh appetite, after the long abstinence to which she had been subjected in her illness, would be "something to eat." Even the child's mother was not so motherly as Jesus.'—*Dr. James Morison.* He will not supersede ordinary means where these are sufficient. (So in the case of Lazarus (John xi. 44), Christ calls him from the grave, but the attendants must loose the grave clothes.) The astonishment, joy, thankfulness, of that happy home we can well imagine: but why the injunction to **tell no man**? See for the general reasons of this command, International Lesson, Feb. 27 ("Sunday at Home," Feb. 19). Christ would still be known in His chief character as the giver of *spiritual* life, and not even by marvels such as this would He have men's attention distracted from that highest work.

> There may also have been a special reason in this child's case. Jesus 'would not have this young and happy life burdened with the weight of such a mystery; if possible, the girl herself was not to know it. The widow's son at Nain might bear the burden, and meet the curious eyes bent upon him, and answer as he could the eager questions asked about that other life, of which he had caught a glimpse. But this child, just on the verge of happy girlhood, must be spared it all. "She is not dead, but sleepeth," He said; and He called her back to her place on earth, as one who had only been wrapt in a deeper slumber than usual.'†

Questions.

1. What was the office and function of the rulers of the synagogue?

2. On what occasions were Peter, James, and John called to special companionship with Our Lord?

3. Enumerate the cases in which the very expressions used by Christ are given in the original Hebrew (or Syro-Chaldaic); by what evangelist, and from the recollection of which of the apostles.

4. Illustrate the different manifestations of faith, in connection with the several miracles wrought by Christ in Capernaum.

5. Mention Our Lord's three raisings from the dead, with the circumstances peculiar to each. How have these been used to illustrate the impartation of spiritual life?

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* The word *Talitha* is from the Heb. *Taleh*, 'a lamb.' So Isa. lxv. 25, etc.

† Hesba Stretton, *The Wonderful Life*, pp. 106–7.

Pages for the Young.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SQUIRE BENTLEY'S TREAT."

CHAPTER I.

THE Sunday afternoon lesson was at an end. Mr. Norman, as he closed his book, looked gravely round at the young group before him. With the exception of a little niece, then staying in his house on a visit, the class consisted only of his own children. An hour of a Sunday afternoon devoted to reading and studying the Bible was an established rule in the household. The lesson that day had been upon Solomon's choice, and as Mr. Norman glanced at the young faces around him, the thought passed through his mind of the individual life fast coming to each, and of the special blessings that might seem most desirable in connection with their future lot. The thought prompted the question, "Children, if, like Solomon, you might have some great desire granted, what would be your particular request?"

The answer did not come very promptly; young hearts in the first hazy, happy glow of early life, know but little of distinct hopes or definite purposes. Then William, the eldest son, thinking some answer was required of them, replied, "Father, we could none of us wish a better wish than Solomon's."

"No," said Mr. Norman, "and there is a heavenly wisdom which all may possess, which is truly the foundation of all other blessings."

Harry, an impetuous lad of ten years old, was the next speaker: "Yes, father, I understand what you mean; but I believe William will be wise in every sense, clever, and fond of study and books. But if I might have what I most wish, I should like to do something great, some good or difficult deed, which people should remember long years afterwards."

"You would live just for fame, Harry."

Harry's face flushed. "Oh no, father, not that exactly, but I do like enterprise and adventure, even danger; you know I do. I think I ought to be a soldier."

Mr. Norman smiled back into the young, enthusiastic face. He knew well, that with the ardent, enterprising spirit, beat a generous kindly heart, qualities that might one day develope into more than ordinary nobility of character.

Harry turned to his cousin Dora. "Come, Dora, what would you say?"

Dora was a year younger than Harry. She looked up shyly, as she answered gravely, "I haven't thought much about it. I don't fancy I could be very wise, or brave either. I think, though, I should like to do something very useful, and help people very much some day."

Harry impulsively pushed back his clustering brown curls. "I have it, Dora; you ought to be a nurse, and go out to the wars with me; you would make a famous hand attending the sick and wounded."

"The people you had helped to bruise and destroy."

"Oh, father, how gravely you look at things—but still, you are quite right," and Harry sat back in his chair, and a look of sudden solemnity flitted across his face. The expression was but momentary, his usual vivacity instantly returned. "Now let one of the others speak," he said. But the others referred to consisted only of the junior members of the family, John, Herbert, and Frank. Mr. Norman passed them over in silence, as too young for opinion. Yet there was one more who had not spoken; but no one thought of referring so practical a question to her, one of the little band yet so painfully apart from them all, and separated from their pleasures and pursuits.

Millicent, Mr. Norman's eldest child, had never taken her place, or acted her part in the little family group. That Sunday afternoon, she reclined on a chair adopted to her use, wheeled close to her father's side. Every feature of her delicate face spoke of long-continued pain. A fall in early childhood had been followed by a serious weakness; she could never be upright and strong, like others, and the sense of her trial smote acutely upon her naturally sensitive spirit. Millicent was not patient, and her cross pressed heavily. Her eager, passionate nature fretted continually against the deformed helpless frame. She could never fill her place in life like other girls, she told herself; her parents could never take joy and pride in her; others might be happy and glad, but she must always be isolated, shut out from their pleasures and enjoyments. She caught a gleam of a beautiful world around, and felt herself as debarred from all its joys as a bird imprisoned in a cage, which catches a whiff of sweet woods and winds, and sees a free heaven above, where it can never soar, because of its iron bars which close it round on every side.

Mr. Norman glanced at her face, and as quickly looked away again. A young life whose possibilities were so limited, what desires were open to her, it seemed only mockery to ask. But Millicent had caught the glimmer of interrogation in her father's eyes. Clasping suddenly her thin hands, her dark eyes pathetic in their intensity of desire, she said, "Oh, I would give the whole wide world to be beautiful!"

Dead silence followed the unexpected outburst. Quick tears of sympathy sprang to Harry's eyes, and a look of unspeakable pain passed over Mr. Norman's face, as, after a moment's pause, he said, "Oh Millicent, to me, to all of us who love you, you are that already, my child!" He spoke gently, but Millicent detected the ring of anguish in her father's voice. Laying her head on his shoulder, she hid her face from sight, already she was ashamed of her hasty, impulsive utterance.

"Was I very wrong?" she said in a low tone.

"Your words were hasty words; but the spirit in which you meet your trial is wrong, dear Millicent."

The girl's hands tightened in their clasp, as in the same low voice she said, "Yes, father, I know it; but my lot is hard."

Millicent did not realise that her complaining spirit also made their lot hard for those who loved her best. Mr. Norman's face was very sad, as, softly stroking her hair, he said gently, "Poor Millicent, poor child, may God give you grace to bear it."

Millicent remained silent, and, at a gesture from Mr. Norman, the other children quietly quitted the room.

But some one else, of whose presence she had not been aware, had heard Millicent's passionate exclamation. A lady had pushed open a door at the other end of the room, and Millicent's words had arrested her steps. She had stood a silent listener and spectator of the little scene that had followed. It was Mrs. Grantley, Dora's mother, who had accompanied her little daughter on her visit. She had intended entering the room for the purpose of obtaining a book, but Millicent's words had caused her to stop suddenly on the threshold. At Mr. Norman's mute command to the children she quietly withdrew. But the words had stirred a thrill of sympathy in her heart for the afflicted child, and for the fond parents, upon whom the trial must also inevitably fall. And with the feeling came also the desire to help or ease in some way the heavy burden. The opportunity speedily arrived.

The evening came on wet and stormy, and only Mr. Norman and his two sons ventured to church. Mrs. Norman was suffering from headache, and remained in her own room. The three younger children and Dora gathered round Mrs. Grantley. Millicent lay on her couch by the window, pale and listless; the inert, weary look upon her face was pitiful. She held a book in her hand, but the reading was plainly only a pretence.

Dora suggested that someone should read aloud.

"We have nothing fresh," said Frank. "We have read all our stories through. Aunt Grantley, I wish you would tell us something."

"Oh, yes; mother tells splendid stories," said Dora.

With the exception of Millicent, the request became unanimous.

"Would you like it, dear?" Dora asked gently.

"Just as Aunt Grantley pleases," was the laconic reply.

But the next moment Millicent blushed at her discourtesy. Raising herself slightly, "If you will be good enough to tell the children a story, I am sure I shall like to listen," she said, and then leaned back again with the same air of listless languor.

The story could have no possible interest for her; but the children interpreted her response according to their own eager spirit, and sat silent for their aunt to begin.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VII.

Double Acrostic.

Twain are they, yet but one. When they forsake,
The Lord who gave them first will pity take.
He for the orphan will sure refuge make.

1. Many are bidden, think you they obey?
No! they go forth. To *this* one takes his way,
For love of gain within his heart hath sway.

2. The maiden is not dead; she doth but sleep;
Why therefore make ye *this?* why hopeless weep?
They who in tears have sown, in joy shall reap.

3. Some may have ten, some five, some only *one.*
It matters not if when their race is run
He who the prize bestows can say "Well done."

4. Behold, our days are but as *this poor span,*
And vain at his best state is every man;
Then gently, Lord, we pray, our trespass scan.

5. Yea, as *she* stirreth up her mountain nest,
And beareth forth her young, so on His breast
The Lord bare Israel safe and gave him rest.

6. Behold *it* flowing forth in living streams,
Gladdening the city with its dazzling gleams,
Radiance reflected from the Sun's bright beams.

NO. VIII.

Double Acrostic.

Steadfast, by stormy blast unswayed,
Erect thy ripening glories stand;
And righteous souls like thee are stayed,
Upheld by an Almighty hand.

1. Before a home on earth they knew,
Where glittering raindrops gently fall,
Before in watered fields they grew,
The Lord God made them, each and all.

2. When wine within the cup glows red,
Danger and death lie hidden there;
It stingeth like this serpent dread;
Look not upon it but beware.

3. What power unto the mercy-seat,
With bands drew Israel like a child?
And, patient, guided Ephraim's feet
In wayward wanderings in the wild?

4. The howling storm, the earthquake o'er,
A wond'rous fire flamed up apace,
And then the still small voice before,
In this Elijah wrapped his face.

A compound word, of which the initials form the first part and the finals the second.

NO. IX.

Double Acrostic.

"The Child of God!" Wouldst thou this precious title earn?
Plant love again where hate and angry passions burn.

1. The floors with wheat are filled, rejoice ye then once more!
The years that these consumed I will again restore.

2. Egyptian princes come, and this benighted land
To Israel's king with joy shall soon stretch out her hand.

3. Though waters rage and swell, triumphant o'er the waves,
One refuge safely rides, for faith is strong to save.

4. A calm unearthly, touched with awe and solemn dread,
Dwells round this last low home, where sleep the holy dead.

5. The desert-ship may thus go through the needle's eye
Than he who trusts in gold may reach his home on high.

A compound word, of which the initials form the first half and the finals the second.

F. M. E.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. III.—p. 64.—JEHU AND BIDKAR.—2 Kings ix. 24–26.

1. J-ebusites	2 Sam. v. 6–9.
2. E-sther	
3. H-azeroth	Numbers xi. 35; xii. 16.
4. U-cal	Prov. xxx. 1.
1. B-aal-zebub	2 Kings i, 2.
2. I-ddo	Nehemiah xii. 4.
3. D-edication, Feast of the	John x. 22.
4. K-orah	Num. xvi. 6. 35.
5. A-tonement, Day of	Lev. xxiii. 27–29.
6. R-uth	Ruth iv. 13–22.

NO. IV.—p. 95.—MANNA—BREAD.—John vi. 49; Matt. vi. 11.

1. M-oa-*b*	Deut. xxxiv. 5.
2. A-*r*	Isaiah xv. 1.
3. N-azaren-*e*	Matt. ii. 23.
4. N-chusht-*a*	2 Kings xxiv. 8.
5. A-rphaxa-*d*	Gen. xi. 10.

NO. V.—p. 95.—MILK—WINE.—Isaiah iv. 1.

1. M-orro-*w*	Matt. vi. 34.
2. I-tta-*i*	2 Sam. xxiii. 29.
3. L-io-*n*	Judges xiv. 5, 6.
4. K-in-*e*	1 Sam. vi. 12.

ANSWER TO A HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. I.—p. 112.

"And they shall dwell in their own land."—Jer. xxiii. 8.

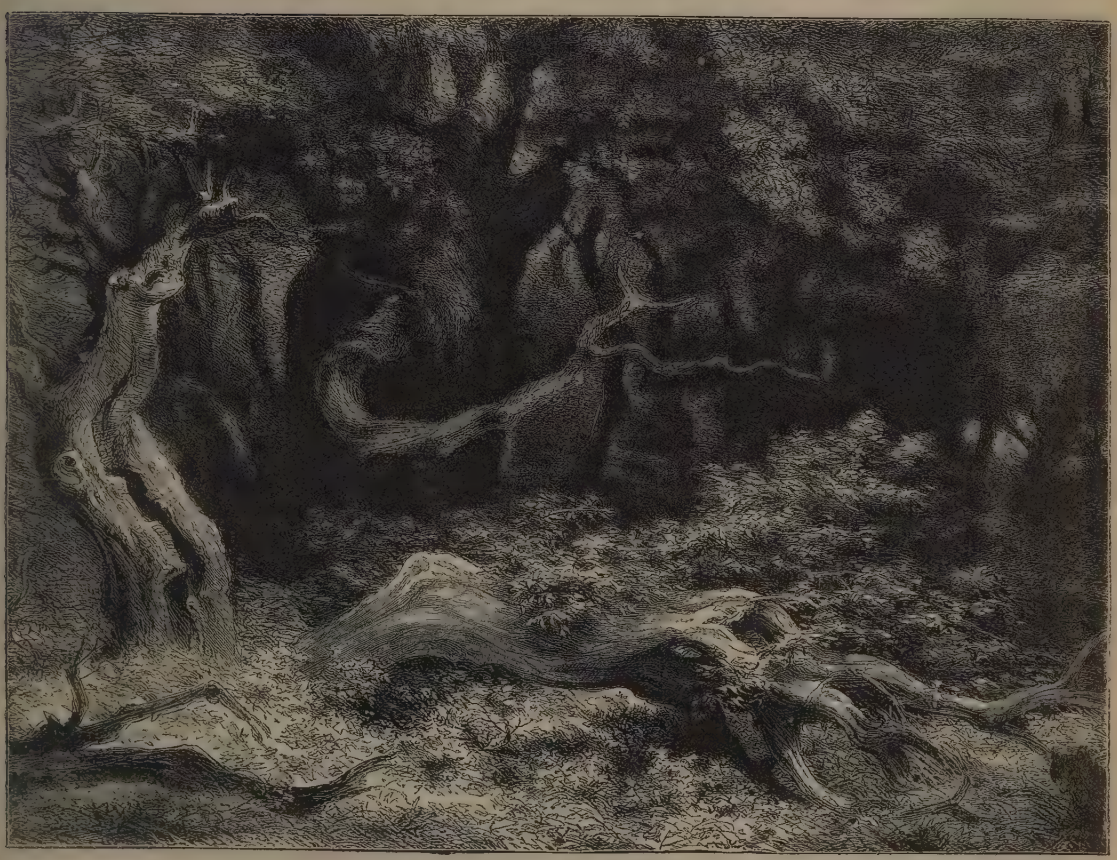
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.



ON THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

III.—THE WINDS.

THE March winds are regarded by us as the variable benefactions of spring. We are apt to call them capricious—which is altogether a mistake on our part, for there is nothing more capricious in the movement of a wind than there is in the movement of a world, and the one and the other both illustrate the reign of law. And if spring be a pleasant time in the scenes it presents and the hopes it inspires, it may be said to be greatly due to the fact that in this season the benevolent Disposer of Nature is "walking on the wings of the wind." The wind brings the warming beam and the cleansing shower; it is the wind which wakens at once the young bud and the young bird, and calls up all Nature's busy labourers, the insect in the grass, the rook in the old tree, and all the countless races who seem at this season to realise the dawn of a new day in nature, and to wake up to a life of labour and of love.

There can be no doubt that something is communicated by these March winds to the atmosphere which gives its velvety coat to the peach, as well as

its delicious taste to the strawberry; depend upon it, the March wind helps to perfume the rose, to scent the lily, and to give flavour to the pear and the apple.

And how does it all come about? It seems to make real the wonderful ways of the old fable of the ancients who regarded Apollo as the Sun and Mercury as his messenger. The March winds are the messengers of the Sun; they are the great awakeners, but then, that is because they bear warmth upon their breezes. The winds, indeed, as naturally as any other of the innumerable works and ways of Nature, furnish us with a view of the ways of the Great King.

Perhaps it is not quite easy to realise what the winds do for us. The old Eastern tales tell what many have thought to be a charming story of Gulnare, the Queen of the Under-Sea folk. Down at the bottom of the sea there were people who were never wetted by the water, could see as well as we can see, and had their own wonderful language, and could transport themselves at will from place to place. We are like them: we live at the bottom of an aerial ocean—the atmosphere around us reaching up, at a rough calculation, about forty-five miles. We move, in fact, to use a humorous but patent illustration, like gold-fish in a transparent glass vase. But this aerial ocean is to a remarkable degree at once permeable by the sun's rays and yet very little disturbed by their direct action. And yet "those rays," says Dr. Tyndall, "when they fall upon the earth heat its surface, and when they fall upon the ocean provoke evaporation; the air in contact with the surface shares its heat, is expanded, and ascends into the upper regions of the atmosphere; while the vapour from the ocean also ascends, because of its lightness, carrying, no doubt, air along with it; where the rays fall vertically on the earth—that is to say between the tropics—there the heating of the surface is greatest." And here we have a very compact and lucid explanation of the cause of winds, of their more temperate play in our climate, and of their wild and terrible display in tropical scenes.

For as to what the winds can do, and the different ways in which they can disport themselves in other regions, we have no space for description. The tremendous hurricanes and tornadoes of the West Indies, the poisonous sirocco, or the sand blast of Arabia, the seasonable monsoon of India, the hot harmattan of Africa, or the water-spout of the ocean; these and many other modes of atmospheric action caused by the wind do not fall within the limits of a short paper designed more especially to call attention to the more friendly and benevolent movements of the air.

But even storms are friendly; they are followed, as has so often been noticed, by a sensible improvement in the air and increased comfort; as some one has said, something has been going wrong in Nature's household, and these are the besoms to clear and to cleanse. A storm will frequently check a pestilence which all human skill was quite unequal to prevent; cholera epidemics, it has been noticed, have usually been attended by a great stillness in the atmosphere, by which no doubt the indication was given of the concentration of the poison. Dr. Child says, "On the banks of the La Plata, in South America, there is a wind which comes charged with the germs of intermittent fever from the marshes lying to the north. The wretched inhabitants droop and sicken, and shiver into their graves; suddenly a hurricane sweeps across the Pampas from the cold summits of the Andes in the south-west, and in a few days the seeds of the disease are roughly yet effectually expelled by its searching force." And our March winds perform in a more gentle manner very much the same kindly service for us; their work has been very truly, as well as delicately and poetically, described by Longfellow:

"A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O mists, make room for me!'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake! it is the Day!'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!'

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing!'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near!'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming morn!'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!'

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet; in quiet lie.'"

Such is that wind which is, however, the pleasant and refreshing gale of life; and there are seasons in the history of the soul when, becalmed and stagnant, it sighs for such impulses, and sings:

"Celestial breeze, no longer stay."

Unsubstantial, immaterial, it is not therefore wonderful that in the early and primitive ideas of all nations the winds should present an analogy to the mind of spiritual being and existence; for it is to be remembered, that what we speak of frequently as wind is air, the atmosphere round us in a state of agitation by the subtle power of motion; the motion itself is quite beyond our comprehension, although we apprehend its cause. And so, among the myths of the old American Indians, God was personified in the wind, and in many instances there was an identification of the Divinity with the Wind. The priests of the old Esquimaux prayed to Sillam Innua, the Owner of the Winds, as the highest existence, and the abode of the dead they called Sillam Aipane, the "House of the Winds." Men who have devoted their lives almost to the study of the ancient peoples of the American continent, say that there is scarce a nation on that continent but possesses some vague tradition of an origin from Four Brothers, sometimes spoken of as the four rain-bringers, four men who came from the four corners of the earth, and brought with them the sacred fire, and pointed out to men the sacred plants, all evidently in allusion to the winds. It is not so with the American Indians alone. That of which we speak as wind has in many languages, and among many peoples, been the nearest approach to the representation of the innermost springs and fountains of life; the motions of the air have been associated in thought and in language

A SHIPWRECK

with the idea of God and the movements of the human soul. The word *spiritual* is derived from the Latin *spirare* to blow, or to breathe; in Latin, again, if we look for the derivation of the word *animus*, the mind, or *anima*, the soul, they evidently come from

A FRESHENING BREEZE.

the Greek *anemos*, signifying the wind, and *aēmi*, to blow; so with many other words. In Greek, the words for soul, or spirit, *psuche*, *pneuma*, *thumos*, are all derived directly from words signifying the wind, or the breath. It is so also in Hebrew: the word *ruach* is the word which in the Old Testament is translated, according to the context, sometimes by "wind," sometimes by "spirit," sometimes by "breath." Thus, as it has been truly said, in so many languages, etymologically certainly, ghosts and gusts, breaths and breezes, the Great Spirit, and the great wind, are one and the same; and from this point of view our Lord's words to Nicodemus acquire a singular significance.

Nicodemus sought our Lord by night; they were sitting alone together. It is not unnatural to imagine the night wind was heard sighing past their habitation. "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit," or, the Divine breath. There was a pointed analogy which the word suggested, whether our Lord was speaking in the Greek, as we possess his words, or, which is more likely to such a visitor, in the Hebrew. And thus, very truly, a gentle and almost forgotten poet sings:

"Ye viewless minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not, in times gone by,
That ye were deified;
For even in this later day,
To me oft has your power or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,
Yawn like death's opening path!

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:
Ye come—we know not whence!
Ye go—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight
Though audible to sense.

The sun, his rise and set we know;
The sea, we mark its ebb and flow;
The moon, her wax and wane;
The stars, man knows their courses well;
The comet's vagrant path can tell;
But you his search disdain.

But ah, to me when fancy stirs
My thoughts ye seem *heaven's messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all your power,
It seems the *voice of God*."

So that the winds, as we have said, immaterial in their origin and source, really become, and have been regarded in all ages, as illustrating the ways of the King "who maketh the winds His messengers."

"As fickle as the wind," "as free as the wind," are terms which poets have been fond of using; even Tennyson has, in some of his early verses, ascribed to the winds this imaginary freedom:

"The winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth,
With mellow preludes, 'We are free!'
The streams through many a lilied row,
Down carolling to the crispèd sea,
Low tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free!'"

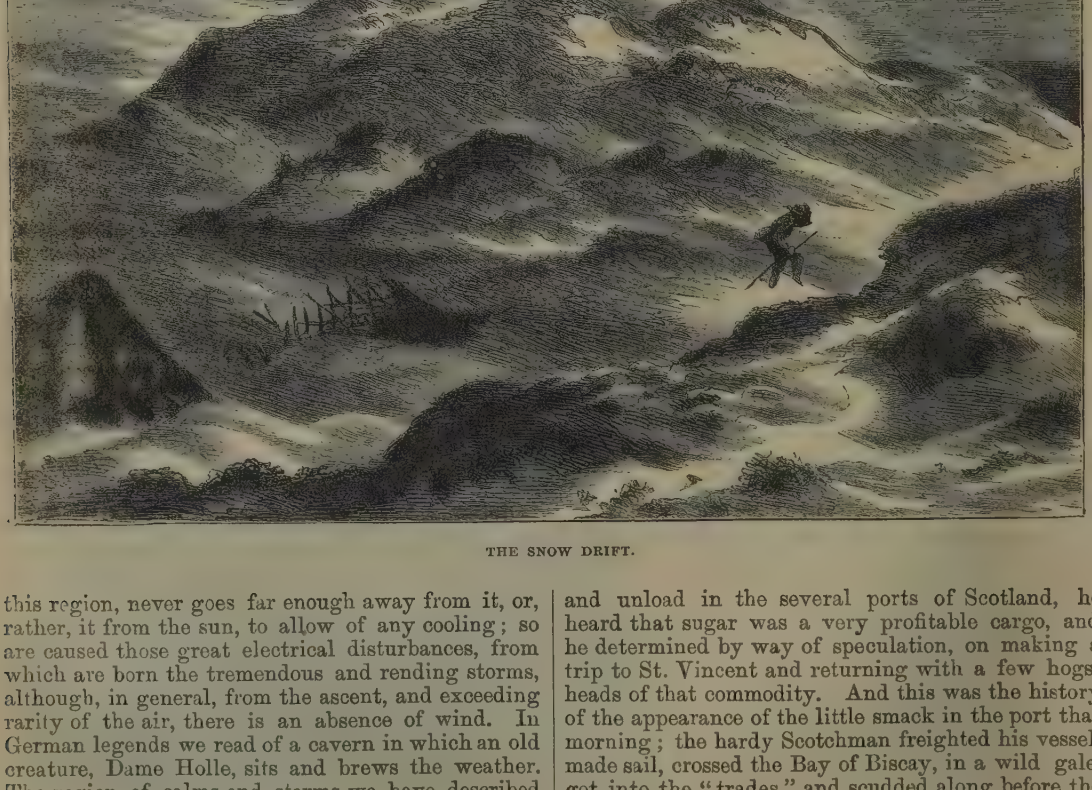
Very pretty, very poetical, but, nevertheless not true: the streams move beneath the law of the wind, and the winds are themselves quite beneath the influence of a law of motion arising from the variations of heat created by the far-distant sun.

Some of the noblest passages of Scripture evidently

RUSTLING LEAVES.

suggest that the winds, as they are amongst the most magnificent, so also they are amongst the most mysterious of the ways of God: "He bringeth the wind out of His treasures." "He holdeth the winds in His fist."

It may be said, notwithstanding what we have known here occasionally of "the wind and tempest roaring high," we in these latitudes are ignorant of the great and tremendous force of the wind; it is within the tropics that we become aware of the great terrors of the storm-power. And perhaps, this, without much scientific information, may demonstrate how much we are indebted to the sun for the variations of wind and weather. As the equator lies beneath the vertical rays of the sun twice a year at the two equinoxes—and the same holds good of all the places within the equatorial zone—but in such a manner that the periods are always approaching together, until they fall coincident under the tropics which are only warmed by the vertical rays of the sun once in the year, namely the Tropic of Cancer at the time of our longest day, and the Tropic of Capricorn on our shortest day—and as the sun which comes twice a year to be directly over



THE SNOW DRIFT.

this region, never goes far enough away from it, or, rather, it from the sun, to allow of any cooling; so are caused those great electrical disturbances, from which are born the tremendous and rending storms, although, in general, from the ascent, and exceeding rarity of the air, there is an absence of wind. In German legends we read of a cavern in which an old creature, Dame Holle, sits and brews the weather. The region of calms and storms we have described is an actual Dame Holle's Hole; it has been truly said all the weather in the whole world is manufactured there. But this is widely different from the Finland, Lapland, and Breton witches, who drove a profitable trade by the sale of favourable winds to superstitious sailors!

At once among the most beautiful, benevolent and useful of these phenomena of physical geography, we like to think of the trade winds. The Irish humourist, Samuel Lover, tells the story of the Irish navigator, Barney O'Rheadon, who was paid for piloting the ship into Cork which showed him the way home from Bengal; but this is not a more singular story than one which was originally published in a volume entitled "Four Months in the West Indies." The writer, in giving a description of the island of St. Vincent, mentions that a little sloop, so insignificant that its private signal was unknown to any even of the merchants there, sailed into harbour one morning, and immediately attracted the notice of a surrounding crowd. It was, in fact, a little fishing-smack always employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland, carrying herrings and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow; its commander knew little of navigation beyond that which enabled him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noonday. But he had been in the habit of seeing large vessels from the West Indies load and unload in the several ports of Scotland, he heard that sugar was a very profitable cargo, and he determined by way of speculation, on making a trip to St. Vincent and returning with a few hogsheads of that commodity. And this was the history of the appearance of the little smack in the port that morning; the hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel, made sail, crossed the Bay of Biscay, in a wild gale, got into the "trades" and scudded along before the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent right a-head, and ran in under a light breeze along the windward coast. But such a vessel, and so manned, could hardly have performed the voyage thus described, had it not been aided by the current of the *trade* winds. And what then must be the advantage of such a wind, when

instead of helping the owner of a little fishing-smack to perform such an enterprise, it helps forward the mighty fleets of great empires? Perhaps even the name of Columbus could not have been mentioned in this connection as having obtained such a sovereignty over the seas had he not been assisted by the "trades," which preserve so wondrous a calm that, far out at sea even, a candle burns without flickering. Well may those winds deserve the designation of the "trades," when we contemplate them in the mighty facilities which they afford to commerce. How remarkable that ceaseless breeze, which seems to hurry the vessel hopelessly along the mysterious sea, and which yet so far from being fraught with danger, is a very "wind of God" urging the vessel on in the way of safety.

And although the notice must be so slight of the great things effected by the winds, it is impossible not to mention the wonderful current of the Gulf Stream, the grandest and most beneficent, it has been called, of all purely geographical phenomena; the principal cause of the superiority of the climates of Western Europe over those of Eastern America and Eastern Asia. It seems curious to read that the contrast between Northern Europe and the Eastern coast of America caused Halley to imagine that the North Pole of the earth had shifted, that it was formerly situated somewhere near Behrings Straits, and that the intense cold observed in those regions is really the cold of the ancient pole which had not been entirely subdued since the axis changed its direction; "but now we know," says Dr. Tyndall, "that the Gulf Stream, and the diffusion of heat by winds and vapours, are the real causes of European mildness; on the western coast of America, between the Rocky Mountains and the ocean, we find a European climate."

Our artist has caught and presented the impressions of scenes which may be beheld nearer home, but the rush of wind throughout the forest, where the prostrate trees give the evidence of its tyrannic sway, will remind the reader of a story told by the great American ornithologist and traveller, Audubon, who relates a scene his eyes beheld, illustrating the almost unimaginable power of the wind. When travelling in one of the great American forests he heard the roar and rush of the wind, and seeing the trees bend and sway directly in his path, he sought shelter, and stood a silent witness of the effects of a hurricane confined to a narrow space, which yet was so powerful that the giants of the forest crashed and fell; so it continued for miles, and when it at length passed out of sight, the forest presented the appearance as of some mighty power, which having swept through, left destruction in its track. An instance like this reminds us of the grand words of the old Psalmist: "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. The voice of the Lord discovereth the forest." One might think that the Psalmist himself had seen some such spectacle.

The suggestion of this paper is, however, of the more bland and balmy influences which are around us now. The March winds do not always leave very gentle impressions, yet the proverb says, "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," which is only another way of reminding us that "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers." As we have seen, the wind derives its energy and activity from the sun, so there is truth in the words—

"The Sunbeam to the South Wind said,
'There's work for us to do:
To plough the ground, to knead the bread,
They need both me and you!
I spread my light along the sky;
You blow the mists away
To let the fields and orchards lie
All open to the day.
For sower's seed and reaper's bread
Depend on me and you!'
So the Sunbeam to the South Wind said,
'There's work for us to do!'

'The misty season breaks at last;
The clouds hung low and long;
The trees were shiv'ring in the blast;
We heard no blithe bird's song;
But sprouting seeds and budding trees
Have felt our coming wing;
And garden flow'rs peep to the breeze;
I hear the blackbird sing!
But sower's seed and reaper's bread
Depend on me and you!'
So the Sunbeam to the South Wind said,
'There's work for us to do.'

'And when the milk is in the corn,
The apple in the tree;
And lab'rers wake on harvest morn,
They'll all bless you and me,
They'll look above with hearts of love
To God, the Lord of all!
And hail the prime of that sweet time
Of mischief's-master's fall;
But the sower's seed and reaper's bread
Depend on me and you!'
So the Sunbeam to the South Wind said,
'There's work for us to do!'"

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

CHAPTER IX.—A PLEASANT RECOGNITION.

A NEW life now commenced for Rupert in the London residence of Lord Summerhaze. He could not but feel strange at first amidst his new surroundings, but the nobleman led a very quiet existence, and made the young man feel at home far sooner than he had expected. The mornings were generally spent in his lordship's library, and in the afternoon he was at liberty to wander about the great metropolis, in search of whatever information or amusement he might desire. The reader will not be surprised to hear that Rupert's first thoughts turned towards his old friends the Collettes, but unfortunately he was not in possession of their address. They had, indeed, written once or perhaps twice, soon after their arrival in London, to Rupert's mother; but this was now some years ago, and the letters had been lost, nor had the lad remembered to question his mother as to their exact whereabouts. To secure any tidings of this family was now therefore a matter of the utmost difficulty. Little had Rupert dreamed, in his French home, what a labyrinth the great capital of his native country would prove to be. Inquiries were indeed made, and, by his lordship's advice, the "Directory" consulted, but the name of Jean Collette, ivory-carver, did not appear in its pages.

Lord Summerhaze's health, which had for some years been failing, now became a matter of anxiety, and Rupert's attendance and companionship grew more and more necessary to the infirm nobleman. He was one of those characters in which an outward exterior of coldness covers over deep and noble feelings, and the respect which the young man so naturally felt for his patron soon ripened into affection.

Thus the days passed by profitably enough, and both in social, moral and intellectual respects, Rupert was making good progress towards a useful manhood.

A year had nearly elapsed since Rupert had first become an inmate of Lord Summerhaze's mansion in Berkeley Square, when, one Sunday afternoon, he sallied forth in search of some more quiet and unobtrusive place of worship than the fashionable churches which the denizens of that locality are wont to attend.

The young man's footsteps seemed to lead him in the direction of the city, and he carried under his arm that now well-worn Bible into the pages of which we have occasionally had a glance.

Rupert had not quite reached the city, when a number of people carrying, like himself, Bibles or Prayer-books, passing down a side street, seemed to invite him to follow them. The loud clanging of some fine-toned church-bells seemed also to add a welcome.

The church was not a particularly handsome one as regards architectural characteristics, but it was large and comfortable and cheerful, and the congregation, who were now almost filling the sacred edifice, seemed as if they took an interest in the place and in the service which was about to commence. An inscription at the entrance gave the acceptable information that every seat was free, and the young man took his place without that unpleasant feeling of strangeness and of not being welcome, which pew doors and pew openers have the misfortune to engender.

There was evident earnestness amongst the congregation, and the preacher seemed to be in sympathy with his hearers, speaking to them as from heart to heart. But what struck Rupert more especially, was the number of young men in the congregation, who were evidently listening to the preacher with intelligent interest.

As the organ struck up the concluding voluntary, and Rupert was making his way out of the church, a pleasant-looking gentleman looked kindly at him, glancing at the same time at the book in his hand.

"You are a stranger here, sir, I think," said the gentleman politely, as the two descended the church steps together. "How do you like our church and the service?"

Rupert was not slow to express the gratification which the earnestness of the congregation and the plain and simple sermon had afforded him.

"I think, sir," said the young man modestly, "that it is very pleasant for a stranger like me to feel that one is welcome, and it seems that other young men think so too, for there were a great many there."

"Yes," said the gentleman with a pleased look, "I entirely agree with you. We are proud of our church being free to all, and we think a good deal of our young men too. I scarcely like to intrude upon your time or plans," added the stranger courteously, "but I am just on my way to a friendly meeting of some of these young men. We admit visitors, and if you would like to be present, it will give us all much pleasure."

Rupert was so taken with the gentleman's kindly and courteous manner that, having consulted his watch, and having found that there were yet several hours before he would be required by Lord Summerhaze, he willingly accepted the stranger's invitation, and followed him up some stairs into a large room, where a goodly number of young men had already assembled. Signing to Rupert to take a seat beside him, the gentleman took his place at the end of a large table, and opened the meeting by giving out a hymn and then engaging in a short prayer. An animated discussion over an interesting passage of Scripture then followed, which, while it was marked by the greatest liberty and freedom from formality, was so skilfully guided by the president as to be altogether devoid of any want of reverence or order.

A spirit of sympathy and brotherhood seemed to lend a charm to the whole, and Rupert thought that he had never spent so pleasant an afternoon.

The proceedings, which had barely lasted an hour, were brought to a close by another brief prayer by the president, who concluded with an announcement, which seemed to afford no small satisfaction to his audience, that on the following Sunday a visit and

short address by their regular minister were to be expected, who, the president informed Rupert, was about to return after a somewhat lengthy absence.

With a ready promise to be present on the following Sunday, if possible, the young man hurried back to his patron's residence. Lord Summerhaze seemed pleased with the account which Rupert gave of his afternoon's adventure, and even entered with some interest into a further discussion of the subject which had been under consideration.

The world seemed to have lost its charms for this sick nobleman, and it was with touching humility that he seemed from time to time to be feeling after truths which as yet he scarcely understood.

The next Sunday afternoon the invalid was not so well as usual, and Rupert was unable to attend the service which had so attracted him a week before, but Lord Summerhaze insisted on his being present at the meeting, both for his own sake, and also with a view to a further account from Rupert of the subject under consideration.

The young man thought the nobleman looked paler and weaker than usual as he left him lying on his library sofa, now and then gazing up silently at a portrait of his only daughter which hung above him.

The room was unusually full on this especial Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Raymond, the president, had already taken his seat when Rupert arrived. He met with several friendly looks of welcome, as he took his place on one of the few seats which were still vacant.

All was evident excitement and expectation. A beloved minister, who had been a long time away, from ill health, had returned and was about to look them in the face once more and speak words of encouragement and counsel.

As the clock struck the hour there was silence in the room, which seemed to deepen as familiar footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; in another moment the door opened and this minister stood amongst them again, with his old familiar look and voice—but what was Rupert's surprise, to recognise in them the same look and voice that had so cheered his mother's last hours on her dying bed at Dieppe! Rupert involuntarily started from his seat at the clergyman's first appearance, but the action was unnoticed by the rest, so absorbed were they in the feelings of the moment.

Waving to them his hand in greeting the pastor began to address them in words of quiet thankfulness, touching lightly on his past illness, telling them of the foreign land that he had visited, but assuring them that throughout all his long absence he had never forgotten them. He then spoke of those mysterious providences which all Christians must expect, and of those long and trying hindrances to their plans and labours which they must sometimes be called upon to meet with. "But," he added, "we shall have been taught but in vain, if we do not learn that all these apparent hindrances are really helping us. 'Our times are in His hand.' And even when separated from our work and usefulness, it may be," he continued, "that God may have blessed some little seed dropped by us on the wayside."

The clergyman looked towards the table for a Bible, to read to them some passages of Scripture specially bearing on this subject. Owing to the unusual crush, which occupied the attendant, the books had not as usual been laid upon the table, but Rupert had with him the old gift and he held it out to the clergyman.

The minister almost unconsciously took in his hands the volume that had been his own, and read the words of Isaiah, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

It may be that the old volume felt familiar to his touch, for his fingers felt unconsciously for the title-page. His eye falling upon the fly-leaf, he started back in surprise. "What!" he said, "my own handwriting," and then, as if trying to summon up some past reminiscences, he read slowly to himself, "'Rupert Long. The gift of a friend.' Surely," he continued, "this cannot be the same Bible that I——"

"Yes, sir," said Rupert quietly, "it is the same Bible that you gave me by my mother's bedside at Dieppe, and I thank you for what it has done for her and me."

CHAPTER X.—WHERE IS CHRISTINE?

Lord Summerhaze was still lying upon his sofa in the library when Rupert returned, but he roused himself up a little, when at his request the young man gave him some account of the meeting, and of the remarkable recognition which had taken place there. The story of the clergyman's visit to Rupert's mother had not been heard by his lordship, and he seemed to listen to it with an uncommon interest, as it was told to him by his young companion, this Sunday evening. The very words which the clergyman used had to be repeated to the nobleman, who seemed to experience no small pleasure in hearing them. "And this, my lord," said Rupert, "is the Bible which the clergyman gave me, and which I have kept ever since."

Lord Summerhaze silently took the Bible out of Rupert's hand, and gazed at it with interest, glancing at the inscription and reading over several times the invitation to the weary and heavy laden, which he saw marked in it. In a few minutes more he was being assisted by Spencer to undress, but after he had laid down to rest, he called for Rupert to his bedside, and said, "Do you think that clergyman would come and see me, if you asked him?"

"I am sure he would, my lord, with the greatest pleasure," answered Rupert; "and if your lordship likes, I will go and ask him to-morrow."

Accordingly, on the next day, in compliance with Rupert's request, Mr. Gray, the clergyman, visited Lord Summerhaze, which he continued to do until that nobleman's death, and was the means of shedding much light and comfort on his closing hours.

This solemn event caused no small change in the ordinary routine of Rupert's life, making a deep impression on the young man's mind, and not a few long rambles in the parks were taken by him, in company with Bruno, where he could ponder over past events and try to make some plans for the future.

When the deceased nobleman's affairs were wound up, and his will read, it was found that his young companion had not been forgotten, for a moderate, but sufficient, legacy had been left him, sufficient at least to relieve him of all over-anxiety as regarded his progress in life.

By Mr. Gray's advice the young man now became a systematic student, and for that purpose entered the University of London, with a view, if, after due preparation, he should be considered fitted for so important a calling, of finally entering the sacred ministry.

AN INQUIRY.

Thus a new era in Rupert's life had begun—a life which companionship with the learned Abbé Barelle, and afterwards with the scarcely less studious Lord Summerhaze, had rendered him peculiarly desirous of leading.

The days were beginning again to resume their aspect of ordinary routine, when an occurrence took place which seemed not unlikely to assume no small importance in his future history.

It so happened that on one sunny afternoon, Rupert was passing along that ever-thronging stream of traffic and of pleasure, Oxford Street. The fineness of the day had drawn forth an unusual crowd of pedestrians, many of whom were lounging at the more attractive shop windows, in eager admiration of the various goods so enticingly displayed.

Rupert had made his way down about half the length of this important thoroughfare, when some slight impediment in his course caused him to glance for a moment almost unconsciously at the window of a dealer of various curiosities and articles of vertu.

One or two idlers were admiring an unusually beautifully-carved ivory figure displayed in the window. It represented the fair and patient Penelope, weaving her interminable thread. Rupert's experienced eye at once caught at the exquisitely artistic treatment of the subject, which rendered the ornament of no small value. But it was not that which made the young man's face to flush so suddenly and his heart to beat so rapidly. It took but a second glance to assure Rupert that there was but one hand that could have carved that figure, and that was the hand of Jean Collette; and that there was but one face from which those delicate features had been depicted, and that was the face of Christine.

With breathless anxiety Rupert hurried into the interior and rapped on the counter to attract the attention of an old gentleman in spectacles and a velvet cap, who was deliberately dusting some very rare and precious china at the other end of the shop.

But inquiries about such artistic objects of luxury were not to be made with such undue precipitation. Customers at such emporiums are not generally in a hurry, and are wont to spend a long time and talk a great deal over their purchases. Thus it was that considerable time elapsed before the old man could be made to understand the purport of Rupert's inquiries. Vendors, moreover, of this description are wont to be somewhat suspicious.

"If you don't wish to purchase the article," said the old man querulously, "why are you so anxious to know where I got it from?"

Rupert explained, as well as he could, that he believed the figure was the work of an old friend of his, and that he was especially anxious to hear of his whereabouts.

"Well," said the old man, turning over the leaves of a very shabby and blotted account-book, "as far as that goes, I don't know who carved that figure; but," added he, "I know the gentleman retired from business at whose sale I bought it, and if you happen

to be passing this way to-morrow, perhaps I may be able to tell you what you want to know."

The next day, Rupert, as soon as he was liberated from his morning's studies, hurried back to the shop to obtain if possible the information he required.

"It wasn't a man at all, as sold that figure to my friend," said the old gentleman, with the same uncommunicative manner as on the previous day; "it was a young lady. She seemed in want of money, and my friend bought it cheap; but that hasn't anything to do with the price I ask for it. It's worth the money any day."

Rupert once more assured the old gentleman that it was from no commercial motives that he made these inquiries, and added, with a beating heart:

"Do you think, sir, your friend could kindly give me any information about this young lady?"

"Well, I don't know," said the old man, putting on his spectacles in a very deliberate manner; "but here's a piece of paper that the young lady left with my friend when he bought the carving, in case he might want anything of the same kind again," and then he read, with some hesitation, an address which was written on it in a female hand: "Jean Collette, ivory-carver, No. 7, Lorraine Street, Soho."

"Sir, have the kindness to give me that paper," said Rupert, taking it eagerly from the old man's hands, and darting out into the street.

The next minute he was impetuously inquiring of a policeman, who looked at that moment as if he did not take any very particular interest in anything, which was the shortest way to No. 7, Lorraine Street, Soho.

The house was a large and gloomy one, evidently inhabited by a considerable number of families, who lived on *étages*, just as Rupert remembered to be the custom at Dieppe and other French towns.

In answer to his first inquiring knock on the ground-floor a somewhat irritable shoemaker, who had got off his bench to open the door, hastily replied that he knew nothing whatever about the party mentioned, but that there was a Frenchman upstairs who might know. For his part, he had had quite enough to do with these foreign chaps.

On the second floor Rupert met with a somewhat more courteous reception. A little man of the regulation French type, shaven whiskers, close-cropped hair, and fierce moustache, in his shirt-sleeves and a white apron, who at that moment was feeding a rather dirty baby out of an old jam-pot, politely replied that Monsieur Jean Collette had certainly lived there, but that "He is dead, it is twelve months;" and that "cette belle brunette, mademoiselle, his niece, is gone he knows not where."

All further inquiries were fruitless in eliciting any further information. The Collettes had kept much to themselves, and had made no friends, and it was with a heavy heart that Rupert found himself listlessly passing along the squalid streets of that semi-foreign region.

"Ah, poor Christine," said the young man to himself, "what a sad, sad history yours must have been."

A RECOGNITION.

The street which he was now traversing led him into Soho Square, through which he was about to make his way back into Oxford Street, with the despairing conviction that all further inquiries would be next to useless, when his eye accidentally lighted

on an inscription over the entrance to the Soho Bazaar. That inscription informed the general public that there was to be found within a registry office for governesses.

As if by a sudden inspiration, the young man quickly arrested his footsteps, and hesitated for a moment and then passed through the glass doors of that far-famed emporium. The registry office was upon the upper floor, when Rupert, having hurried up the stairs, found a clerical-looking gentleman in a black coat and white tie, seated behind a screen, at a square table covered all over with papers and bundles of letters. "Could this gentleman kindly inform the inquirer, Mr. Rupert Long, whether a young lady of the name of Collette had sought for any situation during the last twelve months?"

The sober-looking gentleman stared at the young man's impetuosity, and seemed as little willing to give the information as the vendor of old curiosities. Rupert's earnestness and honest features, however, ultimately won the day, and to his extreme amazement and delight the sober gentleman, after carefully examining a long register of applicants for situations, did actually discover the name that the young man so longed to hear.

"'Collette, Christine,'" read the gentleman gravely. "'French Protestant—native place, Dieppe, France—received as a companion by Miss Ricketts, No. 18, Tabor Crescent, Kensington.'"

The young man's first impulse upon regaining the open street was to call for a cab and drive off impetuously to No. 18, Tabor Crescent, but he suddenly remembered that it was now growing late—Oxford Street was beginning to glitter with its thousand lights—and that it would never do for a stranger like himself to invade the mansion of the rich and probably stately Miss Ricketts, at such an hour.

The next afternoon, however, found Rupert sallying forth on his fresh voyage of discovery. Considering the possibility of so soon seeing Christine, it was quite out of the question but that Bruno should accompany him on his errand; indeed, that faithful companion seemed unconsciously to have imbibed an additional amount of exuberant joyousness. To have lost Bruno even in London would have been a matter of no small difficulty, considering his wonderful immunity in following his master even when horses' hoofs and carriage-wheels threatened to annihilate him at every moment. Once or twice, indeed, the two companions had missed one another, when Bruno, depending too much upon his own powers, had loitered too long in discursive conversations with butchers' dogs, but even then the master on his return would find his companion comfortably coiled up before the kitchen-fire, or, if the area gate happened to be closed, patiently seated upon the door-step and manifesting no unusual signs of excitement beyond a faint wagging of his tail.

Rupert's way to-day lay along that resort of wealth and fashion, Rotten Row, but the young man was far too much preoccupied with his own thoughts and anticipations to take much, if, indeed, any notice of the gay scenes around him. Presently this glittering spectacle was left behind, and Rupert began to find himself almost alone as he drew near the farther end of the park. How much longer he would have remained absorbed in his own thoughts, it is difficult to state, had not Bruno's remarkable conduct at this particular moment arrested his attention. Abruptly relinquishing the company of three other dogs, upon whom he seemed to have been making a scarcely favourable impression, the animal commenced a rapid trot forward, then a sudden pause, and then, what, in spite of all Rupert's frantic calls to desist, appeared to be a determined attack upon an extremely graceful-looking young lady, who was walking in front of them. To hurry up with the purpose of making an apology, or if necessary, to come to the young lady's assistance, was the work of a moment, but this was immediately followed by a similar pause to that which Bruno had just made, and then in another instant the exclamations, "Christine!" "Rupert!" had come from the lips of each.

It is indeed difficult for the faithful historian to give any exact account of the hurried words of recognition or of greeting which followed these, or to state how Bruno complicated the whole scene with his frantic behaviour, first bestowing his most boisterous caresses upon Christine, and then returning to heap the same upon his master, either in congratulation or through fear of his attentions to another being misunderstood.

The two companions of early days, after the first excitement of their meeting, had seated themselves on a pleasant bench which stood invitingly near them, this lovely autumn afternoon.

They had much to say to one another, for Christine's story had to be told—a story which spoke of much sorrow and privation, and of an uncle's death-bed in a foreign land, but also of many mercies and of a happy home under the roof of "the kindest and dearest old lady in the world," Christine assured Rupert.

Then Rupert had to tell his eventful history, or at least as much of it as he had time for, and then the two had to point out the wonderful changes in each other's appearances which they almost thought might have prevented a recognition if it had not been for Bruno (whose excitement, the reader is requested to remember, has scarcely in any degree abated, and who still frantically wags his tail in approbation of the whole affair). If the truth must be told, Christine thinks that Rupert has grown very handsome, but Rupert says that in all his wanderings he has never seen anything to equal the brown hair, brown eyes and graceful form of the little Dieppe maiden, and then he tells Christine—— But the two have been talking for an hour together, and Christine starts up with a flush upon her face, and looks at her watch and says that Miss Ricketts will be wondering what has become of her all this time, and that she must run home, but that Rupert must come and see them very, very soon, and bring Bruno with him.

As she trips away the first great problem of Bruno's life presents itself. Has the dog a mistress or a master? He first runs for a few yards after the young lady, and then runs back, in sudden remorse to pacify his master. Rupert finds for the first time that he has really some difficulty in getting his old companion to follow him, but he laughs to himself in a joyous way as he thinks how very inconvenient it would be for Bruno to have always to obey a divided authority.

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER III.—MY CANNIBAL FRIEND.

PULO PENANG.

I HAVE spoken of Penang as an emporium of trade. Its soil and that of the opposite province is so rich and varied that there is no tropical produce which cannot be raised in abundance. Among its productions may be specified rice, pepper, coffee, sugar, tapioca, cloves, nutmegs, cotton, twelve kinds of bamboo, twenty-two of ratan, one hundred and twenty-eight of trees for building and other useful purposes, besides barks and juices for tanning and colouring, while the fruits are so numerous and superb—that the island may well be called the finest orchard in the world. Besides this, being the first port reached from India proper, in sailing to the Archipelago and China, it is a centre at which traders of all the surrounding regions meet with their multifarious merchandise. Hence, Sir George Leith (quoted in Thornton's Gazetteer) remarks: "There is not probably in any part of the world so small a space in which so many different people are assembled together, or so great a variety of languages spoken." As soon, therefore, as the visitor lands he finds himself amid a motley assemblage and hears a very Babel of tongues. Brown Malays, yellow Chinamen, black Madrassees, dusky Klings (Tamilians), curly-headed negroes, swarthy Arabians, pale-faced Bugis (from Celebes) are about him, with here and there the Eurasian and the Circassian.

Born in the midst of them, speaking Malay better than English, and taught in the common free school, I was welcome everywhere and formed intimacies many and various. My nurse, a dear old woman who had been servant in the household of the eminent Dr. Milne of Malacca, worshipped her troublesome protégé, excused every fault, sheltered him from punishment, pleaded for every indulgence. Can I ever forget her climbing for a ball that had lodged on the top of an "almirah" (wardrobe), falling and bringing down upon her the entire fabric and lying senseless on the ground with a bleeding wound on her forehead, and my cries of woe and torrents of tears as I knelt down and passionately kissed her? And there was the Parsi convict, a fair man of broad forehead, with letters branded on it which I believe formed the word "murder," who had in a paroxysm of fury knocked down and killed his brother. He was the keeper of the "Mission Chapel"—washing its floor, trimming the lamps, weeding the walks around—faithful to every duty, but of few words and yet fewer smiles. He would speak to me of his home at Bombay, and repeat verses of prayer to the rising and setting sun, and tell me of the divinity there is in fire and flame. One night he came, sobbing to my mother's window, and entreated forgiveness for his faults, and she bade him ask forgiveness of God, pleased to find such deep concern in the impassive man. The next morning he was missing, and after much search, was found in an outhouse dead, with the chapel-keys in his breast, and a cup of poison at his side! But of all my friendships the dearest and longest was with a Báttak slave.

The Báttaks are an aboriginal race occupying the mountainous region of central Sumatra. While all the surrounding Malayan tribes have become Mohammedan, and thus come more or less within the frontiers of civilisation, they have retained their gloomy superstitions and savage customs. There is no doubt of their cannibalism. Madame Pfeiffer is, I believe, the only European visitor who came back from them. Again and again have Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries been murdered and

to have failed, how may this be accounted for? Or did he ask the question (ch. vii. 19), only for the sake of his disciples? Christ's testimony to John—its several points? To his *personal character*, his *prophetic commission*, his relation to the *Old Covenant* and *the New*? Show that John's disciples continued, to some extent, as a separate sect after the full revelation of the Gospel. Was this according to his own wish? How did 'John's baptism' differ from the baptism of the New Covenant? (Acts xix. 4.) What was the end of John's own life?

V. CHRIST'S EARLY WORK—TEACHING AND MIRACLES.—The Lessons of the quarter cover the whole of what we may term the First Period of Christ's public work. That work, for convenience, may be thus divided:*

1. *The year of obscurity*, of which we should know nothing but for John's gospel. Luke passes it over entirely; it is to be placed between vers. 13 and 14 of ch. iv.—'Jesus returned'—*i. e.*, after His stay in Judæa. Such a ministry, it should be noted, is clearly indicated in ch. xiii. 34: 'O Jerusalem . . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together!' See also Matt. xxiii. 37—the same words in a different connection.

2. *The year of public favour*, which began with His return to Galilee, and during which the centre of His work was Capernaum. Throughout this period His words and works were incessant—crowds followed Him from place to place; He was popular and beloved. The Lessons which belong to this part of His ministry (Feb. 20, 27, Mar. 13, 20), bring into one view many of its chief features in regard both to TEACHING and MIRACLES. The key-note of the teaching is mercy and forgiveness. What passage from Old Testament prophecy does He take as His text; and how does He express the same thought afterwards to John's messengers? Show from these Lessons how He connects the forgiveness of sins with *miracles of healing*; how it is connected with *faith*, *penitence*, and *love*. What characteristics of His preaching seem most to have moved the admiration of His hearers? For what great purposes were His miracles wrought? (Show that they were both *evidences* and *signs*.) In the miracles considered in these Lessons, show the place and power of *faith*, as well as the various ways in which faith was displayed. How do His miracles illustrate His *love*? Give illustrations of His great tenderness, as shown in these particular miracles.

3. *The year of opposition.* This is reserved for the next quarter's series of Lessons, and belongs to the Second great division of His ministry—that which began from Cæsarea Philippi and was heralded by His Transfiguration. Some signs, however, of that opposition were already given from the first.

VI. EARLY SIGNS OF CHRIST'S REJECTION.—Refer here, first, to the refusal of His own fellow-townsmen to listen to Him, and their attempted assault upon His person. What were their motives? Then, secondly, how did the people of Capernaum 'reason' against His claims (ch. v. 21)? And thirdly, on what ground did Simon the Pharisee condemn Him? The three together well illustrate the hostile feelings, now beginning to be stirred, which afterwards took form and led the people to cast Him off.

1. His *lowly origin*. See also John i. 46; Mark vi. 1–6; His subsequent visit to Nazareth.

2. His *Divine claims*. He 'blasphemeth!' was the outcry of men who pretended to be jealous for God's honour. Compare John x. 30–33.

3. His *fellowship with the poor, the outcast, and the sinful*. See ch. xv. 2; Matt. ix. 11; xi. 19.

Such were the first mutterings of the storm that broke at last on Calvary!

* Stalker's *Life of Jesus Christ*, as above quoted.

Pages for the Young.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GRANTLEY paused for a few moments, then she began, speaking slowly: "I have thought of something to tell you. I hardly know whether I can call it a story. I think I heard or read it, or something very like it, some long time ago. I will tell it you as best I can.

"Once there was a very rich man, a lord they called him——"

"Oh, auntie, don't tell us about great people. I like to hear about boys and girls like ourselves."

The interruption came from Frank, the youngest boy.

"My story is not altogether about the rich man, Frank. It has more to do with some tenants of his: but you shall hear. This lord had a great deal of land belonging to him, and on one part of his estates he built some houses—model houses, he called them. He had them all planned and constructed with the utmost care, and when they were finished, he put a suitable tenant in each. Every house had been built with some special use and design; but the future care and keeping depended upon the tenants themselves. He let the houses for a term of years, and promised to return after a certain time, and to the tenant who had kept his house most carefully and orderly, and had made the best use of the trust confided to him, he promised a reward and a home far more beautiful and perfect, and in a part of the country where he himself resided. Some of the houses were very stately and very grand, almost like palaces to look upon; but each tenant was duly warned that the future beauty of the house depended upon himself alone. The houses at first sight were very similar, but not two of them were exactly alike: there was in each some diversity of appearance. It was a matter of great speculation who should win the prize; each one in his own mind was very hopeful—all but one. Standing apart from the rest—remote, solitary—was one house which seemed at first only a puzzle to beholders. It was one of the model houses, and its owner had made no exception for it when the prize was offered. But the poor tenant of that one house was in despair. The perfect symmetry shown in the others was quite wanting here. The house was not lofty like the rest, but low, and built in strange, irregular form. 'That poor house can never get a prize,' was the universal opinion. Yet the house had been built in with the others, and its builder had some special object in constructing and placing it there. But this was a secret the tenant alone might discover.

"At first the inmate of the poor, irregular-looking house gave himself up to brooding discontent and misery. Compared with the mansions around, what chance had he of anything better than pity at best? So he resigned himself to a state of morbid wretchedness, and ill weeds grew all around the walls and before the windows, and the poor, despised dwelling began to look wretched and miserable indeed.

"As for the other tenants, some of them after a little while quite forgot all about their master's commands and promised reward. As long as the houses were tight and strong, and convenient abodes, they cared but little for the appearance. And yet, though they were not aware of it, just according to their own dispositions and course of life, so the houses changed in exterior, till they seemed lively reflections of the inmates living within. One man was a thief and a smuggler, and he had

several of his windows blocked up, lest people outside should detect his wickedness, and shutters were made that could be slipped up in a moment to hide his guilty treasures. The full light of heaven never shone in that house, and outside it looked very like a person who was always blinking and shutting his eyes for fear his neighbours should read his wretched secrets.

"Another tenant was a hypocrite, and the front of his house was clean in the extreme, but all round the sides, and at the back, wherever he thought people might not see, ill weeds grew; and inside, cobwebs hung from the walls. Another thought his lord had left his handiwork incomplete, and hung all sorts of paltry ornaments about the outer walls, but his house only looked the worse for his pains, and the vanity and folly of the man were apparent to all the passers-by.

"Meanwhile, the tenant who lived in the ill-built house, had changed his mind somewhat about his abode. One day, looking out disconsolately, he thought how low and dark the dwelling was. Just at that moment something tapped against the window-pane, and he saw a tall, ugly weed, whose broad leaves were blowing in the wind, and hiding the free light of heaven with its ungainly form.

"As the tenant noticed it, he thought, 'I might well not see out, with all that unsightly weed shading the light!' So he made a brave resolve, and setting to work at once, he cut the tall weed down, and more than that, he dug away at the roots till he had wholly destroyed it. But that was only the beginning of his endeavours. Round all the windows noxious plants had crept and twined, till in a little while the light of heaven would have been shut out entirely. But the tenant, though he had been at first so dejected, was naturally brave, and seeing how much light entered through the destruction of one weed, he set to work heartily to remove all ill-looking or unsightly things from around his house. But the work was worse than he had expected. 'Ill weeds grow apace,' and they had taken deep root and grown used to the soil, so as fast as he cleared them away one day, they appeared creeping up again the next, And then, as the light came in, it showed him so much more dust and signs of neglect, that the poor man saw nothing but thorough reform could avail. And he forgot that when he had done his best, his home was but a poor defective building after all, for he grew so happy in his work that he lost sight of the disadvantages under which he laboured, and instead of dwelling upon his miseries, he began to find many new and unexpected blessings and mercies connected with his lot, and discovered charms which formerly he had never suspected. If his house had a solitary position, it had a very beautiful one.

"At one end towards the east, was a spacious window, which commanded a wide view for miles over a lovely valley, where between green fields and pleasant meadows flowed a winding, sparkling river, and just beyond it all stretched the gleaming sea, where white sails glimmered and shone against the far horizon. And of a morning when the sun rose, the view was grandly magnificent—to see the clouds grow a rosy colour with the coming glory, and the waters beneath flashing back their brightness till they gleamed and shone like a glowing sea of fire, and as the sun mounted higher, to watch the green pastures and fragrant hedgerows all sparkling beneath his rays—oh, it was worth living in such a poorly-built house, to have an outlook so glorious and grand!

"And at the other end of the house, was a window towards the west, of corresponding size, and from thence he could see the sun set behind a range of distant hills, whose summits used to flush with rosy light, as his setting beams rested on them. The tenant in his own mind named the rooms—the eastern one he called Hope, for after the darkest night that room was sure to catch some of the morning's early radiance; and the western room he called Peace, for the scene from that window was full of tranquillity and rest.

"All along to the south also, the house had its front; and at the back, where there was not so much light and warmth, there was at a little distance a forest of tall trees, which sheltered it from bleak winds. So, although the house seemed somewhat removed from other habitations, yet it was peculiarly placed, and carefully sheltered. And by degrees it became so attractive, so unconsciously the gracious spirit of its inmate beautified it altogether, that people, when they passed it, so far from being repelled by its appearance, were charmed and attracted by it.

"Little children, especially, loved the spot, and liked to linger in its gardens bright with lovely flowers, for in the place of the rank weeds, rare and beautiful plants had been carefully cultivated. The tenant himself had long ceased to sigh after the grand houses that had once been so much his envy; in fulfilling faithfully the duties appointed him, he found happiness and content.

"One evening two travellers were passing by, and he heard them talking, and one said to the other:

"'Of all those model houses, this poor, strangely-built house is to me the most attractive.'

"'Yes,' said the other; 'the lord of the houses has heard of its progress, and the news of it pleased him, and made him glad exceedingly.'

"As the tenant heard these words, his heart throbbed with sudden, intense delight. That his lord and master knew and approved of him, and was exceedingly glad, these thoughts filled him with unspeakable joy. But greater bliss was in store for him. Soon afterwards the lord of those houses returned, to pass judgment, and give his promised rewards. There was no escaping his unerring scrutiny. The man who was a thief and had darkened his windows, saw his shutters suddenly torn down, his house laid open to the light, and all his sin and wickedness exposed to everyone. The hypocrite too found his deceit could no longer avail. He had got the front of his house so scrupulously clean that he hoped the outside view would suffice, and that his judge would give a cursory glance and pass him by. But no smart frontages could deceive his lord. He saw at a glance the true case, and he caused all the weeds and rubbish, that had been fostered where people were not likely to see them, to be brought to the front, and the windows and doors were thrown open, and the neglected rooms, full of foul insects, and dust, and dirt, were fully exposed to view, to the utter surprise of many, who had thought that because the front of the house was so fair to look upon, the man himself must be a good and orderly tenant. And the man who had ornamented his house with useless tinsel and trivial array, saw all his senseless adornments taken away, and everywhere the walls looked decayed and shabby where the foolish ornaments had been placed.

"So each tenant was judged fairly, and wherever any one was found to have done his duty, he was well and suitably rewarded. But the prize of all was given to the occupant of the low, oddly-built house, for when the lord of the houses came there, and saw all open for inspection, and how his tenant had improved and beautified, he smiled so sweetly, and uttered such a gracious, 'Well done,' that the poor man fell at his feet for joy and gratitude, and all the lord's retinue softly echoed their master's praise. And the lord took that tenant with him to his own country, where he promised to give him a perfect house, a glorious palace, such as he could never have dreamed of or imagined."

Mrs. Grantley paused, her story was at an end. The children commenced their criticism. "Was that hardly a story, auntie?" said John, who was grave and thoughtful beyond his years.

"I think," said Dora, "it was one of mother's stories which has a double meaning; she tells us such sometimes."

At that moment, Frank began pulling at Dora's sleeve, and pointing through the window. Dora leaned towards him, and he whispered in her ear.

"Mother," she said, "Frank says it has quite left off raining: may we get our hats and go and meet uncle coming from church?"

Mrs. Grantley gave her consent. The children made a speedy exit, and she and Millicent were left together alone.

When the children were gone, Millicent turned towards Mrs. Grantley, a thoughtful expression on her face, her dark eyes soft with tears, "Aunt Grantley, am I the little oddly-built house?"

"You are not the house, dear Millicent. That is only a temporary abode where you must for a time dwell, but I see you have caught my meaning, and I will be quite frank with you. Just at the close of the Bible lesson this afternoon, coming to the room for a book, I opened the door just in time to hear your passionate desire for beauty."

Mrs. Grantley's tone was very kind and gentle, but Millicent's face flushed painfully, as she said, "And you thought what a despicable wish it was, auntie."

"No, Millicent, I thought it by no means despicable. Instead, I sympathised with, and appreciated your desire. Beauty is one of God's own special gifts, a gift entrusted to those to whom it is given, and where not bestowed, it is withheld from some wise and tender design. But when I heard you speak so, Millicent, I could not help thinking of that beauty of soul, which all may possess, and which, be the exterior what it may, must grace and beautify the dwelling where it exists."

Millicent for a time sat silently thinking, then she said gently,

"Aunt Grantley, one part of your story seems wrong. I can realise my sheltered position in having those around me who love me dearly, and care for me and shield me, but I do not understand the wonderful prospects. Instead, oh auntie, I feel so shut upon every side, I only live in a dark little house, that has none of those glorious outlooks."

"The weeds of discontented unbelief will darken the brightest prospects, dear."

Millicent's lips slightly quivered.

"Oh, auntie, I have tried to kill those weeds again and again, but I am just like the poor man, I cut them down one day, and they are all grown up again the next."

"Yes, Millicent, such work as yours can be done only by much prayer and constant watching."

"Aunt Grantley, do you think I can ever succeed?"

"You must do battle bravely, dear Millicent, and when you feel most your own weakness, look to your Lord and Master for strength. Trust to Him to give you the victory, and He will not let you fail. It is His grace that works the change."

"But it seems such a poor work, just to have to conquer one's own evil thoughts and repinings. If I had really to contend against outside foes, it would seem much easier, a victory worth gaining, and something really grand and great!"

"We cannot always form true estimates of greatness. The world may think much more of a hero who wins some terrible battle than of a quiet life spent in very humble service; but God will judge rightly, and the work He gives us is the best work for us, and the only work He will require at our hands."

"After all, auntie, my work is very limited. It seems all just for my own self; there is nothing I can possibly do for others."

"Are you sure you can do nothing, Millicent?"

Millicent glanced up reproachfully.

"Tell me something I can do, Aunt Grantley."

"I will tell you something I noticed this afternoon. Standing in the doorway, I saw tears fill a younger brother's eyes at sight of his sister's distress."

Millicent's face softened.

"Do you mean Harry, Aunt Grantley?"

"Yes; and I fancy a heart that can so quickly sympathise must be very open to your influence. Opportunities for good come to those who watch for them. A kind word, a ready smile, interest in pursuits you may not be able to share, all these are little ways in which you may help and assist those around you. Everything depends on the spirit we manifest—we must walk in the light ourselves if we would give light to others. Active work God will not ask of you; but there are so many ways in which you can bear testimony for Him that I am sure your life need not be either a helpless or useless one."

"I should be doing something of my work by bearing my pain patiently."

"It may be only patience at first, dear Millicent, but a life of close walking and communion with God leads to something better than mere patience. There came a time when the man in the poorly-built house would not have exchanged his lot with any of the tenants of the other houses."

"Not when he had found out the glorious prospects all around him? But, Aunt Grantley, I don't see how I can ever have those beautiful views and outlooks."

"I think you will, Millicent. Often God places a life apart from the outer world, that He may more plainly manifest his glory and the full sunshine of his love. Morning, noon, and night He will brighten and gladden us, and the more we keep the windows of our souls free from all that can obscure or darken, more and more shall we see how beautiful the revelations God will open up before us. Looking into our own dark houses brings only misery and gloom, but when we look out towards God, away from ourselves, then we revel in the manifestations of his goodness all around. How sweet the comforting thoughts God gives to humble souls who thus look out of themselves to Him, they alone can tell."

"Aunt Grantley, I am very dark at present. I have never really tried to let in the light. I will tell you just the truth. I felt myself so burdensome and helpless, there seemed no use in my life at all. But now I see God never makes a life, however humble or obscure, without some particular aim and design. He has given even to me my special place and work."

"And He will give you special help and comfort."

At that moment there were steps approaching the house. Mr. Norman and the young people were returning.

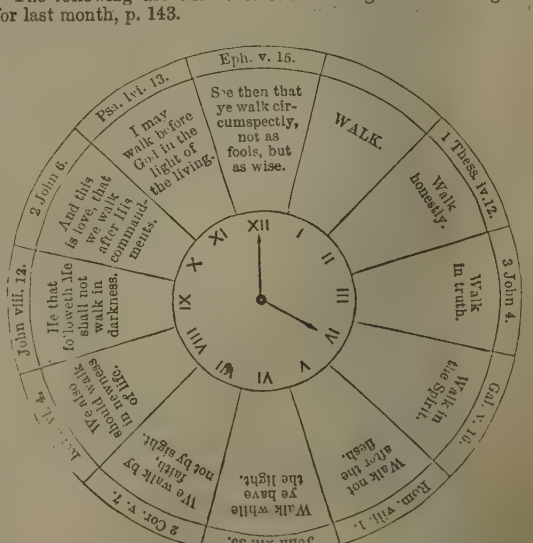
But Millicent had one thought more.

"Aunt Grantley, it was not a poor house in the Lord's own country, it was a glorious palace there. Oh, I too may have a palace one day."

Mrs. Grantley smiled tenderly at the brightened face as she answered: "Yes, dear Millicent, 'A building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 143.


Eph. v. 15.
See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.
WALK.
1 Thess. iv. 12.
Walk honestly.
3 John 4.
Walk in truth.
Gal. v. 16.
Walk in the Spirit.
Rom. viii. 1.
Walk not after the flesh.
John xii. 35.
Walk while ye have the light.
2 Cor. v. 7.
We walk by faith, not by sight.
1 John i. 7.
We also should walk in holiness of life.
1 John ii. 6.
He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.
John viii. 12.
He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.
2 John 6.
And this is love, that we walk after His commandments.
Psa. lvi. 13.
I may walk before God in the light of the living.

Let our readers take the word SANCTIFY for their next exercise.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.

BY THE REV. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE HOSPITAL PATIENT.

RUPERT'S story certainly did not lose anything when it was told to Miss Ricketts by the sweet voice and with the charming vivacity of the French girl. If it must be confessed, there was a spice of romance somewhere, hidden down deep in the old lady's nature, but in a formidable matter like this, in which an interesting young hero was concerned, it behoved Miss Ricketts to be very unsympathetic and unbending, or at least to appear so, to the young lady under her charge; so to the harmlessness of a dove it was necessary to add, or, at any rate, to think she added, the wisdom of the serpent.

Christine, however, like many other narrators, had kept the strong point of her story until the end. Observing the frigid expression on the face of the old lady, she added, "And who do you think, dear

PRICE ONE PENNY

Miss Ricketts, was the good pastor who visited Rupert's mother on her death-bed?"

The old lady was, of course, unable to hazard a supposition.

"Do try and guess," said Christine, with just a slight twinkle in her laughing eyes: "the good clergyman was none other than your prince of all pastors, Mr. Gray."

This piece of information certainly did produce a remarkable impression upon Miss Ricketts. In that unselfish life of active benevolence which she was leading, she had been naturally brought in contact with many of the excellent of the earth, amongst whom the earnest minister Mr. Gray held in her estimation a very high position.

Thus it was that on his very first visit to No. 18, Tabor Crescent, Rupert met with a far more cordial reception from the old lady than her ideas of prudence had at first prompted. Indeed, there now arose the opposite danger of our hero being spoiled by his hostess, and when on a fitting occasion, some little time after, Christine confided to her friend a certain promise which she had somehow or other been prevailed upon to make to the young gentleman, Miss Ricketts manifested no intention whatever of endeavouring to induce her to break that promise.

The scene of our story now changes to the picturesque and busy seaport town of Eastport on the northern coast of England. It was here that Rupert had decided, perhaps with some lingering affection for that great element by the borders of which he had spent the earliest scenes of his life, to commence his ministry.

It was a lovely Sabbath morning upon which the young minister climbed for the first time the somewhat rugged path leading to the old church, which stood on a frowning cliff above the town. There had been some stormy weather, and several wrecks had been cast up upon the rock-bound shore during the past week, but on this beautiful morning, which followed the boisterous winds of the preceding days, many of the townspeople, and not a few weather-beaten mariners and their wives, found their way up to the old church above the town, to hear, as they said, "the new parson."

Rupert, who had chosen a different text for his opening sermon, had been induced to alter his purpose during the stormy weather of the past week, and he spoke to his congregation this morning from those striking words, taken from the Apocalypse, in which the prisoner of Patmos states that in his vision of the new creation "there was no more sea."

The preacher pictured to his hearers the Apostle of Love in his rock-bound prison, sometimes ascending some overhanging promontory and gazing across the surging billows towards his old home in Galilee, summoning up, as he did so, all the old memories of his early days, spent with the dear companions of his Lord. The exile saw that in the new creation there would be no more separation, no more storms, no more change, and this, perhaps, was something of what was meant when it was said that there would be no more sea. Rupert felt that his auditors were listening to him, when he reminded many of them of the experiences of their own storm-tossed lives, and directed them to that haven of rest which the Saviour had prepared for them.

Not many days had elapsed before Miss Ricketts, accompanied by Christine, had found her way to Eastport, and had taken up her residence for some little time in that place. The dear old lady was anxious to see for herself how Rupert was prospering, and also to invade his lodgings, in order to ascertain whether the young clergyman, who, she felt quite certain, would be constantly going without meals and all other similar comforts, was being properly taken care of.

Rupert was out visiting when Miss Ricketts arrived, accompanied by Christine, on her visit of investigation. The old lady, however, was gratified to find that the quarters were, at any rate, neat and clean. She was received with many a curtsey by Rupert's landlady, who seemed anxious that Miss Ricketts and the young lady should be as soon as possible acquainted with her own personal history, the numerous occurrences of which had eventuated in her being left "a poor lone woman."

"But he's a dear good young gentleman," added the disconsolate widow, in some fear lest the visitors should think she did not take a lively interest in him. "My husband's brother, who's been on the sea these forty years, says he never heard such a sermon in his life, and he says his mates all think the same, and surely, ma'am, they ought to know. But, dear me, my lady," she added with a slight return to her own personal interests, "it's well the dear young gentleman was speaking of the better country when he told them that there would be no more sea; for how would a poor lone woman like me, miss," she continued, turning to Christine, "be ever able to let her lodgings in this world, if there was no more sea?"

Rupert found the two ladies awaiting him on his return, and a happy hour followed, in which mutual congratulations were exchanged, and in which bright plans of usefulness were made for the future. Christine, who had hitherto said but little on the subject, now seemed full of earnest preparations for their united labours, for were they not to be of one heart and mind, in all the objects of their future life?

The three had been chatting on in this pleasant manner for some time, when Rupert's landlady appeared once more at the door, to say that a messenger had come from the neighbouring hospital to desire the presence of Mr. Long at the dying bed of one of the patients. He was about to bid a hurried farewell to Miss Ricketts and Christine, when the latter rose and putting her arm in that of the young man's, said, "Rupert, I have often visited the London hospitals with Miss Ricketts, but, to-day, let me pay my first visit to a sick-bed by your side."

The nurse was waiting for the minister at the door of the sick ward when Rupert and Christine arrived. The dying man, she said, had met with a terrible accident in some travelling show which had visited the town a couple of weeks before. She had often read the Bible to him at his request, and had sometimes heard him engage in prayer. She thought he seemed penitent and prepared to die, although she feared he had not been a "good-living" man. The doctor had said he might go at any moment, and so she had taken the responsibility of sending for the minister.

"The old mistake," said Rupert to Christine, "of thinking of the clergyman as a person to be sent for when anybody else would be of no use. Somebody

to 'read to' the dying patient when in anything but a condition of being read to at all."

The bed, according to the custom of hospitals, had the solemn sign of being screened off from the rest. Men may suffer together, but they must die alone. The largest army must pass at single file through the valley of the shadow of death. This hospital bed would soon be vacant.

Rupert and Christine walked softly across the polished floor, and a few heads were raised from their pillows with a languid curiosity to see the strangers pass behind the well-known screen.

The light was shining upon the patient's face, and showed at once to the minister that his work must be short and his words few. Yet a more vivid impression even than this was that which followed, when, in another instant, as the visitor stooped down to speak to the dying man he recognised in that livid countenance the well-remembered features of Signor Viralla.

Checking his natural excitement, Rupert took in his own the trembling hand and prepared to offer words of consolation. How is it that at such moments we grasp one another's hands? Words are not enough? Is it man bidding farewell to brother man? Or is it that sympathy which the common lot at last met with seems to draw forth from each?

The young man's trembling voice aroused the patient, and he tried to raise himself for a moment now to take on his part a gaze into his interlocutor's face. But with a thrill of excitement his head dropped back upon his pillow. The patient had recognised his visitor. "Rupert Long," gasped the dying man. "I knew who you were when you joined that circus at Dieppe. It was Mary's picture that you had with you, and I knew you were Mary's son. I had been away a long time, but it all came back to me in a moment. Mary was my wife, and you are my son!"

Rupert felt the hand of Christine tremble as he held it fast in his, while with the other he still grasped that of his dying father.

"Oh Rupert," continued the patient, "how I wished as I looked once more upon Mary's face that I had lived a different life. I was bad and wicked, and I knew it must have broken Mary's heart, but I was not as bad, Rupert, as they made me out. I never was a murderer. It was Pompon, the gendarme, who shot the coastguard. It was not I who did it. I fled away because I knew I was suspected, and that he might turn traitor, and so I left Mary and her babe. I left them, because I saw nothing but ruin. I thought I would hide myself for ever. But God is just. Misery made me daring. I tempted Providence. You know how I used to ride. I have ridden my last round. Is it nothing but a gulf that I see before me? Ah, there is no leaping such a gulf as that! Mercy and hope—Mary used to speak of such things—but no, mercy and hope are not for those who have ridden their last ride. Yet, Rupert, there was a dying thief I remember. What was it—didn't Jesus say he was to be with Him? How was that, Rupert?"

"Father," answered Rupert, with a great effort suppressing his violent emotion, "it was so; Jesus did forgive the dying thief, and He can and will forgive you. The reason was, that He had paid the dying thief's debt—his debt of sin; He has paid your debt, father, to the uttermost farthing. You can rest upon Him now your trembling sin-stained soul. Listen, father," said the young man, as he drew forth the old familiar Bible and turned to the old familiar place—"listen, father, to what gave my mother peace on her dying bed. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Rest, rest," murmured the dying man, "'I will give you rest.'" Was it a fancy, or was it a reality, that gleam which seemed for a moment to illumine that livid face—only for a moment, for in the next that face was fixed and cold in death? Was it fancy or reality—why not the latter? "The entrance of Thy word giveth life." Peace and victory, what gifts for a dying rebel to receive! And yet these are the gifts which the Conqueror of Death can give even by a dying bed! That smile of hope, never, never could it be forgotten by Rupert and Christine in their future journey of life.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

How beautiful the parks and gardens looked as the laburnums began again to drip with their showers of gold! Rupert and Christine thought there never had been such a spring. It was in London that they were married, and of course at Mr. Gray's church. Whose hands but those of that good and faithful minister could be employed to join together this man and this woman in holy wedlock?

The ceremony was of the most private and unostentatious description. An old bachelor brother of Miss Ricketts, of a somewhat misanthropic reputation, surprised everybody by immediately consenting, when requested to do so, to give away the bride. A white waistcoat of the most festive description and a wedding favour of the largest dimensions, manifested further sympathy and interest on his part. The only other witness to the marriage was Christine's dear old friend, Miss Ricketts.

A tender leave-taking took place between the bride and that old lady a little later on in the day, when Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Long started from No. 18, Tabor Crescent, for their wedding-tour—a leave-taking in which tears, however, were quite out of place, considering that Miss Ricketts had signified her intention of purchasing a house at Eastport and of spending the greater part of every year in that place.

The bride and bridegroom crossed over that afternoon, *viâ* Newhaven to Dieppe, where they spent a few calm and happy days, revisiting familiar scenes.

Before they continued their journey, they purchased two exquisite wreaths of immortelles, one of which they left on a certain grave in the cemetery above the town, and the other on a little cross by the roadside, a few miles distant from the place.

This journey, however, did not end here. The city of Lyons was their ultimate destination, where they spent several weeks under the hospitable roof of the Abbé Burelle, who, the reader will be interested to hear, had ceased to be curé of Martin Eglise.

Indeed he had ceased to be a member of the Roman Communion at all, and had been called to take the pastorate of an interesting body of "Old Catholics," with whom an open Bible and primitive purity of faith were the desired objects.

In the company of that learned, genial, and now

prominent reformer, Rupert and Christine spent many happy days, and gathered up not a few important and encouraging lessons, for future work in England.

Many were the deeply-interesting conversations which took place between Rupert and the Abbé concerning the present and future prospects of the universal church of Christ. There was much that they could learn from one another, but there was, perhaps, no occupation which the Abbé loved so much as the study of that English Bible, which had been such a comfort to Rupert's mother, and which, the Abbé had long ago told Rupert, was doubly precious to him on that account.

"Ah," the Abbé would often say, as he would turn once more to the passage in which the Saviour invites sinners to his meek and lowly heart, "it was from that passage in this English Bible that I got my first idea of a real pilgrimage,—those, and those only, who find the 'Rest,' here offered them, are the true pilgrims of the Sacred Heart."

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

"THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Was it when, in my reading, I came to this verse of the hundred and nineteenth psalm that I fell into a reverie? Surely it must have been so with me; and the words that I had just read gave the clue to my waking dream, if waking dream it was. Reading about a lamp must have set me off, to dream, however, of lamps in quite a different connection. Or was mine, indeed, a nap—that state and condition of mind when

> "Shape chases shape as swift as when to land
> Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
> Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray"?

And then, I know not how,

> "All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
> Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep
> Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
> Into the gulfs of sleep."

However this be, I was no longer a somewhat bald-headed man, the father of a family, and the rector of a parish, no, nor even a young man full of hopes and energies, and bathed in "the light that never was on sea or land." I was a boy again, sitting in a corner of the rough oblong of grass that was lawn, drying-ground, play-ground, what not, to the little black cottage in which we lived. Not even the goddess of mischief could entice me from my absorbed study in the sunny corner of the ragged plot of grass. For, you see, I had just obtained the loan for a week of a book of boys' stories. I was revelling in the delightful possibility of mischief and fun which an invisible cloak would confer on its possessor. I greatly desiderated the carpet which could transport its owner from Margate to Bagdad, or where not in the world; what a treasure if one ever did want to play truant! The purse of Fortunatus, it made one's mouth water—always two pieces of gold to be found in it, and I never remembered to have had so much as one! (I am not saying that this class of reading is wholesome for the young, honestly I think it is not. I am only saying that it is undeniably fascinating.) What marbles I would get, what tinsel, what carpenters' tools! Ah, these are the boy's catalogue of wants; how little he can enter into the *res angustæ domi* which do make one sometimes, in this world, find it hard to restrain the longing for a dip now and then into some Fortunatus' purse!

But especially was the favourite story my favourite, of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. The garden where the gooseberries were emeralds, and the strawberries rubies, and the cherries coral, and the mistletoe-berries pearls, and the plums amethyst, and the egg-plums diamonds, and the grapes sapphires; and you might fill your pocket as much as you liked. Then the disgust of being shut up among them, seeing that they were not more nutritious or digestible than King Midas' dinner. Then the slaves of the ring, and deliverance. Then the seedy-looking old lamp; what a good thing he did not throw it away, as he might have done since he had his pockets full of jewels! And when his mother began to brighten it up a bit with rag and rotten-stone, that it might fetch a trifle at some Bagdad pawn-shop, presto! the Genius of the Lamp! Then the series of wonders; the beautiful Princess, and the camel-loads of precious stones; but, above all, Aladdin's palace, rising, in one night, "like an exhalation" made of alternate bricks of gold and silver!

But how deeply disgusted I was, every time I read the story (we used to read stories over and over in those days), with the success of the magician's cunning trick. Could I not see him coming down the street in front of the palace, with his basket of brand-new and shining lamps, crying out incredibly, "New lamps for old!" The vexatious folly of the Princess in going to the hall, and taking the worn-looking old lamp from under the dome, and without waiting to ask her husband or anything, actually giving the priceless treasure to his worst foe, and receiving instead a gilt-gingerbread thing of no use in a place where there were plenty of mere lamps! Then the loss and misery that followed; afterwards, however, at much risk and after almost despair, the recovery of the precious talisman, the restoration of the palace, and the death of the magician.

Now, when all these old remembrances had floated through my dreamy brain, something within me, whether it were only my old habit of moralising on things, and finding sermons in stones, I say not, but certainly something in my mind, seemed to whisper, "Seest thou not in this old story an allegory of the present day? 'New lamps for old!' Is not this the cry? and men are everywhere, and in all

things, wiser than their fathers. Old faith and old practice, and old customs, and old morality, and old reverence; the present age is never weary of crying, 'The new is better.'"

"New lamps for old." The exchange has, however, in some cases proved a signal failure. It was so in Rehoboam's experience. Nay, to go farther back, it was so in Adam's. That antiquated old lamp that burned only with the white light of innocence and "simplicity concerning evil," was this well exchanged for that brand-new Duplex light, which glared forth "the knowledge of good, *and evil*"? An experience of ruin, in good truth, but one how often since shared by his descendants! Youth, 'tis said, must buy, will not borrow, experience. Yet how many a one, looking back on the spring verdure of the soul, ill exchanged for premature blight and dust and drought, may ask himself sorrowfully whether he also has not shared in Adam's folly, and exchanged to his much damage Old Lamps for New? The Prodigal son felt this, when he had bartered away health, and youth, and joy, and hope, and energy, and high spirits, and a pure heart, his father's portion, for famine, and swine's husks, and lassitude, and remorse, and bitter disappointment, and the utter palling of delights upon the seared palate, and the secret whispers of gloomy despair. "The old is better," he reflected, and set out to see what yet might be saved from the wreck. And the Pilot whom he met claimed no salvage except his love.

Old lamps for New. I have not come yet quite to the kernel of my dreamings on this subject. But while I try to set my meditations in order, let me quote Mary Howitt's charming verses, enjoyed by me thirty years ago, or more. "Old lamps for New," in the matter of friendship, did not turn out, in this case, a good bargain.

"The Old Friend and the New.

"My old friend, he was a good old friend,
And I thought, like a fool, his face to mend;
I got another; but, ah, to my cost,
I found him unlike the one I had lost!
I and my friend, we were bred together.
He had a smile like the summer weather;
A kind warm heart, and a hand as free:
My friend, he was all the world to me!

I could sit with him and crack many a joke,
And talk of old times and the village folk;
He had been with us at the Christmas-time,
He knew every tree we used to climb,
And where we played, and what befel,
My dear old friend remembered well.
It did me good but to see his face;
And I've put another friend in his place!
I wonder how such a thing could be,
For my old friend would not have slighted me.

Oh, my fine new friend, he is smooth and bland,
With a jewelled ring or two on his hand;
He visits my lord and my lady fair;
He hums the last new opera air;
He takes not the children on his knee.
My faithful hound reproacheth me,
For he snarls when my new friend draweth near,
But my good old friend to the brute was dear:
I wonder how I such thing could do,
As change the old friend for the new!

* * * *

My good old friend, 'he tirled at the pin,'
He opened the door and entered in;
We all were glad to see his face,
As he took at the fire his 'customed place,
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcome me.
He knew our griefs, our joys he shared;
There cannot be friend with him compared;
We had tried him long, had found him true,
Why changed I the old friend for the new?

My new friend cometh in lordly state;
He peals a startling ring at the gate;
There's hurry and pomp, there's pride and din,
And my new friend bravely entereth in.
I bring out the noblest wines for cheer,
I make him a feast that costeth dear;
But he knows not what in my heart lies deep;
He may laugh with me, but never shall weep,
For there is no bond between us twain.
And I sigh for my dear old friend again;
And thus, too late, I bitterly rue
That I changed the old friend for the new."

For, you see, he might rub the new lamp ever so much, but no powerful Genius would come at his call.

But now the application that seemed, in my reverie, the most apt, related, as I daresay you have guessed, to certain theories of the present day. "New lamps for old," that cry seemed to me a favourite one with some who set up to be magicians of the mind; and who grudge us our Palace of all delights, its pavement of gold and gates of pearl, a fairer palace than that of Aladdin. And, indeed, I thought of my dear old Bible as that old Lamp with the magic power in it that always came when sought; and of the various new schemes as the new lamps, powerless and comfortless, which schemers of the day eagerly press upon us for a most inadequate exchange. A perpetual cuckoo cry of "Truth! Truth!" (as if these men had obtained a monopoly of the desire for it and the love of it), and a dressing of the demon, Unbelief, in Truth's angel garb. Yea, an endeavour ever going on, to dethrone, with some shadow or puppet of their own mind, the Truth Himself—these cries beset my ear, nowadays, and there seems in the streets a very din of "New lamps for old!"

But I keep my old lamp tight, for all the din, and seek, when I want aid, the Spirit of the Lamp.

"*If* Christ be not raised"—that was St. Paul's terrible "If." He overwhelms it, however, a text or two farther on, with the pæan: "Now *is* Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."

But Strauss and many a man of his school have quite decided to relegate the old, old story into the lumber-room of myths. They have new lamps for which they would have us resign our old dingy lamp which has brought power and wealth to

"The souls of now two thousand years."

We keep the old lamp, however; the more so when we see, in others, the result of the disastrous exchange, "New lamps for old!"

The despairing threnodies of poets who have

bartered the old lamp away serve as warnings to us. Sings one,

> "Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
> Must labour."

He must go his way, his hopeless dreary way, of uncheered labour, toiling after his palace that has passed away as a dream, but lighting upon it never. Human unassisted reason for Divine revelation; this is the New Lamp he is invited to take for the Old. And here are set out by a modern poet some of the cheering consequences of it:

> "Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
> Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
> We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
> And most beliefless, that had most believed.
> Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
> As of the unjust, also of the just—
> Yea, of that Just One too!
> It is the one sad 'gospel' that is true—
> Christ is not risen!"

I shiver, and hug my dear old lamp to me. For their lamps are not as our lamp, even our advisers themselves being judges.

Take, again, the comfortable doctrine of the Atonement, the redeeming us, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. Men proffer to us, coaxingly, an example instead of an atonement. But how shall sinful man attain to this ideal? Corrupt churches swell the din of the would-be traffic. "New Lamps for Old!" is still the cry. And visions of man's own heart, well gilt with tempting ormolu of tradition, are now the lure for setting at naught the commandments of God, and parting with the Old Lamp of His word.

But they who have tried it in their need, and never found it wanting, they who know by happy experiment, "what Spirit in it dwells;"—these can turn a deaf ear to these charmers, charm they never so wisely, finding, in such cases, deafness to be a "wisdom of the serpent" well for them to imitate.

So they keep their old lamp, and its old magic, and its power, and its comfort. "The old friend is a good old friend; they seek not, like a fool, its face to mend. Having the old wine, they do not straightway desire new, because they say, 'The old is better.'"

Oh yes, it builds up for us a palace more splendid than any that fancy can picture, the palace of sure hope now, and implicit faith; these are the gold and silver bricks of its walls, and the pure dome of Love spans it; and the Lamp in the midst is the guardian of the structure. And a mightier Spirit than that of the imagination deigns to be at our call when we take our lamp in hand, for aid in any need. Untold wealth is at our beck with this in our possession, "more to be desired than gold, even the fine gold;" entrancing delights, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." We are kings possessing it and using it; robbed of it, or persuaded foolishly to exchange it away, beggars, with naught before us but a death of despair.

> "We sit unowned upon our burial sod,
> And know not whence we come, or whose we be,
> Comfortless mourners for the mount of God,
> The rock of Calvary."

After all, we know who the potent false magician is who takes many disguises to seduce us to ruin, and to rob us of that which we should keep, because it is our life. And our best reply will be, "Get thee hence, Satan," when some plausible merchant would persuade us, with smooth tongue, and tempting wares, and many specious reasons to exchange "old lamps for new."

EDWARD PERRONET.

THE favourite hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was undoubtedly written by Edward Perronet, the son of the Reverend Vincent Perronet, M.A., who was for more than fifty years vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, and so closely associated with the Wesleys and their work that Charles Wesley called him "the Archbishop of the Methodists." It has been ascribed to Shrubsole, who was for many years organist of Spafields Chapel, London; but the error probably arose from his having composed the tune of "Miles' Lane" especially to suit the metre, and be sung with it.

The full poem is contained in Edward Perronet's collection of original pieces, published in London in 1785, entitled "Occasional Verses, moral and sacred, published for the instruction and amusement of the candidly serious and religious." Mr. J. Gadsby, in his "Account of the Hymn-writers of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries," describes how he met with "a copy of it at Mr. Clarke's, the celebrated organist at Canterbury." "Indeed," he says, "I went to Canterbury purposely to see the book, having heard that it was there; and I persuaded Mr. Clarke to present it to the British Museum library. In that library, therefore, it may be seen. When Perronet died, he left Shrubsole a large sum of money." The hymn first appeared without signature in 1780, in the "Gospel Magazine." It has attained a worldwide celebrity, and there is hardly a large collection of hymns in which it does not appear; it is a great favourite in America. Yet it is commonly known in an abridged form, and, like many another production, has received various alterations in course of republication. The hymn has obtained so wide a popularity that our readers may be interested in the original version. It bears the title

"ON THE RESURRECTION."

> "All hail the power of Jesu's name!
> Let angels prostrate fall;
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> To crown Him Lord of all.
>
> Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
> And, as they tune it, fall
> Before His face who tunes their choir,
> And crown Him Lord of all.
>
> Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
> Who fix'd this floating ball;
> Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
> And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The Crownèd Lord of all!"

Edward Perronet seems to have possessed a caustic wit, to which he gave vent in 1657, by the publication of a very satirical poem called "The Mitre," which consisted of about 1,300 verses of six lines each, containing so bitter a satire upon the abuses of the Established Church as they then existed that it was suppressed by private authority almost immediately after it was printed.

Another poem bears the quaint title, "The True Dying Swan; or, the real Christian returning to the Celestial Zion with songs of deliverance," Isa. xxxv. 10.

The complete collection of Edward Perronet's verses contains about two hundred and thirty poems, most of which are short. One which exhibits some ingenuity, and a true spirit of devotion, is called

"AN ALPHABETICAL PRAYER."

"All wise! all good! all-glorious Lord of all!
Before whose throne th' angelic armies fall,
Creation's sons Thy majesty adore,
Declare Thy greatness and confess Thy pow'r.
Each day preserv'd, each day Thy creatures own
Fresh mercies granted, and fresh favours shown.
Grant them for each—what best for all must prove,
Heaven here on earth, and then Thy heaven above.
In all Thou dost, Thy hand in all be seen,
Justice and truth, while mercy shines between.
Kept from all harm—as from all foul offence,
Lust's dark defile—and pride's ambitious sense.
Make every heart the temple for its God;
Nor leave a thought that can provoke his rod.
Of all Thy gifts—Thy holiness bestow,
Purer than light, and whiter than the snow.
Quicken our souls—till, purified our mind,
Reason shall bend—submissive as refin'd!
Soft spicy gales from Eden's groves shall spring,
The stream shall murmur, and the turtle sing;
Vain thoughts shall die—while thoughts of God shall rise,
Unmoor our hearts, and waft us to the skies;
With martyr'd saints we'll crowd th' ethereal coast,
Xerxes outnumber, and defy his host;
Yon sacred spires announce the pilgrim's home,
Zion's fair mount, and God's eternal dome."

Edward Perronet was married, but had no children; he died in 1792, at Canterbury.

His dying words were—

"Glory to God in the height of his divinity; glory to God in the depth of his humanity; glory to God in his all-sufficiency; and unto his hands I commend my spirit." P. B.

ATHENS.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

II.

AND now we descend again from the Acropolis through the Propylæon, as we entered—the only accessible way; and before us to the west, but at a lower height, rises "Mars' Hill," the venerable "Areopagus." Sixteen cut steps lead to the roughly-cut platform on the summit at the east end. Here the venerable "Upper Council" of judges sat in the open air; and the temple of the Eumenides was designedly placed immediately below. Hither the apostle of the Gentiles was led, as if for judgment, and here he took his stand when he delivered the memorable address preserved to us in the book of the Acts. Having climbed the steps leading to the spot I looked around, and before me, in ruin, was the impressive view which in its glory met the Apostle's eyes. The like of it is nowhere else to be seen.

Beneath him was the sanctuary of the Eumenides. On his right were the crowded Agora and the Pnyx, in the distance the temple of Jupiter Olympus. Away on the left stood the temple of Theseus, still imposing in its grace and beauty and the least-decayed ruin in the world. And before him, in all its majesty and wealth of ornamentation, rose the Acropolis, with the Propylæon, the temple of Victory, the Erectheum, and above all the Parthenon, even now, after the lapse of more than two thousand years, the pride of Greece and the envy of the world, the noblest ruin upon earth. It was face to face with all those masterpieces of Grecian art and architecture that the Apostle, all alone on Mars' Hill, surrounded by the philosophers, the statesmen, the merchants of the city, declared: "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Opening my Bible I read on the spot that memorable discourse; and never before did I understand and feel so fully the force of those weighty words, the death-blow of ritualism in architecture or sculpture, whether in the temples of India, of Greece, or of Rome, Christian as well as pagan: "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." . . . "We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver,

or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." What boldness, what divinely-inspired wisdom, what insight into the tendencies of human nature, what perception of the future dangers and pitfalls into which the religion of Christ would be plunged, do those majestic and solemn utterances embody! Well would it be for the church and the world, had they been always heeded.

INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON.

Among the present representatives of Protestant Christianity and of the doctrine which St. Paul first preached, the king's chaplain, Mr. Peterson, who is a Lutheran, may be named first. He is a good and an able man. But the Greek church in Athens, as elsewhere, is sadly corrupt and idolatrous. The venerable Dr. J. H. Hill, of the American Episcopal Mission, has been here fifty years. He is the founder of the American Female School, which educates a certain number of girls as future school-mistresses in the provinces. He is now eighty years of age, with the use of all his faculties excepting sight. He has not, however, much advanced the cause of religious liberty in Athens, for he not only fraternises with the dignitaries of the Greek church, kissing the hands of their bishops in humble acknowledgment, but he conforms to a law which obliges the picture of "the Mother of God" and the Catechism of the Greek Church to be in every day-school. It was not, therefore, to be expected that he would make many converts to Protestantism. There is also in Athens a Greek Evangelical Mission, conducted by two missionaries of the Presbyterian church, the Rev. M. D. Kalopothakes, a Greek by birth; and the Rev. Thornton R. Sampson, an American. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of both these excellent men, and to see somewhat of their work.

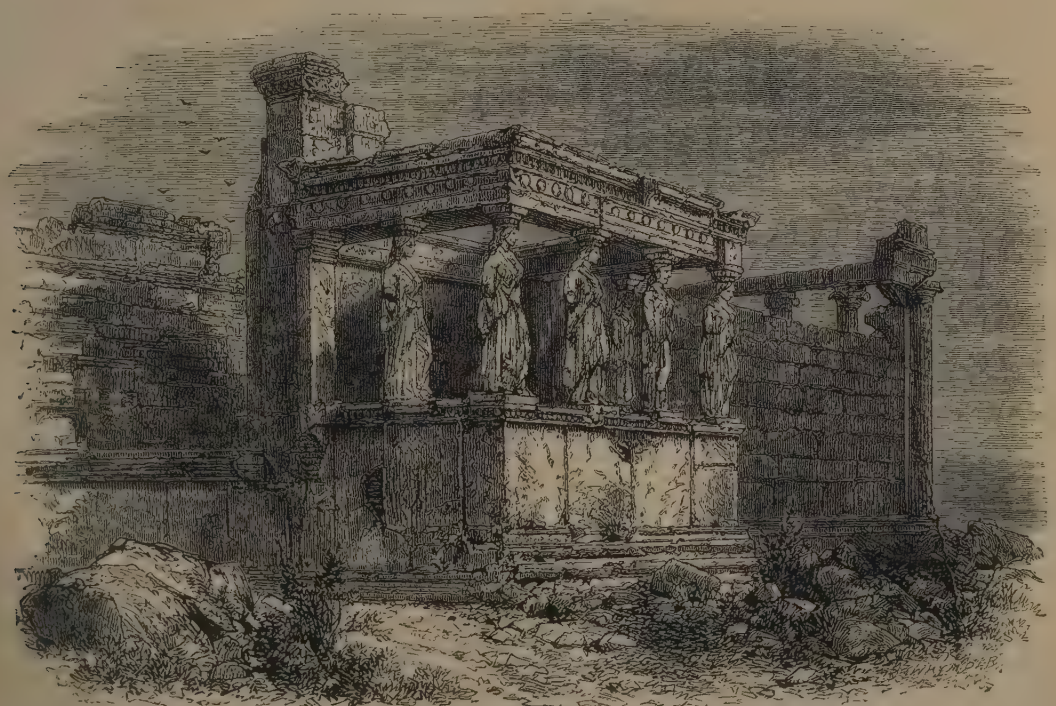
Not far from the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and close by the arch of Hadrian, a commodious room is fitted up for worship, and here from Sunday to Sunday, and on the week evenings likewise, a goodly number (about sixty) of the citizens meet for worship. The evangelical truths of the Christian religion are boldly taught, and the cause of religious freedom consistently maintained. This mission is greatly indebted to the Religious Tract Society of London for contributions of money, which enable it to print and publish books of a religious character. In a list before me of fifty publications, I find the names of such works as Alleine's "Alarm," Barth of Wittemberg's "Church History," Butler's "Analogy," and the "Pilgrim's Progress"— all translated into modern Greek, and sold among the Athenians and elsewhere. Of "The Child's Paper," in the same language, upwards of 70,000 copies have been published, and of these 50,000 have been sold in one year, and of "The Star in the East," a large folio paper, 20,800 copies. Both these papers are edited by Dr. Kalopothakes. Upwards of 4,000 portions of the New Testament Scriptures were put into the hands of Greek soldiers during the same period. A day-school had been set on foot by the same mission, and was progressing

well, but the strictness of the State law requiring the presence of a priest of the Greek Church, and the teaching of the catechism of that church, has obliged the closing of this school, at least for the present. It is, however, open as a Sunday-school.

The first day that I visited the Acropolis, it was thronged with the holiday folk of modern Athens. It being a gala day, the usual fee for admission was dispensed with, and the precincts of the old Greek temples were thrown open to all. Here, where the throng of ancient Athens used to crowd in and out, up and down, was now to be seen the interesting sight of modern Athens in holiday attire passing to and fro amid the ruins of the past. All along the peristyle and vestibule of the temple of Theseus likewise, and between its graceful Doric columns, tables for refreshments were placed, and men, women and children, in various costumes, were swarming up and down the steps and thronging the wide area in front. Of these the Albanians in their national dress were the most picturesque and striking. It is extremely elegant and very costly, for every Albanian makes his own clothes. But I had another opportunity of spending some quiet hours among these ruins when all was calm and still in the peculiar clearness of an Athenian sky, and bathed in the gorgeous rays of the setting sun:

"Who that beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?"
Corsair, Canto ii.

up in thought the chiefs, and the statesmen, and the philosophers who once trod the steps we were treading, and passed between these columns and conversed together beneath the shadow of these buildings from the age of Pericles downwards. We also visited the Pnyx, the low hill a quarter of a mile west of the Acropolis, where the Athenians were wont to gather for public meetings, and we stood upon the bare stone platform ten feet high with an ascent of steps, cut out of the solid rock, where Pericles "fulmined over Greece," and Demosthenes had often swayed the multitude with his eloquence. Behind us was the same glorious view of sea and mountains: on our right, Mount Hymettus, 3,500 feet high; far away in front, Pentelicus, about the same height; and immediately before us the monuments of Athenian gratitude and glory upon the Acropolis, to which the orator would often point to rouse the patriotism of the crowd. The bema, or rostra, faces a space with a radius of 76 yards, capable of holding 6,000 auditors. In one of the streets beneath the Acropolis, where the ancient and modern Athens meet and blend, there stands the temple of the Winds, built after the Roman conquest, an octagonal tower, each side adorned with a symbolic figure of the corresponding wind from the quarter towards which it faced; Boreas towards the north, a winged figure (as they all are) floating in the air in a horizontal position, and blowing a long shell; Eurus to the east, stern and scowling; Notus to the south, with



THE ERECTHEUM, ATHENS.

It was in company with the two missionaries whom I have named, and under their intelligent conduct that I walked through the remains of ancient Athens a second time. We dwelt upon the past, and called

an urn of water, and Zephyrus showering into the air a lap full of flowers. Beneath these figures were formerly a series of dials, so that the building was fitly called the horologium or clock tower of the

city; and by a singular coincidence, the street in which it stands abounds in shops of modern Swiss and American watch and clock makers, and sellers of French and English wares.

What Arthur's Seat is to Edinburgh, Mount Lycabettus is to Athens. It rises on the north-east of the city as a natural defence, or boundary, as Plato calls it, and fable tells how it was dropped there by command of the guardian goddess, Athené. Aristophanes ranks it side by side with Parnassus. It is an isolated hill, and rises to the height of about 600 feet. Early one morning I climbed to its summit, and was repaid by a glorious prospect. The modern city lies mapped out before you with its 80,000 inhabitants, embraced by the Cephissus on the east, and the Ilissus on the west, the courses of both rivers being marked by the dark-green olive plantations and gardens. Away to the south-west is the Piræus, and the blue sea beyond, with the mountains of the Peloponnesus covered with snow. To the east and north the more distant canopy of mountains—Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes—bound, with striking symmetry of arrangement, the wide-spreading plain. A small Greek church, dedicated to St. George, crowns the acute summit of this conical and beacon-like hill. Descending, we made our way through the modern streets now alive with traffic, to the outer *Carameicus*, an ancient place of burial, where have been disentombed the marble monuments of illustrious Athenians; and thence to the famous garden and grove of the Academy, where the immortal Plato taught, and near which he lived, a spot still verdant and rich in oranges, apricots, peaches, and figs, when the surrounding plain is dusty and parched. With all its charms of climate, modern Athens is, in the dry season, a very dusty place; and within as well as outside the dwellings the air is thick with the finest particles, drying the lips, and painful to the eyes.

Among the religious festivals of the Athenians the Eleusinian mysteries were the most important. They were celebrated in the month of August every year for many centuries at the little town of Eleusis, on the sea-coast, and on the road leading to the Isthmus of Corinth. The festival, which had secrets connected with it that only the initiated understood —like the freemasons of modern times—occupied nine days. It was held in honour of Demeter, the sorrowful, the goddess of agriculture, who, weeping for her daughter Proserpine, as the myth runs, appeared at a well-side in Eleusis, and instituted these mysteries in her honour. She has been called the *mater dolorosa* of heathen mythology, but the root of her worship lay probably in a desire to celebrate the benefits of agriculture. The great procession proceeded from Athens, along the *via sacra*, to the sea-coast on the second day, which was therefore called "come and bathe." The sixth was the great day of the feast before the temple of the goddess in Eleusis, a temple said to have been the largest in all Greece, and the finest specimen of Doric architecture after Phidias. On these occasions, Herodotus tells us, it was nothing uncommon to see thirty thousand people flocking along the sacred road.

Our time being limited, and the country not being very safe from brigands in other directions, my fellow-travellers and I gave a day to the excursion along this *via sacra* to Eleusis, the birthplace of Æschylus. The road crosses the belt of green "where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide," and soon passes the site of the temple of Apollo, now marked by a Greek church. It leads through a well-wooded pass called Daphni (not to be confounded with the celebrated Daphné near Antioch in Syria), and by the remains of the temple of Venus (Aphrodite Phila) whose site has been identified by the discovery of doves of white marble at the foot of the rocks, and by inscriptions still visible upon them. Emerging from the pass a beautiful prospect of sea and island bursts upon you. The bay of Eleusis lies before you, shut in like a lake by the island of Salamis, with narrow channels at the two extremities only. Presently you pass the salt springs, which were considered to have healing virtues. Here the initiated in the great procession bathed, and here too we bathed in the placid waters of the sea as they danced upon the white beach. A few miles' drive farther on along the shore brings you to the town, and you at once have before you the white marble ruins of the famous temple. Huge blocks of polished marble and fallen columns are on every hand, and many beautifully-carved fragments meet the eye. Above are the ruins of an acropolis, indicating the importance of the situation in early times. But now all is as still and peaceful as are those mountains before you and yonder smooth blue sea. It is hard to realise the grandeur that once was here; the remains are strewn about in such utter ruin, and one soliloquises: "Is this all that is left of the far-famed Eleusinian mysteries?" We met a hungry wolf prowling along the lonely road—a strange contrast to the gay and merry crowds that used to stream back to Athens.

Ancient Athens, with the heathen past, is gone, and now in the modern city the Greek church holds its sway. But the Greek church even here, and in this nineteenth century, cannot be described as pure. There is in its ritual what savours too much of heathendom. One of the Protestant Evangelical Missionaries took me to the cavern behind the monument of Thrasyllus, in the rock of the Acropolis, where there was once a temple, probably to Æsculapius, and whither devotees, in ancient times, came to worship the god of healing in the hope of cure. The fabled Æsculapius and his worship have passed away. But the spring is there still, and the cavern was converted into the Church of the Holy Virgin, our lady of the grotto. The church, as well as the temple, has become a ruin; but inside the cavern are still set up the adornments of a Greek altar, and when we entered, a poor woman was prostrate before it, still believing in, and seeking, like the heathen of old, the healing virtue. The superstition is the same, though the idolatry bears another name. As I stood and watched the miserable devotee the thought rose in my mind, "Is there not wanted in modern Athens a second Paul to proclaim afresh the message of the great Apostle on Mars' Hill, and face to face with the altars and pictures of the Greek church to declare, 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped of men's hands, as though He needeth anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath, and all things'?"

There are, however, many pledges of healthy life in modern Athens. The new university, with

its handsome marble portico, and long open corridor, possesses a fine library of 150,000 volumes, and has about 1,200 students from different parts of Greece, and about fifty professors. There exists a comprehensive system of public instruction set on foot by the voluntary co-operation of all classes of the people. Young men come to Athens from every part of the little kingdom, and serve for their keep as clerks or domestic servants, on condition that they are permitted to attend classes at the Gymnasium, or University. There exists, moreover, an institution called the Arsakion, in which nearly a thousand girls receive an excellent education. It is divided into several departments, beginning with an Infant School. A beautiful new Academy of Arts, a Polytechnic school, a National Museum (in which, at present, Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ are exhibited), have been erected, by the liberality of patriotic Greeks. One of the handsomest new mansions in Athens is that of Dr. Schliemann. The city wears the aspect of new life and enterprise, and in the movement to independent nationality, education and Christianity are going hand in hand.

GREY TINTS.

"THE brighter the light the sharper the shadow" is a well-known axiom in painting, and, like many of Nature's laws, its similitude can be found in human life. We all know the bright light, the defined shadow. Untutored characters abound in both, but let us now for awhile dwell only on the grey neutral tints. In a landscape how beautiful they are! The soft, purplish hue which the wooded belt round yonder hill assumes, how soothing it is to the eye tired with the glare of the full sunlight; the rippling on the lake below seems but to add fresh beauty to the softened blue! Certainly repose and tenderness are Nature's greatest charms. Is it so in character? The question is quickly answered by us in early youth. Give us, we say, anything rather than a dead level, any faults rather than negative qualities. But on this, as on many other subjects, our opinions undergo a great change when our storehouse is better furnished and we grow wiser.

Amiability, which so many young persons thoroughly despise, we find to be essential in the middle-aged companion, as essential as it is rare, and one by one the grey tints and the negative qualities assume their unobtrusive positions, and become altogether indispensable in these restless lives of ours. Certainly they are so in the domestic ties, in those complicated cases of "in law," whose edges are often jagged and ill-fitting. Like the supple plaster in the mason's hands, which serves to join the rough, uneven stones and firmly set them in their proper place, so will the unobtrusive qualities form a uniting power in the family circle. It is said that the plainest person has always some one point of beauty—foot or hand, or shapely ear—and so from the most matter-of-fact companion we can derive something of pleasure or of profit, if but to exercise our own patience of spirit, as good George Herbert suggests, we are gainers by the companionship.

It is not always those who secure time by the forelock and vault astride him, regardless of bit and bridle, who are the successful in life. Disappointed and wearied out, the wild chase will be abandoned, and apathy or idleness follow at the very period when a steady progress might be reckoned on, and success ensured by patient continuing. "My mind to me a kingdom is," has been felt at one time or other by most thinkers as their greatest prerogative and pleasure, but it is difficult to draw the line accurately between the proper indulgence of contemplation and practice. Perhaps we ought more rigidly to arrange the order of our imaginings, those thoughts, or, more properly speaking, fancies, that come and go, and come again: ethereal creatures bright and varied in hue, and of undefined form, which flit across the mind and wrap it in a glory not its own—a glory useless for earth, not divine enough for heaven, soon, if indulged in, to become the phantasmagoria of all healthy life. From this danger the grey tints are free. Let us then cherish their gentle influence, remembering that excellence will show itself in many a varied form, and when once the character has awakened to a true sense of the responsibility of life, it seeks to cultivate those special graces which are foreign to its nature. God alone can give strength to do this, and He can alone supply the hidden springs, but we must keep the channels clear and build up the breaches.

O. H. C.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

IMPRISONED MUSIC.

A CURIOUS little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the hand which I knew held mine and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, "Why does my Lord thus deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pains to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?" These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For awhile silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet soft sound, a little, clear, musical note like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. "What can that be?" I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; "surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night!" We listened, and again heard the faint plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, "It comes from the log on the fire!" and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose

the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah! thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the fire, which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him and cheerful compliance with his will! "As I mused, the fire burned," and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me! Singing in the fire! Yes! God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE DWELLING-PLACE.

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—*Psa.* xc. 1.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—*Psa.* xci. 1.

BY bringing together the first verses of these two Psalms, we discover not only a great general truth, but the effect of that truth as realised by the individual. To the whole Church, from all generations, the Lord is a dwelling-place. But it is when a man feels for himself that the Lord is his own dwelling-place, that he realises all the blessedness, the security, the comfort which the thought is fitted to afford. He no longer rests in generalities; he dwells in the secret place of the Most High as his own refuge, and abiding there he feels how safe he is. The shadow of the Almighty covers him from the heat; the rock and the fortress of everlasting strength protects him from his foes. The Church of Christ from earliest days, even when in the wilderness, sang by the voice of Moses, the man of God, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." The Psalmist of the ninety-first Psalm re-echoes the strain for himself, and from his own experience, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge." We miss the comfort that this truth affords unless we thus make it our own. The Lord is not only the dwelling-place of the glorious company of the apostles, of the goodly fellowship of the prophets, of the noble army of martyrs, of the Holy Church throughout all the world—He is *my* dwelling-place! The "Rock of ages cleft for me" is *my* refuge. The saving efficacy of the water and the blood, saves me. I am the lowest and the least of all—but I am His! To me when hiding under his shadow, covered by his Cross, belong all the promis s of the Gospel, the means of grace, the hope of glory!

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 3.

FOLLOWING JESUS. LUKE IX. 51–62.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 57.—'*And it came to pass, that as they went in the way, a certain man said unto Him, Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.*'

CONNECTION.—A new section of our Lord's life has now commenced—the second stage of His ministry; introduced like the first by a voice from heaven, *This is my beloved Son* (ix. 35). In His TRANSFIGURATION was His solemn designation for the cross, when the representatives of the Law and the prophets, in glorified form, came down to earth 'and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.' The Lesson shows the beginning of the series of incidents, parables and miracles, occupying in all more than half a year, that followed this great event, and closed His earthly work.

I. JESUS ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.—*Read ver.* 51. We pause on this verse, because of its special connection with our Lord's work. **The time was come,** literally, *the days were being fulfilled*, there was a definite purpose and arrangement throughout: ch. xiii. 32; John xvii. 1. **That He should be received up,** i.e. *into heaven.* The Ascension, which was to crown His work, is here used to denote in a single phrase its completion, including His sacrifice and resurrection. The Evangelist regards all of Christ's ministry that followed in the light of this great event. 'He was now beginning to depart from this world.'

He stedfastly set his face, expressive of determined purpose, and, may we not add?—of *silent*, concentrated resolve? Those about Him could not understand His intensity of desire; His looks embody what His words cannot yet reveal. Note in verses 46–50, the selfish ambitions and narrow rivalries that occupied His disciples, while His soul was fixed on Gethsemane and the Cross! **To go to Jerusalem.** His ministry in Galilee was practically over; the Holy City was henceforth the goal of his desires. In fact, after this He visited Jerusalem twice, and left it again, before His final entry:—at the Feast of Tabernacles in the autumn, and that of Dedication in the winter, John vii. 10; x. 22, 23.

> These three visits are suggested by St. Luke: the verse before us referring to Christ's journey to the Feast of Tabernacles; ch. xiii. 22, to his visit for the Feast of Dedication; and ch. xvii. 11,* to His setting out for His final journey, from the 'city called Ephraim,' John xi. 54.

II. THE SAMARITAN VILLAGERS.—*Read vers.* 52–56. The company that attended Him being now so large (the twelve, the women who 'ministered unto Him,' etc., ch. viii. 2), it was requisite to make arrangements beforehand where they were to lodge. **A village of the Samaritans,** identified by some with En Gannim, now Jenîn, a frontier town of Galilee (Conder's *Tent Work in Palestine*, vol. i. p. 110). Dr. Thomson found the inhabitants 'fanatical, rude, and rebellious' (*Land and the Book*, s. xxx.). The **messengers** were rejected by

* 'Through the midst of,' in this passage may signify *between*—a circuitous route from 'Ephraim.'

he villagers. Why? Not because Jesus was declared as the Messiah (whether this declaration was made by the messengers s uncertain—see ch. ix. 21—and if it had been, the Samaritans vere not wholly unprepared to receive it, John iv. 25, 42), ut because He and His escort were travelling **towards Jerusalem.** The old animosity between the two peoples roke out especially at the time of the national festivities, so hat the route generally taken from Galilee was the road on he eastern side of Jordan. (For the causes of Samaritan ostility, see the Biblical Dictionaries, and *Handy Book for Bible Readers*, R.T.S. 'Sects and Orders.') **James and John** here show the spirit which had led Jesus to name hem 'Sons of Thunder,' Mark iii. 17. Their outbreak may be xplained, not excused. Nothing is more annoying to weary ravellers, than to be churlishly refused accommodation: fanaicism, again, naturally awakens fanaticism in return; these disciples were jealous for their Master's honour; and they must t the time have been filled with thoughts and memories of the great **Elijah,** whom they had so lately seen upon the 'holy nount.' Hence their fierce proposal, rebuked at once by Jesus: **Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;** you do ot understand yourselves, supposing, but wrongly, that *this* is he way in which the 'spirit of Elijah' is to be manifested. No, he same Spirit which wrought so terribly in those awful times, s now given as a Spirit of love and peace. This the Apostles nderstood better after the day of Pentecost; and we note that ne of these two disciples was thereafter engaged in preaching he Gospel 'in many *villages of the Samaritans!*'* But even ow the inhabitants of Samaria were not all alike. Jesus and His followers **went to another,** literally, a *different* (kind of) **village** (we need not suppose, with some expositors, *in Galilee*), and found a different reception there.

III. THREE WOULD-BE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.—*Read vers.* 57–62. The three are placed together as different types of character. No doubt our Lord often met with persons of each class. Two of these cases are recorded by Matthew in a much earlier period of the history (viii. 19–22). We must suppose either that the incidents occurred twice (so *Robinson*), or (which seems more probable) that they are given by Matthew out of their order, his Gospel not being chronological. Certainly they seem very appropriately to belong to this last journey to Jerusalem, although not out of place in Christ's earlier Galilean ministry.

1.—*Rashness.* This would-be follower (a 'Scribe,' *Matt.*) s eager but uncalculating. A good resolution truly, **Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest!**

And how deep in meaning! Not merely, as the man may have imagined, to have the privilege of listening to wondrous words, witnessing mighty deeds, sharing in the future kingdom; but this 'following' would imply participation in coming toils and sorrows; while, again, heaven knows no brighter service or brighter joy; John x. 4; Rev. xiv. 4. 'Following Jesus' s the sum of practical Christianity. A truly 'Golden Text' for us! But was the speaker prepared for the consequences of his own words? Take one test. Was he ready to be homeless with Christ? 'Remember those Samaritan villagers yesterday who turned us out. Can you venture on such a wandering life as this?' The general lesson of the incident is to count the cost of becoming a disciple, and if we can *then* resolve upon this course, **the Son of man,** our sympathising Saviour-king, will welcome us. We know not whether this Scribe 'went away sorrowful,' or whether in all meekness he replied, '*Ever, Lord, with Thee, though without an earthly home!*' If the latter, *where is he now?*

2. *Conflicting claims.* Next comes one (a 'disciple,' *Matt.*) called by Christ to active service,† but hesitating on account of home claims. The form of his request is difficult; **Suffer me first to go and bury my father.** Now this could hardly mean that his father was at the time dead: for first, the man would not in that case have been in the crowd; while secondly, the dead are buried in the East on the day of death, so that the funeral would cause little or no delay; and thirdly, our Lord was not likely to discourage such an act of filial love. The son's wish, therefore, seemed to be, to go and live at home till his aged father's death, and then to respond to Christ's summons. But these family claims, Jesus knew, would fatally conflict with the call to higher service, and therefore He bids His disciple to leave such affairs with the household spiritually **dead.** There were those at home to look after all these interests, and to render all duteous observance to the aged parent when he should pass away. A more pressing business claimed this disciple's thought and care. **Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.** The general lesson is that of ch. xiv. 25.

3. *Irresolution.* One last **farewell at home,** and then I am ready! The case corresponds with that of Elisha and Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 20. But Christ saw that this wish betokened a divided heart; hence His reply. The ploughman in the case supposed does not *desert* his work, but lets his attention wander from it; and (especially with the light ploughs of the East) it was necessary to keep the eye steadfastly fixed on it, that the furrow might be straight. So, distracted attention will hinder all true work for **the kingdom of God.**

> 'The best illustration of the danger of **looking back** after **having put our hand to the plough,** is the case of those converts from Hinduism, whose parents, when apprised of their intention to be baptized, travel to the mission-house, and plead, with tears and threats, that they will not take a step so fatal. Failing by this means to shake their resolution, they at length submit to their hard fate; only requesting that before they undergo the rite which is to sever them for ever from home, they will pay them one parting visit, to **bid them farewell which are at home at their house.** It seems but reasonable. To refuse it looks like gratuitously wounding parental feeling: "Well, I will go; but my heart is with you, my spiritual fathers, and soon I will rejoin you." He goes—*but never returns.* How many promising converts have thus been lost.' —*Dr. D. Brown.*

QUESTIONS.

1. Give illustrations of our Lord's concentrated purpose, parallel with that in ver. 51.
2. What were the chief grounds of the enmity between the Jews and Samaritans?
3. How do the words of our Lord to James and John bear upon the subject of religious persecution?
4. By what general principles are conflicting claims of duty to be settled—especially when religious obligations seem opposed to home interests?
5. Illustrate these three types of character (the 'would-be disciples') from your own observation or from modern church life.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.

The two summits of a mountain in Arabia where the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel.

1. The descendants of Abraham.
2. The father of Ahab.
3. The eldest son of Jacob.
4. A country that "will soon stretch out her hands unto God."
5. The Gileadite who helped King David in his distress.

C. B. B.

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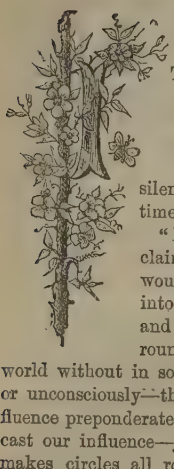
* Acts viii. 25.

† Clement of Alexandria speaks of him as 'Philip'—we know not on what authority.

Pages for the Young.



THE ROSE-TREE AND THE SPOTTED LAUREL.

IT was the hush-hour of early dawn, when Nature lies as if spell-bound, awaiting the sunrise. In a quiet little country garden all was silent with the universal stillness of expectation; and yet not altogether silent, for the plants were passing the waiting-time in a voiceless buzz of conversation.

"Impossible, I say!" the rose-tree was exclaiming in a somewhat excited tone; "it would be just as impossible for a stone to drop into yonder pond without ruffling the surface and producing those numerous circles of eddies round it, as for anything to come into this world without in some way or other influencing—consciously or unconsciously—those around it. That the unconscious influence preponderates is my humble opinion. All round us we cast our influence—just as the stone that falls into the pond makes circles all round it—the nearest circles are the most marked; then they grow fainter and fainter, and none can say where the last one ends or dies away."

"It is a very strange thing, this influence," remarked a flower-pot, that was poised upside-down on a stick in the midst of the dahlia bed close by. "Now, it is a fact that, ugly as I am, and dark as my inside is, the gardener had hardly stuck me in this—to me—most uncomfortable position, when I became a cause of attraction to a whole bevy of earwigs. Why they like me is an enigma to myself."

The rose smiled scornfully.

"'Men of evil deeds delight
In darkness rather than in light,'"

she observed. "Why, the gardener has just put you there as a trap to catch the horrid little creatures, and keep them away from his flowers."

"I would rather be a 'trap to catch a sunbeam,'" remarked a dewdrop near, as she stood quietly waiting on the tip of a blade of grass.

She had her wish fulfilled—which was more than she expected. Even as she spoke, a ray from the rising sun caught her glistening face, and made it sparkle with a thousand tints. Unconscious of her beauty, she trembled on the tiny spray on which she was poised, her one little eye—for she had only one—fixed on the orb of day.

"He is drawing me up—up! I must go to him!" she cried; and even as she spoke she was gone.

Yet she had not lived her little day without adding her mite to the weight of unconscious influence that rested on every living object. Refreshed by her gentle touch, and longing to follow her, the small blade of grass stretched itself to the utmost of its power to see where she had gone; and in the very act (though she was not aware of it) made countless other tiny sprays intuitively lift themselves up too, that they might see what their companion was looking at.

"Our question was whether there was such a thing as 'unconscious influence,'" remarked the aucuba-bush, resuming the thread of the general discourse which the dewdrop had broken. "I for one don't believe there is. Everything must know if they possess any power, or influence, over others," and as she spoke she shook her glossy leaves in the still morning air. "Of course we have influence, but I repudiate the idea of unconscious influence entirely."

"And what is your influence, pray?" asked a tall white lily that stood near. "I never knew that things like us had any influence at all."

"What influence have I?" asked the aucuba, in the tone of one who thought the question very unnecessary; "why, you silly little innocent. I am evergreen all the year round. When other trees are cast down because winter has robbed their boughs of all their graceful foliage, I hold up my leafy head, and hopefully point to better days. And when other plants are well-nigh dead with droughts in summer, I still hold up like a man, and try by my appearance at least to put some heart—I ought, perhaps, to say sap—into them."

"There is another side to your story," remarked the rose-tree, from her place at the opposite side of the broad gravel walk, "and it backs up my theory of unconscious influence."

"I should like to hear it," said the aucuba hastily.

"It is not a very pleasant one," replied the rose, "but I may as well mention it, and that is that nothing likes to grow near you. Whatever your influence may be above ground (and I grant it is by no means small), the influence you carry on underground is just as palpable. Why will nothing grow under your shadow? Do you do it on purpose?"

The aucuba had never thought of it before. If she had ever noticed it she had never paused to think why it was. She had always been so set on "keeping up a good appearance" and thus "setting a good example to those around her," that she had overlooked the roots of the matter, like many wiser people do, and knew nothing of the poison that ran in her veins which produced the effect that the rose-tree had noticed.

"At any rate I have no thorns like you," she remarked, in a somewhat injured tone. "They, at least, give no unconscious influence."

"I often regret that they are so sharp," sighed the rose-tree sadly; "but I can't help it. Summer and winter they stick on my stem, and will not come off. Even the winds that dash my fair blossoms to the dust, and scatter my leaves everywhere, have no effect on them. I have tried in vain to get rid of them, but all my efforts have been useless. It is my appointed trial, I suppose, and I must bear it."

"I have often noticed how patiently you bear the trouble," observed a daisy, looking up from its grassy bed at the edge of the grass plot hard by. "And after all, it is well that you could not remove it, for if you could, you would have deprived man of one of his truest and best mottoes: 'No rose without a thorn,' they say."

"You always speak brightly—just like you look," answered the rose. "You always remind me of how good a thing it is to look upward. However wet the ground is, you never withdraw your upward gaze, and consequently escape seeing much that would pain and grieve you."

"It is not that I am not interested in you all," said the daisy lovingly. "Only as my face is always turned to the light, I can only give you sidelong glances, which but show me the surface of things—and that always seems beautiful."

"Yes, 'tis happiest not to look too deeply into things; it prevents our seeing much that is ugly, and much that we are never meant to see. For instance: who would guess that the snowdrop, so pure and white, has its root in the dark earth."

"It is the knowledge of what I spring from that makes me bend my head so low," remarked the snowdrop (her snowy blossoms had long since melted away before summer's mild breezes and sunshine). "It seems the most suitable position for one whose origin is so humble."

"Ah, snowdrop, you often make me think what a lovely thing true humility is!" exclaimed the rose.

"I never knew you noticed me," replied the snowdrop with some surprise.

"Another case of unconscious influence," remarked the rose-tree meditatively. And then she continued as if speaking to herself, "I suppose there is an active and passive side to every life—even a rose's, or a daisy's, or an aucuba's, or a snowdrop's—only it seems to me the passive or negative side—the 'unconscious influence,' if I may call it so—is the greatest.

A. C. Tucker.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE proverbial uncertainty of legal issues before our English tribunals has received a striking illustration in the cases of the Rev. Messrs. T. Pelham Dale, and R. W. Enraght. We stated last month (p. 143) the unanimous judgment of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, by which both these gentlemen were declared to be legally subjected to imprisonment as the result of sentences pronounced by the Dean of Arches for contempt of court, in disobeying its directions. The judgment thus unanimously given has been as unanimously reversed by the Court of Appeal. Nearly a week was occupied by this last tribunal in hearing arguments upon the matter from the learned counsel on both sides. The Judges of Appeal, Lords Justices James, Brett, and Cotton—directed attention to two chief points, involving the main issues in both cases: (1) The question of Lord Penzance's jurisdiction; (2) the question as to the regularity of the procedure which had taken place in the execution of the writs issued in pursuance of the sentences which had been pronounced by Lord Penzance. On the first of these questions the Lords Justices were unanimously of the same opinion as the three Judges against whose decision the appeal was made. Lord Justice James said that on this, "the main point," he had not from the beginning "been able to entertain any doubt." Lord Justice Brett said that in his opinion it was "as clear as anything ever propounded in a court of justice that Lord Penzance's Court is the old Court of Arches, and nothing but the old Court of Arches." Lord Justice Cotton was equally emphatic in the same direction. On the first issues, therefore, the judgment of the Lords Justices was in favour of the respondents. On the second issue it was for the appellants, being based, however, upon a purely technical point—the question whether the writ against the respondents had been issued in accordance with the strict requirements of the law. This was decided in favour of the appellants. The result of the appeal was that the application failed as regarded the prohibition to restrain Lord Penzance, but succeeded as regarded the writ of *Habeas Corpus* to release Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght from prison. Thus the decision of the Appeal Court only affects these clergymen personally; it leaves unchanged the decision of the Queen's Bench on the substantial question submitted to it.

IN another case also mentioned last month (p. 144), that of the Rev. J. B. De la Bere, Vicar of Prestbury, who had been sentenced by the Dean of Arches to be deprived of his benefice, an application to the Master of the Rolls has resulted in the granting a rule *nisi*, with an interim order, restraining the publication of the sentence. His lordship added that all he now decided was that there were some points to be argued.

ONE result of the imprisonment of the two clergymen who have been released on the technical ground above stated, has been the publication of much correspondence by persons of position and influence, and others, on the condition of things in the Church of England which rendered such imprisonment possible. Canon Wilkinson having addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the subject, his Grace in the course of his reply, said: "You may feel confident that I, in common with all the bishops, am as anxious as you can be that full consideration should be given to existing difficulties in the Church, and to the best mode of removing them. It certainly may fairly be taken to show that there must be some exceptional difficulty in present arrangements when clergymen of otherwise unimpeachable character think it their duty to run the risk of having their usefulness in their parishes rudely interrupted by the authority of the law rather than yield to those set over them in the Lord that degree of willing obedience which seems to most men to be enjoined alike by the traditions of the Church and by the written words of the Prayer-book (in the preface 'concerning the service of the Church'), as well as by their promise of canonical obedience. I am quite sure I may undertake for my brethren of the Episcopate that we are ready very carefully to consider, at the present juncture, the grounds which appear to have led to so strange a result." His Grace added: "I cannot but respect the evident earnestness of many who are disturbed as to the alleged grievances which attach to our present condition."

SUBSEQUENTLY to the publication of the above letter a memorial presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Dean of St. Paul's, was signed by a number of deans, archdeacons, canons, other dignitaries and clergy. The memorialists say that they submit to his Grace the following suggestions in consequence of the invitation given by the Archbishop to those of the clergy who feel dissatisfied or alarmed at the present circumstances of the Church, to state what they desire in the way of remedy; "First of all, and especially, we would respectfully express our desire for a distinctly avowed policy of toleration and forbearance on the part of our ecclesiastical superiors in dealing with questions of ritual. Such a policy appears to us to be demanded alike by justice and by the best interests of religion. For justice would seem to require that unless a rigid observance of the Rubrical Law of the Church, or of recent interpretations of it, be equally exacted from all parties within her pale, it should no longer be exacted from one party alone, and under circumstances which often increase the difficulty of complying with the demand. And, having regard to the uncertainties which have been widely thought to surround some recent interpretations of ecclesiastical law, as well as to the equitable claims of congregations placed in the most dissimilar religious circumstances, we cannot but think that the recognised toleration of even wide diversities of ceremonial is alone consistent with the interests of true religion, and with the well-being of the English Church at the present time. The immediate need of our Church is, in our opinion, a tolerant recognition of divergent ritual practice." The memorialists also suggest that the Courts by which ecclesiastical causes are decided in the first instance and on appeal should be so constructed as "to secure the conscientious obedience of clergymen who believe the constitution of the Church of Christ to be of Divine appointment, and who protest against the State's encroachment upon rights assured to the Church of England by solemn Acts of Parliament." In acknowledging the receipt of this "important document," as the Archbishop terms it, his Grace refers to the published letter, quoted above, addressed by him to Canon Wilkinson, "as an assurance" that the memorial will receive the attentive consideration of the bishops.

A COUNTER-MEMORIAL to that quoted above is in course of signature as we write. This may be said to have originated at the first meeting of the "Clerical and Lay Associations' Union" which was held a few weeks since at the Cannon Street Hotel, at which a large number of clerical and lay representatives and friends were present. The meeting was presided over by Lord Midleton, supported by Bishop Perry, the Dean of Ripon, Canons Hoare and Money, Archdeacon Bardsley, and many other well-tried Evangelicals. Papers were read on "Reasons for United Action," by Archdeacon Bardsley, of Liverpool, and on "The Method of United Action," by Canon Hoare, followed by discussion. A Central Committee of Vigilance for the year was appointed.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury recently presided at a meeting, held in the drawing-room of Mr. George Hanbury, in Portman Square, in support of the special religious services for the people in theatres, halls, and mission rooms. Mr. George Hanbury gave an account of the work carried out during the last twenty-one years at St. James's Hall, the East-end and other theatres, and at music and other halls. In the course of his remarks he urged, in answer to the objections made by people against religious services being conducted in unconsecrated places, that if the people who frequented the theatre and music-hall missions had not these places to go to, they would go to no places of worship whatever! These views were supported by other speakers in forcible terms, in which they dwelt upon the possible evils to society generally which might result from the lower classes of the huge population of London being left to grow up in infidelity taught them on all hands, and it was also pressed that the people who were brought to hear the truth by means of these services would not hear it otherwise. The noble chairman, in the course of a long and eloquent speech, warmly supported the work of the mission, and expressed himself as greatly depressed that its friends should have now to combat the objections which were dealt with and overcome more than twenty years ago. He urged that the objectors to the services should read the reports, and in these, he said, they would find abundant answer to their objections. It was announced that these services greatly suffer from want of adequate funds.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, the Destitute Children's Emigration Homes, and the City Home and Mission, Glasgow, was held recently in the City Home Hall. Dr. Cameron, M.P., occupied the chair. Mr. Quarrier began his work among the poor children of the streets sixteen years ago, when he formed the Shoeblack Brigade in Glasgow. He soon became convinced that much more ought to be done, and nine years ago was led to originate these Homes, in which not only the temporal, but also the spiritual interests of the children are cared for. There is no collector for the Homes, paid or unpaid; no names of donors are published, but only what is necessary to show every sum received. In the course of his address, the chairman referred to the remarkable fact that, whether the times were good or bad, Mr. Quarrier's work had gone on with unvarying regularity, and funds were supplied without any need of an appeal to the public. Mr. Richard Hunter presented the financial statement, which showed that 10,252*l.* had come in during last year, besides numerous articles of clothing, provisions, etc., the largest amount ever received. Every penny received is publicly acknowledged once a fortnight, as well as in the annual balance. Mr. Quarrier stated that it was with gratitude to God that he had to say, at the year's close, that their wants had been met, and encouragement given to look for yet greater things than these. During these nine years, upwards of 1,400 children had been rescued, and put in the way of supporting themselves: 2,000 others had been casually helped; many hundred thousand tracts had been circulated among the poor and in low lodging-houses: the Gospel had been extensively preached; the City Home had been built at a cost of 8,000*l.*; forty acres of land had been purchased at Bridge of Weir, and eight orphan-houses erected at a cost of 21,000*l.* During the year, 467 children had been permanently helped, and temporary shelter had been given to 174. In addition, upwards of 1,500 men, women, and children, in different stages of distress, had received advice and assistance; 307 had had a night's lodging paid for them in the model lodging-houses; and many widows had been helped to pay their rent. It was not right to relieve parents or friends of responsibility where they were able to maintain children, and hence these institutions undertook only those cases which there was nobody else to touch; and every single case was personally investigated and dealt with on its own merits. It is worthy of notice that 700*l.* was earned in wages by the boys and lads in the City Home during the year. The speakers who followed expressed the sense of the great value of the institution, and bore testimony to its usefulness.

THERE has been provided in the capital of Spain a little hospital for sick Protestants. The necessity for such an institution in any priest-ridden country, may be judged from the following narrative which we find in a letter from the Rev. F. Fliedner of Madrid: "A young professor of mathematics, lay," in a town in the South of Spain, "on his last bed. His wife had been employed by us as a teacher years ago; she was faithful in her office, though not a Protestant when she came to us. Only the need of earning her daily bread had driven her to the heretics; but we noticed how the slow influence of our common work gradually drew her heart towards us. Her quiet little husband we but seldom saw, and several years ago they went to Guadiz, where he was employed by Government. When it was evident that his end was drawing near, the Bishop came, with other clergymen, to persuade him to receive the last sacraments of the Roman Church; he refused, gently but decidedly, and at last pretended to sleep in order to escape their importunity. But when left alone with his wife, he drew a key from under his pillow, and asked her to take his Bible from a drawer, and read to him. Even she had not known of its existence before; shy as he was, he had not dared to confess his faith. But now the precious treasure which he had hidden brought light and comfort to both. We cannot judge hardly of our timid brother, for the position of such hidden ones in the little towns, and especially in the province of Granada, is incredibly difficult. The best proof is that, even in this case, a few minutes before the death of our brother, his wife was removed by force, and extreme unction was administered to him. But we rejoice that the Saviour was near to him with His word in the hour of death, and thank God when He permits us to see, by such unexpected experiences, that the seed of His Gospel is not sown in vain."

BERLIN has a Protestant population of 781,686 souls, for which there are 36 churches and 75 pastors, with church accommodation for only 31,873 persons, or 4 per cent. of the whole. The average number under the charge of each pastor is 10,500! The worst parish in Berlin is that of St. Thomas, which has a Protestant population of 90,000, for which there is 1 church and 1 chapel, accommodating together 1,730 persons and ministered to by 4 preachers. "All the parishes are terribly unwieldy. It is said that only about half of the Protestant interments are performed with religious rites. The "Foreign Church Chronicle" says: "These figures present us with a startling picture of religious apathy, and it is a comfort to know that Berlin is an extreme case of the kind. In the smaller towns and in the country there is much more religious life and activity; and there are symptoms of an awakening at Berlin. A few churches are in course of erection, and a scheme is on foot for the endowment of a staff of curates, while the Berlin City Mission is working with praiseworthy vigour. But there needs a national revival and a self-denying spirit not yet displayed in order in any adequate way to overtake the religious necessities of the great centre of German Protestatism."

THE Paris correspondent of a contemporary writes: "Step after step is being taken in the direction of the separation of Church and State. Episcopal stipends have been reduced to the figures of the Concordat, the crucifixes have been removed from the Paris schools, a Secular Education Bill has been sent up to the Senate, and educational diplomas are now to be gained without the necessity of an examination in religious subjects. The Supreme Council on Prisons is also to be remodelled like the Educational Council, to the exclusion of the Archbishop of Paris, the Chief Rabbi, and the President of the Protestant Consistory, hitherto *ex officio* members."

A RUSSIAN journal reports that a short time ago some peasants were drawing water from a well in Gadiatch, when one of them espied a picture of the Virgin floating on the surface of the limpid liquid. While they were taking counsel together as to the proper course of conduct to be adopted in the face of so marvellous a manifestation, they were joined by two village girls, who, the picture being pointed out to them, declared that only two hours previously they had seen it flying about in the air and watched it as it gently descended into the well. This story of theirs spread throughout the district of Gadiatch like wildfire, and as soon as it came to the ears of the landowner upon whose property the "holy well" was situated, he lost no time in building a chapel over the spring. To this chapel the population of the district has since repaired in daily increasing numbers, leaving the churches empty of their congregations even on Sundays and saints' days, so that the local clergy, finding their takings growing smaller, applied to the police authorities for an investigation of the alleged miracle. An official inquiry has brought to light the fact that the Virgin's counterfeit presentment had been purchased of a travelling pedlar by the speculative landowner above mentioned, who had utilised it, with the assistance of his peasantry, for the creation of a sacred shrine upon his estate, and had already cleared a handsome sum by appropriating the money offerings of the pilgrims who had flocked to the "holy well" from all parts of the surrounding country. The author of the fraud is in prison awaiting his trial for sacrilege.

THE more distinguished clergy and ministers who have been removed by death within the last few weeks include the Rev. Dr. Cartmel, Master of Christ Church, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Queen, aged seventy; the Rev. Dr. Humphry Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in his eighty-second year; the Rev. R. C. Dallas, aged eighty-seven, who entered holy orders half a century ago, after having been wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and having received a medal in recognition of his bravery; and the Rev. Josiah Miller, one of the Secretaries of the London City Mission. The Wesleyan Connexion has again sustained losses by the decease of the Rev. Robert Jackson—the last of three brothers, all of whom were in high repute as ministers in Methodist circles—in his eighty-second year, and of the Rev. Dr. Frederick James Jobson, in his sixty-ninth year. His rare gifts early placed him among the most popular preachers of his denomination. In 1864 he was appointed Book Steward, and in 1869 he was elected President of the Conference. Very few Methodist ministers have enjoyed so many friendships among the leading men of other religious communities.

THE Pope's pecuniary circumstances are anything but encouraging, the Peter's Pence collection for last year having seriously diminished. During 1880 the sum collected barely amounted to three million francs, whereas in 1879 the tribute came to a million francs more. It is more than suspected, as a cause of this falling-off of revenue, that those who have no sympathy with Pope Leo's reforming views have done a great deal to restrain the liberality of "the faithful," hoping by cutting off the supplies to compel the Pope to adopt a more intolerant policy.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

HAS IT BEEN A HAPPY BIRTHDAY?

THROUGH THE LINN;

OR, MISS TEMPLE'S WARDS.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF 'MURIEL BERTRAM,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

"WELL, Lettice, my child, has it been a happy birthday?"

Mr. Majendie took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, rubbed them gently with his silk pocket-handkerchief, laid them on the study-table by his side, and looked smilingly into his daughter's face.

"Has it been a happy birthday, so far? Nineteen years old! How time flies! All the more need to make good use of the hours as they go. It is a grave thought, that not one ever comes back. Has it been a tolerably happy day, my dear?"

"One of the happiest I ever had, father, and that is saying a good deal."

"More than some girls could say in your place

perhaps. No amusements, no excitement, no party, no friends—I am afraid it has been but a dull sort of fête day."

"Quite enough of a fête for my taste," Lettice answered, smiling, with a little rattle of her new gold watch-chain. "I think I have been thoroughly fêted with gifts—just exactly the things I wanted most too. As for excitement, Violet and I had a most exciting game this morning with Bruno and Frisk, and as for amusement, mother has been reading and talking to us delightfully for two whole hours this afternoon. Aunt Jeannie can't come to dinner, as I wished, certainly, but I am going to pay her a visit instead, which is almost as nice, for I shall have her all to myself."

Lettice looked as pleased as if she had been describing aught but the most ordinary events of every-day life. She stood by her father's chair, a slender well-grown girl, with clear colourless skin, resolute outline of lips and chin, and dark full eyebrows over liquid grey eyes. Mr. Majendie was an old man, having married late in life, and his thin silvery hair grew crown-wise, in a circle round a bare space on his head, contrasting with a gentle ruddy-complexioned face. It was a September day, somewhat chilly, and a fire burned in the wide fireplace. The room was plentifully lined with books.

"Yours is a contented spirit, my Lettice. What, letters!"

"Fraser imagined this morning that I was disappointed at receiving no birthday letters, so he actually walked all the way to Ballam under the dim hope of finding some by a later mail. I happened to remark, in his hearing, that one or two of my old schoolfellows used to write, and had not done so this year. Naturally enough, for I never write to them. I am afraid good old Fraser was more disappointed than I, to find his attempt a failure."

"It was a failure, then?"

"Oh yes—as I could have warned him. Whom should I hear from? Everybody that I love is with me, and I have not any outside friends, you know." Lettice smiled contentedly, as she made the remark.

"Time you should make them. Time you should have some, Lettice."

"Father, what is the use? People don't care for me, and I don't care for them. I am never happy with strangers. There is a sort of mutual repulsion between them and me. I have you and mother, and Violet, and Aunt Jeannie, and the servants, and the dogs, and the flowers, and the books. I have everything I can possibly want or care to have. Why should I wish for anything else?"

"I should like you to have some nice girl-friends of your own age."

"Aunt Jeannie is my one girl-friend, father, and I do not want a second. She is more of a child than I am, in some respects. But I am hindering you. There are three letters which you will want to read, and here is the newspaper, only just arrived. The man forgot to deliver it before, I believe—or had an accident with one copy."

"Thank you, my dear. Ah, one letter I see is from Selina Temple. Singular that I should have written to her yesterday."

"Just about time for her usual half-yearly epistle. She is very regular. However, it is not likely to contain any news of supreme interest. There is nobody at Brentwood whom I care about. Two crossed sheets! O poor father! I am going now to see Aunt Jeannie. Shall I take any message?"

"No, thank you, my dear. Wrap up, for the wind is cold."

Lettice went off with a light step, shutting the door behind her. She opened it again for a moment to say, "Dinner is half-an-hour earlier than usual to-night."

"Ah, yes—the little Violet dines with us, I suppose."

"Her usual birthday treat. And as we could not take her for a ride to-day, on account of the weather, I have promised that we will if it is fine to-morrow."

"Brown Jennie will be in good spirits after three idle days."

"Oh, so much the better. That is what I delight in. Father, you little knew what a treat you were providing when you gave her to me last birthday. My rides before on good old Nellie were another matter altogether, though they were pleasant enough. There is nothing like riding for enjoyment. I sometimes think I should be quite a different creature, without those free, wild gallops to put life into me."

"Happiness does not rest on such matters, my dear," said Mr. Majendie, gently playing with the three letters he had received—two still unopened. "One could learn to do without rides. They are adjuncts, not necessities."

"Very important adjuncts in my eyes," said Lettice. "One could of course learn to do without a good many things—but I don't know about being happy without them. I am afraid I love rather too well my present manner of life. I do not want a single bit of it ever to change."

"A sure proof that yours has not been a melancholy girlhood, my Lettice."

"I hardly know what melancholy means—from experience. How could I, with such a father and such a mother and such a home?"

She was by his side again, and he folded her in his arms for the bestowal of a hearty kiss.

"'Such a daughter' too, I might add, Lettice. But no need to pay compliments. I am afraid the cloudlessness can't be expected to last always; but it is good so far that your early years have been happy. I am glad, my dear——"

And she kissed him once more, and went off, her eyes glistening. Opposite lay the drawing-room, and within sat a lady at a davenport, near one of the windows. She wore a delicate white shawl over her shoulders, and had a frail look.

"Mother, there is a letter from Selina Temple—nothing of importance from that quarter, we may be sure. The other two looked like circulars or bills, I am not sure which. I left father to enjoy them and his paper, as I am going to Aunt Jeannie."

"Tell her I hope she is nursing her cough. Where is Violet?"

Lettice's face broke into silent laughter, as she made a sign towards a corner of the room. For a huge black retriever lay there, with his nose upon his massive paws, and eyes glancing wistfully; and down upon the ground beside him was curled a slender child of about nine or ten, pillowing her little head, all covered with short golden curls, upon his curly body.

"Asleep! She is tired with her romp this morning. I did not know she was here."

"Bruno seems to be a fixture. I meant to take him with me, but it would be a pity to wake Violet."

Bruno understood of course, and his eyes grew more wistful, while his tail gave one little responsive pat upon the floor. Otherwise he did not move. Lettice nodded and smiled, as to a human being, said, "Good old Bruno!" and went off.

Hat and shawl were soon donned, the latter flung in quaintly careless style about her shoulders. Outside the front-door Lettice stood for a minute, looking out upon the princely elms which grew almost too closely round the old country-house, Lettice's home from her birth. She had never known, and did not even wish ever to know another. All her life-interests were centred here.

The trees were changing tint, and a good many yellow-brown leaves lay scattered along the edges of the path. A carriage-drive wound among the elms for a short distance, and after two or three bends a straight avenue of limes led to the principal gate, beside which was a small creeper-grown lodge. Lettice went down the lime-avenue at a quick run, paused a moment at the gate, to exchange some words with the lodge-keeper's little Nancy, and then walked briskly along the rutted high-road which led to the little village. The latter consisted of a group of cottages, with two or three tiny shops and a few outlying farms. Of gentlefolks' dwellings there were none, excepting only the neat Vicarage.

Lettice stopped there, and entered. She passed, without ringing, through lattice porch and narrow passage, straight into the drawing-room.

"Aunt Jeannie!"

"Ah, there she is! I knew she would come. Good-day, my child, and many a right happy return of the same to thee."

"Aunt Jeannie," though in truth no aunt, no relative of the Majendie family, had been for years Lettice's chosen friend and confidante, the only one she possessed out of her immediate home-circle. As she had told her father, she did not care to find a second. Despite disparity of age, the two were well matched. Mrs. Canynge at forty-five was in some respects younger than Lettice at nineteen.

"I could not venture out in this wind, or you would have seen me this morning. My cold has hung about me so long, that I am warned to take care, and it doesn't do to be wilful in such matters, for the sake of others. It was a disappointment to me not to go. Come now, sit down and tell me how you have spent your birthday. But first—this is for you."

Lettice drew aside the silver paper from a small inlaid box of Indian workmanship.

"Thank you—how pretty!" she said, with eyes more eloquent than words.

"From both of us. Well, what else have you had?"

"My father gave me this gold chain—isn't it massive? And the watch is from mother. My old watch has not gone well for a year, but I have made it over now to Violet, and she is enchanted. I had a volume of poems from father too. Violet's present is a silver pen-handle, and there was something from each of the servants—an ivory pencil-case, and a little work-bag, and some flower-vases, and other pretty knick-knacks. It has been as happy a birthday as one could wish, though Fraser did think Miss Majendie ought to have had some letters of congratulation, and my father wishes I had more 'outside' friends."

"How many have you in all?"

"One, only I don't count her 'outside.'"

"And you had no letters?"

"One note—from that same friend."

"And she is——?"

"You. I have no other."

Mrs. Canynge's expression was not one of satisfaction.

"I can't slice up my heart among fifty people," said Lettice. "I care for very few, and very few care for me."

"This country life is undesirable for one of your temperament."

"Aunt Jeannie—please—pray—I entreat you—don't put that notion into my father's head, or he will want to send me off at once on a course of visitings."

"And if he did?"

"I don't want to go. I don't care to go. There is nobody in the world that I have the slightest wish to see—unless it were a distant glimpse of some of the great men of the day. I am perfectly happy. I don't want a single thing that I have not got. Why should I be disturbed?"

Mrs. Canynge sat looking down into Lettice's eyes thoughtfully. She had herself a strongly-marked face, wherein the heavings of a stormy nature had settled into an after-calm. Great peace showed in the sympathetic eyes, and the lips, though changeful in mood as a child's, were habitually restful.

"There are two things needful in one's life," she said. "There ought to be a giving out as well as a taking in."

"I give out love to my own people, and I take it in from them."

"Aye, my dearie, but that's a narrow circle, very narrow. The world doesn't consist of you and your people. There's such a thing as family selfishness, no less than individual selfishness. I would not have you reach womanhood with a heart no bigger than a nutshell. And it only grows by giving. A heart can't be sliced into definite halves and quarters, as you seemed just now to think. It's more of the nature of flame than of solid substance. The more it has to feed on, the larger it grows, but if you shut it up, it fades and wanes."

"Still, I suppose one may be narrow and yet deep, Aunt Jeannie. I am not a lake, I know, open to approach on all sides."

"Then you're unlike One whom we want to resemble. His heart of boundless love is open to approach in every direction. There's no barred gateway or walled-up avenue to the heart of Jesus. And though He had His chosen friends, there was no living man for whom He had not loving interest to spare."

"I don't know that that has struck me so much before," said Lettice soberly, after a pause. "But still, people do differ. We can't be all alike. I think yours is a lake-nature, and I admire it in you—only I cannot be the same. It is not my nature, and it is not the Majendie nature. I am more like a river, flowing between its two banks. My banks are beautiful enough for me."

"The river expands into the lake sometimes. Well, it is a pleasant river," said Mrs. Canynge, touching Lettice's brow with caressing fingers, "a happy sunny sparkling river, not at all disposed to

fret and murmur over any little stones and rocks in its way, but rather given to singing and dancing over them. But don't get shut up and cramped in between two high banks, able to get no glimpse of anything beyond."

"I can't change my nature, Aunt Jeannie."

"My dear, God can change it for you. We are of plastic make, not adamant. And you can strengthen or weaken your natural inclinations by a course of indulgence or resistance."

"My father had a letter from Selina Temple just before I came out," said Lettice suddenly.

"Miss Temple. His first cousin, is she not?"

"Yes, our only near relation living. I don't know what she says, and I am afraid I don't much care! Selina Temple is not a person that interests me."

"She ought. She is a human being."

"Do all human beings interest you?"

"Yes—as such." Mrs. Canynge looked a little amused.

"I hope that isn't the kind of interest you take in me, Aunt Jeannie. However, I have not seen this worthy cousin of ours for nine years."

"No need to sneer at her," put in Mrs. Canynge softly. "Sneers are commonly the product of a small mind."

"Or a narrow one? You are determined to take me down, by way of a birthday treat," said Lettice playfully, with unruffled good-humour. "There, I won't sneer. I never do at anyone that I love. As for poor Selina Temple, of course a child of ten is no judge. But I never in all my life was so naughty as during the week she was with us. Her presence seemed to develope temper and obstinacy and perverseness all at once."

"I remember thinking her a quiet inoffensive little person, willing to be friendly."

"Inoffensive, perhaps, but not unoffending. She made me feel all over prickles. I don't believe you know the sensation."

"Of course you don't, because, when the prickles come, I do not always use them upon folks around me."

Lettice laughed, and sat then looking towards the window. Light was fading fast, yet enough remained to show the smile on her lips. There was placid contentment in both faces, but different in kind. For with the one the calm was the produce of temperament and circumstances, a thing of nature. With the other the calm was a reflection from a higher region, altogether beyond temperament or circumstances or nature, and not to be affected by them.

"What a happy life mine has been!" Lettice said presently. "I cannot look back and remember a single real trouble—unless it was our anxiety about Violet last year. But even then she never was so ill as really to alarm us. I should think very few have known such a childhood and girlhood as mine. I wonder if my life is to be always so. I would like it. I never have any craving for stir or excitement. All I want is just to go floating on as I do now—everybody that I love around and near me."

"No, no," said Mrs. Canynge. "It can't be in this world. The river cannot flow on placidly ever the same. You'll come some day to linn, or rapid, or waterfall. Lettice, child, don't make a needs-be for God's hand to touch you heavily in these things you love so well. I don't like the sound of that 'all I want.'"

"It is true."

"Then the truth has danger in it. What if you grow so well content with lower things that you never trouble yourself to see the higher?"

"That is my danger," said Lettice very quietly. "I try to feel as I should, and I have a love for my Bible, and I would not miss going to church on any account. But I have so fully all I want that I do not thirst after God. It is all quiet duty and enjoyment, nothing more."

Mrs. Canynge's face wore a curious expression.

"Well—we're various natures," she said quaintly. "I am not you, and you are not me, and nothing will ever make the one into the other, however much each may be modified and re-moulded. The training such as you need will come to you, sooner or later. We are wise to enjoy our bright times while they last."

"What did you mean just now by 'linn,' Aunt Jeannie?"

Mrs. Canynge looked thoughtfully down into the upturned face.

"I meant—something that came to mind, child. Your talking of yourself as a river brought a certain scene to my recollection."

"A story. Aunt Jeannie, tell me the story. Fancy that I am really a child again for once. I see you have a story written in your eyes. What is it about?"

"It isn't a story, Lettice, at least not exactly. It is only something I once saw, and I'm not likely ever to forget it."

"When? What?" repeated her companion.

"Years ago. I took a journey north to Aberdeenshire, and stayed there awhile, and saw many a beautiful sight. But among them all—and I don't say there were not some grander and fairer—among them all there wasn't one which left a deeper mark on my mind than the sight of the Linn of Dee."

"The Linn! That is the word I was asking you about. I have learnt enough geography to know where the River Dee is," said Lettice playfully. "Am I like the Dee, Aunt Jeannie?"

"If you are, child, you've never been through the Linn yet. I could pray you never might, but our God knows best. I have given up trying to shape life's course for those I love. I'll tell you some day about the Linn, Lettice, but not this afternoon. My throat is warning me not to talk more."

"And the clock is warning me that I must go home," said Lettice, springing up. "But that is a promise. I shall claim its fulfilment before this day week. Good-bye, Aunt Jeannie, and thank you for your present. I must go and show it to my people."

"Always the same song—'I and mine!'" murmured Mrs. Canynge, after her departure. "She is a dear girl,—but it is *étroit*. I don't like it. I wish I could shake her out of her groove."

And she could not look ahead to see how soon the shake—not from her hand—would come.

Lettice, unaware of her friend's solicitude, sped quickly home. She found Violet waiting in the hall.

"I thought you would be late for dinner," said the child. "There are only ten minutes. But

mother has not gone upstairs yet to dress, so you have plenty of time. Mother always takes longer than you."

"Where is mother?"

"In the study. She went in to speak to father half an hour ago, and she has not come out. I can't hear their voices, so perhaps he has given her some letters to read. I tapped once, and they did not answer, and I thought they must be busy."

"We will remind mother of the time," said Lettice. "You are sure they have not gone upstairs."

"Oh no, I have been watching ever since they went in."

Lettice rapped lightly and received no answer. She rapped again and yet again, but with the same result. A sense of fear crept over her. She opened the door two or three inches, and said, "May I come in?" Silence still, but she caught a glimpse of something.

"Violet," she said calmly, "go and tell Fraser to come here at once. I want to speak to him. Then go to my room and wait for me."

"May I not come back with Fraser?"

"No. Make haste, Violet."

The child ran away, and Lettice went straight in, unhesitating. Her lips were blanched, and the ground reeled beneath her, yet she walked steadily.

Mr. Majendie sat in his easy-chair, leaning back, his head drooping forward. The eyes were closed, and the usually ruddy skin was entirely colourless. One hand lay upon the table, loosely clasping an open newspaper.

That was not all. Beside him knelt Mrs. Majendie, resting heavily against him, her white face bowed down upon his knees.

Neither spoke, neither moved, as Lettice came in. A strange and solemn stillness reigned in the little room, and about those two quiet figures.

Lettice did not scream or faint. She stood for two or three seconds, looking, with a dread awe upon her of making any sound. Then Fraser came to the door. He had been close at hand. Lettice turned to meet him, with a smile which he never forgot,—so forced, so full of anguish.

"Something is the matter," she said. "They have both fainted, Fraser. See—how strange. Call help quickly."

Fraser knew better, as regarded one of the two. "Miss Lettice!" he tried to say with parched lips, but a look ordered him to obey; and Lettice knelt down beside her mother.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES.—II. THE PRIMACY OF PETER.

IF controversy is forced upon us (and controversy with Romanism is in this day forced upon us with great urgency and in new forms) it is commonly the best policy to assume the aggressive. In some such cases, indeed, prudence may suggest that the best course is merely to maintain defensive positions. But this is only when there is a probability that aggressive measures might involve the risk of failure. Defensive warfare is generally liable to be interpreted as an acknowledgment of weakness.

Now certainly, if in any part of the Roman controversy a bold course is invited by the circumstances of the case, it is in reference to the primacy supposed to be connected with "The Chair of St. Peter." I have said that this inevitable theological war has now assumed a new form. It is essential to observe, in approaching the subject which is at present before us, that what we have to oppose is not an old doctrine, but a new one. What we have to deal with now is not a dignified immutability, but a portentous change. We are in a totally different position from that which was occupied by our fathers in face of the Church of Rome, because she has altogether altered her own attitude. Now, the Pope is not liable to be corrected by the decisions of the Church at large; but whatever he pronounces officially, within the sphere of faith and morals, is infallible and immutable. Bossuet, the great Gallican hero of Romanism against Protestantism, would, if he were to live again and to preach his old doctrine, be one of the worst of heretics. Döllinger, still living amongst us, who for fifty years taught without interruption the superiority of Councils over Popes, is suddenly silenced by authority. Development has now reached its highest point: and it would be waste of time to go back to any earlier point in this development. It would be an anachronism to attempt to prove, however easy the proof may be, that the Church of Rome has never changed: because its change is now admitted and asserted. The whole force of the Roman contention is comprised in the assertion that all doctrinal truth is concentred in the Chair of St. Peter.

Our task, then, in this part of our dealing with the biography, the work, and the influence of the Apostle Peter, is very much simplified. Our business is to inquire how far the claim of an unqualified doctrinal and disciplinary supremacy of Peter in his successors is in harmony with what we read in the New Testament. It would hardly, perhaps, be fair to assume that this principle would be made so conspicuous in the Scriptures as to command immediate assent, for the Ultramontane admits that the assertion of the principle has only gradually reached its present commanding position. But at least we may assume that the New Testament would be found, in this matter, harmonious with itself, that nothing would be read there inconsistent with this high Papal doctrine, still less anything which absolutely contradicts it. Let us, then,

rapidly glance at the passages which bear on this subject in its connection with St. Peter, who, according to the theory in question, was the first of the Popes.

Our thoughts here turn immediately, in the first place, to the great passage in St. Matthew's Gospel (Matt. xvi. 18), where Peter's name is mentioned by our Lord in the closest connection with the building of His church upon an immutable rock. Some remarks have already been made on the earlier giving of the name to this disciple (John i. 42), with the suggestion that it may possibly have had some allusive reference to his strength and force of character. Here, in this later passage of Gospel history, it is evident that there is a reference to something deeper. It seems impossible that such language could have its complete fulfilment in the character of one who showed himself very vacillating and inconsistent. Moreover, Christ says on this occasion that Peter had not reached by his own unaided powers the truth of which he had just made so noble a confession: "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this, but My Father which is in heaven." This is hardly the occasion which would have been chosen for a panegyric on natural qualities, which, after all, Peter did not possess without considerable alloy. The truth is, that here we are in contact with one of the great questions of Christendom. In speaking of the foundation-rock on which His church should be built, did the Lord mean Peter himself? And if it was Peter himself, was it Peter personally, or Peter officially? And if Peter, was it Peter once for all, or is there a reference made to a long series of foundation-rocks? Or was the reference rather, as great writers have maintained in early ages, to the faith expressed by Peter, the truth proclaimed by Peter? Is this the living power through which the church is built from age to age? For this view we can quote Jerome: "Upon this rock the Lord founded His church; the foundation laid is our Lord Jesus Christ alone; on this foundation the Church of Christ is built;" and also Chrysostom: "'I say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church'—that is, upon the faith of his confession;" and likewise Augustine, who says that in his later years he most frequently "thus explained what the Lord said; that it should be understood as upon Him whom Peter confessed; for Christ was the Rock, whom Simon confessing, as the whole Church confesses Him, was called Peter." To this famous passage in St. Matthew's gospel we shall return presently. Meantime the case, as thus stated, constitutes a very serious difficulty for the Church of Rome; for it was a maxim laid down at the Council of Trent that Scripture is to be interpreted "according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

Let our eye now range over the general Gospel history, so as to see Peter whenever he is mentioned in a possible connection with this subject. We should expect to find indirect confirmations of this primacy of Peter, if it is a cardinal principle of the Christian Revelation: and certainly we should expect to find nothing that contradicts it. But what do we read immediately after this great promise to Peter? A rebuke addressed to him with unexampled severity for opposing the Saviour's declaration of God's will: "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men" (Matt. xvi. 23). The power of binding and loosing given to Peter is given equally to the other apostles (Matt. xviii. 18; John xx. 21–23). On one of these occasions, too, St. Peter was absent. It was in answer to a remark made by Peter himself (Matt. xix. 27, 28) that the Lord said that the Twelve Apostles should "sit upon twelve thrones," thus assigning to all of them equal honour and jurisdiction. When the question was asked, "Who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" the opportunity was not used for indicating, however slightly, the latent principle of Peter's primacy, but a little child was placed in the midst of the disciples. A similar opportunity was passed by, when the mother of James and John asked for her sons the highest places of state in the coming Kingdom. It has been shrewdly said, as regards this incident, that "on the Roman hypothesis Christ's answer must have been that He had already given the right-hand post to St. Peter, and did not intend to create a left-hand one." On the night before His crucifixion, the Lord did designate His Vicar on earth: but that Vicar was not St. Peter. After the resurrection, when this disciple asked a question concerning the future career of St. John, the answer was, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Nothing could more clearly demonstrate that St. Peter had no jurisdiction over his brother apostles. In fact, the more closely we examine the Gospel story, and especially those passages in which St. Peter himself is prominent, the more distinctly we perceive that the whole case for the Petrine primacy rests on that memorable conversation at Cæsarea Philippi. If that passage were wanting, not a shred of evidence in this direction would remain.

Let us now turn to the Acts of the Apostles. It might be fairly urged that while the Lord himself was on earth, His Vicar had no office to discharge. But when Christ returned to heaven, the mission of His Church began, without His visible presence; and then, surely, we should expect its true constitution and government to be made known. But what do we find? St. Peter is, indeed, very prominent in the early part of the Book of the Acts; but St. Paul is quite as prominent, and more exclusively prominent, in the later and the larger part. St. Peter was certainly a great preacher at Jerusalem: but so was St. Paul, not only there, but in the cities of the Gentiles. Nor is there any trace of supremacy of the former over the latter in that part where we do see them together on a memorable occasion, when faith and morals are vitally in question. On the contrary, at the Council at Jerusalem (Acts xv.) it is St. Paul's teaching and practice which receive public sanction, and it is St. James who presides and gives the decision. And, to revert to that earlier part of the apostolic history, in which St. Peter is the most prominent figure, let the following points be noted. When a successor is to be appointed to succeed to the place vacated by Judas, St. Peter does not take this first step in Church history by filling up the vacancy. He does not even select among candidates submitted to him: but he joins with the rest in choosing two suitable men, and refers the decision to a power altogether independent of himself (Acts i. 24). When the first great step is taken for the propagation of the gospel among those who were not strictly Jews, St. Peter does not direct the mission to Samaria, but follows where another has begun,

and is "sent" in company with John by the general body of the Apostles (Acts viii. 14). When the first great typical conversion is made, through his instrumentality, in the case of Cornelius, Peter peremptorily refuses the honour which his so-called successors have for centuries claimed and received: "Stand up: I myself also am a man" (Acts x. 26). And, what is more important, after St. Peter had acted so decisively at Cæsarea within what was certainly the sphere of faith and morals, the other apostles felt no scruple in blaming Peter (Acts xi. 1–3): nor did he meet this censure by rebuke and assertion, but, on the contrary, proved his case elaborately and patiently by argument, and confirmed it by testimony (verses 4–18). It is evident that when the Acts of the Apostles were written, both St. Peter, and the other apostles, and the writer of the book, were unconscious of that which is now termed the primitive and inalienable "privilege of Peter." Putting aside, for the moment, all abstract objections to the theory of development, it is clear that in this case, as regards the authority of that book, a colossal system has been developed out of nothing

Turning now from the Acts of the Apostles to the Apostolic Letters, we may limit ourselves to two of St. Paul's Epistles, and to the two epistles which were written by St. Peter. In fact, no other epistolary writings of the New Testament have any bearing upon the subject. And this silence, too, is a fact worthy of remark. If the supremacy of Peter and his successors, in all questions of religious doctrine and moral discipline, is an essential part of the organism of the Church, we should expect so vital a truth to appear, if not visibly permeating all the Scriptures of the New Testament, yet here and there in its epistolary parts as a recognised and unquestioned principle. No indications of the kind are to be found anywhere. There is a long and most copious epistle addressed to Rome; but from no part of it, if taken alone, should we acquire any knowledge of the very existence of Peter. He is named in only two of St. Paul's letters; and there, as we shall see, he is named in such a way as to make it impossible to believe that his supremacy was then recognised.

In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, we find St. Paul, when beginning to rebuke severely their party divisions under nominal leaders arbitrarily chosen without any sanction, exclaiming indignantly (1 Cor. i. 12): "Every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ," with which passage we should combine another, in the next chapter but one (iii. 21, 22): "Let no man glory in men: for all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." Now, as to the party which presumed to call itself by the name of Christ, we find that Sacred Name raised at once to a point of infinite height above all mere human agency: "Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" This outburst of feeling is of the utmost value as an assertion of the necessity of the atonement, and of the allegiance which is due to Christ alone. But, meanwhile, Peter is left on the same level with Paul or Apollos. There is more in this than appears at first. If the supremacy of St. Peter, in teaching and in government, was a vital truth, St. Paul could not have been ignorant of it, and he could not have dared so to write to the Corinthians as to give to it no recognition. But, in fact, the exclusive adherence to Peter is noted, not as a mark of catholicity, but as a mark of schism.

Soon after the writing of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Galatians: and in that letter St. Peter is, beyond any question, a very prominent figure. It is important to mark carefully in what relation he appears there, to the Church at large, and to St. Paul himself.

In the first place, it is to be observed that St. Peter is named in three very different parts of the epistle. St. Paul says (Gal. i. 18), when giving an account of his own early personal Christian history, that "three years" after his conversion, when his sojourn in Arabia was over, he "went up to make the acquaintance of Peter, and abode with him fifteen days." This was a memorable meeting of the two apostles; and we shall recur to it hereafter, when their relation to one another becomes our special subject. It might be supposed at first sight that this eager desire of Paul to make the acquaintance of Peter was caused by his recognition of Peter's supremacy. But Roman Catholic theologians do not venture to use the passage in this way. In fact, the whole course of the argument in the early part of this epistle contradicts such a supposition. St. Paul is here asserting and proving his absolute independence of all the other apostles.

The next notice of St. Peter in this epistle is coincident historically with that account of the meeting of the Council which has already been adduced from the Acts. All that need be added on this point is that, as regards Paul's independence of Peter, we have in the letter the most absolute confirmation of what we read in the history, and, in fact, that the letter considerably strengthens St. Paul's position. When he went up to Jerusalem he says that he himself "communicated" to the apostles what he had been in the habit of teaching (ii. 2), that, however great the other apostles might be, this made "no matter to him," they "added nothing to him" (ver. 6). James, Cephas, and John (Cephas being not even named first), the recognised "pillars" of the Church, gave to Paul and Barnabas, after all this independence, "the right hands of fellowship" (ver. 9). Nothing, as negative evidence, could go beyond this in proof that the Primacy and Infallibility of Peter were unknown to the earliest church.

But this epistle furnishes positive evidence so strong that the strangest interpretations have been invented to get rid of it. Soon after this meeting of Peter and Paul at Jerusalem they met again at Antioch; and Peter having acted inconsistently with his own principles, in the matter of Gentile converts, Paul "withstood him to the face, because he was self-condemned" (Gal. ii. 11), for this is the true translation of the last phrase of the verse. This is a scene of extraordinary interest; and another place must be found for describing it more particularly. It is enough to say here that, when St. Paul saw that those who had been misled by St. Peter were "not walking uprightly according to the truth of the gospel," he expostulated with him "before them all" (ver. 14), and argued with him the question on principle (ver. 16). Nor was this followed by any Papal rebuke or excommunication; but, on the contrary, we find Peter in his second letter (2 Pet. iii. 15)

speaking of his "beloved brother Paul" with the utmost affection and respect.

We are thus brought from the Epistles of St. Paul to those of St. Peter. It is enough on this occasion to quote two passages from them. The first carries us back to that memorable interview, recorded by St. Matthew, with which we began. We find St. Peter writing thus: "To whom" (*i. e.* to Christ) "coming, as to a living stone, ye also, as living stones, are being built up a spiritual house: behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded: unto you that believe He is precious." We cannot rightly dissever what we read here in the epistle from what we read there in the gospel. It is surely impossible to believe that Peter wrote this in forgetfulness of what his Lord had said; more especially when we find him using the same image in a speech recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (iv. 11). And it must surely be important to see in what form, and with what kind of conviction and feeling, the Lord's language had laid hold of his mind. If we could interrogate Peter himself, does it not seem as though he would give the same explanation as Chrysostom, Jerome and Augustine? He appears to be quite unconscious of what is technically termed the "Privilege of Peter." He uses words which seem to exclude it. And it would be no true humility to conceal his credentials, and to be silent concerning a commission to be the spiritual ruler of the world.

And there is another passage in this epistle, where he speaks directly as a pastor, and which could hardly have been written without a vivid recollection of the conversation which took place in the interval between the Resurrection and Ascension, and the commission to feed the lambs and the sheep of Christ. "I, who also am an elder, exhort you who are elders, feed the flock of God," not as being "lords over God's heritage," but being "ensamples of the flock; and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." We see in what relation St. Peter viewed himself as standing to the great Shepherd above him, to his co-presbyters and to the Church at large. Nothing could be more simple, more lowly, more affectionate. No contrast in literature is more striking than the difference between the style of St. Peter's own Epistles, and that in which his so-called successors have often written. Here is no trace of any consciousness of a Divine grant of supreme jurisdiction. If the plenitude of teaching and of ruling were vested in St. Peter and his successors, we should surely find the assertion of it here. But we do not find it here. Nor did the early commentators find it in the words spoken by Christ to Peter concerning the feeding of His lambs and His sheep. They claim for all the apostles what is there assigned to Peter. What is special in him is that he had fallen and was restored. As St. Augustine finely expresses it: "Be not sad, apostle; answer once, answer twice, answer thrice: let confession conquer thrice in love, as presumption was conquered thrice in fear: that must be thrice loosed which thou hast thrice bound."

Let us, finally, put this argument to a simple test. Let us imagine that we had read in the New Testament that St. Peter had been mastered by an irresistible conviction that it was his duty to go to Rome; that he had persevered in the design till he accomplished it; that previously he had addressed to the Roman Christians the longest and most elaborate exposition of Christian doctrine which we possess in the Sacred Volume; that when at Rome he had from this place, as from a great centre, addressed authoritative epistles to other churches; that he had represented himself as weighed down with "the care of all the churches;" that he had exercised excommunication; that he had asserted his authority and "magnified his office" in the strongest language; that he had sent his legates, with full power to act for him; that he had given peremptory commands regarding social duties and public worship; that he, and he only, had written pastoral letters respecting the duties of the Clergy—if these things had been read in the New Testament concerning St. Peter, what would the effect have been on the whole course of religious controversy? And these things, and other things such as these, are written in the New Testament; but they are written concerning St. Paul, not concerning St. Peter.

The Bridge.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

* * *

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

* * *

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

* * *

And for ever, and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

THE BRIDGE.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A TRAMP.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I HAD known him for years, but always as a decent working-man, a man who honestly paid his way, and one who was ever ready to do a kindness for a mate. I knew, for he had told me so much, that he had been lower down in the social scale than he was now, and I also was aware, for I had met some of his relatives, that he was a member of a respectable family. Suddenly, one evening, as we sat talking by the fire, he asked me if I should like to hear something of his life when he was a tramp.

"A tramp!" I exclaimed, looking at the respectable man before me—"you a tramp, John!"

"Yes—or a 'mumper'—a beggar, that is. I've never told anyone, but I should like to tell you. I feel safe enough from it now. When I was nearer to it in time, you see I could not bear to think of it or to tell anyone."

"I suppose you felt as though possibly you might slip back into it."

"No; I had had enough of it, but I was frightened and ashamed of anyone knowing."

"Well, tell me it now."

And this was the account John Thornton gave of himself:

You know my father and mother died whilst I was still a little child, and that my uncle adopted me. As a boy I was constantly ill, and my education in consequence was much broken. At the age of fourteen I left school and was permitted to idle about at home. My uncle was an indulgent and rather indolent man, and whenever he proposed placing me in any business I always made an excuse why I should not go. And he, I suppose, to save himself trouble and also because he had many sons of his own to provide for, used to accept my excuses and objections. All I wanted was to be allowed to idle about, and I got my own way until I was eighteen years of age. Then my uncle seemed to wake up and see, what my aunt had seen long enough, that if ever I was to have the power of earning my own living I must be put in the way of doing it at once. So they gave me to understand that choose I must, and quickly, some useful occupation. So I chose right off to go to sea. I thought it would be grand to see foreign parts, and I never guessed that a sailor's life was about the hardest a lad could choose; I thought it would be all pleasure. Well, my good uncle and aunt provided me with a capital outfit, and one fine spring morning my uncle went down with me to the London Docks. The merchant-ship I was apprenticed to was named the *Blenheim*, an old wooden man-of-war with three decks. She looked very pretty as she lay ready to sail, her paint so bright and clean, and her new canvas reflected in the water as well as the fleecy clouds. I sometimes think I can see her still if I shut my eyes. It was the beginning of my new life, and I thought there could not be a finer ship. But my heart sank down into my shoes, and I almost wished myself back again when my uncle said good-bye. He had been a father to me ever since I could remember, and when he told me to be a good lad, never to forget my prayers, or to give way to drink, and then gave me a farewell hand-shake and disappeared over the side of the ship, I could not help two or three tears coming, much as I was ashamed of them.

I had read a great deal about bounding billows, and thought sailing was only next to horse-racing for speed, but I very soon found out I was mistaken. A good spell of fine weather kept the *Blenheim* bobbing up and down in the Channel for three days, and then, all the way to the Cape steady and rather slow sailing was all we got. Many a time I used to feel vexed enough, as I watched the sails flap in and out, and wished a good breeze would fill them, and the decks too felt hot to our bare feet as we walked over them. But it was real pretty down in those Southern seas at night; lots of bright stars came out overhead, and I used to wish the folks at home could have seen them. And there was always a pleasant cool wind at night. But if I wished sometimes for my aunt and cousins, I was oftener glad they were not there and did not know what my shipmates were like.

Seventeen men slept in the forecastle besides myself; I was the "boy."

The first night I was on board I knelt down to say my prayers as I had always been used to do, when I was a little kid by my aunt's knee, and through all the later years by my bedside; but I was speedily disturbed by a man called Solomon Self. He shouted out with an oath,

"What are you doing there, young un? We don't want any old women aboard ship."

So I gave over then, but I could not feel easy, and again the next morning I knelt down. But a general row began directly. Two or three of my nearest mates seized hold of me and rolled me over and over, threatening to give me a good ducking if ever they saw me at it again—while all the others roared with laughing.

From that time forward I ceased to pray. At first it made me miserable, but the feeling soon wore off, and then it was easy to learn to swear. After that I tried to forget all I had learnt at home of that sort, but I could not quite do it, for when, in the Sunday service on the poop deck, where I had to stand in clean duds with my shipmates to listen, our captain read out of the Prayer-book words I'd heard so often before, or when in turning over the things in my chest, I came on the Bible my aunt had put there for me to read, I did not like it at all. However, I got to care less and less as time went on.

As we neared the Cape, the weather became colder, and the seas more angry. One Sunday the scullery boy was ill, and I had to take his place. I heard a confused noise in the forecastle, oaths, stamping of feet, and presently the sound of blows; then I ran out to see what was the matter, and there were a whole lot of the sailors fighting, and tumbling, and swaying all in a heap about deck. It turned out that some of them had got down into the hold and stolen a case of whiskey.

Just as I got to where they were, I heard some steady steps behind me, and turned round, and there were the captain and steward.

"My lads," said the captain, "how is this? Where did you get the liquor?"

Solomon Self, with his usual oath, replied,

"We brought it from home, and as it's a fine Sunday, thought we'd have a drop."

"Go to your work, lads."

"We want no work. She's going right enough. We don't mind where she's going, if she's plenty of sea room to knock about in. We won't go."

Some of them laughed, some shouted, and then began a riot. Some men stood looking on, some laughing, jeering and encouraging the ringleaders, who were struggling with three or four of the officers and the steward, but at length the officers got the master of them, and they got six of the men secured, and put them in irons, and then the rest of them fell asleep as they lay about the deck.

I was awfully frightened, and went back to my work, feeling very queer. I remember right well that night, there was a fresh breeze, and as I lay in my hammock, I thought suppose it increased to a storm, now that the sailors were all stupid and good for nothing! I could not sleep and kept tumbling about. Presently I saw German Hans, a young smart fellow, but now stupid and feverish, sit up in his bunk on the opposite side of the forecastle to where I lay.

The large ports were open, and as I watched Hans sit staring there, he stretched himself and yawned, and then heavily rolled over—and out. I heard a sullen splash, a faint smothered cry, and then no more. I sprang down on to the floor, and shouted as hard as I could, "Man overboard!" But it was too late. Poor Hans! He had an old mother in Rotterdam, but he would never carry her any more of his wages.

Two days afterwards a storm came on, the mizzen-mast went and three inches of snow lay on the deck, but the good ship weathered through it, and a few weeks afterwards we anchored in Madras harbour.

When we had done there, we went on to Calcutta, and were caught in a monsoon on the way It began all of a sudden, one Sunday while we were hearing the service, and by Tuesday, mast, boats, everything, were swept off the decks, and the *Blenheim* was a wreck. It lasted four days, and calmed down as suddenly as it began. But though the danger was over, we had been driven far out of our course, and what with that and the state of the ship, we were three weeks behind time, and they had given us up for lost at Calcutta. We were towed up the Hooghly by a steam-tug.

I shall not forget the next day soon, for it was the first time I had ever been drunk. It was a very hot day, and some of us went into a drink-shop ashore, and one of my mates persuaded me to have some rum and whiskey mixed; it soon knocked me over.

They hauled me on board, and I lay on deck all night. The captain scolded me next day, but said as it was the first time he would look over it. But if it was the first, it was not the last. There are plenty of low publics kept there by both English and Yankees, and I soon was always going to them.

Soon after this the ship was condemned, therefore we were all paid off. The captain saw I went to the Sailors' Home, but I did not stay there, though the company that our ship belonged to kept us while we were there. I spent often six or seven pounds in a week in drink and spreeing of all sorts. I remained in Calcutta about three months, and then having nothing left shipped in a German vessel.

I was the only Englishman on board, so the others put on me and I got double work to do. After touching at Ostend, the vessel came on to London; there I sold all my clothes, and my box for 1*l.*; they had cost my uncle 10*l.* before we started. I drank this pound, and when it was gone I went home and told my uncle I had lost my box at Ostend, and he wrote to the custom-house about it and kept wondering no trace could be found of it. At first I felt a bit ashamed when I saw how thoroughly the old gentleman believed me, but after a time I only laughed to myself when I heard him go on about it. I remained at home four months, and then shipped in the *Lightning* of London. My uncle bought me another outfit, and told me "not to be so careless again." I felt very ashamed when he said that, and nearly told him the truth, but some one came close to us, so I held my tongue.

I was the youngest hand on board the *Lightning*, and got knocked about a good bit. We were still lying in the Downs when we were run into by another ship, and we had to put into Dover harbour for repairs. Another vessel lay alongside ours. So, determined as I was to get away from the *Lightning*, not liking my treatment, and expecting it would grow worse and not better when we got out into the high seas, that I took my clothes one by one, and sold them singly till I got them all sold, then I waited till it was quite dark, slipped into the water, and swam ashore. I spent the night at a public-house, and next morning, early, set off and walked to Canterbury. I had sold all my things for only 2*l.*, and even that I wasted. I went to a public-house there, and lived on it. I remember a man advised me to buy a basket and hawk things, but I would not work at anything. Presently, all my money was gone. Then I pulled off my jacket and sold that. I drank all I got for it, and then walked back to London. I did not like to stay there, fearing every gentleman I saw might be my uncle, so I walked away to Faversham.

For two days now I had had nothing to eat. I saw a woman come out of a small farm-house; she carried a pan of smoking hot small potatoes, or "chats" as they are called. I went up to her and said, "Please, missus, will you give me a few of those; I am very hungry." "No," she answered; "I want them for the pigs."

I laid down that night in a hay-stack, and next morning started begging, or "mumping." This is how I began. I went to a cottage and asked for something to eat. I told my first mumping tale true enough; when I said I was nearly starving I expect I looked it too, for they gave me some bread and meat—it did taste nice! That night I went to Woolwich and put up at a padding-ken, where I met regular professional mumpers. They were a queer lot, and at first used to astonish me a good deal, but I soon got used to all the dodges. Often tramps would come in lame, and directly they got in, would put sticks and crutches away in a corner, and many a time I've seen a woman, a cripple from rheumatic fever, or a man that had his leg off at the knee, dancing till morning, with as active legs as any of us. There used

to be songs as well as dancing sometimes. The padding-kens were mostly dirty, but tramps don't mind that, and it was very convenient to use them, because you met with others who would tell you the news of the road. They would say: "There are so many 'good cribs' on such a road; so-and-so's a good spot for sixpences; so-and-so for chuck (*i.e.*, bread) and meat," then another would say, "Oh, I don't want that, I want money," or "Don't go to ——, he'll have a bobby to yer." "A pal's made —— hot with prigging covvas off the clothes-line."

I noticed that Irish mumpers generally had children, and very good hands the children were at making up and telling lies; it seemed second nature to them; quite babies could do it, and looked so pitiful all the time they often got most given. Well, the father and mother sent them out to beg with "scran" or food bags, and when they came in at night, they would empty these bags, and after giving the little ones some bits, the parents would sell the chuck, and get drunk with the money.

Some of the mumpers pretended to be sailors, some were blown-up colliers, and made up their wounds and scars in a morning before they went out; some strapped an arm across their bodies, and then went out with an empty jacket-sleeve and told how "they had lost it." A good beggar would get a good deal in the course of the day. I have often heard it said at night, "I've only had hold of five shillings to-day; I must look out better to-morrow." We used to content ourselves with two good meals a day. We had for breakfast generally beefsteak, mutton-chops, ham and eggs with tea or coffee, in which I always took "French cream" (*i.e.*, rum). At about eight in the evening we had supper; it was the same kind of meal as breakfast, only after it we "got a good skin full," that is, got more or less drunk upon beer or spirits. We paid from threepence to sixpence per night for our bed and the use of the fire.

I soon became an adept at begging; sometimes I got hold of as much as ten shillings a day. I found one very favourable time was to beg from people as they came out of church on Sundays; if it was wet and cold I have got two shillings in a quarter of an hour. I "cadged," which is another name for begged, about Woolwich some time, till one day a policeman caught me with my pockets full of "scran"—he made me show him too what I had in my bag—and then he said, "You've been here long enough, young man."

I was very glad to "slope," for I never had been in prison, and did not at all desire to try the life inside one. At Loughborough I took up a new character, I bought a tall hat, good clothes, paper front and cuffs which made me look clean and respectable, though underneath my shirt was filthy. Here I very successfully worked the discharged clerk. It is the habit of beggars to frequently change their characters, that they may not be recognised, and often at night in the padding-kens complete "get-ups" are sold or exchanged. After mumping about Woolwich, Blackheath, Lewisham and the neighbourhood, till, in spite of different disguises, the police began to recognise me, I tramped off through London. I did not beg there because I was afraid of meeting some one who might know me.

I went quite twenty miles out of the way to miss my uncle's house, for he lived in a then not over-built suburb. At length I arrived at Hatchin.

At the ken that night I heard of Squire Lucas, and was advised to call upon him. I did so, and found the steward lived in the hall, and the squire in a small farm-house, or rather in a barn in the yard. The barn window-holes were fastened across with strips of wood. I peeped in at him; he was horribly dirty, and clothed in a piece of sacking only. His hair hung in clotted masses, all shaggy. He came to the window and asked me if I was a Protestant or Roman Catholic. I was obliged to say Protestant, and he pushed a penny through to me. If I had said Roman Catholic, he would have given me threepence, but he would have made me say the "Hail, Mary" first, and I did not know it.

Soon after that I was again in Loughborough. I arrived rather late at night, and it was raining. I thought before I turned in, as it was such a disagreeable evening, I might do a little business. I therefore sat down in front of a respectable house which stood back a bit from the road, and tried to cry. I could do it pretty well, and presently some tears came. A clergyman came out of the house and up to me. I told him a good yarn: my wife was suddenly taken ill, I had five little children, and so on. He said, "Come in, my poor fellow, at all events; I will give you what I can." He took me into a clean kitchen and gave me a half-quartern loaf, two pounds of cheese and one shilling towards the lodgings for my family. I left his house cheered. My tears quickly dried, and I spent the shilling in beer to wash down the bread and cheese. If I could see that good clergyman I would humbly beg his pardon, and assure him that the tramp who so shamefully cheated him and imposed on his kindness that night is a different man now and thoroughly ashamed of his old self. At the time I gloried in having so easily "done him," and remember strongly recommending this clergyman to the attention of some other mumpers I crossed the next morning. I begged over most of the south, especially around London, for a long time—a dreary and shameful time it now seems to me. But at length my life as a cadger was to end as abruptly as it commenced.

It was a bright summer's day, when one Monday morning, slouching along a country road, I saw some clean men working on a new railroad. They looked so healthy and nice. I thought: "What a much better way theirs is than mine to get a living; they can look anyone in the face."

I felt ashamed of being a beggar. I could not get rid of the thought. All day long I seemed to see those men, and the more I studied on it the more ashamed I got. During that week I heard there was like work going on at Chesterfield, and set off to walk there. The following Sunday my boots were worn through. Then I walked fourteen miles without them, but I had set my mind on going on; my feet now were cut and sore, bleeding as I went. At last, towards evening I reached a roadside public-house. There were some colliers and labourers drinking on a bench outside. They called me to them and gathered me four-and sixpence, and they gave me so much beer that I was soon as drunk as any of them. The landlord, who was also drunk, brought me an enormous lump of bread and fat bacon, enough for three men, and because I could not eat it all, said I was an impostor. Presently he turned us all out. The rest went home and I slept out in the rain under a wall. Next morning, in an old pair of collier's

clogs which one of them had given me, I tramped to Chesterfield. I did not venture to offer myself dirty as I was, on the works, so I took off my shirt, washed it in a brook and laid it out in the sun to dry. While I waited a gentleman came along.

"What are you doing lying there, my man?"

"I am waiting for my shirt to dry. I've been out of work a long time" (which was true enough); "I have only one shirt, and cannot bear to be dirty."

I said this coolly, though I well knew how filthy I was from sleeping in the padding-kens. The gentleman gave me a shilling.

I stopped not at a ken, but a poor lodging-house, bought a penny-worth of white rags, wrapped my feet in them, blackened my clogs to look decent, and went to the railway works, and told the manager I had just come out of the hospital. He gave me some stone-breaking. Nothing could have been harder, as my hands were soft with long disuse, but I stuck to it. My hands bled so much with the strain, that sometimes the handle of the hammer was red with it, but I was determined to persevere. And that was the beginning of a better life.

After a time, I got into a clean lodge, and got some decent working-clothes. I never begged again, but my life for a long time was about as bad as it could be. I was a navvy for years, a wanderer about the country, uncared for and shunned, and I don't wonder. *Then God found me.* I got to a spot where there was a little church, a night-school and reading-room, and a Sunday Bible-class, all for us chaps. I saw a lot of my mates go, and I was asked to join them. I hardly liked to do it, but I had given my word. So I went to the Bible-class that Sunday, and never missed again when I had made the start. It was the opening into a new life. I don't mean I got all straight at once; it took me years fairly to master the drink, but God is stronger than the devil, and I've changed masters now, and I am sure "He will never leave me, nor forsake me." I'd rather die any day, than be back in that bad life, and He knows it.

* * * *

As John Thornton rose to go I heard the echo of the old Bible words, "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

Sabbath Thoughts.

ALL THINGS MADE NEW.

"He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

NEW heavens, new earth, a new song, a new name—all these are included in this promise, but it is a glorious hope to those only to whom the Lord has given a new heart and a new spirit. The old sinful heart, the unrenewed nature, does not long for the day when all shall be renewed according to the mind and will of the Holy One. To such a heart this poor old sin-stained world is better as it is! Far from perfect it confessedly is; much has to be done to reform it; but to "make all things new," is rather a threat than a promise. That "holiness, without which no man shall see God," is not desired by the natural heart of man, nay, it is more or less dreaded.

To those, however, who have fled to Christ and laid upon Him the burden of their sins, and taken up His yoke and His burden, the hope of perfect renewal after His image, and the prospect of a state in which all things will be thus renewed, is unspeakably dear. The weight of sin within us and around us, would be unbearable without such a hope. The thought of the numbers who live at a distance from God, would be crushing could we not lay the load upon Him. He knows how to make all things new, and He has said that He will do it. Let us be assured that He will fulfil His word. It is impossible for us to see how His gracious will in this respect is to be accomplished; but it is not impossible for us to say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" The worst of all sins against Him is unbelief; let us pray continually, "Lord, strengthen our faith; strengthen within us the new nature; and may we rejoice in the thought that Thou art working even now, by Thy Word and Thy Spirit, to make all things new."

"Thy nature, Lord, to me impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!"

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 10.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. LUKE x. 25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT, LEV. XIX. 18.—*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*'

CONNECTION.—This parable is without express note of time or place, but it probably belongs to the series of incidents and discourses connected with our Lord's visit to Jerusalem for the Feast of Tabernacles. See Introduction to Lesson for April 3. The Mission of the Seventy to Peræa, to prepare the way for our Lord's ministry in that district, is recorded just before, and His visit to Bethany just after. *Robinson* places the parable immediately after the discourses at the Feast, John vii., viii.

I. A QUESTION CONCERNING SALVATION, AND CHRIST'S ANSWER.—**A certain lawyer**; expositor or professor of the Mosaic law. **Tempting Him**; not in any evil sense, but wishing to test the opinion, perhaps the knowledge, of the great Galilean Teacher. The same question was asked by another with a serious practical aim (ch. xviii. 18). Such test-questions were common. Compare Matt. xxii. 26; answered in the same way. But there *Christ* gives the reply; here the answer is challenged from the questioner. **How readest thou?** That is, *It is your business to know and teach this very thing.* The answer was probably the regularly accepted one: the first part of it (Deut. vi. 5) was the summary of the Law which was read in Jewish households, morning and evening; the latter part (from Lev. xix. 18, our Golden Text) was appended to it by the most famous teachers of the time, as Hillel. *How* is **God**

to be loved? The fourfold description of our nature, as devoted entirely to Him. The **heart**, as the source of all, the centre, so to speak, of our spiritual being; 'from which the rays of the moral life go forth in their three chief directions:'* the **soul**, emotional, the **strength**, practical, the **mind**, intellectual. *How*, again, is our **neighbour** to be loved? The test is the simplest conceivable, yet the greatest. Another's *self* and our own, upon the same level! Here truly we find the second commandment 'like unto the first' (Matt. xxii. 39), as it is only when we apprehend our same relation to the one Father, that we can thus place ourselves and others on an equality in love.

Does our Lord accept the lawyer's reply, only as announcing a great impossibility, serving to discover human weakness? *This you cannot do?* Not quite so, in the first instance. His reply is literally true to the spirit of both Law and Gospel. LOVE is LIFE. Love God thus, your neighbour thus, **and thou shalt live.** Observe how Christ unexpectedly turns the question into a personal one. The lawyer proposed a problem, his **what shall I do?** breathing no anxious concern (as in Acts xvi. 30); simply using himself as an illustration. But Jesus drives the appeal home, awakening the conviction, *I do not thus love!* That is, 'I do not thus love my *neighbour*,' for he has nothing to say to the 'first commandment.' There, as a Jew, probably a Pharisee, an accredited teacher of the people, he thinks himself all right! But this 'second' command arouses some uneasy reflection. He needs to **justify himself**, even without being accused except by his own conscience! And so he takes refuge in the ambiguity of the law. 'I would obey, if I knew how.' **Who is my neighbour?** The rabbis had certain rules upon this point: thus, 'Not a Gentile, not a publican, *not a Samaritan*.' But there was an instinct in this lawyer's breast telling him that such distinctions would not do. Uneasily he looks to the Great Teacher for a reply. Then Jesus tells the story which has answered the question for all time.

II. THE PARABLE. *Read vers.* 29–35.—The vivid truthfulness of every detail in the narrative, like the finish of an exquisite picture, has often been noticed. To this day, the traveller descends the steep rocky bridle-path **from Jerusalem to Jericho**, about 21 miles, a fall of 3,000 feet,† only attempting the journey when protected by a strong escort from the Bedouin **robbers** who haunt the overhanging limestone caves, or lurk behind the crags. The tale has been literally true of many a solitary wayfarer in our own day; **they stripped and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead**, to perish beneath the burning Eastern sun, should no timely help arrive. **By chance**—by *coincidence*—it so happened that—on that day three other travellers were respectively wending their way along the defile. The **priest** had doubtless been engaged for his week in the services of the Temple, and was returning home to the priestly city of Jericho.‡ Had he learned no lessons of charity in the sanctuary? He might have there read in the Law that if his brother's *ox* or *ass* had fallen down by the way he was bound to give a helping hand (Exod. xxiii. 5; Deut. xxii. 4): but here was a brother man! To **pass by on the other side** was to ignore the sufferer altogether—plainly from selfish motives, whether indifference, or fear of consequences, or dislike of trouble. Some are 'so sensitive' that they cannot look on pain, and therefore offer no help. Others coldly say, 'It is not my business.' Many reasons might offer themselves for the refusal of help, but the true reason is hardness of heart. The **Levite** represents a somewhat different class. He **came and looked**—his was *calculating* selfishness, as that of the other was *instinctive*. 'Why should I help? My spiritual superior has left the man alone; why should not I? It will be a disagreeable business—will cost some money and time. Poor fellow! I shall have to leave him!' There are those who would do good if it were not too much trouble, and if it cost them nothing; as it is, selfishness wins the day; and they too **pass by on the other side.**

It was not without a reason that these types of character are taken from the class that the 'lawyer' would hold in respect: and the utmost possible contrast follows. **A certain Samaritan**—a stranger—an enemy, who had come down from worshipping in a different Temple—one of a class whose churlish unkindness Jesus had so recently experienced (ch. ix. 53), nay, whose name of scorn had been applied to Himself (John viii. 48). Compassion conquers prejudice, bigotry, fear; makes the Samaritan patient, helpful, generous, self-denying. He delays his journey—produces from his store the costliest remedies (**wine** to cleanse the wounds, **oil** to soothe their smart), gives up his time, which to a busy man is often a greater sacrifice, dismounts that the **beast** of burden—the ass—may carry him, and stays the night to care for him at the **inn**—perhaps at Bahurim on the road—until the crisis of danger is past. (Note: the inn was not like that at Bethlehem, a caravanserai, where travellers took care of themselves; it was a house in the care of a **host**, Roman-fashion, like our modern inns). Nor was the Samaritan content with this. He had charged himself with the care of this poor man, and provided means for his maintenance awhile, with promise of more. The **two pence** (denarii) representing two days' wages of a labouring man) would probably suffice until the Samaritan should **come again** that way, having finished his errand at Jericho. So our Lord dwells not only on the tenderness and readiness, but on the *completeness* of this act of compassion.

III. THE APPLICATION. *Read vers.* 36, 37. The Lesson here seems a little different from that which we should expect. The lawyer had asked virtually, Who is the neighbour *whom I am to help?* Christ's answer is by describing the deed of the neighbour *who helped*. In truth the relation is mutual; the Samaritan acting a neighbour's part; as though he said to himself, 'This wounded Jew is my neighbour.' And, plainly, if the Samaritan owns the Jew, the Jew must own the Samaritan. This the lawyer acknowledges, though he cannot bring himself to say, 'The Samaritan'; only, **He that shewed mercy on him.** The great lesson in the word **likewise** is that no differences of nation, creed, or circumstance should be suffered to stay the helping hand. Our **neighbour** is any and every one who comes across our path, and to whom we can show a kindness. The *opportunity* creates the *obligation*.

> Are there no deeper truths inculcated than the simple duty of neighbourly kindness and help? The question is best answered by remembering that the great type of human brotherhood and love is in Him who took upon Himself our nature that He might unite all men in one bond of love. It is *for Christ's sake*, pre-eminently, that we own this 'neighbourly' tie. In pursuance of this thought the simple narrative has often been employed as a parable of redemption; an application to which its details lend themselves in a remarkable way, although it is by way of *illustration* rather than of *interpretation*. The descent **from Jerusalem**, the city of God, **to Jericho**, the doomed city (Josh. vi. 17), suggests the Fall; the **robbers** and their cruel work illustrate the powers of sin and temptation as they beset humanity, and leave it more than half dead. To no purpose do **Priest** and **Levite** pass by, sacrifice and ceremony cannot restore; and human nature still lies prostrate and bleeding until He who was 'despised and rejected of men' passes by, and tenderly raises and gently soothes, providing in His Church the means of grace, and promising to perfect His work when He **comes again**. Such use of the parable, if kept within due bounds and not mistaken for doctrine, will be useful; otherwise it degenerates into mysticism, prompts unwarrantable interpretations,

* *Godet.* The O. T. passage has *heart, soul* and *might; heart* being rendered in the LXX. by the word here used for *mind*. Our Lord in Matt. xxii. 37, has *heart, soul*, and *mind*, in Mark xii. 30, *heart, soul, mind* and *strength* (might).

† Stanley, *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 424. *Farrar* says 15 miles.

‡ Josephus says that in his time there were in Jericho 12,000 priests.

and takes off the attention from the practical, moral teaching of the parable, **Go and do thou likewise.**

QUESTIONS.

1. How did Christ elsewhere answer the same question as that of the lawyer? How did the Apostle Paul answer a similar one? Show that the answers agree.

2. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy" (Matt. v. 43). Does this maxim represent the spirit of the ancient Law?

3. Which parables of our Lord are peculiar to St. Luke? Name any special characteristics which they possess.

4. "Go and do thou likewise." What bearing had this command upon the lawyer's *first* question?

Pages for the Young.

A SHAWL FOR MOTHER.

I.

NOT August had given place to the last week in September. There had been a good deal of wind and rain lately, and some of the trees were already almost bare. But the last few days had been very fine, clear, bright, and dry; and the woods were becoming glorious in clothing of gold and crimson.

The Anderson children had put up a petition that the utmost advantage might be taken of the beautiful weather, and accordingly on the Wednesday half-holiday the party was assembled at a very early dinner to give time for the proposed afternoon's expedition. While they were still at dinner a servant came into the room:

"Please, ma'am, little Steadman has come to ask if you have any work for him?"

Mrs. Anderson was in a hurry, and she was busy carving. She answered quickly, "No, no, Jane. He must not get troublesome. Tell him there is nothing for him to do here to-day, and most likely there will not be for some time to come."

And then she went on with her dinner, for she was in haste to set out with the three elder children for the long walk through Chesnut Wood, whence they meant to climb Redstone Hill, and come home along the cliffs.

"A most splendiferous plan!" said Gerty.

"Yes," said Harry, "and you can't think what a heap of cakes and apples I saw mamma putting into her bag. They'll taste ever so delicious on the top of Redstone Hill!"

"Will they indeed?" laughed Mrs. Anderson, who had just come up unperceived. "How do you know that my bag is going with us? But this is certain, if you are not quick in getting those boots of yours done up, neither we nor the apples and cakes will get to the top of the hill to-day. Where is your button-hook?"

"I—I—don't know."

"Oh! dear, dear, my sad little untidy boy," said the mother gently, as she knelt down and did up the stiff buttons herself.

"I will look for it, and look for it, and look for it, when we come back, till I find it," whispered Harry penitently, and then he got his hat, and the happy party set off, although they were indeed not destined to get to the top of the hill that day.

Chesnut Wood was an especial favourite with the children on account of the many squirrels which had their dwellings there, and Gerty and Harry had no sooner reached the edge of the deep tree shadows than they hushed their voices, and slackened their hasty steps. Their more sedate sister, with her mamma, soon came up with them, and then the whole four penetrated into the depths of the wood, and in silence walked on, looking hither and thither for their bushy-tailed little favourites.

At last Harry spied one springing from branch to branch of a tree before them, whilst in the same tree sat another, cracking away at the hard shell of a nut, with its sharp brown teeth, in a most business-like manner. Harry pressed Gerty's arm to enjoin silence, and signed to his mamma and Sylvia.

They all stood still and watched the pretty spectacle. There was nothing to be heard but the soft rustle of the swaying branches and crisp withered leaves. The squirrels were too well accustomed to that sound to be frightened by it. No doubt they considered it a pretty musical accompaniment to their feast and play.

But all of a sudden both they and their human watchers were alike startled by something very different breaking through the stillness. The squirrels scuttled away in double-quick time, whatever that may be, and the children looked at each other and whispered, "Who is that?"

Just as the nut-eating squirrel had finished its meal, and was beginning to wash its face in the most graceful manner possible, a voice had been heard close at hand, saying aloud with rather a sorrowful tone:

"Oh, dear, I want thirty-nine more twopences before I'll have enough. How shall I ever get them all?"

Those were the words that had made the timid little squirrels scuttle away as if they had heard a gun go off, and had even startled the children by their unexpectedness.

Very quickly, however, Gerty gathered back her courage, and ran forward to see who was the "tiresome thing" who had frightened away the squirrels. Mrs. Anderson and the others followed her. And in the midst of a little clearing, where three worn-out old forest giants had been cut down, they came upon Neddy Steadman.

The little lame boy was seated on one of the tree stumps. On a second, about a yard or so before him to the right, were arranged a number of pennies in a circle. On the third stump to the left, was a very large circle of fir-cones placed two by two all round. And with his hands on his knees and his head stretched forward, Neddy was gazing at this fir-cone circle as though, as Gerty whispered mischievously, "it were a slug or a blackbeetle."

But, as you may imagine, he did not give his unexpected companions very much time to note that especial expression, for even before Harry had regained breath to shout, "Why, it's Neddy!" Neddy had seen them, and started up with a cry and a blush from his seat.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Anderson, some months before, had found the poor child sitting under a hedge in one of the lanes with a most sad-looking, little woe-begone face. And when she questioned him he almost sobbed out his little story; how he had wished to earn some money, but was so little and weak nobody would have him, not even to frighten away the sparrows. And then Mrs. Anderson had offered to give him the twopence for helping to weed the garden paths, and carry the gardener's tools and basket hither and thither for him, or do anything he might require. It need not be said that Neddy had given a joyful yes to the offer, and little and weak as he was, he was so earnestly anxious to earn the promised payment, that even grave, stern Tooms had confessed that he had really been of use to him. And so the lame boy had got his pennies; but there was not sufficient work to keep him always employed, and he had been told that he must look elsewhere.

"Why, what a lot of pennies you have got, Ned!" Harry added admiringly, as he walked up to the penny table. "But they would look more still if you put them all separate instead of two together."

A smile darted over Neddy's crimson face as he said softly, "Please, Master Harry, it wasn't to make them look a lot that I put them out like that. It was only," with a weary little sigh, "to see how few they were to what I want to get."

"Oh!" said Harry. It did not sound very sympathising, but he did not see what else there was to say, seeing that his mamma had told him he must not tease Ned with questions as to why he was longing so especially just now after pennies.

Gerty had been told this too, but curiosity now got the better of politeness, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, please, Neddy, do tell us why you want a heap of twopences. Please do, to make up for frightening away the squirrels."

"Hush, hush," cried Mrs. Anderson almost sternly. "Gerty, my child, you are forgetting yourself. Don't tell us anything, my boy, that you do not like, and don't look so sorry about the squirrels. You had as much right to speak in the wood if you chose as we had to please ourselves by being quiet, and besides that we were sadly wasting our time with them."

"Oh yes, so we were; I forgot that," said Gerty with sudden compunction. "And I'm sorry I pressed you to tell about your pennies, Neddy; I really am, only I did so want to know."

Neddy looked at her with a bright smile. He was not accustomed to get much sympathy from any one but his toilworn mother, and it seemed to bring a little bit of unexpected sunlight into his grey life to see those bright-eyed rosy-faced children looking with such interest at his earnings, and to find them showing a real wish to know what he meant to do with them.

A few weeks ago he would have been too shy to speak about his affairs, but since he had been working up at the Manor House he had almost lost all fear with kind-hearted Mrs. Anderson and her children, and after twisting his shabby cap about for a few moments in his hands, he ended by holding it out as a pointer towards the pennies with the short explanation:

"Please, Miss Gerty, they's to help buy mother a shawl when the cold weather comes; and I don't mind telling you at all. Whenever I can earn twopence I save it for her."

"Thank you," said Gerty in a low voice, still half-ashamed of the way in which she had asked for the information.

Harry's feelings, however, were very different. He had speculated about those pennies till his curly head had got quite troubled about them, and he found it a most perfect relief to know what they really were intended to be used for. "But I did think," he said aloud, "that they must be for a fishing-rod, or a butterfly-net, or something for yourself."

Neddy smiled again as he murmured softly, "They would be nice. But oh! this will be a deal nicer, if"—and his face clouded once more—"if only I can get it."

"Oh, you must," cried Gerty impulsively.

"I do hope you will be able," said Florry, more quietly. "But what made you think of trying to buy such a big thing?"

"Why, miss, mother had saved up the money to buy herself one, when her other went quite all to bits last winter. But one day she happened to hear some boys laughing at my old clothes as I came home from Sunday-school. I didn't mind a bit—they'd often laughed; but mother did, so on Monday she went out and bought me some new things, and then all her money was spent, and she had nothing for herself, and not a bit of chance she'd be able to save enough again this year."

Here Neddy stopped with a sob, and Mrs. Anderson said gently:

"And then you determined to try what you could do?"

"Yes, ma'am. I went out the very next day to try to earn some money. I went all round to the farmers and the village shops, and they all said the same—they'd lots of work for strong folks, but none for a little lame chap like me. And then I went into the lane at t' back of home, that mother mightn't see how miserable I was, and while I was sitting under the hedge——"

Here Neddy broke off once more, and looked up with grateful, tear-filled eyes at Mrs. Anderson, while Gerty finished his sentence for him, exclaiming:

"Oh, yes, I know. While you were sitting there crying, mamma found you, and helped you to earn the first twopence towards your mother's shawl by giving you work in our garden. But you need not work any more, for now we know what you want we'll give you the rest of the money between us. Here's six more of the twopences to clear away some of those fir-cones, and I've six more at home which you shall have."

As the little girl spoke, she eagerly held out a shilling towards little Steadman, her mamma smiling approval at her ready generosity, and Florry and Harry fumbling hastily in their pockets for more contributions to the shawl fund.

But to the sore disappointment of Gerty, and the surprise of all the others, the lame boy, instead of taking the offered gift, drew hastily back as if he supposed shillings would bite, and he trembled, turned red and pale by turns, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears.

Gerty looked up at her mamma, grievously vexed and astonished at this unexpected reception of her kind present, and mutely asking for an explanation.

"What is it, my boy?" asked Mrs. Anderson wonderingly. "What is the matter? Do not be afraid to take the money; my little girl has free leave to do as she likes with it."

"Ye—yes, ma'am," stammered Neddy, twisting his cap about more than ever. "It's—not that, ma'am. But you—you see—if—it's—give to me that—won't be nothing—I—I want to be able to earn it."

And then the tears would come. He could not keep them back any longer, as the thought of the almost impossibility of that same earning rushed into his sad little mind, and they streamed down his cheeks, and through the thin fingers he put up in an attempt to hide them.

The children grew very grave, and the tears gathered also in their mother's eyes as they rested on the child before her.

Lame, and weak, and helpless, with nothing strong about him but his brave longing to share his mother's burdens, and filled with a bitter feeling of powerlessness to aid one whom his warm young heart loved far better than himself. Poor, little, wan-faced boy! Many a one who secretly buys up a measure of self-conscious pride for saying "Thy will be done," has in reality far less to bear than had Neddy Steadman, who generally bent so patiently under the heavy burden laid upon him.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.

1. My *first* true charity defines,
Where grace in its perfection shines;
Yet with the same was Simon found,
By his iniquity fast bound:
O Jesu, set my spirit free,
But gird me with Thy charity.

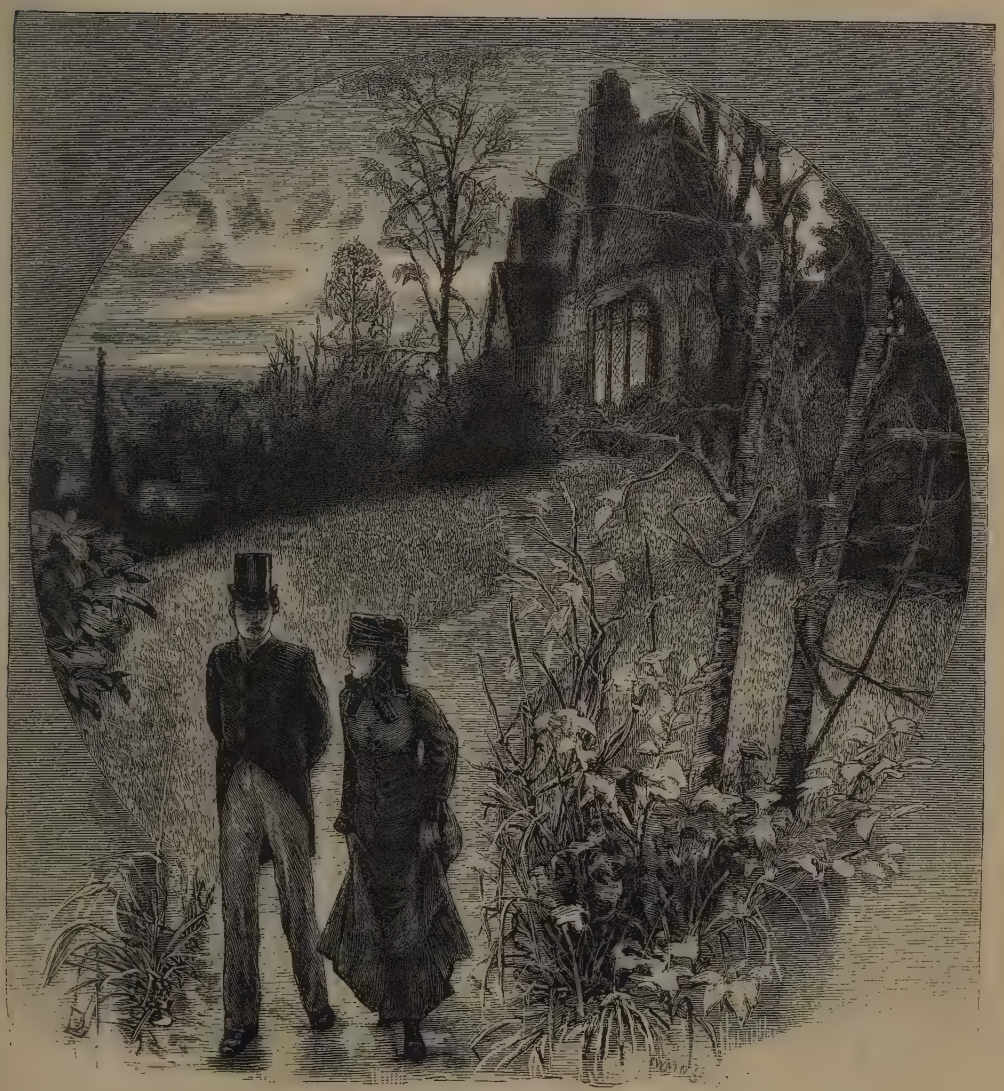
2. My *second* marks the hoary head,
Where Time's infirmities are shed;
Yet before God, the Psalmist sings,
It ranks with earth's most trifling things:
O Jesu, let my days be spent
In peace, and patience, and content!

3. My *whole* denotes a yoke of sin,
A spirit working fear within,
Till Christ doth in my nature speak,
And every yoke and fetter break:
O Jesu, in my nature shine,
And show Thy God and Father mine!

W. L.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



PROSERPINE LODGE.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER II.—PROSERPINE LODGE.

THE last rays of sunset fell athwart the western bow-window of Proserpine Lodge, a little house on a hill-side, close to the small country town of Brentwood.

Red-edged streaks still lay on a fading background, lately all aglow with crimson, and shadow was fast creeping over town and landscape, burying houses and trees alike in the grey of approaching night. Proserpine Lodge being on raised ground, the lady seated within the bow-window might have had a good view of the sunset, over buildings near and hedgerows more distant.

Might have had, but had not, since her back was turned to the scenery.

Not that Miss Temple was a woman of the large-

boned strong-minded type, systematically trampling underfoot the poetry of life. On the contrary, she was in figure small and slim, in face pallid and passive, with short-sighted eyes of a watery grey, with hair smooth and sandy in hue, with lips rather disposed to a fretful curve. Miss Temple counted herself a person of literary tastes and refined mind. She had duly wept in the past over her favourite Mrs. Hemans, had sobbed over select extracts from Byron, had doted on Thomson. At forty years of age the fervour of youth was naturally abated. Miss Temple could at length read poetry with dry eyes—nay, could even exist without reading it at all.

In the same room, near the fireplace, sat another lady, considerably older than Selina Temple. Her back was not turned to the window, but her eyes were sleepily half-shut, and her head nodded gently forwards from time to time in semi-oblivion. She could not have been far from seventy years old, and was not only very stout but also very infirm. Lady Bartlett and Miss Temple were aunt and niece. Having lost at about the same time, the one her husband, the other her parents, they had decided to live together and console one another. Before that arrangement, the two had been warmly attached. Ten years of daily intercourse had considerably loosened the strings of their mutual affection, while binding them together with the bonds of habit. Neither would by this time have been quite happy apart from the other. Also, Miss Temple found the plan pecuniarily one of benefit, and Lady Bartlett's feeble health disposed her to take things as she found them.

"I had a letter from Richard Majendie this afternoon, aunt. From Richard Majendie." Miss Temple spoke in a raised voice, with rather a sharp twang in it, as if not quite expecting to be heard, and disposed to be annoyed if she were not. Lady Bartlett opened her eyes slowly.

"Yes, my dear—oh yes—I understand. From—whom did you say?"

"Richard Majendie, aunt."

"Sylvester Temple—oh yes. Yes, my dear. I saw him last time he rode over. The time before I was suffering too much. He is a good young man—Sylvester Temple—a very worthy and excellent young man indeed."

"I said nothing about Sylvester. I said I had a letter from Richard Majendie, aunt—*Majendie*."

"Mr. Majendie—oh, I beg your pardon, my dear. I did not quite catch the word. I am very sorry, but you have such a habit of speaking indistinctly. Now I can always hear what Sylvester says without the slightest difficulty. What did you say was the matter with Mr. Majendie!"

"I did not tell you anything was the matter. I have a letter from him. I thought I would write to him two days ago, and his letter has crossed mine. Very odd how often letters *do* cross when one has not written for months before. I read my letter to you, so you know all I said."

"Oh yes, my dear." This was a merely mechanical response, and meant nothing.

Miss Temple left her seat and came near the fireplace, where she read the letter aloud in raised tones. Lady Bartlett listened at first with an air of great attention, which speedily relaxed, and she indulged in two or three surreptitious nods under cover of the sheet of paper which occupied her niece's eyes. The cessation of Miss Temple's voice woke her up.

"Now what do you think about it?" asked Miss Temple.

Lady Bartlett's only thought was of ardent desire to conceal her dereliction.

"I might go—no doubt. I might manage to go. If you could do without me, that is to say,—but I am not sure. And I do not know how Vandal would feel. He has such a dislike to railway travelling for himself or anybody,—and yet it is so hard to get him to give an opinion. Vandal has the greatest objection that I ever saw in any man to offering advice, and yet I am sure it is not from want of asking on my part. What do you think about it?"

"Why, you might go, perhaps, my dear," said Lady Bartlett, much more vaguely than appeared on the surface.

"If only there were not that long journey! I am so nervous about travelling alone, and Vandal, I am convinced, would dislike it for me. But, on the other hand, it does seem desirable that the Majendies and I should meet. As Richard says, they have no other relatives, and as he says, he is not young, and the girls may some day need a friend. They will never want money, but they may want someone to take care of them. One cannot count on Maria's health from month to month. As he says, I seem more in the position of aunt than of cousin to the girls, and if need arises, I shall be prepared to act as an aunt towards them. Such a state of things might come. Their mother so delicate——"

"Who did you say was delicate, my dear?" asked Lady Bartlett, vainly trying to follow all that was said.

"Maria Majendie — Richard's wife. She has suffered from some internal complaint for many years, I do not know exactly what. The girls don't know anything about it. The doctors never expected her to live so long as this, but, you see, Richard speaks of her having been well for some time. Well for her, he means of course. I think I had better consult with Vandal about this plan of my visiting the Majendies—consult with Vandal," she cried in shrill tones, having previously dropped her voice, and finding herself unheard.

"Yes, that would be a very good plan, a very good plan indeed, my dear."

"I must see him in the morning. How dark it is growing. The worst of Vandal is that he is always so reluctant to give an opinion. He just shows that he does not like a thing, and makes one uncomfortable, and then won't say what ought to be done. Hush, is that some one coming up the garden?"

She went near the garden and peered out, sheltering her person behind the curtain, and forgetting that the firelight within must betray her.

"Sylvester himself, I do believe. What can have brought him at this late hour?"

Miss Temple returned to the fire, which she stirred into a brighter blaze. Then she sat down, seized a book from the table, and opened it, just as the handle of the door turned.

"Mr. Temple, ma'am."

"Mr. Temple! Show him in, Susan—and, Susan, you can light the lamp. Oh, Sylvester, how do you do? I am very glad to see you. How are you all at home? Your mother quite well? And Brena too? Brena always seems well, and always strong,

she has such a happy spirit. What a delightful day it has been, so clear and sunny; but they say the fine weather is very partial: rain in other parts. At least, the newspaper said so about yesterday, and I dare say it is the same to-day. This time of year, the fall of the leaf, is rather trying, so I suppose one must expect changeableness. I have been doing my best to-day to induce my dear aunt to go out, but she is very difficult to persuade. It is quite a struggle to get her out of her arm-chair. That sort of inertia is very natural at her age, very natural, but it must be resisted. People settle down into it indefinitely, and there is no rousing them. Have you seen Mr. Desborough lately? He came to call last week. A very agreeable intelligent man, and he quite grows upon one, on a further acquaintance."

Miss Temple's notion of entertaining visitors was to keep up a gentle pitter-patter of small talk, like a running streamlet, only less musical in tone, leaving limited space for response, till she had said her say and exhausted her leading ideas.

Sylvester Temple, being well acquainted with this idiosyncrasy, leant back in his easy-chair and waited, a half-smile flitting once or twice across his pleasant face, which yet had a touch of unwonted concern about its wonted gravity. He had the air of being seven- or eight-and-twenty in age, and his manner of moving and speaking was markedly gentle, so gentle and restrained as to be almost slow. He made no attempt to interrupt his cousin, but when the flow of words showed signs of faltering, and at length came to a pause, he remarked,

"You have been reading the paper to-day?"

"Why, no, I can hardly say I have. I did take it up, but there were so many interruptions. I had a letter by-the-by from my cousin Richard Majendie, which I was just talking about before you came in. It did not seem to me that the paper contained anything of importance, but I must read it by-and-by."

A keener observer than Miss Temple would have read Sylvester's silence as implying dissent. He said merely, "Your brother has not been to see us lately."

"Has he not? He ought. But, indeed, Vandal always dislikes going anywhere. He has quite a morbid aversion to paying calls and seeing people. He would be delighted to see you any time, I know, but he will not rouse himself to make the necessary effort. It is a great pity. He shirks everything that he is not absolutely obliged to do. Sometimes I think it might have been better for Vandal, if he had been a poor man, and obliged to exert himself."

"He would feel it a trial if he became so now."

"Yes, no doubt. 'Custom makes things easy,' you know, and if one is accustomed to wealth, poverty is harder to bear. Not that one can call Vandal wealthy. He is merely just comfortably off —very comfortably. No need ever to exert himself. But, after all, happiness is not a question of money or of bodily comforts."

"Nevertheless, loss of money is generally felt to be an evil," said Sylvester quietly.

"By those who are wedded to luxury. Now, my home is dear to me, of course," and Miss Temple glanced round with a rather pathetic air. "It has been my home all my life. Every article in the house has some association with my beloved parents. But if Providence called upon me to leave my home, and to become a poor woman, I should feel it right not to murmur. I should accept my lot, and work patiently for my living, as hundreds of women have to do. Such a trial may never come. But if it does, I hope I shall act as a Temple should."

Selina Temple had an unbounded belief in the "Temples." She did not think much of her Majendie relatives, on her mother's side; but to be "a Temple" was in her estimation something to be proud of. Why she so plumed herself on the connection it would be hard to say. The Temples, taken generally, were pleasant people, refined, and not lacking in intellect. Still, they had never peculiarly distinguished themselves either by prowess on field of battle, by might of mind, or by overmastering weight of character, and people were wont to be perplexed by Miss Temple's ardent admiration for her own kith and kin. She knew all these facts, yet none the less believed she "the Temples" to be, as a family and as individuals, unsurpassed by human kind.

"Or as a Christian, perhaps," Sylvester suggested. "It is well to be able to meet reverses bravely," and he spoke in a thoughtful, almost absent tone. "I came in this evening because we are all feeling rather anxious about your cousin, Mr. Majendie. I have an impression—a mistaken one I hope—that he is a large shareholder in the West P. Q. and O. Bank. Did not your brother once tell me that almost all Mr. Majendie's property is invested there?"

"I dare say he may have told you, for it is true. Richard Majendie thinks it a particularly safe bank, I know, for I banked fifty pounds there only the other day, for greater safety. I always bank what I can save, till it reaches one hundred pounds, and then Vandal advises me where to invest. Not that that comes often, of course. Yes, Richard Majendie is a shareholder, and years ago, when I saw him last, he said to me that he wondered sometimes if he were quite wise to embark his all in one craft. Those were his very words, for they made an impression on me. And I don't think he was wise, but I dare say he has not changed. Men don't change, when they get into one way of doing things. What makes you ask? Are there any reports about the bank not being safe? Reports always do fly about so, but I don't believe in them. Vandal always counts it a safe bank, and Vandal understands such things better than most people."

"It has failed."

Sylvester uttered the words slowly. Miss Temple started to her feet, and sat down again.

"Failed! Nonsense! Not that bank."

"It is in the paper to-day. I thought you would have seen it. I am afraid there is no doubt about the matter. Those poor Majendies!"

"And my fifty pounds!" said Miss Temple excitedly. "My fifty pounds, Sylvester! My fifty pounds, that Vandal advised me to put in there! Aunt, do you hear? The bank has failed, and my fifty pounds are gone, and the Majendies are ruined. One can't afford to lose fifty pounds all in a moment." Miss Temple was actually in tears.

"I doubt if yours will be final loss," said Sylvester gravely. "You are a depositor, not a shareholder. The depositors are not unlikely to be paid in full."

"Not unlikely; but that isn't being sure."

"In any case I am glad you are not more seriously

compromised. It will be a heavy blow for Mr. Majendie."

"He ought to have had more wisdom. No one thinks it a good plan to have one's whole property in one bank. He did not think so himself at one time. And yet Vandal considered that bank so safe! It seems extraordinary that it should fail after all. I must see Vandal about it this evening. I suppose there isn't anything I can *do* about the fifty pounds. I don't know how such things are managed—but Vandal will know."

Sylvester volunteered no unasked advice on the subject. He said, after a little break, "I have been wondering whether your brother may not think it well to go north for a few days. Mr. Majendie will need a friend."

"Vandal go north! Vandal!" said Miss Temple, amazed at the suggestion. "Why, Vandal never goes away for anything, and he has a horror of travelling, and he can't bear interfering in anybody's affairs. Besides, it isn't as if he were Richard Majendie's real cousin. There is no relationship."

"Not actually—no."

"And they have not met for I don't know how long. Oddly enough, Richard Majendie wrote to me a day or two ago—the letter only came this afternoon—asking me to pay them a visit. But he will not want visitors now, and I don't see how I am to afford a long journey, after losing fifty pounds all at once. If only I had never banked there! I can't imagine what Vandal was about to give me such advice. I must see him this evening. But you will take a cup of tea, Sylvester."

Sylvester was not much of a tea-drinker, nevertheless he accepted the offer, thinking it as well that Miss Temple should have time to cool down before seeing her brother.

Vandal Temple sat alone in his study, a small delicate man, hollow-cheeked and sallow-complexioned. Books and papers lay about him, not carelessly strewn, but neatly and daintily arranged. Pigeon-holes, elastic bands, and dockets, were largely in favour. Dust was in that study a thing unknown; but woe had betided the unfortunate servant who had ventured to move book or paper, and had not restored it to its proper position on table or shelf. Happily for Mr. Temple's peace of mind, Mrs. Marcet, his housekeeper, knew better than to admit there any novice.

It must not be understood that Vandal Temple was an ill-tempered man. He was a good man, and a man of gentle spirit, albeit not seldom a little fretful in tone. To gusts of heat or annoyance he was not given, but possibly his servants shrank none the less from awakening his displeasure because that displeasure was quiet in expression.

Vandal was a bachelor, and was commonly counted a particularly unsociable bachelor. He had little liking for society, less from shyness than from simple distaste. He was a man of sense and information, though both the sense and the information lay somewhat beyond the reach of the outer world. People in general knew Miss Temple's half-brother only as an invalidish little man, odd and reserved in his ways, and altogether unattractive. He was a good deal laughed at behind his back, and was sensitive enough to have shrunk from the same had he known it.

A peal at the front-door bell roused Mr. Temple from a brown study. It was neither a soft nor a vigorous peal, but possessed the irritating petulance of sound resulting from a sharp yet uncertain pull at the wire. Mr. Temple looked up slowly, his brows contracting, and an anxious furrow coming into his sunken cheeks. "I wonder who that can be. People really need not ring so loud. I shall give orders among the tradespeople."

Selina Temple broke in upon him and his thoughts. I use the term "broke in" advisedly, for her entrance brought a small crash of sound and a general sense of bustle. Vandal placed his hand on his forehead, and wore a look of suffering, partly nervous, yet in some degree genuine.

"My dear sister—I beg of you——"

"Yes, but really, Vandal, I cannot help it. I must speak to you to-night, and if you will keep that horrid little table near the door one must expect it to be knocked down now and then. The bank has failed!"

"There are more banks than one in the world," remarked Vandal, with a sickly smile. "However, your meaning is unfortunately clear. I have read to-day's paper."

"And my fifty pounds, that you advised me to put there!"

"I beg your pardon, Selina. It is my principle never to offer advice."

"You said it was as safe a bank as you knew of, and that you had perfect confidence in it."

"I have perfect confidence in nothing earthly. If you quote my words, please to be exact. I said it was, in my estimation, as safe as any bank with which I was acquainted. No bank is, or can be, perfectly safe."

"You said that if you had a spare fifty pounds you would rather deposit it there than anywhere."

"True. But I did not advise you to deposit yours there. I recommended you to decide for yourself."

"Well, if that isn't advice I don't know what is," said Miss Temple, who was labouring under the common desire to blame somebody for her own act. "When I say to anybody, 'I should do so-and-so in your place,' I mean it for advice of course. But you are always so odd about things."

Mr. Temple rarely argued with his sister. He had found the practice to be unproductive of good results, and liable to ruffle his own peace of mind. Also, he had been known to complain that Miss Temple's mind was not sufficiently logical to follow a sustained line of argument. He no sooner believed her to be convinced than she began over again from the beginning.

"At all events, I took it for advice, and I followed it," sighed Miss Temple.

"I do not think you need disquiet yourself about your fifty pounds. You will probably have it all."

"So Sylvester said—'probably.' But how? And you can't be sure."

"It is a bank of unlimited liability. The shareholders will be called upon, till the depositors are paid in full. You are happy in being only a depositor."

"I wish there were no such things as banks," said Miss Temple.

"You would prefer the old-fashioned plan,—a coffer at the foot of the bed."

"A coffin! What a dreadful idea! Did people keep money in coffins, before there were banks?"

"A coffer, I said—a chest."

"Well, I suppose the Majendies will be ruined, at any rate," said Miss Temple despairingly. "Vandal, I wish you would walk back with me this evening. I don't care to go alone in the dark, and Sylvester came with me. You will not mind, I know, and we can talk about the bank as we go, and about the Majendies. I want you to explain to my aunt about it all too. She is worried, and I can't make her understand."

Vandal rose with an expression rather like that of a hunted animal. He closed his book, and laid it on one side; wiped his pen, and put it away; locked a drawer in his writing-table, and carefully pushed back his chair a matter of some three inches. Then he raked out the lower ashes in his fireplace, put on the guard; looked gravely round to discover if aught remained undone, and announced that he was ready.

The walk from Mr. Temple's house to Proserpine Lodge occupied a quarter of an hour. Miss Temple talked most of the way, and Mr. Temple listened, or appeared to do so. If his attention wandered, she remained in happy ignorance of the fact. There was some excuse for Vandal being one of the class of men apt to inveigh against the nature of the feminine tongue. He had had an unfortunate experience of the same in his half-sister, as well as in his step-mother. He was wont to advance a good many sage arguments to show the advisability of his having quitted their roof, and set up an independent *ménage;* but perhaps he was himself scarcely aware how much the ceaseless dropping of words, torturing, inquisition-like, his fastidious and irritable brain, had had to do with the matter. Vandal was afflicted with an intense love for almost perpetual silence, and an intense aversion to the sound of the human voice. Unfortunately, his boyhood's training—that of a spoilt and petted invalid—had fostered instead of checking this weakness.

They reached Proserpine Lodge, and went in—"for a talk" as Miss Temple expressed it, after talking all the way through the village. Vandal inwardly shuddered, but submitted. He knew it must come sooner or later. So he sat and listened patiently, while Miss Temple worked the matter threadbare, and presented it before him in all its bearings. She could not be happy till she had "had it out," as she said; and if the amount of counsel he gave was small, the amount of relief to herself was large.

Vandal was detained late, despite certain efforts to escape. He consented to remain "for once" until after supper, though the remaining "to supper" was a mere phrase, since he never ventured to eat what was not prepared for him by his own cook. He sat, rather dolorously, breaking a biscuit into pieces, and listening still. Miss Temple had by this time talked herself into good spirits. She was convinced that her own fifty pounds would be repaid, and that Richard Majendie would prove to be very far from ruined.

At this stage the front-bell rang sharply, and a telegram was brought in. Miss Temple opened it in a flutter of alarm, and read:

"'From Mrs. Canynge'—that is the Majendies' clergyman, Vandal—at least, I mean, the clergyman's wife. I remember the name quite well—Mr. Canynge. 'From Mrs. Canynge. Mr. Majendie dead—suddenly. Wife very ill, not expected to recover. Can you or your brother come?'"

Miss Temple looked at Vandal, blanched, sobered, horror-stricken, for once wordless.

"Poor things! Poor things! This is awful, Selina! One dead, one dying. Surely there is some mistake."

"See for yourself. What does it mean?" she asked, subdued and tremulous, too much startled for tears. For Richard Majendie was her cousin, and there had been a time in years long past when Richard Majendie had been the dream of her girlish heart. She had never quite forgiven him for loving another, perhaps, but at this moment there could be no place for aught but cousinly sorrow.

"If the mother does not recover I don't know what will become of those poor girls," said Vandal slowly.

"I don't know how I am to afford to take them in," said Miss Temple. "But I dare say she will get over it, poor thing. It is very sad anyway. Of course you will not go to them, so I must."

Vandal seemed to be weighing the matter. "I am not sure," he said deliberately. "I almost think—under the circumstances—that I should be the best person—notwithstanding my disinclination."

"You!" said Miss Temple, amazed.

"It will be an effort. A journey is a great trial to me," said Vandal in a suffering voice. "I may be the worse for it for weeks after. But there are times when self must be forgotten. Such a call is not to be disregarded."

"You or me she wants to go," said Miss Temple.

Vandal felt that he would not in sore trouble wish for Miss Temple's presence.

"No, I think I will go. Not both of us, Selina. One or the other, as you say. A business head will be needed, to look into your cousin's affairs. I feel that it is incumbent on me to go."

And though he spoke with the air of a man about to take a fatal plunge, Miss Temple knew that he was not to be turned from his purpose.

Per Angusta ad Augusta.

THIS INSCRIPTION IS PLACED OVER THE DOOR OF AN OLD HOUSE IN COIRE.

"FROM narrow things to great." The words might stand
Fit motto for Death's portal, grim and black,
From which we shrink and shudder, and look back
With yearning eyes on this familiar land
Where we have lived and loved, enjoyed and planned.
But think we that upon the other side
This gate is life; beyond, it opens wide
On everlasting hills, aglow with light,
Caught from the lustrous shinings of God's face,
Scenes of surpassing beauty and delight,
Rivers of pleasure, noons without a night,
Marvels of glory and surpassing grace?
Ah, fools and blind, to tremble at the door
Through which we pass to joys for evermore.

Songs in the Twilight. By the Rev. Canon Bell.

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

IV.—THE BALANCING OF THE CLOUDS.

IN the whole Kingdom of Nature are there any objects more suggestive, more wonderful, from some points of view more inexplicable, than clouds, cloud-glory and cloud-gloom? Woods, mountains, and seas have been called Nature's three great poems; to these we will add clouds. From their many-coloured flocks and masses, fresh and wonderful thoughts seem perpetually to come. As we lift up our eyes we may say, "There go the chariots of God, in which He rides forth to inspect his fields and gardens, his meadows and orchards, his forests and plains. They are the pitcher with, and from which, He waters the sultry glebe; they are the pipes through which He conducts the moisture of the firmament. They are the storehouse richly filled with oil, and butter, and corn and wine." They are like the broad hand of God which He opens to supply the "desire of every living thing." They are his curtains which He draws over the plants that they may not be withered, or consumed by heat. They are his arsenal in which He keeps his artillery of thunder and lightning, striking the mind with reverential awe, and sometimes inflicting punishment.

Mr. Ruskin, in the last volume of his "Modern Painters," says, "Has the reader any idea of what clouds are?" He goes on to say, "I believe we do not know what makes clouds float."

This is, perhaps, a little hyperbolical. And yet the poet Wordsworth, in well-known lines, in which he describes the consolations which he had received from the poor leech-gatherer of the moor, expresses very much the same idea, when he says:

> "Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
> That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
> And moveth altogether, if it move at all."

But, indeed, the more we regard them, the more we see the wondrous Providence which arranges them. In all poetry, in all literature, there is not a more wonderful passage, at once descriptive of the philosophy, the very science and poetry of the cloud, than the words in the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh chapters of the book of Job: "Behold, God is great, and we know Him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out. For He maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof: which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly. Also can any understand the spreadings of the clouds, or the noise of his tabernacle? Behold, He spreadeth his light upon it, and covereth the bottom of the sea. For by them He judgeth the people; He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds He covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt." "Also by watering He wearieth the thick cloud; He scattereth his bright cloud: and it is turned round about by his counsels; that they may do whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the world

in the earth. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy. Hearken unto this, O Job: stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God. Dost thou know when God disposed them, and caused the light of his cloud to shine? *Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds*, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge?"

These are very wonderful words, and we are not much wiser about clouds now than men were in the days of Job. The analogy in the verses we have quoted is the Providence which governs human life, the difficulty of reading God in the arrangements of Providence. We cannot understand the balancings of Providence; but can you understand that which would seem to be a much more simple thing, do you know the "balancing of the clouds"? We know that the clouds remain suspended so long as their pressure is exactly balanced by the counter-pressure of the air which is underneath them; but the law, the equilibrium, and the causes which destroy the balance are so subtle in their operation that our knowledge of these matters is extremely superficial; so that the question may be asked now, we suppose, with as much confidence as in the day when Elihu put the question, "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Only that we see the balancings of the clouds do wonderfully illustrate that law of circularity, so concisely stated by the preacher: "All the waters run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." And if all the waters run into the sea, and the sea is not full, it is because, as another Scripture says, God "calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out again from the clouds on the face of the earth." Thus wonderful is the way in which an equilibrium, or balance is preserved by Divine arrangement. And all changes are included in one uniform sphericity, the circulation of the sap, the circulation of the blood, the occultation and culmination of planets, night and day, summer and winter. Nature seems to know little of straight lines; she moves in spheres, they are her line of beauty; nations and civilisations rise, and advance and decline, and fade, and fall; has it not been said that every death is a new birth, and every grave a cradle? Every retrogression is an advance, and death, which seems the final retrogression, is the radiant rising of the morning star of immortality. Like children falling to sleep and crying to retain some loved possession, so we fall to sleep in tears, and wake to find the jewel of immortality on the breast.

Infinite is the hand which balanced the clouds; is it not wonderful to know that while the clouds are charged with electricity God has made it so that every blade of glass, every little spiral leaf, is as if millions or billions of steel needles, or lightning rods, were all silently disarming the clouds, and bearing their influences harmlessly to the earth? We might regard the clouds as a kind of guncotton, and our readers know what a dangerous substance that may be; take cotton or any other vegetable fibre, steep it in nitric or sulphurous acid, and you have an explosive substance which is often used as a substitute for gunpowder. Our readers will well remember how a few years since a slight explosion shattered all the works at Stowmarket to ruins. But our readers will also remember that the kind medicine of surgery called collodion is only a preparation of guncotton attenuated in ether, and it is one of the finest and most healing influences for external wounds and abrasions of the skin; and this collodion is also the fine glue which the photographer spreads over his glass to fix his shadowy and spectral likeness. Is it not wonderful to think how all these diverse attributes meet in the balancing of the clouds? Clouds are the moisteners and the healers of the earth; from the rain-cloud they spread out their gentle fomentations, moistening and healing; they are a blessed medicine. Again, in their gorgeousness they are spread out, as Elihu says, "like a molten looking-glass," and they hold the artillery which shakes terribly the earth when God thunders marvellously with his voice—

"The thunders roll; be hushed, thou prostrate world."

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds? canst thou send lightnings, that they may come, and say unto thee, Here we are? Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" These ancient questions, also in the Book of Job, are almost the repetition of that which gives the subject of our paper. And of course, these all suggest that mystery of mysteries, electricity, which seems almost as insolvable a secret as the very soul of man. The clouds are the high road and pathway of the lightning; from the bosom of the cloud it leaps forth shining and smiting, as the Hebrew poet said, "like a glittering spear." What wonderful stories are told us of the effects of lightning shimmering forth from the disturbed cloud, and all tending to enhance our conceptions of the power of the marvellous Hand which balances in such perfect order those mighty armaments of the skies! Arago tells how once a cobbler, or shoemaker, was sitting at his stall, working away with right good will, while a storm was going on; the lightning suddenly entered his shop; with courteous graciousness it passed him by, but in one second of time it transmuted without transforming every iron thing in his shop, it magnetised all his tools. Our readers can imagine the dismay of the poor fellow; it was as if the black magician of the old story had entered the hammer, pincers, and awl,—attracted all the needles, pins, tacks, nails, and sparrowbills; there they were all firmly adhering to the larger tools. Surely, we cannot wonder that the poor fellow thought that one of the two things had happened, either that everything in his shop was delivered over to the devil, or else that he was dreaming it all.

In our own country, in Wakefield, a merchant had placed in a box a number of knives, forks, and iron tools, intending to pack them up and to send them away to the colonies; in came the lightning; in a second the box was opened, the articles all spread upon the floor, and when they were picked up it was found that every article was magnetised, some subtle properties had been imparted to all; each thing might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass—all had been affected by the mysterious current. What is this delicate and most subtle power? Think of it melting a pair of bracelets on a lady's wrist and leaving the wrist itself altogether untouched! Talk of delicate attentions after that! And yet this has happened.

Jerome Cardan, however, tells of eight reapers,

all eating their dinner under an oak tree; by one flash of lightning they were all struck, yet not one was disturbed; they sat still; they were all dead; but there they all sat still! When discovered, one was still holding his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread in his mouth, a third was stretching his hand towards a dish. In an instant death had come upon them, life was suppressed so instantaneously that all the muscles continued rigidly unmoved. The illusion, so much like life, would have been perfect and complete, only the second of death had completely discoloured their bodies, so that they appeared like statuary sculptured out in black marble. The wonderful story was for a long time disbelieved, but the catastrophe has been repeated since; and we believe in our own day ten reapers were similarly struck in a storm while taking shelter under a hedge.

What is this mysterious power which so awfully but gently kisses the soul away? When we see animals or men cease moving, thinking, living, thus suddenly, without any appreciable change in their appearance or in the mechanism of the organisation, it suggests, says a lively writer, M. Fonville, "the image of a cage, the doors still closed, no danger done to a single wire, and yet the inhabitant gone, the bird flown." However did the bird get out of the cage? Not the slightest trace of any wound or scar, no touch, no burn, no contusion, no hint of the way in which the mysterious bird escaped from its confinement, and yet gone!

It is evident that we could fill pages with stories of the curiosities of thunder-storms, and illustrations amusing or amazing, entertaining or terrible, of these feats of electricity. Amusing and amazing indeed. In the reports of the British Association for 1858, we have the singular account of a lady, a married lady too, who was so charged apparently with electricity that any one attempting to kiss was saluted with a spark from her lips. Visitors received a shock when they shook hands with her. Indeed, the curiosities and wonders of electricity are quite innumerable, whether we refer them to the grand and overwhelming displays of the thunder-storm, or to the more sportful manifestations which play round the parlour or the lecture-room. But what is electricity? We seem as far as ever removed from answering that question.

This, however, we may dimly see, that an entrance into, and some acquaintance with the laws which regulate the "balancing of the clouds," introduces us to some of the most subtle mysteries of the universe. Faraday, in one of his lectures before Prince Albert, on magnetic and diamagnetic forces, says, "The exertions in physical science of later years, have been directed to ascertain not merely the different natural powers, but the manner in which they are linked together, the universality of each in its action, and their probable unity in one." And he closed this lecture by saying: "Such are the recent additions to our knowledge, respecting the manner in which the magnetic force exercises its governing power over matter; and when we thus see it extended to all matter, animal, vegetable, or mineral, living or lifeless, and when we see it thus making strange or striking distinctions between the same kind of matter, as it may be in the amorphous or crystalline state, and when we remember that the earth itself is a magnet, pervaded in every part by this mighty power, universal and strong as gravity itself, we cannot doubt that it is exerting an appointed and essential influence over every particle of matter, and in every place where it is present. What its great purpose is, seems to be looming in the distance before us, the clouds which obscure our mental sight are daily thinning, and I cannot doubt that a glorious discovery in natural knowledge, and of the wisdom and power of God in the creation, is awaiting our age, and that we may not only hope to see it, but even be honoured to help in obtaining the victory over present ignorance and future knowledge."

Thus, storms which have usually been regarded as the caprices of nature, and the variability of the weather, are found to be as subject to law as the pathway of our world in its orbit, giving to us the changes and the order of the seasons. But all this, and all those prophetic anticipations to which Faraday points, are slow unveilings, for we cannot go far with God at once, we only see parts of his ways; we are like dwellers on a plain, who sink with fatigue as they strive to ascend or to descend alternately the ramparts of a mountain ridge, their muscles have become infirm by long inaction. Thus, as one has said, the thought of God is rest, but to keep company with God is weariness. And therefore it is said, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing," and again, "He holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth a cloud upon it." Everywhere He seems to work behind the clouds; search is the law of earth, vision is the law of heaven.

We have referred already to the circularity of matter, and of all nature as illustrated in the singular transmutations of cloud-land. One of our poets has set this forth in words of singular beauty, in his poem called "A Cloud." Every line almost of the lengthy poem expresses a natural truth; the last verse more especially describes the balancing of which we speak:

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

But several of our poets have given to us some of the most glorious cloud-paintings, and no wonder, for what are they but darkened glasses, enigmatical windows, through whose opaque splendour we obtain some of the finest glimpses of the magnificent presence of the King? It was not to be thought that Wordsworth, living so immediately and constantly in communion with nature, moving to and fro, not less by night than by day, among the mountains, could be unimpressed by these magnificent mysteries; and long as the quotation is, perhaps our readers will suffer us to give them what we believe to be the finest piece of cloud-painting to be found in the compass of English words. No doubt the imagination of the writer projected from itself many of the forms of extraordinary brilliancy the eye beheld.

"A step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen

CLOUD-LAND. [*From a Photograph.*

And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh! 'twas an unimaginable sight!

To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little vale, a dwelling-place of man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude."

"The sky," says John Ruskin, "is the part of

creation in which nature [or nature's God] has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any part of her [his] works, and it is just the fact which man regards with least attention. Every essential purpose of the sky might be answered, so far as we know, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue sky, and everything well watered, and then all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this there is not a moment or a day in any of our lives when nature [or her God] is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. Yes, the sky is for all, sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together, almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal in us is essential."

Thus, not merely in the teachings of science and in the visions of imagination, but in the offices and exercises of faith, clouds have Divine meanings. All things are synthetic, that is, they have a Divine unity: God has a synthesis, or principle of unity, for a plant, for a flower, for the mountain, and even for the clouds. He who sets the planets to music, so that we speak of the music or harmony of the spheres, teaches us by the balancing of the clouds that He has a synthesis or principle of harmony also for human lives. Job was taught that clouds which sweep over the human soul, and envelope it in gloom, have also their Divine ends and meanings, their balancings not less assured, not more outside of Divine guiding and directing than the clouds which sweep over the face of the sky. Well do we remember when we first saw a singular etching by the great German etcher, Retsch, called "Cloud-land." It was a very cunning piece; we could not at first make out what the painter meant by it, it seemed merely a mass of floating clouds, nothing but clouds soft and shadowy; but if you sought and looked long you perceived that every cloud contained an angel's face, angel's wings, and what at first seemed only a mass of gloom looked out upon the spectator as it were hundreds of angel eyes and angel wings. Shall it not be so, not only with Job, but with all our poor human lives, if God comes nigh to us in his cloudy chariot? Will not the time come when we shall look at them and find that for us they have turned into angels?

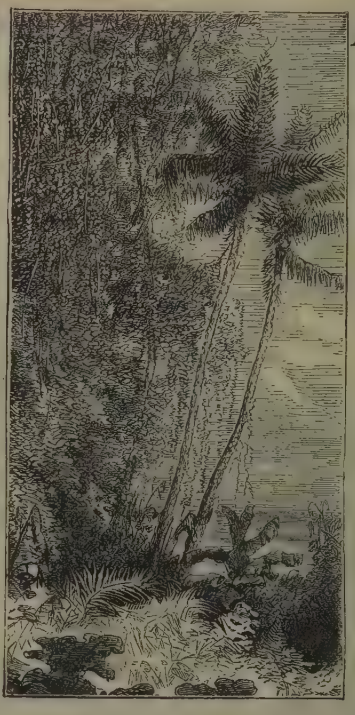
"We shall see the lights of heaven
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And the feeling of joy come o'er us
The soul cannot resist.

And through the long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
We shall hear in our soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal on their way."

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

IV.—THE RESCUED ORPHAN.



AMONG the specialities of the little island are pony palanquins. In ordinary conceptions of this Eastern vehicle "bearers" are associated with them. And in India proper to travel by one is to lie in an oblong box, and be carried by a pole longitudinally fixed through the upper part of it, on the shoulders of men. But here a race of sturdy and lively ponies from Acheen, takes the place of "bearers," and you enter a palanquin, not to lie down to be carried, but to sit face to face with your friend, and be briskly drawn by a smart little horse. But how is it managed? Not by a coachman on his box, but by a black groom, who runs at its side, with his right hand on the reins, and a whip in his left, and thinks nothing of a trot, without halt, of three or four miles. My story takes us to the "attap" hut of one of these grooms. They are almost always Madras men and Hindoos. The hut is occupied by the groom and his wife and two children, a daughter and a son. The man is fairly well-to-do, and the wife is zealous in her religion.

There was an idol in the hut, and every day before it cowdung was burnt, an offering supposed to be of peculiar sacredness and efficacy. But the daughter, Luchmee (named after a goddess), was allowed to go to the Mission Girls' School, and there she learned of the true God, and the wickedness of idolatry. Hers was an earnest nature, and she began to neglect presenting the usual offering to the idol. The mother observed it, and one morning she bade her bring it and burn it at the shrine. The girl obeyed. But when the mother took her hand and said, "Now kneel with me," the girl sobbed, and said, "Mother, I cannot. This is not God. I can only worship the true God, who made the heavens, and the earth, and me." The mother was enraged, stamped on the ground in her fury, vociferously demanded obedience, but in vain. She then seized a hatchet, and shouted, "Bow down, or I will cleave your head."

The girl rushed from the hut, ran to the Mission House, and there lay concealed under a bed. The mother followed, loudly demanding her child, threatening to appeal to the magistrate, and

watched the house for hours, in the hope of seeing and seizing her. Evening arrived, and the mother remembering that her husband would soon be home for his evening meal, returned to the hut. He was there. Finding the rice not ready he became angry, and she replying to his upbraidings by angry complaints of her daughter, provoked him into ungovernable rage, and suddenly, seizing the hatchet with which the woman had threatened her child, he struck her dead. He was tried for the murder and executed.

Luchmee and her brother were now orphans. But both were pitifully regarded by the "Father of the fatherless," and by Him the hearts of his servants, some in India, and others in England, were moved, and the children found a home in the Orphan School, and both grew up to be disciples of Christ. One is now a respectable gentleman in her Majesty's service, bringing up his family in the fear of God, and zealously seeking to extend his kingdom, and the other has passed away to its bliss and glory in the heavenly world.

But the orphan to whom reference is specially intended in the heading of this chapter was not of Hindoo lineage, but the child of Malayan and Mohammedan parents. The power of the belief in Kismet, or fate, which prevails in the East, and specially among Moslems, is well known. I remember one evening watching some officers at a game of quoits in a field in the country, when suddenly the alarm gun at the fort was fired. Everyone mounted his pony, some riding to the fort, and others to collect and conduct to it a "company" of sepoys. But as we rode we soon saw the cause of the alarm. The native town was on fire, and the sky red with the reflection of the flames. Arrived at the outskirts of the circle of the conflagration we found the people standing about, gazing on the destruction of their homes and all that they contained, and quietly saying, "Alas, alas! It is Kismet." It was left to British tars to drag timbers out of the flames, and officers were actually using their canes to compel the owners to remove such property as was rescued.

I have spoken of the island as producing sugar-cane. A tall, graceful reed it is, nearly two inches thick, growing to the height of sixteen or eighteen feet, with long green leaves springing from knots about eighteen inches from each other, curving downwards, and at the summit from the midst of them rises a handsome lilac flower. Near one of these plantations stood a native hut, and as my father was passing by to visit the district school, he thought he heard sounds like the moaning of a child in pain. The door of the hut was shut, and there was no one to be seen anywhere. He opened the door, and there found, on some leaves spread on the ground, an infant girl who seemed to be dying. Nothing else was there, not a mat or stool, jar or cup, grain of rice, or drop of water. The child was breathing feebly, the eyes fixed, and the jaw fallen, and the little hands stiffening in death. He immediately called for help, and learned the story. Alas! it was the common one. The father and mother had died of fever and been buried; everything they possessed had been carried away by the neighbours, and the sick child left to die! It was Kismet. But as she was slowly passing away there was an eye that pitied, and hence came the hand of help. The dying child was soon brought to our house. Can those who saw her then ever forget the scene? There she lay on the couch watched with weeping eyes by eager children, tenderly nursed by their mother, who cooled her fevered limbs and poured milk into her parched mouth, till at length the little one looked back the smiles of the faces around, and cried for food.

The young life was saved. She was put among the girls of the Orphan School, learned to read and write, and sew, and sing, and pray, and afterwards became the teacher of the school. Some years afterwards the pitiful lady that had thus ministered to the dying child, received from her the following letter, written in a "hand" that would become any accomplished lady:

"MOST EVER DEAR MADAM,

"As Mrs. —— is going to write I enclose you a few lines, to return many, many, many thanks for the parcel you kindly sent me, with which the children and myself are very much pleased; and oh, dear madam, how glad I was to hear that you are still remembering me! and may I never forget all the kindness which was shown by you, dear madam! I always pray to the Lord daily for the help of his Holy Spirit, to teach and guide me in the one true and only way of happiness, and to keep me from sinning against Him. May the Lord bless me and these dear children in this world and in the world to come! A great many of the Chinese men have been baptised in the mission chapel, and a woman and five of the girls; and I trust that God will help them by his Holy Spirit daily to keep close to Him who is their Lord and Saviour. May the Lord bless you, my dear madam, now and for evermore!

"I remain, yours ever truly,
"ORPHAN R—— K——"

"Custom," says Lord Bacon, "is the principal magistrate of man's life. Certainly, custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is in effect but an early custom." Another wise man, speaking with Divine authority, says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "These words," saith the Lord our God, "which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Faith.

FAITH is the soul's clear sight, the inner eyes
That gaze abroad with more than mortal powers
Beyond the limits of this world of ours;
Through the dark valley that betwixt us lies
It sees the pearly gates of Paradise;
The golden streets, the fair immortal flowers
That bloom perennial in angel bowers,
And catches glimpses of the heavenly prize.
The shadows fly before its prescient ken,
As melt the mists before the rising day;
Through the thick gloom it tracks a shining way
From the dim "now," to the eternal "then."
Faith is a growth of pure immortal birth,
Oft mixed with doubt as virgin gold with earth.

JOHN ASKHAM.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

IV.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for Thou art my praise."—*Jer.* xvii. 14.

THIS prayer is one which may very possibly be felt appropriate after the prayer we last considered. We may feel that by God's grace our heart has indeed been "turned." We view things in a different light from what we once did. Our hearts are in the main turned away from the world and its vanities, and towards our God and Saviour.

But we long for more spirituality of mind. We desire to feel always what we only feel at some favoured moments, but instead of this, our too frequent tendency is to slide back. When we would do good, evil is present with us.

It is as if some disease in our souls prevented their healthy and vigorous walk along the road to which we have now been turned.

We look at other Christians, and we wonder if any can feel as we do. Is not a spiritual life much easier to them? Are we not mistaken in thinking we are children of God at all, if we have still so much evil within?

Oh, how graciously does God in his word provide an answer to such fears, a remedy for such a state? If you look at the seventeenth chapter of Jeremiah you will see a little before the prayer we are now considering, at the ninth verse, a description of man's heart: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." You have begun to know a little of this truth, and you have been led earnestly to desire that renewing of the heart which the Holy Spirit alone can effect. Well, here is the very prayer you need. Grant that you have a "wicked" heart, take it, just as it is, to Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, and say, "Heal me, O Lord." Just as you might go to any physician and say, "I feel ill: I cannot work, or walk, or eat, or sleep, as a person in health would do. I don't know what my complaint is, but I know I am ill, do heal me;" so, go to the Lord in prayer, and lay before Him your frequent faults and failings, your want of spiritual appetite, your coldness and deadness of heart, and say, "Heal me, O Lord." Say it in faith, adding the words "And I shall be healed," and be assured you will receive the healing you desire.

The prayer continues: "save me, and I shall be saved." It is prompted by the same feeling. It means, "Save me from the enemies of my soul, from the devil and his crafts and assaults, from the snares of the world around me; and above all, save me from myself, my old self, my evil self, my deceitful and wicked heart."

Never be deterred from prayer by any state of mind. And while you are thus asking to be healed and saved, try and recall God's former mercies, and add, "For Thou art my praise." While you can find nothing in self to praise, you can always find plenty in God. The very act of dwelling on His attributes, His love, His mercy, His holiness, His past help in our hours of need, will increase our faith, and our expectation of present help, and will of itself exercise a healing effect on the soul.

Thoughts of the holy, loving God to whom we are appealing, will cast out evil, vain, worldly thoughts, which were perhaps troubling us before. "In Thy light we shall see light," says the Psalmist. Having poured out a hearty and believing prayer for healing, rise from your knees, cheered and comforted with the certainty that you will be healed and saved, and begin already to say to the Lord "Thou art my praise."

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE STORMY WIND FULFILLING HIS WORD.

"Who walketh upon the wings of the wind."—*Psa.* civ. 13.

WE may always believe that the stormy wind fulfils God's word, but sometimes we are allowed to see as well as to believe that it is so.

Take, for example, the case of Jonah. In opposition to God's command, he refused to go to Nineveh, and went into a ship to go to Tarshish in order to flee, as he vainly thought, from the presence of the Lord. "But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea; and there was a mighty tempest in the sea;" Jonah's purpose was frustrated; his disobedience was punished; a great lesson was given not to him only, but to all who sailed with him; he was prepared, by a strange and effective discipline for his mission to Nineveh; and the mighty wind that changed his life and his career has been recorded for the instruction of all lovers of the word of God as a memorable instance of the Lord's dealings, never to be forgotten by His Church.

Turn now to the gospels, and we shall find in the Saviour's own history some remarkable instances of the wind obeying His voice. On one occasion, when the disciples in their little fishing-boat were abroad on the waters of the Lake of Galilee, storm and tempest arose. "The ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary" (Matt. xiv. 24). Then it was that Jesus came to them walking on the waters, and at His voice, as soon as He and Peter had entered into the ship, "the wind ceased," that wind which had indeed been contrary to the disciples before, but was only fulfilling, as an obedient servant, the commands of its Lord both when it raged and when it fell.

A similar storm is described by Mark and the other evangelists, as being experienced by the disciples on the same sea, when the Saviour was on board their vessel, but asleep on a pillow. How grand was His rising! He spoke to the angry elements as their Lord and Master; "He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm"—a calm not more great and solemn, more peaceful than that which His Spirit breathes into the heart when His voice is heard saying, "Peace, be still," to the tempest of passion and rebellion, and His own presence in the chastened soul tells that the storm of affliction has led to the cry for mercy never raised to Him in vain.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 17.

THE PHARISEES REPROVED. LUKE xi. 37–54.

GOLDEN TEXT, MATT. xxiii. 3.—'*All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say and do not.*'

CONNECTION.—This is somewhat difficult, as the discourse with which the Lesson is closely connected (v. 37: **As He spake**) is given in substance by *Matt.* (xii. 22–45) and *Mark* (iii. 22–30); much earlier in our Lord's ministry. Accordingly, the passage is placed by Harmonists (as *Robinson*) before the sending out of the Twelve and the other occurrences that led up to the Transfiguration. On the other hand, the manner and severity of the denunciations are especially characteristic of Christ's later ministry, when the opposition of His enemies had become more bitter, and the time had come for the full utterance of 'Woe!' to a guilty people. We see reason then, on the whole, for assigning the discourse to the period immediately succeeding Christ's visit to Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles. Whether he had left the neighbourhood of the City for Perœa there is nothing to show. It is observable that much in the present Lesson was repeated by our Lord during His last days in Jerusalem (Matt. xxiii.), a decided instance of the same discourse being given by Him, in varied forms, on different occasions.

I. PURIFICATION.—*Read vers.* 37–41. **A certain Pharisee,** like Simon, ch. vii. 36. **To dine,** rather, to lunch. The word denotes the midday meal. **Sat down** (reclined) **to meat** (food), took his place on the couch at once, without any formalities. At this the Pharisee was shocked, or pretended to be so. For what reason? What were the customs of the strict party among the Jews before meals? See Mark vii. 3. Our Lord purposely omitted this ablution. The act was one of superstition rather than of cleanliness. He knew the character of those with whom He had to deal, He knew also, as appeared afterwards (vers. 53, 54), that the invitation was given with no friendly purpose; and His omission was a parable in act. His host **marvelled,** no doubt expressing his astonishment in some discourteous way. Then our Lord spoke with terrible indignation! The cleansing was all **outside.** The washed and polished goblet was full of foulness and poison! Such was the contrast between the outer and the inner life of those Pharisees. **Ravening** means plunder; covetousness and extortion were among the great sins of the class (ch. xx. 47.) **Ye fools!** To neglect the spirit for the form is utter folly in the sight of Him who made both. **Give alms,** etc. The one test of a change would be such overcoming of selfishness as would make them generous. So with the young ruler, ch. xviii. 22. **Of such things as ye have,** a phrase variously interpreted; but the true sense seems to be, *according to your ability.* **And behold, all things are clean,** i.e. *your nature will be purified,* not because of your almsgiving itself, but by the new spirit which shows itself in this new generosity. 'That which defiles is selfishness, that which purifies is the unselfishness of love.'

II. A THREEFOLD WOE TO THE PHARISEES.—*Read vers.* 42–44. Here we have a sketch of the Pharisaic character in three several points. 1. *Scrupulousness about trifles and neglect of the highest obligation.* **Mint, rue,** etc., the smallest garden produce. The Law enjoined tithes to be given of 'corn, wine and oil' (Deut. xii. 17), but the Jewish ritualists, perhaps interpreting 'seed' (Lev. xxvii. 30) quite literally, were punctilious in setting aside every tenth stalk of the commonest herb for the priesthood. Nor was this in itself objectionable. (Little duties are in their way important), but when **judgment** (righteousness) and **love** were at the same time neglected, this precision became contemptible hypocrisy. See James i. 27, where the word for 'religion' means *ceremonial* or 'sacrificial service.' This is Christian ritualism: purity and charity. 2. *Overweening desire for preeminence.* **The uppermost seats in the synagogues** were the platform seats (as we should say) ranged in a semi-circle fronting the congregation. Here the chief men of the town or village sat, on each side of the chest which contained the roll of the Law. **Greetings in the markets** or streets were the homage paid to superiors. These were formal and elaborate to an extreme. 3. *Unsuspected impurity.* Our Lord in His later discourse called the Pharisees 'whited sepulchres,' Matt. xxiii. 27. **Graves** level with the ground were marked by whitewash, that no one might step on them and so be ceremonially polluted. This was renewed yearly in the spring; our Lord here speaks of it as worn away, leaving the soil or grass apparently like the rest. But beneath are the rotting bones, and he who passes that way is unconsciously defiled. So in the hearts of these hypocrites there was a silent unsuspected world of iniquity; and they corrupted those who came unwittingly within their evil influence, as their young disciples, etc.

III. A THREEFOLD WOE TO THE LAWYERS.—*Read vers.* 45–52. The **lawyers** were a class of scribes whose business it was to expound the moral and ritual Law. One of them was brought before us in the previous Lesson. Here another makes common cause with the Pharisees, and brings down upon himself and his class a corresponding sentence. 1. The first crime charged against them, was *laying on others obligations which they themselves evaded.* These **burdens** were those of duty and service. In the later Discourse (the Golden Text) our Lord's words are **They say, and do not.** There our Lord is careful to recognise the importance of the precepts themselves, at least to a certain extent—'Do as they *say*, but not as they *do*.' This was to the people; but now, more directly, the teachers themselves are reproached for their tyranny and insincerity. Many things in the requirements of the Jewish teachers were unbearable from their severity, Acts xv. 10. 2. Next, they are charged with a *persecuting spirit.* Strange contrast between the honour paid the dead and the treatment of the living! To our own day there remain in the Valley of Jehoshaphat some of the stately **sepulchres** of **the prophets** built in the ancient days by the Jews.* **Your fathers killed them;** and you, though you build their sepulchres, are your fathers' true children still! Our Lord discerned the persecuting spirit already at work, the spirit which was so soon to bring Him to the cross, and which His followers would have to encounter. To this the following words refer. **The Wisdom of God:** either the Spirit of inspiration speaking in the Old Testament generally, or the Divine Voice in Christ Himself. The latter seems the right interpretation. The words were afterwards uttered again by Jesus (Matt. xxiii. 34) with the solemn *I say unto you.* He predicts the persecutions that should befal His first followers—persecutions which should as it were gather up all the malignity of the past, and concentrate on that generation the result of ages of cruel opposition to God's messengers. See Acts vii. 52, where Stephen in like manner charges the Jews with endorsing and repeating the deeds of their fathers (1 Thess. i. 14, 15). **Abel . . . unto Zacharias,**—the first recorded martyrdom in the Old Testament, and the last. For the death of this Zechariah by command of Joash, see 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21. In Matt. xxiii. 35, he is

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* Some of these tombs now bear the names of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, *Zechariah*, and St. James. But there is no certain evidence that these names are correct.—*Plumptre.*

called the 'son of Barachias,' a mistaken marginal note having anciently been inserted by some copyist in the text. Zechariah the prophet, the son of Berechiah, was an entirely different person. The martyr Zechariah was the son of Jehoiada. His last words were, *The Lord look upon it and require it!* So of Abel's death, *The voice of his blood crieth unto Me from the ground!* utterances to which this "woe" of Jesus is a solemn response. **Between the altar** of burnt-offering **and the temple**, the Sanctuary. 3. The third charge against the lawyers is that of *arrogant exclusiveness.* **Ye have taken away the key of knowledge**, have denied the people access to the treasures of heavenly wisdom. It was the business of the Scribes to open the stores of knowledge. Hence their emblem was a key. Compare Matt. xiii. 52. See, on the contrary, the supercilious language of the Pharisees, 'This people, that knoweth not the Law, is cursed,' John vii. 49. If the people did not know, *whose fault was it?* It is added that these Scribes themselves are ignorant. **Ye entered not in yourselves.** Not those who really know, but only those who pretend, endeavour to keep others in darkness. True knowledge, especially of the ways of God, makes a man generous and large-hearted. There is a longing to share with others the heavenly treasure.

IV. Plotting of the Scribes and Pharisees.—*Read vers.* 53, 54. **As He said these things unto them.** The best copies here read, 'When He was gone out thence.' So Alford, etc. Jesus rose from the table and went forth, followed by those whose anger had been aroused by His words of woe. **They began to urge Him vehemently,** eagerly, fiercely, **and to provoke Him**—proposing to Him 'catch-questions,' as afterwards, ch. xx. 20; Mark xii. 13, to entrap Him if they could into some unguarded utterance, that they might have ground of procedure against Him. No doubt the very invitation of the Pharisee had been part of the plot; and the whole occurrence is noticeable as having been the first deliberate and combined manifestation of hostility against Jesus. Yet His enemies were compelled to proceed by craft rather than by open force—the next verse (ch. xii. 1) showing a popularity that would have rendered it unsafe to use any violence.

Questions.

1. Are there any other instances in our Lord's ministry of the substantial repetition of a discourse?

2. What do we learn from the Gospels of the ceremonial ablutions practised by the Pharisees?

3. Show by citation of passages from Christ's discourses that hypocrisy was the one sin most hateful to Him.

4. On what occasions did He pronounce woes against His hearers?

5. Name the chief martyrs of the Old Testament times.

6. What light is here thrown upon the gift of 'the keys' to the Apostle Peter (Matt. xvi. 19)?

Acrostic.

"Offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving."—Amos iv. 5.

T-here *is* a thankfulness forgets to say,
"H-e gave, and blest is He who takes away;"
A-nd, taking happy sunshine at God's hand,
N-o cloudy day of grief can understand;
K-ind Providence in smiling plenty hails,
F-alls sulky when in want that plenty fails.
U-nthankful thankfulness is this; such mine.
L-ord of my heart let every thought be thine.
N-o longer blessing God for gifts alone,
E-ach gift recalled I would a blessing own.
S-o, may my soul be stirred glad hymns to raise,
S-inging with perfect thanks our Father's praise.

F. M. E.

Pages for the Young.

A SHAWL FOR MOTHER.

II.

JUST now it was little wonder that Neddy should feel that all things were against him, and that he should be altogether overpowered by despondency. All places but the Manor garden had been closed against him before, and now he had just been told that even those gates were to be shut to him for some time to come!

Mrs. Anderson's heart smote her as she thought of the hasty message she had sent down an hour ago to the young boy who had not come as a beggar, for which his infirmities might even have been fair excuse, but with an entreaty to be allowed to work. She heartily wished that she could recall that message, and blot out, as though it had never been, the consequent sorrowful hour that the widow's child had suffered.

But Mrs. Anderson's pitying and self-accusing thoughts were all suddenly put to flight by a new circumstance. Excitable, sympathetic little Gerty found the present aspect of affairs quite too much for her feelings, and after giving one or two premonitory sniffs, she suddenly broke into a most doleful sort of howl, following it up by exclaiming passionately and peremptorily,

"Mamma, don't! You mustn't look like that, mamma. You mustn't cry any more, Neddy. Tell him he mustn't cry, mamma. Don't let him."

Gerty's commands proved wonderfully successful. Neddy was so startled that he did leave off crying, and looked up with an astonished stare, while a smile struggled into Mrs. Anderson's face as she drew her little daughter to her, and began to stroke the hot cheeks soothingly.

Then Neddy gathered up his money from one tree stump, and swept the fir-cones off the other, and the whole party sat down to carry on the conversation more at their ease. It need scarcely be said that before that talk was over there were smiles on every face taking the place of tears.

Although no more help was wanted in the garden just now, there was some one at the present moment in the Manor household who was much in need of a little assistance, and such assistance as even the lame Neddy could give. The boy who cleaned the knives and forks, and boots and shoes, had cut his hand very badly the day before, and although the other servants were very willing under the circumstances to perform his duties for him, it would be quite as well to provide a regular substitute for the next few days.

"So," said Mrs. Anderson to little Steadman, "if you like to do that work, for the next week to come, for two shillings, you are very welcome, and it will be a real relief to me, although the matter had escaped my memory when you came up, a while since, to ask for employment. I have little doubt that in the meanwhile we shall think of something else in which you can help us after James is able to do his own work again."

And then Mrs. Anderson sprang up from her seat with the wish to hurry away from the burst of grateful, almost incoherent, thanks which Neddy was pouring forth with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes.

But after all, she did not get away so quickly as she had intended. Florry ran to her whispering rather enigmatically:

"Please, mamma, here's the bag, and couldn't we leave it here. There won't anyway be time to get to the top of Redstone Hill now, and I'm sure there's enough for all, for Harry said you put in a great deal, and the bag is so heavy."

Harry and Gerty heard part of Florry's request, and the sight of the cake bag, which she held up to enforce it, told them the rest, and they at once eagerly seconded the petition, Harry turning to Ned, almost before his mamma had time to give her ready consent, to exclaim:

"Neddy, Neddy, you're going to have a picnic with us! That's another good thing. You can't think how—how—jolly—picnics are."

Perhaps Harry would have been rather surprised and disappointed if any one had told him that the orphan boy knew more about picnics of some sort than he did himself, that most of his meals were eaten out of doors—that is to say, that Neddy used generally to carry the dinner, slices of dry bread, to a field in the neighbourhood of the place where his mother might be at work, and there at midday she used to join him, and the two would eat their poor meal together, quite happy in each other's society.

But whether or no a knowledge of these facts would have disappointed Harry Anderson, he was most thoroughly satisfied with the guest's appreciation of the good things that came out of that well-stuffed bag. So generously, indeed, had it been filled, that when the pleasant meal was ended, to the perfect satisfaction of all the feasters, there were still apples, cake, and jam-puffs for bestowal upon Neddy to carry home to his mother.

When he kissed her before he slept that night, he said with a deep, sweet thrill of joyousness in his voice:

"Oh, mother darling, isn't our heavenly Father good to us? If He gives me many more such happy days as this has been, I expect I shall be learning to jump and dance in spite of my lame leg."

III.

The hot summer days were passed—autumn had given place to winter. While the three Andersons are giving utterance to little growls about the chillness of the morning, the discomfort of which they feel as little as most people, seeing that a good portion of warmth from the big nursery fire has been stealing into their snugly-curtained rooms for an hour past, Mrs. Steadman and Neddy are standing together shivering, without growling, in their utterly fireless, thin-walled little cottage.

The widow had wisely put into a coal club during the summer months, and she and Ned could certainly have had a fire this bitter morning had they chosen, but, by the time it had burnt up they would both have had to leave it; and if they made spare now, they had agreed they might have a downright good blaze some Sunday when they were alone together in their little home.

And as Neddy looked round the mite of a living room, in his imagination he pictured the sparkling fire dancing over those bare walls and across the carpetless floor, and lighting up his mother's face, and he smiled happily, for to his mind that picture of his poverty-stricken little home was beautiful.

Then he turned back to his mother, and held up to her the pin to fasten the old rag of a shawl which was all the protection she had against the ice-laden blast blowing out of doors.

The mother took the pin, and doing so stooped to give her boy a good-bye kiss.

"Good-bye till night, my heart's treasure," she said fondly; "mind you get home before dark comes on, I get so afraid of your slipping this weather. And set light to the fire directly you come in; it's all ready, an' 'twill be cruel cold as the day wears. You'll do as I tell you, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, mother. Oh, yes, mother dear," answered Neddy, recovering from a sudden fit of abstraction into which he had fallen. "What is it, mother dear?"

Mrs. Steadman smiled in spite of her aching cold feet and fingers and longing for a cup of hot tea. "What is it?" she said, half laughing. "I believe it's that secret of yours that is filling your head too full even to let you listen to your mother."

Neddy's face flushed. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed quickly, and in a tone of some little pained reproach; "if my head is full of my secret it's only because it's all to do with——"

He stopped abruptly, checking himself with a sudden clenching together of his lips as if he were absolutely frightened lest another word should slip out between them in spite of him. Mrs. Steadman stared, as well she might at his agitation. Her boy had never hid a secret from her, of any kind, before the day he asked her to let his purpose with regard to his precious first earnings be a secret from her for a time. That had seemed to her queer enough, but as the cold weather had come on she had been still more surprised to note how careful he was not to let her know how many days he got work, or was forced to idle, and how carefully he hid up his savings from her.

But the mother could not feel hurt, for all these four months and more her child had showed her, if possible, even more loving care and tenderness than ever, and now, inquisitive as she could not help being as to what he was going to be about, she soon controlled herself, and giving him another kiss said:

"There, there, laddie, don't ye look downhearted at what I said. Whatever else your head may be full of, I know that it's full of love for me, an' that's all I care about."

Neddy clung to her a minute closely. "And you won't mind, mother, about my keeping my secret from you just a wee bit longer?"

"Nay, then, nay, my bonny, to be sure not. Keep it to ye for always if you will. Don't forget to light the fire when ye come back."

And with that parting injunction for her child's comfort Mrs. Steadman hurried off to the day's charing, payment for which was to provide the next dinner.

Three hours later, as she was shaking some mats in the yard of her employer's house, she saw the Andersons' carriage pass, well crowded with occupants. And she sent a silent blessing after them, for the kindness her child told her they had shown him during the past months. She would have been most wonderfully astounded had she known that comfortably seated in that handsome carriage, amidst the Andersons, was the little lame boy himself.

As the weeks had passed on, Mrs. Anderson, her husband, and her children had got more and more interested in the feeble but determined little worker, who would get through the tasks for which he was to be paid, and get through them well, however long they took him to accomplish. His last piece of employment had been dusting all the books in Mr. Anderson's library, a business that Mr. Anderson had never before entrusted to any hands but his own, and Neddy so fully justified the confidence placed in him that he was promised work of a similar kind another time.

One way or the other, week by week, ever since that picnic in Chesnut Wood, little Steadman had earned his weekly two shillings, and at last he had not only the tearfully-longed-for and prayed-for eight and sixpence with which to buy the red and black plaid shawl his mother had intended to buy for herself with the money she had laid out instead upon new clothes for him, but seventeen and sixpence besides.

"And all of it shall go for things for mother, please, ma'am," he said with his shy bright eyes lifted to Mrs. Anderson's sweet kind face, as she paid him the last week's well-earned wages.

And then they had had a quiet confidential chat together as to what the things were that "mother" most wanted, and how it would be best to get them, so as to prevent her knowing anything of the matter until the due time came for their presentation.

The upshot of the conference had been that instead of the eight shillings and sixpenny shawl, one of the same pattern, but twice as expensive and twice as warm, was to be bought, and the remainder of the money was to go towards the purchase of a good pair of serviceable boots. And still more, Neddy was to be driven into town with the other children, and to have the benefit of Mrs. Anderson's help and counsel in his shopping. And thus it was it came to pass that Neddy was in the Ander-

sons' carriage when his mother looked after it, still pondering what her boy's little mystery might be, and if the three or four shillings he might perhaps have earned were to be spent upon some unusual luxury.

* * * *

Now it so happened that Mrs. Steadman's birthday fell near the end of the year. There was no particular reason why she should remember it. One day to her was very much like another. And yet she had always tried to contrive some little treat for Neddy on his birthday, and the child with natural inquisitiveness, would never quite let her forget her own. She was surprised, however, this morning to see through the half-open door of her room that a bright fire was already burning in the outer kitchen parlour.

The fact was that Neddy was in such a state of happy excitement that he had been hardly able to sleep all night, and he had felt it quite a relief to get up with the first faint twilight, and busy himself softly in making all the preparations possible for his mother's comfort.

She was scarcely dressed when a tap came to the door. "Who in the world can it be?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I know, mother," answered Ned, breaking suddenly into a joyous peal of laughter, and hurrying to open the cottage door.

Two people stood there—the housemaid and the boy from the Manor House, both with full hands.

"We have come to wish you a pleasant time, Mrs. Steadman, and you, too, Neddy," they both exclaimed, as they stepped quickly in, and deposited their parcels on the table. Then, with a cheerful "Good-bye, we are wanted back again; we mustn't stay," they turned, shut the door after them, and ran home again across the snow, leaving Neddy stroking one of the parcels, and his mother staring in amazement at them all, if a covered dish of hot eggs and bacon on two big rounds of toast can be reckoned as a "parcel" at all.

But parcel or no parcel, the two people for whom that dish was intended said a very hearty thanksgiving over it, and enjoyed it thoroughly; and as for the other parcels, I will not tell you what was said and done about them between the widow and her only child, lest you might begin to cry as Mrs. Steadman did when she at length learnt the whole of her lame boy's loving secret.

It had been proposed by Neddy's kind friend that the shawl they had bought should be sent in the morning, so that it might come as a surprise to his mother. But Mrs. Anderson had another motive; she wished also to reward the little lame boy's self-denial by a gift much needed. In one parcel was the widow's shawl, bought with the children's money which he would not take in the place of work, in another boots for the boy. That was indeed a happy morning. As the two sat down to their frugal meal, they felt as rich in their mutual love as if they had been possessors of unlimited wealth. Nor did they forget to render thanks unto their Father in heaven, from whom descendeth every good and perfect gift.

GRACE STEBBING.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XII.

1 Sam. xvii. 54. Psa. cxviii. 22. Ezek. xi. 19. Zech. iv. 7; vii. 12. Matt. xiv. 10–12. Acts iv. 11; vii. 58. Rev. xii. 3; xiii. 1; xvii. 3; xxi. 11, 19.

1. My *first* gives height to human stature;
   Stands part of every reptile's nature;
   An axe, a bed, a spear, an arrow,
   Have the same thing, some broad, some narrow:
   One only is each creature's due,
   But once young David carried two;
   While beasts, in vision, might have seven,
   But John without one went to heaven.

2. My *next* may be by estimation
   The costliest thing in all creation;
   Yet from a common rock 'twas riven,
   And caused the death of holy Stephen:
   'Tis rough or polished, round or squared,
   With hardest substances compared;
   Man's heart resembles it too oft,
   And only God can make it soft.

3. Now for my *whole*, 'tis God's Anointed,
   For nature's grandest place appointed;
   By Israel's builders first rejected,
   Then for the sovereign power selected:
   By Jews and Gentiles cursed and slain,
   By God's own power He lives again,
   Exalted high for evermore;
   O may our souls His name adore!

W. L.

NO. XIII.

Double Acrostic.

TWO FLOWERS

(Mentioned in one verse—emblems of Christ.)

1. To what woman did Jacob say that he was her father's brother?
2. Whose daughter was Athaliah?
3. Who did the servants of Achish say had slain his thousands?
4. How did David ask leave of Jonathan to run to Bethlehem?

J. E. B.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VI.—p. 128.—TAKE—EAT—LIVE.—Gen. iii. 22; Matt. xxvi. 26.

1. T-ophet	. . . . .	Jer. vii. 31.
2. A-rk	. . . . .	Gen. viii. 9.
3. K-ing	. . . . .	Psa. xxi. 1–3.
4. E-gypt	. . . . .	Gen. xlii. 3.
1. E-sau	. . . . .	Mal. i. 3.
2. A-hasuerus	. . . . .	Esther ii. 16.
3. T-homas	. . . . .	John xx. 24–27.
1. Lydia	. . . . .	Acts xvi. 14.
2. I-scariot	. . . . .	Matt. x. 4.
3. V-ine	. . . . .	John xv. 1.
4. E-shcol	. . . . .	Numb. xiii. 23, 24.

Double Acrostic.

NO. VII.—p. 176.—FATHER—MOTHER.—Psalm xxvii. 10.

1. F-ar-*m*	. . . . .	Matt. xxii. 5.
2. A-d-*o*	. . . . .	Mark v. 39.
3. T-alen-*t*	. . . . .	Matt. xxv. 14–31.
4. H-andbreadt-*h*	. . . . .	Psa. xxxix. 5.
5. E-agl-*e*	. . . . .	Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.
6. R ive-*r*	. . . . .	Psa. xliv. 4; Rev. xx. 1.

Double Acrostic.

NO. VIII.—p. 176.—PALM-TREE.—Psa. xcii. 12.

1. P-lan-*t*	. . . . .	Gen. ii. 5
2. A-dde-*r*	. . . . .	Prov. xxii. 31, 32.
3. L-ov-*e*	. . . . .	Hosea xi. 3, 4.
4. M anti-*e*	. . . . .	1 Kings xix. 11–14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

HIS ONLY INHERITANCE. [*A. M. Rossi.*

His only Inheritance.

IF any gaze upon my pictured theme
(Yon ragged mortal perched beside the wall)
And smile in ridicule, as who would deem
So mean a subject worth no thought at all,
How little have they felt or understood
The links that bind us in one brotherhood.

Therefore to these I speak not; pride of station,
Some giddy pinnacle they lived to win,
Removes from them the wonderful vibration
Of that dear touch which "makes the whole world kin;"
Can it be thus? No—no—I speak to all,
Since none is free from Nature's subtle thrall.

Look where the little urchin, wrapped in thought,
Would that his garments wrapped him half as well—
Enjoys a transient gleam of pleasure caught
From his brief past. That boyish heart must swell
Often with grief and fear; now for a space
He's happy, gazing on his mother's face.

'Tis not the friendly sun he feels above him,
Nay, but her kiss that thrills him with delight;
Poor mother! you were all he had to love him,
So we may gather from his woeful plight.
O that strong love—whose influence remains
For ever in the breast where once it reigns.

Hence comes it with this poor possession left
Which gives him back the semblance of her smile,
The child of sorrow lonely and bereft
Cheats his grim guardian a little while;
Proving the poorest garb, the meanest form,
May hide a soul gentle and true and warm.

Haply she was not fair nor even comely;
Only his mother, and her lips are mute.*
His mother! tender word, so sweet, so homely;
And dead—ah, there's the "rift within the lute."
From rich to poor a bond of union goes,
And sympathy takes root in common woes.

S. E. G.

* "O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last."—*Cowper, on his Mother's Picture.*

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER III.—DREAM AND REALITY.

TWENTY-FOUR hours had passed away since Lettice, in gladness of heart, had trodden the path between the Vicarage and her own home, when before the front door of that home stopped a fly with a small portmanteau on the box.

"Shall I ring, sir?" asked the man, coming to the window.

"No—yes—no, thank you," responded Mr. Temple's thin nervous tones. "Shutters all closed—dear, dear, how sad. No, thank you, I will just get out and ring—less flurry that way. Open the door, if you please."

Vandal stepped out slowly, bearing in one hand his best hat-box, in the other a roll of shawls. He put them down upon the upper step, pulled the bell-handle, and stood shivering in the chilly breeze. Fraser speedily responded to the distant tinkle.

"Is—is—Mrs. Majendie—I mean—can I see Miss Majendie?" asked Vandal, scarcely knowing how to frame the question.

"Miss Majendie and Miss Violet are at the Vicarage," said Fraser in a low voice.

"Indeed! At the Vicarage?"

"They went this morning—I mean Miss Majendie did. Miss Violet was taken last night. Will you step in, sir?—I believe it is Mr Temple?"

"Yes—yes; and you have not forgotten me? I remember you, Fraser, all these years. But tell me—how is—how is Mrs. Majendie?"

Fraser made no answer. There was an attempt only at speech, voice failing him.

"I see, I see," said Vandal, stepping forward, and laying kindly on the man's arm his little thin girlish-looking hand. "Yes, I see, and I feared as much. But it is heavy upon you. And you have been a faithful servant to them for so long."

"Twenty years and over I've lived here, sir; and a man never had better master nor——"

Fraser fairly broke down and turned away.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said huskily, recovering himself. "I'll call Mrs. Deane, sir, if you please; you'll remember Mrs. Deane, maybe. Will you step into the drawing-room, please, sir?"

Mr. Temple followed, treading softly, into the darkened parlour. He sat down there in an easy-chair, with an oppressed and distressed look, waiting for the advent of Mrs. Deane. She came in speedily, a plump matronly person with a pleasant face; but, as with Fraser, her usual colour was lessened, her usual cheeriness was under a cloud. Her busy step had grown slow, and her whole look was sorely downcast.

"This is very sad, very melancholy, Mrs. Deane. I could not have believed it! Mrs. Majendie too!—so soon—poor things!"

"My mistress didn't live many hours after poor master, sir," said the housekeeper sorrowfully. "It was too much for her, you see, sir, coming in and finding him like that. We all knew she was delicate, and couldn't stand much; and never was one more tenderly sheltered than she has been. But nobody ever dreamt such a thing as master having heart-disease."

"Does the doctor suppose it to have been that?" asked Mr. Temple.

"He says so, sir, and I suppose he ought to know. I don't see for my part what else it could be. Master wasn't one, as you may say, to care so much for his worldly goods that he couldn't live without them. I think he would have borne it as brave as any man if he had but had a word of warning. It was the suddenness of it that struck him down. You see, sir, he didn't see the paper that day—yesterday I mean, only it seems so long ago—he didn't see it at the usual time. The man forgot to leave it, or lost a copy, or something, and he brought it later, and Miss Majendie took it into the study, and stood talking to her father, little thinking they were the last words she would ever have with him. He must have opened it after she was gone, and just seen the bank had failed; and the doctor thinks the excitement was too much for him. It was just the loss of everything to him, so they say; but Fraser and I, we *don't* think it was that master wouldn't have borne up under the loss, only it was the shock, and his poor heart wasn't in a state to bear it."

"No, no—I understand," said Mr. Temple. "Mr. Majendie was a good man—poor fellow—and he would have recognised God's hand with submission. Yes, I am sure he would. But with Mrs. Majendie—was it heart-disease in her case also?"

"I don't really know exactly, indeed sir, only she's not been strong for years; and when she went in, and found master dead—poor master!—she just seems to have knelt down beside him, and gone off unconscious. They couldn't bring her properly to again. She just lingered on for ten or twelve hours, and the doctor wasn't without hope for a while that she might struggle through, but she never really rallied. I only know she never spoke again. It was terrible to see her suffer for some hours, but they said she looked up at last, and gave Miss Lettice one of her sweetest smiles, and then seemed to die off like a little child, with a sort of tired sigh. I wasn't in the room just then, but I'd been in a deal."

Mrs. Deane sobbed aloud for some seconds.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she faltered, trying to recover herself. "We have been so happy all together—and it's heart-breaking work. But God knows best, and some day maybe we'll see the reason. Maybe you'd like just to step across and look in the study."

Mr. Temple felt shaken, and rather shrank from the move, but he would not refuse what she evidently wished. He went slowly after her across the passage, and stood in the deserted room, listening mournfully, while Mrs. Deane enlarged on all items of the scene which had taken place there a few hours earlier. This was the chair, and that was how Mr. Majendie had sat, and here his hand had grasped the fatal paper, and there Mrs. Majendie had sunk down beside him. It seemed a relief to Mrs. Deane to expatiate on the particulars which another in her position could scarcely have borne to face. Mr. Temple found it far from a relief to listen, however.

"And Miss Majendie and Miss Violet? How about those poor children?" he asked, hoping to give a turn to the conversation.

"Well, sir, Miss Majendie did keep up wonderful, and I must say it. She had her wits all about her, like a woman of forty, and wouldn't allow no screaming, and had her mother carried upstairs, and poor master laid on the sofa, and the doctor sent for, and everything tried that could be tried, without one bit of hesitation. We just had all to do what she told us. Mrs. Canynge wasn't long in coming, and she had poor little Miss Violet taken straight off to the Vicarage, with Anne to see after her, for the child was sobbing herself ill, and nobody able to give her a thought. Miss Lettice never left her mother's side till all was over. And then she came downstairs, as steady as could be, and spoke to Fraser and me, and asked about Miss Violet, and went into the study, and looked with her own eyes at the paper lying there on the table. I don't know as she had taken in before about the failure of the bank, and the loss of the money, but I heard her say in a sort of hopeless way to Mr. Canynge, who was by her, 'It doesn't make any difference; everything is gone now;' and he said, 'Not everything,' and she said, 'Yes, everything was, except Miss Violet; and Miss Violet would die of grief too.' He told her she must comfort Miss Violet, and with that she came to me, looking so dazed and white, poor dear, and took both my hands, and said, 'Mrs. Deane, I'm going to Miss Violet; she is all I have now, and I must comfort her!' And I was crying so, I couldn't speak; and all at once Miss Lettice went off into such an agony of sobbing, I never heard anything like it—no, never, and I hope I never shall again," said Mrs. Deane, sobbing herself at the recollection. "It never stopped for two hours, and nothing we could do or say touched her. I almost thought she would die too, but Mr. and

Mrs. Canynge they said it was better than the calm before. And when it was over she did look a bit more natural-like, and they took her straight off to the Vicarage, and put her to bed with Miss Violet; and I couldn't help thinking it was God's mercy, when I heard the poor dears were both sleeping, with their arms round one another. But it's very terrible, sir. Miss Lettice is scarce more than a child, and has never known the meaning of sorrow before."

"Does Miss Majendie expect me?" asked Vandal, after a pause in token of sympathy.

"I don't know about Miss Majendie, sir, but Mr. Canynge does, for he told me he had got your telegram. They are rather put to it for beds at the Vicarage, but he told me to say they would give you a corner somehow, if you didn't mind being cramped —unless you should so happen to be as well content here. There is room enough, and we would do our best to make you comfortable; but it is dull and sad, and you would maybe prefer the other."

"Not at all—not on any account. They have trouble enough already, and for myself I prefer the quiet. A house cannot be too still for me. The house of mourning is better than the house of feasting, you know,—not that the Vicarage is in any sense *that* just now. Perhaps I had better step across to the Vicarage, and have a word with Mr. Canynge. I am greatly fatigued, so I shall not be long. I think I will ask you, while I am gone, kindly to prepare for me—or after I return, rather, since it will not take long——"

"Some tea, sir? And perhaps a mutton-chop after your journey."

Vandal shuddered. "Tea, no! I never touch tea, never! Poison—rank poison—a slow poison, Mrs. Deane. No, no tea for me, or mutton-chops either. A little gruel, *very* carefully made—just a teacupful. You don't happen to have a tin of rusks in the house?—no, of course not. Well, well, just a tiny piece of dry toast, two inches square. I shall need nothing else to-night. I never eat much. Thank you; I am sorry to give you the trouble. Gruel very thin and very hot, please; but I think you had better not make it till I return, since I cannot time myself to the moment."

Lettice was able to come downstairs for a cup of tea that afternoon. It was strange, perhaps, but the blow did not seem to have affected her health. Though the brunt of the shock had fallen on her, and she had sheltered Violet, yet Lettice was not ill, while the younger child was shaken and unhinged to a degree which caused grave uneasiness. Lettice had slept through many hours, after her one passionate outbreak of sorrow; and since waking she had sat for hours more on Violet's bed, holding the child in her arms, soothing her grief and restlessness, even singing softly to her sometimes. Violet was at length sleeping again, a flushed and uneasy sleep, and Mrs. Canynge with difficulty persuaded Lettice to leave Anne beside the little slumberer. Lettice consented only under condition of being called the moment Violet should awake, and followed her friend downstairs.

Mr. Canynge was out, paying a necessary parish visit. The kettle boiled busily on the fire, and Mrs. Canynge's dainty gilt-edged china service for three stood on her low basket work-table. Lettice was well used to all this. The one item in the scene utterly changed seemed to her to be herself. Was she verily the same girl who had sat beside Mrs. Canynge not twenty-four hours earlier, talking lightly of her own sunny life? The same? Lettice paused on the rug, and gazed listlessly at her own face in the glass over the mantelpiece, a face set in lines of rigid mournfulness.

Mrs. Canynge came and took both her hands, seating her in Mr. Canynge's large armchair.

"Now, my dearie, you are going to have a cup of tea, and some thin bread and butter. Violet will not wake yet."

"I don't think I can eat, Aunt Jeannie."

"I think you can. For the sake of that poor child upstairs you have to keep up your strength."

Lettice lifted her dry eyes slowly. "Poor little Violet! Isn't it strange that I can see her cry so, and not cry myself? But I don't seem to have any tears or any feeling left. I have been wondering to-day if I shall ever cry or smile again."

"There is nothing more benumbing than a heavy blow," said Mrs. Canynge. "And I think you have cried away all your tears this morning."

"Did I? I remember crying once, but was that only this morning? Yes, I remember. It seems a week ago."

Mrs. Canynge silently poured out and gave her the tea. Lettice ate and drank as she was told with the submission of utter indifference. Then she sat, with her cheek resting against Mrs. Canynge's hands, and her eyes watching the fire.

"Is it all true?" she said presently. "Aunt Jeannie—are you sure it is true? May it not be some horrible dream? I can't believe—I can't see it to be real."

"My poor darling!" was all Mrs. Canynge could say.

"We can't both be dreaming the same dream, can we?" said Lettice, looking in her face. "But I might only fancy you to be sitting here and talking to me. I have wondered so often to-day whether after all I may not wake up and find the whole a dream."

"It is true, Lettice—all too true, my poor child."

"Yes—so I know really. Only when their faces and voices come before me, I can't always believe it. It seems too terrible. And yet I am not all selfish," said Lettice, with a strange expression. "I have been thinking that it is best for them—for them, Aunt Jeannie. He would have grieved so to leave our home—and mother—mother could not have lived without him. I can see that, and I can quite believe that it was in love to them that God took both together. Not love to me, but love to them. Isn't it strange that I can talk of them so quietly? But I feel as if it had all happened a year ago at least, and as if I had grown old since. If only I could be sure that I should see them again."

"The same way by which they went is open to thee," whispered Mrs. Canynge, dropping tears freely, while Lettice was calm.

"Yes—in a sense I suppose. But you don't know how this has seemed to put me far far away from God. I suppose I was so before, only I did not know it. I have loved all that was mine first, and Him second—and that isn't real love to Him at all."

"But He has loved you first, Lettice. I for my part can see no mockery in a sorrow-stricken child creeping back to its father's arms," said Mrs.

Canynge. "My dear, do not listen to the voice of the Tempter. It may be no lesser blow could have brought you back, but you'll come now—all the more instead of the less because you haven't anything else to cling to."

Lettice made a sorrowful motion of dissent or hopelessness, and then gave a nervous start. "Someone is coming," she said.

"Only John." And it proved to be Mr. Canynge, but not Mr. Canynge only. Behind the tall vicar came, hesitatingly and deprecatingly, the little figure of Vandal Temple.

"My dear, Mr. Temple and I met outside, so I brought him in at once. Lettice here! I did not know."

He had not expected to find her there. She gave him one look, held out an ice-cold hand to Mr. Temple, and went from the room without a word.

"Best so—don't keep her," said Mr. Canynge. "I had no idea we should find her downstairs. Poor child! You come to a sorrow-stricken village, Mr. Temple. The hand of God has visited us heavily. Mr. and Mrs. Majendie have been friends to all around them, and if you were to go with me to-day from cottage to cottage, you would be under the impression that in every house there must be one lying dead. It is heart-aching work."

"How does Miss Majendie bear up?" asked Vandal, after declining anew a cup of tea.

"Lettice! Wonderfully so far! Hers is a strong nature, body and mind too. A blow of this description must leave its effects somewhere, whether on health or character or both—where I don't yet know. At present she seems to concentrate all her thoughts on her little sister. I doubt if she has at all faced her position."

"The longer we can keep her from looking forward, the better," remarked Mrs. Canynge.

"Well, yes, within certain limits. We are anxious to keep them for a month or six weeks before they go to —to Brentwood. It will break the change for them."

Mrs. Canynge had pleaded for three months, but her husband counted this undesirable. It would only be making a fresh home, he said, to be afresh quitted —only riveting new ties to be anew sundered.

The reference to Brentwood was of deliberate purpose. Mr. Canynge saw a slight change pass over his visitor's face. Vandal woke to the fact that the responsibility of the girls' future would rest upon himself and his sister. He said dubiously, "You are not, I suppose, aware what provision has been made for them!"

"But for this failure, they would have been left in positive luxury. Now, I fear, the whole will be swept away. I should not be surprised to find, when all demands have been answered, that the two are completely penniless. I suppose you are aware, Mr. Temple, that your sister is their appointed guardian."

"I—no—no, I did not know it. My sister alone?"

"I believe your name was added later. It was no doubt to your sister that Mr. Majendie looked for a mother's care, if anything should happen to himself and his wife."

"True—yes—just so," faltered Vandal, in sore perplexity, for he was utterly in the dark as to what his sister would say. He began to wish he had allowed her to come with him.

"Your sister appears to be absolutely the only remaining relative of the girls, unless we may count you another. Lettice might, it is true, fight her way in life as a governess. She has not been trained for it; still, she is clever and well read. But that would involve separation from Violet, and I verily believe that under such a separation the little one would pine away. She is a most frail child, and seems to be completely devoted to her elder sister."

"No one—I am sure—no one could think of separating the two," said Vandal. His one aim throughout the conversation following was to avoid committing himself by the giving of advice or promise. By answering vaguely and shortening his stay as much as possible, he escaped the danger he dreaded. "I will write to my sister," were his parting words. And write he did, that very night, despite fatigue, in his extreme anxiety to let her decide for herself. He disposed of his gruel first, regretfully conscious that it was not prepared by the accustomed hand. Then, with some groans over the necessity, he indited the following letter, in his tiny prim copper-plate writing:

"My dear Sister,

"I have arrived safely after a most fatiguing journey, and found, alas, that Mrs. Majendie only survived her husband a few hours. Your—perhaps I should say our—two young cousins are at the Vicarage, well cared for by kind friends.

"Richard Majendie appears to have died suddenly on seeing the tidings of the bank failure. Mrs. Majendie found him dead in the study, and never rallied from the blow. I would write more fully, but I am greatly over-fatigued, and feel myself far from well. Travelling is a serious matter for people in my state of health.

"Mr. Canynge informs me that Lettice and Violet are left to your guardianship. He had this knowledge from Mr. Majendie. The will has not yet been read. They have no house but yours to go to. I have avoided making any promises, but I can see no other plan to be possible. I am willing to take my share—a definite share—of the burden, by paying you the sum of 50*l.* per annum towards their support. I feel no doubt as to your decision in this matter. It seems to be God's will that you should undertake the charge of these unhappy orphans. No doubt you will find your reward in the interest of their companionship.

"The only other alternative would be for Lettice to become a governess, but Mr. Canynge does not think the little girl's health would endure the separation from her sister. They appear to be warmly attached, judging from accounts. Lettice is a fine-looking girl.

"Excuse more, as I am really unequal to further exertion.—Your affectionate brother,

"V. T."

Miss Temple's answer came by return of post. The sheet was somewhat besprinkled with ink spots, and the handwriting showed excitement:

"My dear Vandal,

"Your letter shocked me dreadfully, I couldn't have believed such a thing. Both dead in one day! it is quite unnatural, and I do not understand it at all, and I feel sure somebody must be to blame. Why did they not get a doctor sooner?—or give

some restoratives?—it seems so extraordinary, people never know what to do in an emergency, it was very wrong indeed that the news of the failure was not broken to him more cautiously, and what could Lettice have been about to let her mother go and find her father like that? Of course it was enough to kill her, such a shock would kill me any day, people can't stand the sort of thing, and Lettice is old enough to have managed better, it is very distressing. You seem to take it very quietly for granted that I am to give a home to the two girls, whether or no they have a penny of their own, but it is not quite so easy a matter as all that, I am not rich, and this failure robs me of fifty pounds all at once. Fifty pounds is no small matter, as *you* seem aware when you talk of sparing it out of your own income, I am sure I do not know what is to be done, and I do not see at all why Richard made me their guardian, he never showed any particular liking for me or confidence in me before, I am sure, but I suppose it was just because there was nobody else he could turn to. Of course Lettice cannot go out as governess, the idea is absurd, the Temples have not come to that yet. I hope, if the idea is mentioned that you will say I could not consent to it for a moment, I don't see why those friends at the Vicarage should not keep the girls, it would seem quite natural so much as they have been thrown together, but friends often make a great profession, and fail just at a pinch, I am sure I do not know what is to be done, of course they must go somewhere, and I suppose it would be thought odd if I did not have them, it is very trying that is all I can say, Lettice was not at all a pleasant child so I hope she may have improved. I shall not give up the spare room of course, they must sleep in the room next to the servants, it is quite comfortable. I hope you will send further particulars directly, and all about how soon it must be, for you do not tell anything, and I am all in a flutter, and I do not know what has to be arranged. Believe me, my dear Vandal,—Your very affectionate sister,

"Selina Temple."

"Singular that she never understands the proper use of the comma," sighed Vandal, after wading through this effusion.

LIFE MORE ABOUNDING.

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—*John* x. 10.

THESE words of promise are sealed by the fact of the resurrection. As first spoken, they illustrate how often a truth is greater than its setting. They form part of the parable of the Good Shepherd, and in that association may be interpreted as a promise of pasturage and defence to the flock. He shall lead them beside the still waters, and make them to lie down in green pastures; and his own strong arm shall be their protection against the ravening wolf as well as against all "thieves and robbers." Beautiful images are these of peace and safety, an assurance of hope to those who wander in desert places, and suffer from perpetual alarm or cruel assault. But the words have much wider scope; they cannot be limited by any figure or parable; they are burdened with the fulness of a Divine revelation.

Never man spake like this man. St. Paul wrote: "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and gave himself for me." The saintliest, the noblest of men could not say more. But Jesus Christ declares with communicative energy: "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." He is bread of life, He is water of life, He is vine of life. All his miracles declare it. He gave sight to the blind, with all the abundance of fresh thought and feeling that the outer world inspires. The lame man moved with a new alacrity, the palsied recovered strength, and "many that were sick of divers diseases" lived again in perfected health. The very dead rose from the bier or came forth from the tomb at his word. "I am come that they might have life." His deeds attest it. All these miracles—even the multiplication of the loaves—are *increase* of life. And yet the greatest miracle does not unveil the full abounding, eternal life which Christ came to bestow; it is but symbol, pledge, promise of still more glorious things.

This offer of life is in compassionate response to human needs; it is in harmony also with man's aspirations. How many of our activities have expansion of life as their aim; the development or enlargement of nature's resources. Yet what multitudes languish in the struggle for existence! How the soul shares the infirmities of the body!

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life! not death for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

When death approaches, how is this cry silenced in profounder questionings, to which there is no sufficient answer but in the resurrection of Christ.

The life that the gospel offers is not a life bounded by the years, with its best fruits to be plucked in death, and the grave as its final reality. Christ hath brought "life and immortality to light." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me shall not die." It is characteristic of the hopes which the gospel inspires that these great words—the sublimest consolation ever uttered, the pathetic heritage of all the ages—should have been spoken first to a sorrowing woman alone by the wayside. So it is that Christ approaches the individual soul. He came not with vague generalities about the race, not with misty speculations about an uncertain future, but Himself embodied the truth He taught. He was Love incarnate; He was Life, the brightness of the eternal glory. "I lay down my life. . . I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." The ancient world had its conceptions, many and various, of other conditions of existence; its unseen divinities, its shadowy realms of the dead; its hierarchies of spirits; its visions of the judgment hall, and the purgatorial ages; its dreams of pre-existence; its doctrines of transmigration. And did not Plato discourse of immortality? But these religions and philosophies appear as vanity before the full revelation of Jesus Christ. This is the

supreme, peculiar fact, the seal of his teaching, greater than all the miracles: "*He rose again the third day.*"

"I am come that they might have life." The power of the resurrection is in these words. It is the same Jesus who was to die and rise again that is speaking. "He was delivered for our offences; He was raised again for our justification." With Him our humanity shakes off the dust and lives. He comes that man may have life, by faith in His atonement. The sinful soul lies under condemnation, and must die: Christ opens the prison door, and bids it go forth in hope. All sin is limitation, but the salvation of the gospel means enlargement. It is the restoration of the inward nature to health. Christ finds the soul afflicted, and arrests the fatal disease. He discovers the rankling wounds and heals them. The conditions of life are changed at His coming; there is vitalising sunshine where before there was gloom. New impulses of hope begin to move, new fountains of joy to spring. There is "more life and fuller" wherever He appears. The contradictions of character are subdued or harmonised, and the soul is spared the waste of conflicting motives. The paralysis of doubt gives place to energy, which is the fruit of clear knowledge or clearer faith. In all these ways, and many more, Christ brings "life, and life more abundant" to His disciples. His processes are not always the same, they are sometimes acutely painful, but the end is "life." And in that hope the soul learns the lessons of patience and fortitude which shall prepare it for new activities. The very name Jesus is promise to His people. The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes free from the law of sin and death.

The fulness of earthly blessing does not satisfy. There are moments when we feel within us strange possibilities of being—a life "more abundant" that is transient. A ravishing strain of music, for example, seems sometimes to lift us into a larger and more subtle sphere. Or we have gazed upon some beautiful landscape, or mountain scene, and found it for ever fixed in our memory by the intenser life in our look. The thrill of a great joy is a revelation of capacity. And who that has watched by the bedside of a dying friend, does not remember the awful intensity of those solemn hours? These moments of intenser life show us the reserve within. We begin to understand how

> "Man is one world,
> And hath another to attend him."

Faith also may have its hours of ecstasy, its days when familiar thoughts become instinct with divine power. But now the soul is bound by physical conditions. How shall it be when "the natural body is raised a spiritual body?" No experience qualifies us to answer. The imagination can but conjecture. Yet here the Divine promise has complete fulfilment. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This is life triumphant. This is life sovereign—over death, and all that pertains to it. The intenser life of earth exhausts and wearies; the "abounding life" of heaven exalts and rejoices.

It is noticeable how the apostle Paul may be said to sum up his teaching on the blest estate in this idea of life—an abounding life, for ever with the Lord. Said one who was about to die, "Now I am going to begin to live." And another who has since passed within the veil pathetically expressed the same thought:—

> "On that wonderful day
> When I am still on the bed,
> Smile through your weeping and say:
> Gone by the upland way!
> Do not say I am dead.
>
> Say I am done with the flowers,
> Blown no sooner than shred
> Under the trampling hours;
> Tell of the windless bowers;
> Do not say I am dead.
>
> Speak of that life in the vast,
> Fresh from its Fountain and Head;
> Say, 'Tis the dying is past!
> Say, He is living at last!
> Do not say I am dead."

The words of lofty promise remain; they are for earth. We may whisper them over our battle-fields and in our charnel-houses, but the disciples of Christ know them to be true. They are for every sick-chamber and for every death-bed. They are for all whose task is difficult, or whose lot is hard; for all faint and weary ones; for souls oppressed and tempted, as well as for the stronger spirits whose busy energy needs refreshment. They are for all who can by faith receive them—the words of Him who "was dead and is alive for evermore:" "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND ON FISHES.

THE completion of this volume* was the last labour of Mr. Buckland's busy and useful life. He could not have left a more fitting memorial. As Inspector of British Fisheries he obtained the official position for which his previous studies and pursuits had qualified him. Never were official duties performed with greater zeal and enthusiasm, and the annual reports of the Department had little of the Blue Book dulness about them. In this volume he has left on record his views as to the importance of the "Great Fish Farm" of Great Britain. Such another Director of this great industry will never be found, but even the most unqualified of officials cannot go far wrong if following the directions of the author of "British Fishes." But it is for a higher merit that we notice the work in these pages, and this will be best told in the author's own words:

"I have another object in writing this book; it is to endeavour to show the truth of the good old doctrines of the Bridgewater Treatises, which have so ably demonstrated the *Power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation.*

"Of late years the doctrines of so-called 'Evolution' and 'Development,' have seemingly gained ground amongst those interested in natural history; but, to put matters very straight, I steadfastly believe that the Great Creator, as indeed we are directly told, made all things perfect and 'very good' from the beginning; perfect and very good every created thing is now found to be, and will so continue to the end of time.

"I am very willing to prove my case by holding a court at any time or place, before any number of people of any class. I

* "Natural History of British Fishes." By Frank Buckland, Inspector of Fisheries. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

would empanel a jury of the most eminent and skilful railway and mechanical engineers, while the only witnesses I should call would be the fish fresh from the deep-sea trawler, the city fish-market, or the fishmonger's slab. I would adduce from them evidence of 'Design, Beauty, and Order,' as evinced in such as the electric organs of the torpedo—the gun-lock spine of the file-fish—the water reservoirs and spectacles of the eel—the teeth of the gilthead, bream, and throat-teeth of the carp and bream—the anchor of the lump-sucker and remora—the colouring of the perch and bleak—the ichthyophagous teeth of the pike, shark, and silvery hairtail—the tail of the fox-shark—the prehensile lips of the dory and sprat—the nose of the barbel and dog-fish—the resplendence of the Arctic gymnetrus and scabbard-fish—the dagger in the tail of the sting ray—the nest of the stickleback—the armour plates of the sturgeon—the nostril, breathing powers, and store of fat in the salmon—migrations of the salmon, herring, pilchard, sprat, and mackerel, etc.—and, above all, the enormous fertility of fishes useful as food to the human race.

"I am satisfied that I should obtain a verdict in favour of my view of the case, namely, that in all these wonderful contrivances there exists evidence of design and forethought and a wondrous adaptation of means to an end. A full acknowledgment must necessarily follow that these were due to the immediate creation of 'The Lord and Giver of life.'"

These sentences were penned within two days of the writer's lamented death; in fact, were nearly, if not quite, the last words he wrote. The testimony comes worthily from the man. Among observers of nature he had a high place, and was a true representative of the class of naturalists at the head of which is Gilbert White of Selborne. All his works were leavened with this reverent spirit; refreshing in tone amid the conceited babble of materialism. This tone will appear in two or three extracts on points to which he has referred in the preface already quoted.

Teeth of Fishes.

"It is among the teeth of animals that we find examples of the most beautiful mechanical designs, whether for tearing, crushing, grinding, etc., a subject so eloquently elucidated by the greatest of modern anatomists, Professor Owen. In fact, so wondrous is the variety of teeth, and so excellent is their adaptation to the work they have to perform, that I think it must puzzle the followers of Darwin's doctrines to account for their beauty of structure as well as the ease and smoothness of their action.

"Among fishes more especially is the structure of the teeth most noticeable. In fact, hardly any fish can be examined without our finding that he carries an armament of teeth either in his jaws or else in his gullet, the structure and working of which are most worthy of the attention of all who are willing to believe what they see, and, above all, recognise creative design in the most humble of beings."

Migrations of Salmon.

"I consider the salmon to be a sea-fish proper; nevertheless this sea-fish ascends the rivers and streams in order to deposit its eggs, for unlike other sea-fish it does not breed in the sea. Secondly. Having ascended to fresh water, it deposits its eggs on gravel, where in due course they hatch out and become young fish. Thirdly. These young fish, after a certain time, descend to the sea as smolts in the months of May and June; some of them migrate the first year, some the second, and some the third. These small fish, having arrived at the sea, remain there a certain time—some a few months, some a year; they then begin to return to the river as grilse. The parent salmon, having spawned, descend to the sea in a wretched and miserable condition, many dying on the road. These are called 'kelts' or 'slats.' They then recover their condition and return again to the rivers. In every stage of their existence, salmon are surrounded by enemies innumerable, and it is really wonderful that they do not become extinct. They are, however, so prolific, that when care is bestowed upon them, and their enemies kept under as much as possible, they will increase in numbers and size in a most wonderful manner.

"Every female salmon, as a rule, carries about 900 eggs (the *hard* roe is the eggs) to a pound of her weight; thus a 36lbs. fish would contain 32,400 eggs, a number exceeding the population of Reading, *i.e.*, 32,313. A great many casts of salmon containing eggs can be seen at my museum. In all cases the weight of the fish and the number of eggs are given.

"It will be perfectly impossible to understand aright the natural habits of the salmon unless we regard them from the proper point of view, viz., that the goings and comings of these curious migratory creatures are independent of human interference, and that they simply obey the Divine laws which have been laid down for them from the beginning of time."

A remarkable example of the wonderful adaptation of means to end is found in the structure of the eel.

The Common Eel.

"The eel, as is well known, will live a long time out of water. This habit is of the greatest service to him, as sometimes it is necessary for him to migrate from place to place by an overland route. To enable him to live out of the water the eel has a most elaborate yet simple form of mechanism, by means of which he is enabled to keep his gills moist even though he is not in the water. It will be observed that immediately, or if not very soon after, an eel is taken out of the water, two great swellings will take place each side of the head, and that if the eel is placed back in the water this swelling will immediately disappear. Let us now take a dead eel; we shall find close to the pectoral fins a slit in the skin which acts as a valve. If we take a probe and pass it through this slit we find that it enters a large cavity; next, take a pair of scissors and cut open this cavity, inside we shall find the gills proper. It is this cavity which the eel has the marvellous power of filling with water, and keeping a supply which shall not allow the gill fibres to adhere together, and thence of necessity stop respiration. This cavity is of course made of a large and loose skin-like membrane, which holds the required quantity of water; but in order to enable him to fill and empty this cavity, an elastic yet firm mechanism of some kind is absolutely necessary.

"See for yourselves what a beautiful piece of machinery is provided by the Creator. A framework of very delicate bones, each bone connected with its neighbour by an elastic membrane of the consistency of gold-beaters'-skin, forms a fan-shaped covering over the gills; its action is very like, if not exactly the same as, the action of an umbrella. When the eel wishes to take in his water-supply, he, as it were, opens the umbrella-shaped framework and fills his reservoir; when he wishes to expel the water, he, as it were, closes his umbrella, as his reservoir is no longer required to come into action."

The materialists of to-day, as of former times, ascribe all these structural fitnesses and beauties to the development of brute matter, under blind laws or forces. This is supposed by some naturalists to show high intellect, but we agree with Mr. Buckland in thinking it contrary to science as well as to common-sense. The argument from design is not obsolete, and with old John Ray we love to see "the Wisdom of God manifested in the works of Creation."

The Eagle's Nest.

"FOR THE LORD'S PORTION IS HIS PEOPLE;
JACOB IS THE LOT OF HIS INHERITANCE.

AS AN EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST,
FLUTTERETH OVER HER YOUNG,
SPREADETH ABROAD HER WINGS.
TAKETH THEM, BEARETH THEM ON HER WINGS;
SO THE LORD ALONE DID LEAD HIM."—

Deut. xxxii. 9 12,

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., CANON OF CANTERBURY.

RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

III.

AMONG the deities external to the Olympic circle, the most important were Dionysus, Leto, Persephoné, and Hades or Aidoneus. Dionysus is generally admitted to have been derived from an Oriental source. The word probably meant originally "the judge of men," and referred to a special function of the god, who was thought to pass sentence on the souls of the departed when they reached the other world.

Essentially, however, Dionysus was the god of inebriety, the deification of drunkenness, as Ares was of violence, and Aphrodité of sensual desire. He was viewed as the creator of the vine, or at any rate as its introducer into Greece; the teacher of its culture, and the discoverer of the exhilarating properties of its fruit. The worship of Dionysus was effected by taking part in his orgies, and these were of a furious and ecstatic character, accompanied with exciting music, with wild dances, with shrieks and cries, and sometimes with bloodshed. Both men and women joined in the Dionysiac rites, the women outdoing the men in the violence of their frenzy. "Crowds of females, clothed with fawn-skins, and bearing the sacred thyrsus, flocked to the solitudes of Parnassus or Cithæron, or Taÿgetus, during the consecrated triennial period, passed the night there with torches, and abandoned themselves to demonstrations of frantic excitement, with dancing and clamorous invocation of the god. The men yielded to a similar impulse by noisy revels in the streets, sounding the cymbals and tambourine, and carrying the image of the god in procession."[1] Every sort of licence and excess was regarded as lawful on these occasions, and the worship of the deity was incomplete unless the votary reached an advanced stage of intoxication. Dionysiac festivals were fortunately not of frequent recurrence, and were not everywhere celebrated in the same way. At Athens women took no part in the Dionysia; and with men intellectual contests, and the witnessing of them, held the place of the rude revels elsewhere too common. Still, the influence of Dionysiac worship on Greece generally must be regarded as excessively corrupting, and Dionysus must be viewed as, next to Aphrodité, the most objectionable of the Greek divinities.

Leto, or Latona, as the Romans called her, when they adopted her into their pantheon, was, on the contrary, one of the purer and more elevating influences. She is wife of Zeus by a title quite as good as that of Hera,[2] and is a model of motherly love and wifely purity. Separate and peculiar function she has none, and it is difficult to account for her introduction among the Olympians. Perhaps she is to be regarded as ideal womanhood. Silent, unobtrusive, always subordinating herself to her children, majestic, chaste, kindly, ready to help and tend, she is in Olympus what the Greek wished his wife to be in his own home, her very shadowiness according with the Greek notion of womanly perfection.[1] Mr. Gladstone suggests that she is a traditional deity, representing the woman through whom man's redemption was to come;[2] but there scarcely seems to be sufficient foundation for this view, which is not supported by any analogies in the mythologies of other nations.

Persephoné, the Roman Proserpine, was the queen of the dead; far more than her shadowy husband, Hades, the real ruler of the infernal realm. She was represented as severely pure and chaste, even having become a wife against her will, and as awful and terrible, but not cruel. She occupied no very important post in the religion, since her sphere was wholly the nether world, which only very slightly engaged the attention of the Hellenes. Hades, or Aidoneus, had a high rank, as the brother of Zeus, and in some sort his co-equal; but he was as shadowy as the realm over which he presided, and to most Greeks was simply *magni nominis umbra*—"the shadow of a great name," which they must reverence when they heard it, but not a deity who to any extent occupied their thoughts, or received their worship.[3]

It would be easy to occupy many more pages with the Greek minor deities, but our limits compel us to refrain, and to turn at this point from the objects to the character of the worship, and to the real practical influence of their religion upon the Greek race.

In the main, the Greek worship was of a joyous, pleasant, and lightsome kind. The typical Greek was devoid of any deep sense of sin—thought well of himself—did not think very highly of the gods, and considered that, so long as he kept free from grave and heinous offences, either against the moral law or against the *amour-propre* of the deities, he had little to fear, while he had much to hope, from them.

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[1] Grote, "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 26.

[2] Hesiod says that she became the wife of Zeus before Hera ("Theogon." ll. 918–21).

[1] Compare the line of Sophocles—

"O woman, silence is the woman's crown."
(*Ajax*, l. 293.)

[2] "Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. ii. p. 153.

[3] Compare Döllinger, "Jew and Gentile," vol. i. p. 93: "The people did not trouble themselves much about Hades, and they saw no altars dedicated to him. There was one image of him at Athens, but he had hardly anywhere a regular worship."

He prayed and offered sacrifice, not so much in the way of expiation, or to deprecate God's wrath, as in the way of natural piety, to ask for blessings and to acknowledge them. He made vows to the gods in sickness, danger, or difficulty, and was careful to perform his vow on escape or recovery. His house was full of shrines, on which he continually laid small offerings, to secure the favour and protection of his special patron deities. Plato says that he prayed every morning and evening, and also concluded every set meal with a prayer or hymn. But these devotions seem not to have been very earnest or deep, and were commonly hurried through in a perfunctory manner.

Practically the religious worship of the Greeks consisted mainly in attendance on festivals which might be Pan-Hellenic, political, tribal, or peculiar to a guild or a *phratria*. Each year brought round either one or two of the great panegyries—the festivals of the entire Greek race at Olympia and Delphi, at Nemea and the Isthmus of Corinth. There were two great Ionic festivals annually, one at Delos, and the other at the Panionium near Mycalé. Each state and city throughout Greece had its own special festivals, Dionysia, Eleusinia, Panathenæa, Carneia, Hyakinthia, Apaturia, etc. Most of these were annual, and some lasted several days. A Greek had no "Sunday"—no sacred day recurring at set intervals, on which his thoughts were bound to be directed to religion; but so long a time as a week scarcely ever passed without his calendar calling him to some sacred observance or other, some feast or ceremony, in honour of some god or goddess, or in commemoration of some event important in the history of mankind,[1] or in that of his race, or of his city. And these festivals were highly attractive to him. Generally they were joyful occasions from first to last, celebrated with music, and processions, with gymnastic or orchestral competitions, or with theatrical contests. Ordinarily they included sacrifice, and feasting upon the victims sacrificed. Even when they were professedly of a mournful character, like the Spartan Hyakinthia, the opening days of which were days of sadness and of gloom, they commonly concluded with a more genial time—a time of banqueting and dancing. Accordingly, the Greek looked forward to his holy days as true holidays, and was pleased to combine duty with pleasure by taking his place in the procession, or the temple, or the theatre, to which inclination and religion alike called him. Thousands and tens of thousands flocked to each of the great Pan-Hellenic gatherings, delighting in the splendour and excitement of the scene, in the gay dresses, the magnificent equipages, the races, the games, the choric, and other contests. "These festivals," as has been well observed,[2] "were considered as the very cream of the Greek life, their periodical recurrence being expected with eagerness and greeted with joy." Similarly, though to a minor extent, each national or even tribal gathering was an occasion of enjoyment; cheerfulness, hilarity, sometimes an excessive exhilaration prevailed; and the religion of the Greeks, in these its most striking and obvious manifestations, was altogether bright, festive, and pleasurable.

But, just as sunshine cannot exist without shadow, so even the Greek religion, bright as it was, had its dark side. Calamities befel nations, families, or individuals, and were attributed to an offended god or a cruel Fury. A sense of guilt occasionally visited those who had committed great and flagrant crimes, as perjury, blasphemy, robbery of temples, incest, violation of the right of asylum, treachery towards a guest-friend, and the like. A load under these circumstances lay upon the conscience; all the horrors of remorse were felt; avenging fiends were believed to haunt and torture the guilty one, who sometimes earnestly sought relief for a long term of years and sought in vain. There were indeed rites of expiation appropriate to different occasions; most sins could be atoned for in some manner or other; but the process was generally long and painful,[1] and there were cases where the persistent anger of the fierce Erinyes could not in any way be appeased. When a nation had sinned, human sacrifices were not unfrequently prescribed as the only possible propitiation;[2] if the case were that of an individual, various modes of purification were adopted, ablutions, fastings, sacrifices, and the like. According to Plato, however, the number of those who had any deep sense of their guilt was few: most men, whatever crimes they committed, found among the gods examples of similar acts,[3] and thought no great blame would attach to them for their misconduct. At the worst, if the gods were angered by their behaviour, a few offerings would satisfy them and set things straight,[4] leaving the offenders free to repeat their crimes and so to grow more and more hardened in iniquity.

At the position which the "mysteries" occupied in the Greek religion it is impossible for us, in this slight sketch, to do more than glance. The mysteries were certain secret rites practised by voluntary associations of individuals, who pledged themselves not to reveal to the uninitiated anything which they saw or heard at the secret meetings. They were usually connected with the worship of some particular god, and consisted mainly in symbolical representations of the adventures and circumstances connected with the god in the mythology. They contained nothing that was contradictory to the popular religion, and little that was explanatory of it. The various mysteries had each its own apparatus of symbols and formularies, by which the *mystæ* knew each other, as freemasons do; but they only vaguely hinted at any theological dogmas or opinions. The Greek greatly affected these secret rites; and it is said that but few Greeks were not initiated in some mystery or other.[5] "Their attractions lay in their veil of secrecy, transparent though it was, in the variety of feelings brought into play by lively dramatic representations, in the rapid transition from anxiety and suspense to serenity and joy, in the combination of all arts

[1] *E.g.* the Hydrophoria, kept in commemoration of those who perished in the Flood of Deucalion, the Greek representation of the Noachical Deluge.
[2] Döllinger, "Jew and Gentile," vol. i. p. 238.

[1] See the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, where Orestes, however, is at last purged of his guilt.
[2] Even as late as the time of Solon, Epimenides prescribed a human sacrifice at Athens.
[3] "Republic," ii. § 17.
[4] *Ibid.* § 7.
[5] Döllinger, "Jew and Gentile," vol. i. p. 193.

and artistic enjoyments, of music and song, the mimic dance, the brilliant lighting-up, and effective decoration."[1] It can scarcely, however, be said that the mysteries exercised any salutary or elevating influence on the Greeks generally. The moral conduct of the initiated was no better than that of others; and Plato thought that participation in the Eleusinia served only to strengthen and make a man secure in unrighteousness.[2]

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

HOW true it is in the great field of the world's spiritual necessities that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," so that often where the strength in merely human power turns back in dismay from the battle against sin, the power of Divine love working through a weak woman's heart, obtains the most decisive victories. The short but beautiful life of Miss Warne at Portsmouth affords a very remarkable illustration of the fact.

Through a seemingly slight accident when a child, she was laid upon a sick-bed, and the affliction lasted for a number of years. When about the age of fifteen she recovered her strength sufficiently so that she was able to walk on two crutches, and then joined the church, entered the Sabbath-school, and became a most efficient teacher. The love of Christ seemed to burn in her soul with intense fervour, and she became noted in the school for her power over the roughest of the boys.

Some eight years ago she began work in a mission-room at Rudmore, a district of Portsmouth, where there is abundant evidence of great drinking and great wretchedness. Fishermen, bargemen, and the big, rough lads who are so often the torment of the police, and the terror of quiet people in our seaport towns, form the principal part of the population.

Many good Christian workers had laboured in the place, and some had left it utterly disheartened, before this physically weak but spiritually strong, wholehearted Christian young woman put her hand to the work amid all its noise and sin. Her one weapon was the Word of God, as it tells the story of the wonderful love and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

She began her work in the mission-hall at Rudmore by inviting a few small children to come and hear about the Saviour of sinners, and then visited their homes during the weekdays and the intervals of service on Sabbaths, and her simple earnestness and physical helplessness made a strong impression on parents and children alike. Very soon the big boys, sailors, bargemen, in the roughest of garments, came in and listened in quietness to her loving speech. Gradually the numbers increased, until there were seventy in her class of the ragged and wretched, who were tamed down in her presence as if a spell held them in eager silence. Then girls and women mingled in the gathering, and that led to the formation of a female class, mothers' meeting, a sewing class, and educational work of various kinds. Visiting the people at their homes during the day, and busy in the evening at the various classes, guiding and encouraging, she spent her life here as a benediction from God among the poor. Truly she spent a "long life in a short time," and the weak body in which the burning soul lived was soon dried up with the holy flame.

When about thirty-five years of age she was laid aside for some months with illness, and then the message "Come up hither" called her home to rest with God. Three hundred of those whom she had gathered from the streets and taught to be useful members of society, as well as led to the Saviour, followed her funeral to the cemetery and strewed her coffin with flowers; and it was computed that seven hundred of those whom she had influenced for good by her life of Christlike simplicity and loving-kindness mingled their tears at her grave.

One old man, well known in the district, was crying and sobbing like a child. A friend asked him why he was weeping so sorely. "Oh," said he, "she was more to me than mother and father! She taught me to read, and led me to my Saviour. I was sunk in the lowest depths of sin; nobody cared for me, everybody despised me, and I despised myself. But she came to me, took me by the hand, and lifted me up, taught me to respect myself, and told me of the love of Christ. She was indeed my true friend." Thus this young Christian woman, although a cripple, made her life beautiful with works of the noblest graciousness among the sinful and sad, and left a bright example of how the love of Christ as the strongest of moral forces, when yoked to the weakest instruments, may lend to all the grandeur of the noblest enterprise.

"A sun hath set, hath quickly passed away,
From earth's dull night to heaven's refulgent day.
Long will the eye, with heartfelt loss deplore,
And o'er thy grave the silent tribute pour.
Yet not vain sorrow, but a purer woe,
With pleasure mingled, bids the tear to flow,
Though thou hast ta'en thy flight to realms of bliss,
We mourn thy loss, left in a world like this."

J. C. B.

"KEEP INCHING ALONG."

A QUAINT message comes to me to-day across the sea from Africa. It stirs pleasant memories, and well fulfils the loving commission given to it to encourage and strengthen my heart. Thus it runs: "Tell dear Mrs. Spurgeon to keep inching along, Jesus Christ 'll come by-and-by."

I must explain the nature of this uncommon communication, and why it so interests and touches me. When our two coloured brethren, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, were on the eve of departure for missionary work in Africa, they came with their wives to our dear home to bid us farewell. A very pleasant and memorable time we spent together, their Pastor encouraging them in the work to which they had devoted their lives, and their love and sympathy overflowing to him and to me (then very sick), in return. At the request of my dear husband they sang to me some of the strange, sweet songs of their captivity, for they had once been slaves; and all who heard these plaintive melodies sung in the Tabernacle at their farewell

[1] Döllinger, "Jew and Gentile," vol. i. p. 196.
[2] "Republic," § 6 (quoted by Döllinger, p. 200).

meetings will agree with me that sweeter, yet sadder, melodies could scarcely be imagined. My heart was especially attracted by a peculiar air, to which they sang as a refrain these most curious words:—

"Keep inching along, keep inching along
Like a poor inch worm,—
Jesus Christ 'll come by-and-by."

It is impossible to describe the weird pathos with which they invested these few sentences, and my interest was so aroused that I asked if some special history attached to this strange song. Then they told me how in the sorrowful days of their bondage they would stealthily gather together, night after night, in one of the low, miserable huts they called their home, and sitting crouched on the floor, hand clasped in hand, in darkness and terror, they would pray with one another, and in muffled tones would whisper this very song. Sing it aloud they dared not, for fear of their master, who would have exacted full payment by stripes for such an assertion of nature's rights, but rocking to and fro in time to the wailing melody, they found a "fearful pleasure" in the disobedience which brought spiritual comfort to their oppressed souls.

The glorious hope of future deliverance excited and enraptured their hearts. "Sometimes," they said, "one of our number would forget the caution and silence so essential to our safety; and a voice would ring out in the darkness, jubilant and clear, 'Jesus Christ 'll come by-and-by!'" Then all would sit trembling after such an outburst, lest they should be discovered by the shout of anticipated triumph, and angels might have wept for the poor, down-trodden souls, and have longed to bring the sweet chariot, "coming for to carry them home."

"Will you sing to me in whispers as you sang then?" I asked, and they very sweetly complied with my wish, though, blessed be God, their surroundings were now so happy that they could give but a faint copy of the terrible reality. I shall never forget that pitiful hushing of their voices! There was not a dry eye in the little company when the song was ended; but we wiped our tears away, soon remembering that the cause for sorrow no longer existed. The "poor inch worms" are now free, noble, educated men and women; they can sing, and pray, and preach as loudly and as long as they please, and are bound for the land of their fathers, with the intention of exercising these privileges to the full, and making known the gospel of the grace of God to their kindred, according to the flesh. The Lord go forth with them and prosper them.

The echoes of that singular song have lingered with me ever since, and many a time have they comforted my heart. Day by day the work of the Book Fund* has "kept inching along," and though prevented by my weakness from taking giant strides, how gracious is the Lord to allow His unworthy child to creep even inch by inch along the pleasant road of service for Him! I should like to send forth fifty parcels weekly—I should like each parcel to be a complete library of theological lore, so that very soon not a true minister in the land should faint and fail for lack of knowledge; but as my highest aims cannot be fulfilled I will thankfully and joyfully do what I can, and with the Lord's blessing resting on the books sent out in His name, my ten to twenty packages a week will not fail to accomplish His good purpose. Thus, cheerfully, gladly, I "keep inching along," and for me, as surely as for the greatest saint on earth—"Jesus Christ 'll come by-and-by."

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

* From the last Annual Report of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund. The Book Fund makes grants to "poor pastors of every evangelical denomination, who are in actual charge, wholly devoted to the ministry, and whose income from all sources does not exceed 150*l.* per annum." Upwards of 8,000 volumes were thus given last year, and nearly as many sermons, truly a valuable gift to poor ministers. The books were distributed between 286 Baptists, 180 Independents, 358 Methodists, 88 Church of England clergymen, 49 Missionaries, 71 Evangelists, and 12 Presbyterians. A new Report has since come into our hands, from which we see that this good work is continued and extended. The Report is published by Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE SOUL'S IDEAL.

"We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 *John* iii. 2.

"Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son."—*Rom.* viii. 29.

"We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."—2 *Cor.* iii. 18.

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."—*Phil.* iii. 21.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—*Col.* iii. 4.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."—2 *Peter* i. 4.

WORDS like these awaken high thoughts. They remind us of our high and holy destiny. They cheer us with promises infinitely precious, and raise within us longings which come from the Spirit of God Himself. He it is who in His revealed word has taught us how glorious is the future of the sons of God through Christ Jesus our Lord, a future wrought out for us by His blood and His righteousness, and to be at last accomplished in us by making us like Himself! Blessed be God these hopes are no dream of enthusiasm, but real and true, inspired by the Spirit of truth, and designed to purify and elevate our whole nature, for "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

How many evil tempers would be subdued, vain thoughts banished, impatient murmurs silenced, desponding fears put to flight, earthly desires corrected, and holy desires implanted and cherished in our souls, if we would set before us, and maintain there steadily, the perfect ideal of the character and life of Jesus, in the blessed hope that the day will come when we shall be "like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!"

"A hope so great and so Divine
May trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure!"

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

APRIL 24.

COVETOUSNESS. LUKE XII. 13–31.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 15.—'*And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*'

CONNECTION.—The present discourse is immediately connected with that considered last week. As Jesus left the Pharisee's table, His opponents were pressing around Him with their vehement and bitter words. A large, excited crowd was soon gathered, including many of Christ's disciples, who no doubt made their way to His side, eager to protect Him. To these He speaks first of all, bidding them to be of good courage and wait for the end. By degrees the silence and attention of the rest are won; but at a pause in our Lord's words **one of the company** appeals to Him, and gives to His teaching a new direction.

I. A SELFISH REQUEST REBUKED.—*Read vers.* 13, 14. This man was strangely absorbed in his own interests! Perhaps he thought he had been wronged, and brooded over the trouble till he could think of nothing else. While others were listening to the sermon, he was meditating about his **brother's** injustice, and scheming how to get the coveted share of the **inheritance.** Jesus had spoken of Divine providence caring even for the sparrows (ver. 6), and the man immediately applies the lesson to his own particular need. Egotism is wonderfully ingenious! So he broke in upon our Lord's teaching with this personal matter.

> What the case exactly was, we cannot tell. It has been suggested that the speaker was a younger brother who rebelled against the elder's having a double share, Deut. xxi. 17, and demanded an equal partition.

Note, the man appeals to Christ as to a scribe or rabbi, 'learned in the law.' The public teachers of the Jews often had such matters submitted to them. But Jesus shows at once that His instructions and authority had nothing to do with things like this. His kingdom was 'not of this world,' and the touch of indignation in His reply proves that the appeal was unbecoming and selfish.

[Compare the words of the Hebrew to Moses, Exod. ii. 14; and note the difference between the offices of Moses and Christ, Acts vii. 35. *Alford.*]

> It has been justly noted that for our Lord to interfere in worldly concerns, would have been to encourage the false notions of the Messiah prevalent among the Jews, and to lead them to regard Him as a temporal King and Deliverer. Compare Matt. xxii. 21.

II. THE LESSON AND THE PARABLE.—*Read vers.* 15–21. **Beware of covetousness**—literally, 'the desire to have more'—a grasping spirit. Scarcely any sin is more solemnly denounced in the word of God than this. It is 'idolatry,' Col. iii. 5; it excludes from the kingdom of Christ, Eph. v. 5; it is 'a root of every kind of evil,' 1 Tim. vi. 10. No sin puts on so many fair disguises, it calls itself *frugality, carefulness, industry, care for one's family,* and the like; but its root is in sinful SELF. It utterly withers the true life **of a man.** That life consists not in what he *has,* but in what he *is.* It is of heaven, and its food is heavenly. (Yet how significant, that our answer to the question, *What is he worth?* is usually the mention of a sum of money!) 'Man doth not live by bread alone.'

> There are three different words used in the New Testament for *life.* That employed here means life in its essence and principle; in ver. 22 it is animal life, 'the soul,' in viii. 14 it is life in its outward relations, 'living.' See Trench's *New Test. Synonyms,* under the words *ζωή, ψυχή, βίος.*

The Parable of the Rich Fool that follows enforces the lesson with thrilling power. Observe, although the man was **rich,** it is not said that his riches were obtained *unfairly,* or used *oppressively;* they arose from the natural increase of the soil, they were the gift of Providence. But the man thought of them as *his own.* See the word MY repeated five times: **my fruits, my barns, my fruits and my goods, my soul.** Philo the Jew has the remark that 'to say MINE befits none but God.' But to this rich man his possessions were his life. As he looked over his waving crops and calculated his harvest returns, he thought only of his own enjoyment. **Barns.**—'Thou hast barns enough,' exclaims *Ambrose,* 'the bosom of the needy, the houses of widows, the mouths of orphans and infants.' In these store up thy goods, thou shalt find them again in heaven! In ver. 19 the four words in the original are very expressive, **Rest, eat, drink, enjoy** (*Farrar*). The Epicureans drew the same inference from the uncertainty of life, 1 Cor. xv. 32; this rich man, more in conformity with Jewish notions, from the expectation of lengthened days. How sudden and awful the change! **Thy soul,** 'thy life.' Not only the *fact,* but the *announcement* of the swift-coming death, made it so solemn. The man who had so vauntingly said *mine,* is left to ponder the question **whose?** (Psa. xxxix. 6). And there was that other question. *Where shall I be?* 1 Tim. vi. 7. There is, however, that which we can '*carry out,*' riches **that are toward God.** In fellowship with Him, living to Him, we become **truly rich.** Matt. vi. 21.

III. GENERAL APPLICATION.—*Read vers.* 22–31. Here our Lord repeats part of His Sermon on the Mount, Matt. vi. 25–33, with a few inconsiderable variations. Note, the words are addressed to **His disciples,** lifting them to a higher range of thought. To all the multitude He had shown how foolish it was to set their heart on riches; now He advances to a deeper and more difficult lesson, for those who have already attained to true life;—that of entire trust in God with respect to earthly things. **Take no thought,** *i.e.* 'be not distracted.' In Phil. iv. 6, *Be careful for nothing,* the same expression is in the original.

> It has often been noted that the word *thought* in the English of the seventeenth century was often used of harassing and anxious care. (See 1 Sam. ix. 5; Psa. xciv. 19; and Lumby's *Glossary of Bible Words* in Eyre and Spottiswoode's Teacher's Bible.) No doubt in the forthcoming *Revision* the word will be replaced by one more suitable to modern readers.

Life, as noted above, is here the *physical life.* **This is more than meat**—(food) **and the body more than raiment**—the argument being that as God has given you the greater, He may be trusted for the less. **Consider,** lit. consider *well.* **The ravens,** in Matt., 'the birds,' here more specific and graphic. Comp. Psa. cxlvii. 9. **Fowls,** used in Scripture of birds generally. **Stature** here probably means *age.* **To add one cubit** (18 or 21 inches) **to a man's height, would not be that which is least, but on the contrary, a large increase.** Life is a journey, which we cannot prolong one step beyond the destined termination. The lesson from **the lilies** refers not so much to the life itself as to life's adornments. In *Matt.* the appeal is prefixed 'Why take ye thought for raiment?' 'Do your utmost, you will not surpass the field-flower in beauty—

why then should you distract yourself about a little more, or a little less in your attire? Seek what is divinely beautiful, the ornament of great price (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10; 1 Peter iii. 4); and for the rest, God will care for it.' **Cast into the oven,** cut down with the grass and dried for fuel, in the scarcity of wood. Such is the end of the millions of flowers which in the season make the plains of Palestine so gay. Naturalists are not agreed what particular flowers are intended by the lilies. Sir Joseph Hooker would apply the word to 'the tulip, ranunculus, pheasant's eye, and especially to the anemone, the floral glories of Palestine.' *

The command **not to be of doubtful mind,** is very impressive, the figure being taken from a boat rocking on the waves. 'Do not live as those who rest on no firm foundation,' James i. 6. This is the character of **the nations of the world,** the heathen; who have no security like yours, whose gods, by their own confession, have left them to themselves. You have a firm foundation: **Your Father knoweth.** Trust Him therefore! It is almost needless to say that our Lord's words do not inculcate either idleness or indifference. He speaks to those who, as His disciples, are faithful and diligent in the discharge of life's duties, and tells them that they may then without distraction of mind, or any sense of insecurity, leave the result with God. But there is one supreme object of earnest care. **Seek ye first**—first in *time*, seek *now*—first in *importance*, seek *beyond all else*, **the kingdom of God,** i.e. that condition of things, both in yourselves and others, in which *He shall rule*, that state of mind which is willing subjection to His authority; while you endeavour to win others to the same. *Matt.* adds *and His righteousness*, conformity to His righteous will. Live for this, and **all these things**—life, food, raiment—all that He sees to be needful **shall be added unto you,** lit., 'given over and above,' 'given *to boot*,' as the old writers say. Tradition attributes to Christ the saying: *Ask the great things and the small shall be added to you; ask the heavenly things, and the earthly things shall be added to you.*

QUESTIONS.

1. Show by Scripture example the criminality and awful consequences of unchecked covetousness.

2. Ver. 15. How does the Bible describe, negatively and positively, this 'life' of man?

3. Illustrate the bearing of our Lord's instructions on secular, social or political questions.

4. 'Thy soul shall be required of thee' (lit., as in margin, 'they require thy soul of thee'). Give parallel expressions from Scripture; and show the contrast, in the death of the servants of God.

5. What are the various lessons of trust that are taught by the birds and the flowers; and how to be understood, in accord with the dictates of Christian prudence?

Acrostic.

"IN WHOSE SPIRIT THERE IS NO GUILE."—Psa. xxxii. 2.

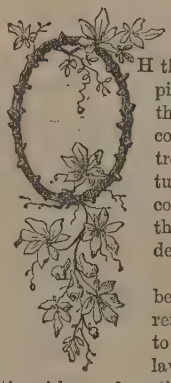
I-n early spring all should be fresh and fair;
N-or death, nor sad decay, should mar the spell.
N-ew-born alike, each bud its heart may bare,
O-r lambs lie peaceful on the sunny fell.
C-hrist's little lamps, new-born, as pure must be;
E-ach flow'ret fresh, in His own garden ground,
N-ew-called to blossom for His glory—see!
C-hrist bids you shed new odours all around,
E-ach, with a heart unstained, in praises to abound.

F. M. E.

* *Handy Book for Bible Readers* (R. T. S.), p. 52.

Pages for the Young.

THE CATERPILLAR AND HER FRIENDS.



"H that I could fly!" sighed an immense caterpillar, as she lay between some large stones at the foot of the old garden wall, "Oh, that I could fly and get out of reach of all the troubles that meet me down here at every turn! I scarcely dare to move from my corner, lest one of those monsters who call themselves men, come past and stamp me to death with their ugly feet."

"If man treads on you, it would probably be by accident, and chiefly your own fault," remarked a grasshopper, who had happened to have paused for breath at the corner of the lawn. "It would require an acute eye to distinguish you from the stones around you. Why do you make yourself just the colour of the stones?"

"That is my only security," replied the caterpillar. "Men are so cruel they would think nothing of crushing my tiny form, beautiful as it is (though I say it who shouldn't!) to atoms, for wanton mischief. Or, if I escape their eagle glances, the birds seem never to have anything better to do than to keep on the constant watch to catch me at the first unguarded moment! I am obliged to change my colour wherever I go; green when on the grass, grey on the stones, brown on the gravel; all to avoid certain destruction. Now if I could only hop like you, Mr. Grasshopper, I should have some chance of getting out of the way of my enemies."

"You are just as safe where you are," replied the grasshopper gravely; "you are blessed with a voice so low that you can use it without fear of its attracting attention, whereas I, if I but venture to say a word, I am pounced on by the idle boys in a moment; and very hard work I often have to get out of their way! I assure you that my legs—long as they are—are often quite wearied with it, and I wish I could shuffle along like you! It is always hop, hop, hop, whether I am tired or no."

This was indeed looking at the matter from a new point of view. The caterpillar remained silent a moment, then she said in her usual depressed tone, "But you are able to get above obstacles. You at least can look on them from a height although not such a lofty one as the birds, or even bees and butterflies."

"Yes, but it is only for a moment," replied the grasshopper. "I am hardly up before I am down again. If you were me you would not think it worth the trouble!"

"I should think it worth the trouble," retorted the caterpillar. "If you knew what it was never to be off the ground, and always to have to toil over, step by step, every little roughness, you would wish for a change in your condition as I do." And again the poor little creature murmured, "Oh, that I could fly!"

"You will have your wish one day," said a dragon-fly, catching the caterpillar's last words, as he darted past like a flash of light.

"What did he say?" asked the caterpillar eagerly.

"Why, that you will have your wish and fly some day!" laughed the grasshopper.

"Oh, what rapture! can it be true?" cried the caterpillar, tremulous with some strangely new sensation of hope springing up in her breast.

"Of course not! The idea of your ever being able to do such

a thing when you have not even wings—why, he was just chaffing you!" cried the grasshopper.

"I can't, I won't believe that," said the caterpillar. "He looked too steadfast and earnest on his own bright way to take pleasure in deluding one so low, so miserable, so sad as me. Oh, that he had not gone away so quickly! Oh, that he would return, and I would ask him!"

But the dragon-fly was far on his way, casting his bright beams hither and thither as he went; for he knew his life's day was short, and was anxious to do as much as he could in it; and he never returned.

The grasshopper grew impatient, and longed to stretch his long legs; but it seemed unkind to leave the caterpillar in trouble, so she lingered still a minute beside her.

"If I were you," she said at last, "I would try and be content with what I am, and not fret after being what you never can become."

"Content to be stamped on, and kicked out of the way, or be eaten by the birds, or starved to death in this hole. Content to lead a life of perpetual danger. Impossible!" retorted the caterpillar angrily. The disappointment of the hope—that strange hope which the dragon-fly's message had given her—was harder to bear than the dreary hopelessness that went before.

"Well, the birds you envy so are in perpetual danger of being shot by man, and I suppose that is as bad as being crushed."

"It is not so ignominious," groaned the caterpillar, but the grasshopper did not notice the remark.

"Or if they escape being shot, they are snared in traps or nets; and the bees are smoked to death in their hives; and the flies are caught and eaten by the birds. Oh 'the world is very evil,' and we, alas! are in it."

The caterpillar sighed. She had never thought of this before. "I should, however, like to be like you," she said, eyeing with envy the agile form of her companion.

"You would soon wish to be out of my shoes if you were in them," returned the grasshopper. "Why, every time I jump I am liable to be pounced on by one of the birds which you envy so much. I should be frightened to jump, only that it is my nature, and I must do it; and, somehow, one gets accustomed to take one's chance," and away she hopped till she was out of sight. She meant to return, but she forgot the way, and so never came back to the caterpillar.

The poor little thing lay still for awhile; and when hunger forced her to seek some other spot, she went silently in quest of it.

"I wonder that the grasshopper never returned," she mused, as she slowly pursued her way. "Perhaps," and she shuddered at the thought, "she has been eaten by one of the birds. Well perhaps after all I am best as I am. If only I knew that the dragon-fly was right! I think he must be, for he could have had no motive to tell me what is false; and his words were like the flash of light that radiated from his form as he swept past me. I wonder if he was always able to fly."

"Are you speaking of the dragon-fly?" asked a snail, who was sticking to the wall hard by, and had been a silent listener to the foregoing conversation. "Why he has only just got his wings. He was a grub in yonder pond only a few hours ago, for I watched him rising to the surface, and wondered what he could be."

"Then how could he know about me?" asked the caterpillar.

"I don't know," answered the snail. "Maybe it was just a message he was told to give you."

"Who told him?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the same who sends the wind. Listen how she makes the trees bend and sway, as she whispers through their boughs."

"It does not give a bright message like the dragon-fly," said the caterpillar.

"No. Maybe the trees need a different message to you. But depend upon it, each living thing has its message in time. The plants have the sun's bright rays; the earth the dew; the ponds and rivers the soft-falling rain; the clouds their mists from earth; and you, your message from the dragon-fly."

"And what message have you had?" said the caterpillar.

"I have not received mine yet," answered the snail, "but I feel sure it will come presently, and I am waiting for it."

Her tone of patient assurance soothed the caterpillar.

"I will wait and trust too," she said; "though it is very difficult to believe that—as the dragon-fly said—I shall have my wish and fly some day."

She was growing strangely drowsy, and had hardly energy to climb up into the stem of a cabbage close by, where she nestled herself comfortably to sleep. Gradually a wondrous change passed over her. The snail waited and watched, and watched and waited.

"She has received her message maybe," thought she. "I wonder what it is!"

The snail was not kept long in suspense. One morning there was a movement among the cabbage-leaves where her friend lay, and a beautiful butterfly sprang out. The caterpillar had its wish at last. She no longer crept slowly and painfully over each tiny obstacle, but flew over them; and as she fluttered from flower to flower in her new-found happiness (was it ungrateful?) she forgot the old life—or, if she did remember it, it was with the feeling that her early life had been appointed for the best, and that all comes well at last to those who possess contentment and the "patience of hope."

ANNE CARR TUCKER.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.

Gen. xl. 20–22. Matt. i. 18; xiv. 6–10. John ix. 4. 1 Thess. v. 2.

1. My *first* is the coming of Jesus below,
   At Bethlehem's manger, in weakness and woe;
   The Evangelist tells how Messiah began
   To breathe and to think and to act as a man;
   Derived from the Fathers, ordained to be King,
   Divine and yet human, his advent we sing.

2. My *second* is properly nothing but light,
   But yet comprehends all the darkness of night;
   'Tis the time when the work of the hands may be done,
   To begin with the morning, and end with the sun;
   And it tells when Messiah shall rule with his rod,
   In the glory and power of the kingdom of God.

3. My *whole* is a season of dancing and mirth,
   To flatter the proud, or to honour true worth;
   Twice only in Scripture its record we see—
   When a baker was hanged, and a butler set free;
   And again when a prophet was robbed of his life,
   To please a vile woman, a wicked man's wife.
   But if such a season should fall in your way,
   I wish—many happy returns of the day!

W. L.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

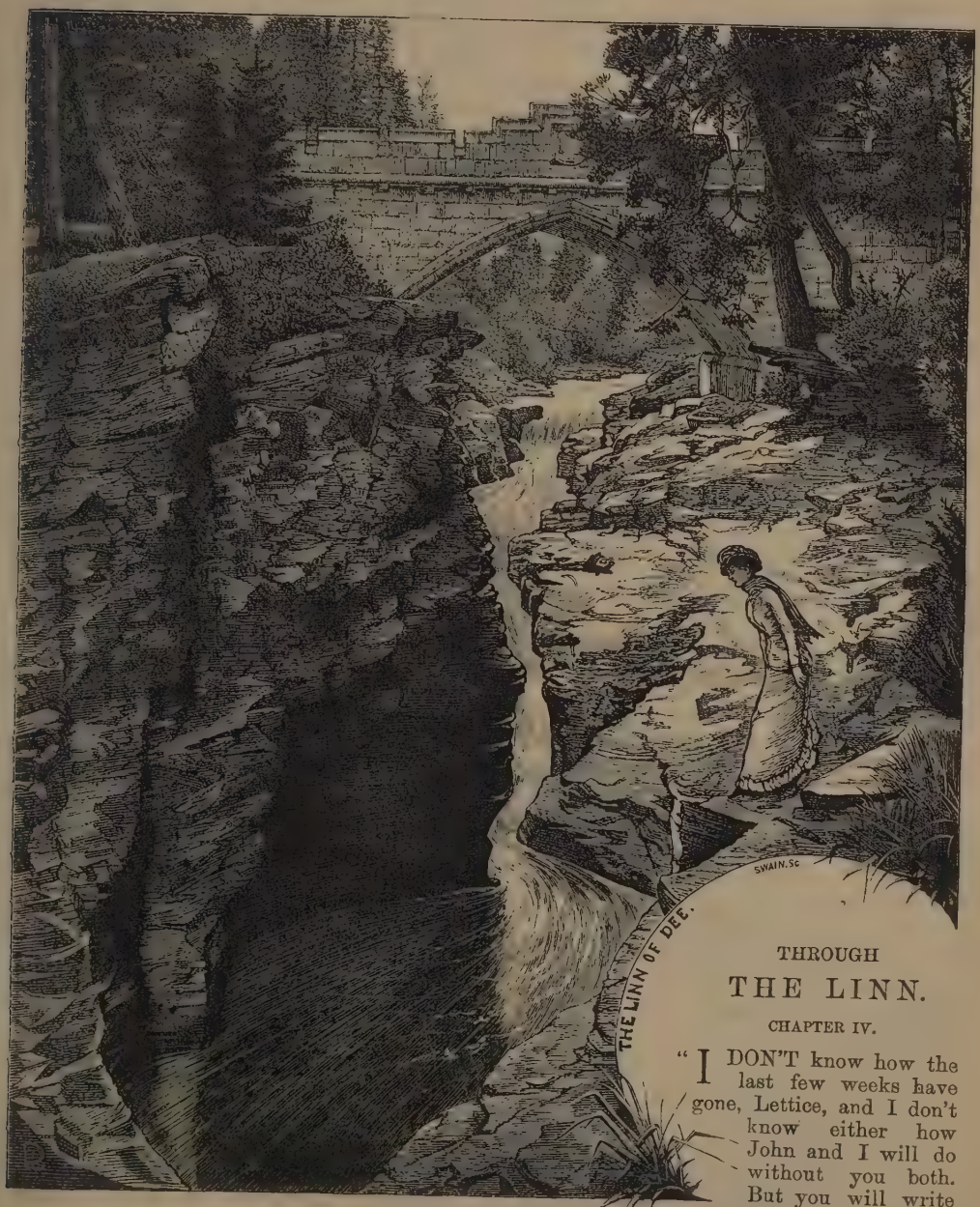
Double Acrostic.

NO. IX.—p. 176.—PEACE-MAKER.—Matt. v. 9.

1. P-almer-wor-*m*	Joel ii. 25.
2. E-thiopi-*a*	Psa. lxviii. 31.
3. A-r-*k*	Gen. vii. 18.
4. C-av-*e*	Gen. xxiii. 19.
5. E-asie-*r*	Mark x. 24, 25.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER IV.

"I DON'T know how the last few weeks have gone, Lettice, and I don't know either how John and I will do without you both. But you will write often, child, and tell us everything."

It was early in November, a dull day over head, and a muddy one under foot; also the wind was cold. Lettice stood at the window of the Vicarage drawing-room, looking out upon the dead leaves which lay along either side of the pathway, just at that hour in the afternoon when day meets night. Violet lay sleeping on the sofa beneath a plaid shawl, a very white and fragile specimen of her kind. She had been ill enough to cause anxiety,

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and could scarcely yet be called recovered, though sufficiently so for travelling. Mrs. Canynge had entered the room noiselessly, and her voice broke with suddenness upon the reverie of the pale grave girl in the window.

"I shall write, Aunt Jeannie. I am a bad correspondent, and never express myself easily. But I think I shall be able to write to *you*. It will be my only pleasure."

"Don't be too sure of that. Life must necessarily look sad to you now, I know; still, my dear, you are young, and you will make new friends."

Lettice's "Oh no," carried a sound of impatience.

"Why not?"

"I can't,—I never make friends. I care for nobody in the world, except Violet and you—and Mr. Canynge of course, and the poor people here."

"You know no others yet. Don't steel your heart against them beforehand, that is all. You will find you have more of life and warmth in you yet than you think, though it's no wonder you feel stunned and numbed by all you have gone through."

"It is not *that*," said Lettice. "It is not want of life in me. I wish it were. Sometimes I am almost vexed and angry to feel how much of energy I have left. Why am I not knocked down by it all like Violet?"

"You are strong and she is frail—body and mind too. There is a great difference between you."

"I think I could feel safer for the future if I were more crushed," said Lettice. "Sometimes I feel as if that dreadful week had so stirred and changed me, that I am frightened for myself—frightened of what I may be brought to say and do. There doesn't seem any restraint—except just the dread of bringing trouble to Violet. I think I could be reckless for myself."

"There may be restraint, my child, if you will put yourself into the strong keeping of your Father's hand. You'll need it, Lettice."

"Yes, but it is not mine,—that 'keeping' I mean," said Lettice calmly. "No use to deceive myself or you, Aunt Jeannie. The religion that I had in my happy days does not serve me now. I suppose there was something unreal about it. But I want to ask you a question. Do you remember that talk we had just before it all happened,—that last last talk of my happy life, and how you likened me to a sunny river, and said I must expect to come some day to a waterfall or linn?"

Mrs. Canynge nodded assent. She had thought often of it since.

"You promised to tell me your meaning some day, and I said I would claim your promise before a week was over. I did not, though I remembered, but I could not bear it then. I can now, and I don't feel as if I could go away without knowing. I have had it so much in my mind. Was that week a linn to me? What is a linn?"

"I think it would be better to wait, and let me describe it some other time, by-and-by, when you come again to pay us a visit."

"No, I can stand it now. I am not like other people, and I can bear a good deal that other people can't. You won't refuse me, this last evening? I have a sort of fancy that it may be a help to me. All looks so dark now, and such a mystery. What is a 'linn'? You spoke about the Linn of Dee, I remember,—the river Dee."

Mrs. Canynge looked thoughtfully out of the window into the dusk, standing there by Lettice's side with the red firelight shining behind.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said. "Whether it is wise I can't say, but I can't say you nay, and I will do as you wish. If you can't stand it tell me to stop."

Then, after a glance to see that Violet still slept, and a pause for recollection, she went into it abruptly.

"First you see the broad quiet river, flowing softly onward, widespread over a stony golden and brown bed, not deep, but happy and singing and reflecting the blue sky overhead, with never a thought as it were of what lies near,—and how should it have? That is the character of the Dee, above and near the Linn. Then suddenly there comes a change. You may see it, looking down from the bridge, or you may stand on the bank either above or below the bridge. All in a moment, without sign of warning, the character of the river's path changes. The wide shallow bed narrows at once to a deep gorge between hard clear-cut rocks. That is the Linn. There is first a sudden little waterfall, and then, through the Linn—this narrow sharply-cut channel, with horizontal strata of hard rock shutting it in inexorably,—through this the waters of the whole river have to pour. And they do pour, not singing, and flowing softly any longer, but rushing in a foaming flood, one great volume of translucent green water, so changed and passionate that one can hardly believe it to be the same river which ran before so placidly."

Lettice's whole face was quivering, but she only said, "Are you talking poetry, Aunt Jeannie? It is quite a story. Go on, please."

"It was a story to me. Then comes another change. The narrow Linn is past, and the turbulent waters suddenly come to a dead pause in a black silent pool, inky, and seemingly stagnant, under overshadowing rocks. Only seemingly stagnant, of course, for there is motion, and by careful watching it can be seen, if I rightly remember,—a slow surface movement. Maybe it is quicker below; for just so fast as the waters rush in, they must in reality rush out, though the impression given is of so complete a pause. But it looked to me as if the waters, wearied and beaten with their passionate struggle through the narrow Linn, must feel as if they had settled down finally into this sad black pool, and did not expect ever to creep out again into sunlight and everyday life. And yet they find their mistake. For you only have to go a few yards farther along the grassy left-hand bank, and you see once more the broad quiet river flowing over its stony bed, smiling and singing as before. Only, one fancies the waters can never be quite the same, after the experience they have passed through."

"You have made me see it all," Lettice murmured.

"I doubt that—without you went there. I am telling you what I saw years ago, and it would be the same now. Rocks and mountains and rivers don't change quickly as men change, only some years the Linn is more full than other years. But I think it might not have spoken so plain a tale to

me, had the volume of water flowed high over the surrounding rocks, as it did when shut in between them. And I cannot paint in words the full picture, —the river, and the blue sky, and the stone bridge, and the trees around, and the contrasts of colouring. But you see enough, perhaps——"

"Enough to read your meaning," said Lettice.

"It is not my meaning, child. There is meaning in all God's works, if we would reach it. I think I did that day. I could not help myself, standing there on the bank, and looking down into the narrowed channel, and the harsh rocks, and the fretted rush of those changed waters, with the deep sad silent pool beyond. There came to me one of those strange glimpses into the *beneath* of things seen, that are sent to us sometimes. Everything would tell its story, if we always had sense to understand; and the Linn of Dee told me a story in plain words that day—a story of life."

"Of my life!"

"Maybe, though I did not know it then. I am not sure that it wasn't a story more or less of most people's lives. For a river does not flow on perpetually the same. It changes, and narrows, and widens, and it has its deeps and its shallows, and there is sometimes the rapid or the waterfall, and sometimes the linn with the black pool after."

"I think I have gone through the linn, and now I am coming to the black pool," said Lettice slowly. "That is just how life at Brentwood looks to me. And I am changed, and there has been tumult enough, whether or no I have shown it. But my black pool will last through life. I shall never be a singing river again."

"Maybe not, my dear child, till you have learnt the notes of heavenly song. Some can't get hold of that, till earth-songs are forgotten."

Lettice's eyes filled, and one little sob caught her breath. "I can't—I can't," she said. "I am all hardness and coldness. But you will—think of me —I know. Life in the black pool won't be bright."

"Maybe not for a while. But the onward movement will carry you out of it in time,—if it is there. Don't be too sure that the black pool must certainly lie ahead, even now. There may be the linn without the pool."

"Ah, you have not seen it so, Aunt Jeannie."

"I have,—at the Linn of Quoich. That is a sight I should like you to see, Lettice, as I saw it, in all its autumn beauty—the waters clear as crystal, and wild sweet woodland scenery around. I can recall the very tints of the trees that day—how one little slender birch on the edge of the stream stood out in full leaf, one mass of vivid gold, while near it another birch showed only a pale yellowish-brown tinting. There was the first bit of linn, with low rocks on either side, and then a widening, and then the rush of pure foaming water through a long narrow sharply-cut channel, passing under the bridge. But no black pool came after there. Don't be too sure, Lettice."

"I see the pool already," Lettice answered. "Aunt Jeannie, have you had a linn ever in your life?"

"There are few who don't know something of the sort, sooner or later. Strange it seems that we should have spoken of the Linn of Dee that afternoon, little knowing what lay before us. One can't explain the connecting-strings in our minds that draw up past recollections. It is a sight I have often recalled, but perhaps not so often spoken about. And after all—after all, Lettice—if God's hand shapes our course, it does not so much matter whether that course is over a golden river-bed, or through the narrow linn."

"Do you think not, Aunt Jeannie? But God's hand always shapes our course."

"In a sense, yes. There is another side to the question. His will may be to lead us one way, and our will may be to go another. Better His way than ours; but if we struggle and resist, He sometimes yields to our wilfulness and lets it be our way and not His. He shapes our course still, no less than before, but the Father's smile, and the Father's blessing are lacking, for how can He be pleased with His child?"

"I do not think I know God in that way," said Lettice quietly. "I believe in His love to others, Aunt Jeannie, but I cannot feel it towards myself. Some day perhaps I may. Hush—Violet is waking up."

And there could be no more conversation. Lettice was back immediately by her little sister's side.

"Five o'clock," remarked Miss Temple, on the following afternoon, as the shrill tones of the little mantelpiece clock drew her attention to the fact. "I declare there is quite a fall of sleet coming on. Those girls will have had a cold journey, poor things. Five o'clock, and the train arrives at half-past. But I never knew that train less than half-an-hour late. It is very bad management. I believe half the accidents come from trains being so irregular, and it ought to be stopped by Act of Parliament. I do not suppose the train will get in before six, and Vandal will have half an hour to wait on that cold platform. It is bad for him. He might just as well have allowed me to send Susan instead. I never knew Vandal take so much trouble before for anyone; did you, aunt?"

Lady Bartlett stirred slightly, and gave vent to a very faint snore.

"Some people really seem to be always sleeping," said Miss Temple rather pettishly. "One might as well look for sympathy from the chairs and tables. If Lettice were the sort of girl I could become attached to, I might find her a pleasant companion. But unless she is greatly changed, I am afraid she will be more of a trouble than a pleasure. Of course I intend to show her all possible kindness, but I suspect it will be needful to make her understand that she cannot manage everything and everybody here, as she has been accustomed to do in her own home. Probably it is the first time in her life that she ever had that lesson to learn. I could not say all this to Vandal; he would think it unkind. Men never understand. But you see what I mean, aunt, and the necessity for—— Really, I might as well be talking to a post. Aunt!"

The monosyllable rang out sharply, with a certain metallic twang in it which usually vibrated through Miss Temple's upper notes. The old lady started violently.

"Yes, yes—yes, my dear. Did somebody call?—is anything wrong?"

"You always seem to think something is wrong when I speak to you," said Miss Temple, failing to unite cause and effect. "Nothing is wrong that

I know of, except that Lettice and Violet Majendie arrive this evening."

Lady Bartlett, only half awake, did not catch the words. She looked inquiringly, with sleepy eyes.

"Lettice and Violet," repeated Miss Temple in raised tones.

"Let you do what, my dear?"

"Lettice—Majendie," shouted Miss Temple.

"Ah, poor man, yes—I am always thinking about him. One of the saddest tales I ever heard—poor fellow."

Miss Temple went close in despair, and said, "The girls arrive in half-an-hour—this evening—Lettice and Violet."

"Yes, my dear, yes—of course I know that very well. You told me so this morning. I hope they will be nice girls, and the little one not noisy. I like children, but I can't stand noise. How old are they, did you say?"

"Lettice is just nineteen, and Violet, I believe, about ten. There is a long gap between them. The Majendies lost two babies, younger than Lettice."

Lady Bartlett nodded, in a manner more expressive of drowsiness than of interest. Miss Temple sighed, rang for lights, and took up a book, through the pages of which she failed to make rapid advance.

Half past five came, and despite Miss Temple's expectations of the train being late, her attention became very much on the alert. She fidgeted incessantly backwards and forwards, between fire-place and window, remarking on the weather, and wondering at the delay which she had foretold. Lady Bartlett, at length effectually aroused, sat up and kept watch with her. Six o'clock struck, and she said, "When are we going to have tea?" For late dinner was an institution never yet introduced into Proserpine Lodge. The two ladies dined early, ate heavy tea, and supped at nine.

"It is time now, of course," said Miss Temple. "But Vandal made me promise not to begin till the girls arrived. He said it would be a cold welcome."

"Cold bacon! I should have had cutlets for them after their long journey, poor things. Something hot."

"There they are!"

Miss Temple went out into the hall, a mixture of feelings struggling for preponderance in her mind. She did not gladly or happily accept this charge which had come upon her. She counted it a burden, and felt herself ill-used. Nevertheless she was sincerely sorry for the girls, wished to be a good friend to them, and felt considerable interest in their arrival.

"Here we all are!" said Vandal Temple's thin voice trying to be lively. "Very tired and cold, poor things—but you will make them comfortable, Selina. Have you a large fire in the drawing-room? They are half-frozen, I believe."

Lettice was entirely occupied in helping Violet up the steps, for the child's numbed feet could hardly support her. Miss Temple's "How do you do, my dear?" made her put out her hand, but when Miss Temple would have kissed Violet, the child shrank, and hid her face in her sister's fur sleeve. It was an unfortunate move, for Miss Temple felt herself rebuffed, and she was not of a nature to forget rebuffs easily.

"Spoilt, I see," she remarked.

Lettice's grey eyes gave one subdued flash.

"She is tired and ill, Selina, and unused to strangers. Violet, darling, you will shake hands with cousin Selina, will you not? Where shall I take her, if you please?"

Unintentionally Lettice gave offence by the very first words she uttered. It never occurred to her to address her cousin in any other mode than by the Christian name; but this was a matter wherein Miss Temple stood somewhat stiffly upon her dignities. "A chit of a girl of nineteen to call her Selina!"

Mr. Temple saw the blunder committed, and could have groaned over his own want of foresight in not preventing it. Miss Temple led the way back into the drawing-room, and he took the opportunity to say softly, "My sister prefers being called Miss Temple."

"Why? We are cousins."

"Not first cousins. And you are much the younger. My sister feels herself more in the position of aunt to you both."

"Very well. It does not matter either way."

She followed Miss Temple's lead into the drawing-room, where Lady Bartlett had to be introduced and shaken hands with. Lettice kept one arm supportingly round her little companion. Then, sitting down near the fire, she lifted Violet on her knee, and held her tightly. A wailing sob broke from the child, and Vandal looked distressed.

"I hope she is not given to crying about nothing," said Miss Temple.

"Nothing!" repeated Lettice.

"No, no; she is cold and tired and sick, poor child," said Vandal apologetically, looking from one to the other. "She will be better for tea. Don't cry, little one. Look here—see, pussy has come to make your acquaintance."

Vandal was afflicted with an abject horror of cats, and had never before been known to speak with toleration of this particular tabby quadruped.

But Violet sobbed on, without lifting her face. "We need not be a trouble to you, Sel—Miss Temple, I mean," said Lettice, lifting her own tearless but unsmiling grey eyes. "Perhaps I had better take Violet to our room."

"Is there a fire, Selina?" asked her brother.

"Why, no, of course not, Vandal. *I* do not have a fire in my bedroom. It is rather an expensive luxury for healthy girls."

Vandal entered on no discussion. He simply rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Light the fire immediately in Miss Majendie's room."

Miss Temple's face clouded. "That grate always smokes for an hour when it is first lighted," she said.

"It will be ready by the time tea is over. Take them into the spare-room, to wash their hands, Selina. That will save a flight of stairs. The sooner Violet has something hot to eat, the better."

Miss Temple obeyed, not quite gracefully. She led the girls up to the spare-room, ordered a can of hot water to be taken there, and left them alone. Lettice laid the weary child on the chintz-covered couch, and knelt down beside her.

"My poor little darling! My own little pet! Violet, my sweet one, you will be good and come and have some nice hot tea. And don't sob so—don't, darling—it makes me so unhappy."

"Oh, Lettice, if you would only take me home! I want mamma—papa—mamma! Oh, take me to Aunt Jeannie!"

Lettice's throat was aching and throbbing with stifled response to the child's cry; but no sob was allowed to rise. "You are tired and faint," she said; "you will be better after tea. Sweet one, you will be good for my sake, and not vex them?"

"I don't like cousin Selina!" sobbed the child.

"We don't really know her yet. I dare say she will be kind. She is giving us a home, you know, and we must not forget that. I cannot keep you in this cold room, Violet—and there is the tea-bell. Let me wash your face and hands, and smooth your hair. I have a brush in my bag."

The downstairs party had to wait five minutes longer before the tall slight girl, in her deep mourning, was seen descending the stairs, with the frail golden-haired white-cheeked child clinging to her. There was no getting the two apart. Miss Temple indicated a chair on either side of the table, but Violet's eyes filled, and she pressed closer to her sister.

"This seat," said Miss Temple. "Why, Violet, you are a perfect baby! A great girl of ten, to cry about such a thing as that!"

Vandal did not venture to propose changing his own position, but he took Violet's little icy hand, and drew her in between Lettice and himself.

"I should not wonder if we two could manage with one chair," he said, "neither of us being very big. Yes—just so. I thought it would do. The vacant chair appears to be bespoken," and Vandal smiled, with a subdued shudder, as the big cat sprang calmly up into the empty seat destined for Violet.

"If you are going to carry on the spoiling like that——" said Miss Temple.

"I wonder who spoils her cats," said Vandal, with a glance at pussy's blinking eyes. Apologetically he added, "Only the first evening."

Lettice gave him one grateful look, and then busied herself in attending to the child's wants. Her own were unthought of, and to draw her into conversation proved impossible. Her answers were chiefly in monosyllables, and nothing made the sad eyes light up, or the grave lips relax.

Tea over, Lettice begged to be excused, that she might put Violet to bed.

"Could not that big girl put herself to bed?" asked Miss Temple, but this was negatived by both sisters. Since parting with their servants, Lettice had always undertaken it.

"Then Lettice will of course come down as soon as Violet is undressed."

"Oh no," broke from Violet piteously.

"I cannot leave Violet alone, thank you."

"Nonsense, Lettice. She will be asleep soon. We have supper at nine."

"I shall not want any supper. You must excuse me, please. I could not leave Violet."

The door had hardly closed behind the sisters before Miss Temple exclaimed, "Absurd!"

"A pretty child—very pretty," said Lady Bartlett. "And Lettice Majendie has an interesting face, if only she would smile."

"A little spoilt creature," said Miss Temple. "But if Lettice supposes that I am going to let her turn everything upside down like this——"

"Have pity upon them, Selina. Think what they have gone through," said Vandal."

"I think you might have a little pity to spare for *me*," said Miss Temple. "But you seem quite infatuated. I never knew you take so much trouble for anyone before. Lettice may be a fine-looking girl, but to my mind her expression is positively disagreeable."

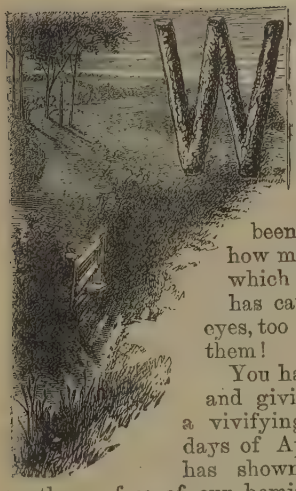
"Do pray manage to live together in peace," sighed Vandal, rising to say good-bye.

THE LINN OF QUOICH.

PARABLES CONCERNING SPRING.

BY PROFESSOR GAUSSEN.

II.



WHAT a striking parable, what an image, brilliant, lovely and majestic at the same time, of this new birth of the faithful have not these first days of the spring lately offered to us! How welcome have been these last weeks; and how many marvels the month which has just passed away has caused to be seen by our eyes, too often turned away from them!

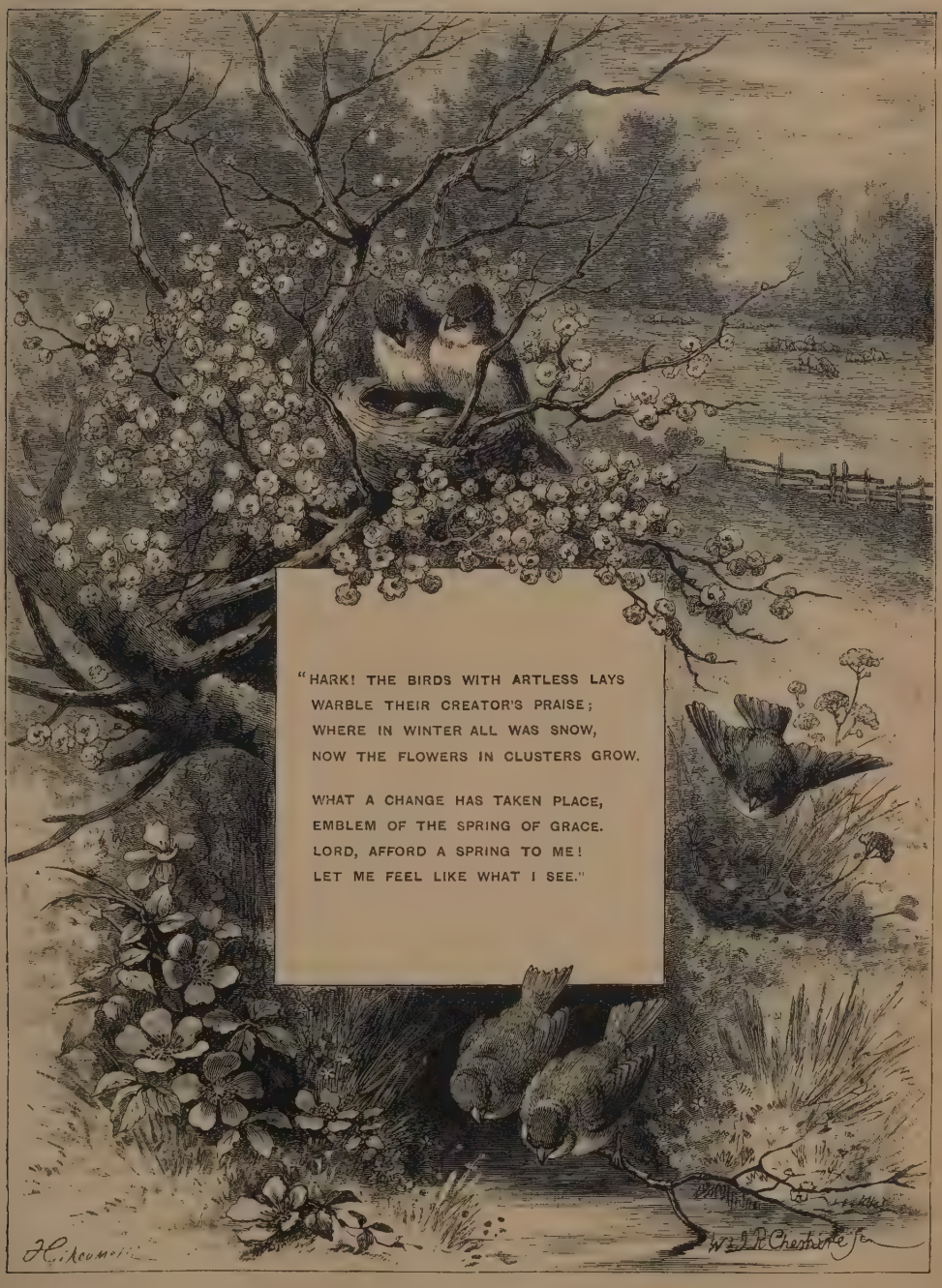
You have seen the sun arising, and giving you with his light a vivifying heat. From the first days of April a breathing of life has shown itself to be moving on the surface of our hemisphere, like as formerly the creating Spirit on the waters of chaos. The earth has seemed to open itself and to bring forth. Instead of that snow which covered it some weeks ago, we have seen come forth in all places a carpet of verdure, as if to fix our regards, and to prepare them by degrees to contemplate the dazzling objects which spring was going to make shine one after the other to our eyes! How the face of the earth has changed in the space of some few days; how this motionless and inert body is become coloured and animated; how it is embellished; how radiant it becomes! We might say that Eden is going to revive; we might fancy that the garden of our first father is going to appear again to our eyes in all its pomp; that a soul has entered into all the objects which surround us; that an emotion of goodness has penetrated them; that they have felt it, that they are animated, that they breathe, and that they move. See how the smallest flower that adorns among millions the gardens of our meadows is more magnificently clothed than Solomon in all his glory. Hear how the birds of the air have resumed with delight their joyous accents; and how they sing above us the melodious concerts of spring; see how all living creatures, awakened into newness of life, render homage together, by their movements, and by their voices, to the goodness, the power, the wisdom of this creating God, "upon whom all beings wait, and who fills their hearts with joy." Everything is full of life; everything seems renewed; and the air itself that we breathe, refreshed by the early dews, embalmed with the sweetest perfumes, seems to us a balm of delight and as an elixir sent from heaven.

Oh, what a subject rich with wonder, with admiration and deeds of favour, for all who can think, for all who can feel! But you especially, you disciples of Jesus, what ought not you to feel, and what ought not you to acknowledge to your God? You who know that He who has made all these things, "has loved you from the beginning;" you who believe that "when you were dead in trespasses and sins, He gave you life by His Well-Beloved;" you who know that you have been reconciled to the Omnipotent One who vivifies all things, who sees everything, and who can do everything in all parts of the world; you who know that He attends you everywhere, that He works for you, that He takes care of you in the minutest circumstances of life!

Oh, disciple of Christ, contemplate this touching spectacle which surrounds thee, and think of what Jesus has done for thy soul. The Bible is still more beautiful than all these things; by it is given to thee to read in the beauties of creation sacred and mysterious things which escape the notice of the natural man, although they are traced by the hand of God himself on every plant, upon every leaf, upon every flower. Contemplate, then, these Divine characters, listen with respect to the lessons from on high, and like the thoughtful and holy Mary, lay them up in thy heart. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people." The tender mercies of my God have been moved; the dayspring from on high hath visited me; winter was in my soul, but He has made there to dawn the morning of eternal spring; He has been 'pleased' to render me capable of having a part in the heritage of the saints in light.

The spring is a faithful as well as a charming image of the operation of grace in the heart of a disciple of Christ. See how this new birth in nature represents to us with truthfulness that new birth of the soul which the Holy Scripture calls regeneration, the baptism of the new birth, and the renewal of the Holy Spirit.

In the same way as Nature, at the return of the sun, is being set free from the frost which retained her in the bonds of sterility and of death—in the same way as she is in some manner raised from the tomb—so the soul of the faithful man who has known Jesus, "the Sun of Righteousness," has "passed from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, and from death unto life" (according to the words of the Lord): it is risen again with Christ, born again to a lively hope, and raised as from the tomb. A new light enlightens it; eternal hopes gladden it; the spirit of the love of God shows itself; the preceding frosts melt every day, and will disappear at last; the storms of the passions calm; and the peace of God, the inexpressible conviction of the peace of God, makes itself to be deeply felt, in order to produce in their season "the fruits of righteousness," which, as an apostle has said, "are by Jesus Christ to the glory and the praise of God;" fruits, as he said in another place, which are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Galatians v. 22, 23). I would repeat it in all my exhortations, because this truth is the first element of the Christian doctrine—you must be born again, the heart must be changed, you must be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, to be able to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and


"HARK! THE BIRDS WITH ARTLESS LAYS
WARBLE THEIR CREATOR'S PRAISE;
WHERE IN WINTER ALL WAS SNOW,
NOW THE FLOWERS IN CLUSTERS GROW.
WHAT A CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE,
EMBLEM OF THE SPRING OF GRACE.
LORD, AFFORD A SPRING TO ME!
LET ME FEEL LIKE WHAT I SEE."

this regeneration, this resurrection of the soul unto this life, is a work of God as certain and as real as the revival of nature in the spring, and that there must be on the last day the change and resurrection of the body. Do not say, then, as did Nicodemus to Jesus Christ: "I cannot understand these things; how can a man be born again when he is old?" "Marvel not," replied the Saviour, "that I have said, Thou must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound of it, thou feelest its power, yet without knowing whence it comes, nor whither it goes." It is the same with every man who is born of the Holy Spirit.

And can you, I ask, better understand the miracles of the spring? Can you explain how the sun, during millions of years, sheds without interruption, night and day, into all the senses, and in a sphere of sixty millions of leagues, torrents of light and of heat, without having lost any of his brightness and grandeur? Can you understand how at his approach, the earth is awakened from death, the plants retake life, the winged insects go forth from their chrysalis-state as from a tomb, the woods which seemed dead appear to breathe and are being covered with leaves, with flowers and with fruits, as in former times in the desert the rod of Aaron flourished at the voice of the Eternal? Can you understand the birth and growth of a single insect, of a single flower, of a single fruit, of a single blade of grass? No, my brethren, no, you believe in their existence, in these wonders, incomprehensible as they are, and you believe because you see them with your eyes in the book of nature. Well, believe also those of grace, which are of a still higher order, believe those of grace, incomprehensible as they are; and believe them because you read them with your eyes in the book of revelation. You believe in the return of spring even in the midst of the snows and frosts of winter, although you cannot understand how life can succeed death. Believe also, for God has said so, even when you may not comprehend it—believe that he who looks to Jesus, and believes in Him, receives into his soul the principle of a new life and the earnest of eternity.

But, would any of you say now that he does not know how he can be born again? Would he ask how a soul that feels its weakness, its barrenness, its coldness for the service of God, and the rage of passions which torment it, can dissipate this winter of his being, melt these snows and take again a new life?

Well, listen, sincere and heavy-laboured souls, you who desire, and search for communion with your God: this is how you can find repose and renew the vigour of life. Listen: you must cease to seek in yourself, in your own efforts and away from the Sun of Righteousness, a heat and a vital force which is not there and which cannot come but from on high. You must bring your sad state to the rays of His grace: for, as a prophet has said, "He carries healing in his wings." Present then to Him a poor heart that He may give it life. Bring every day your regards to Him alone who can work in you this blessed change, and give you a new life. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth!" Look then to Him; look to things on high where He lives to intercede for you. Represent to yourself often the greatest, the most perfect, the best of beings, the eternal Son of the Father, directing to you from the height of heaven His watchful eye, with an inexpressible tenderness, stretching towards you the arms of His love, and addressing to you these very touching and encouraging words: All you who are burdened and heavily laden, by the torpor of your souls, and by the overwhelming sense of your misery, come to Me, look to Me, and I will give you rest and peace! Then, my brethren, if you do these things, I declare by the infallible word of God, "who cannot lie," you certainly will be saved.

But will you receive a final lesson? Will you hear concerning the truth which I am preaching to you, a new parable of the spring still more striking if it is possible? It is about this time of the year that the countryman grafts on wild trees the precious branch of a cultivated tree, in order to communicate to them a second nature, that being filled with a purer sap, they may give exquisite fruits instead of the sour, wild, and unhealthy grapes which they did before. Observe, my brethren, what comes to pass in every Christianised heart. Alas! we are all by nature wild trees bringing forth bad fruit. The Scripture teaches us this, and our own hearts convince us of it. In order that we may enter into the celestial Eden, it is needful that the Father of all goodness deign in his mercy to open our hearts by his word, which is a two-edged instrument. He then inserts in them, like a precious branch, the principle of a new nature—the Divine grafting of his grace. He then takes especial care of the new growth, and defends the new man thus regenerated against many dangers.

Oh, my soul! hast thou then received this grace of thy God? Hast thou Jesus Christ dwelling in thee by faith? Art thou grafted on the good olive-tree, thou who wast by nature wild (to speak with the apostle Paul)? Canst thou say as he did, "It is no longer I who live, it is Christ who lives in me"? Canst thou say, as he wrote to the Romans, that thou walkest in newness of life, and that thou art become one same plant with Christ by the likeness of his resurrection? Dost thou feel within thee new principles, a new life, new affections; love for the gifts of heaven, and distaste for the pleasures of the world; love for the word of thy God, and distaste for the conversations that draw thee from it; love for holiness, and distaste for the sins to which thou gavest thyself up in the days of thy ignorance: love for prayer instead of dislike, which thou foundest in it formerly; love for Jesus; love for the souls that Jesus came to redeem; love for all men in return for this all-gracious love which thy God has had for thee?

Oh, my brethren, whoever you are, who can render to yourselves this testimony, take courage. You are entered into Jesus Christ; you love Him; you belong to Him; He has promised to be with you until the end of the world. Take good courage. It is to you that He has said, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may endure." Remain in Him, and He in you; remain united to Him, as the vine is to the branch, and then fear nothing, He will not abandon you.

But also you must imitate the industrious and diligent cultivator who applies himself carefully, after having grafted the wild tree, to crop all the shoots of a bitter sort that the natural branches

would still produce, in order that the precious branch which gives to the tree a new life, may receive without detriment the nourishing juice, that it may grow, that it may gather strength, and that at last it alone may put forth vigorous shoots, and give in its season fruits which may rejoice its Master.

Take care, then, says the apostle Paul to us, alluding no doubt to this parable of the spring—take care that you are striving earnestly for sanctification, without which no man shall see the Lord, "looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled" (Heb. xii. 15). Prune with care every day these natural branches, which may stifle the grace grafted in you; mortify in you every day the members of the old man; divest yourselves of the old man and of his works; and having put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him who has formed him, become, as the elect of God, clothed with feelings of mercy, of goodness, of humility, of gentleness and of patience.

Yes, my brethren, be humbled, but do not let yourselves be discouraged by those remains of the old nature, by those branches of bitter sap, which, alas, bring forth still in you too much of bitter fruit. Be deeply humiliated, but do not let yourselves be discouraged, elect of the Lord, "plants on which He has continually his eyes." And every time that at the sight of this law of sin, which still fights in you against the law of your conscience, the deep sighing of a Christian soul shall oppress your heart, and say, "Miserable that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" answer, like the apostle, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Jesus Christ, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

Strengthen yourselves, then, in the Lord, fight valiantly, and take courage! Yet some storms, yet some tempests, yet some returns of frosts, yet some miseries, some efforts, some resistances, and the old nature will be completely subdued; and you will see arise that glorious day in which the Father of his family will come and visit his fields. Then when on this terrible day "every tree that brings not forth good fruit" shall be cast away, you will by His grace be transplanted into His glory; and there in the eternal spring of Eden on high, every tear shall be wiped away, all storms shall have ceased. We shall see, we shall hear, we shall feel, what the eye has never seen, and the ear has never heard, and what the heart has never felt!

SATURDAY EVENING.

"The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

IF your life has been spent in towns, there are some of the aspects of Saturday evening which you have never known, and least of all have you learned to associate with it that sense of calm, placid joyfulness, which seems of its very essence. To those of us whose earlier days have been spent among quiet, rural scenes, the very name of Saturday evening brings restfulness even yet amid the bustle of a great city, to whose ever-surging activities scarce even Sunday seems able to say, "Peace, be still." We close our eyes, and immediately we are back in an old-fashioned village, a centre of farmsteads. At one end of it lay three bosky parks, "Cow-fields" the country folk called them, and on Saturday evenings these were all astir. The maidens seemed to go to their milking more briskly than on other nights: their faces were brighter, and their dress was more neat than usual, and perchance by their side to carry the pitcher home, was some favoured lad, glorious in clean moleskin, and brown with six days' labour in the sun. Young husbands sauntered past our door with little children in their arms, or "toddling" by their side, and went their ways to watch the milking, or wander over the soft grass under the sweet light of a setting summer sun.

As the evening hours went on, the road which ran through the village grew "busy" with young folk going home, in their hands generally a little bundle tied up in a coloured handkerchief; young lads whose work lay miles off trudging homewards, their earnings in their pockets, to spend the Sunday under the parental roof, or to pour some story of affection into willing ears; young lasses who were "at place," coming to spend at least the evening with their mothers.

And by-and-by the village "shop"—that wonderful little shop with everything in it!—grew crowded, as village folks deem crowds. I remember yet the creaking baskets which the women carried, and which were to bear home a week's supplies, bread, butter, eggs, candles, and—most indispensable—the ounce of peppermints, to help out children's patience next day at church. There was no hurrying through the purchases, for the shop was the spot where the parish held levee, and many a family "chat" was held in it, and friends who scarcely ever met elsewhere discussed their household affairs together there, or talked the news of the country-side.

At last the family gathered in the little cottage, and in the "gloamin'," if it was summer, or by the light of the candle, if it was winter, took their evening meal, and each told how it had fared with him or her during the week. The father and mother listened, pleased to hear how their son succeeded in his apprentice-work, or how their daughter had got golden words of approval from her mistress; or perhaps, the talk was interrupted, as the poet Burns tells, by some "neebor lad" whose "rap comes gently to the door." But, above all things, it was a "family" season; and what Christmas Day is in busy London, where households, saving then, see so little of each other, that many a Saturday evening was in days which are not so old, and is still in many an English hamlet and Scottish glen.

Such has been the Saturday evening of the country through generations: calm, but not inactive; restful, but not listless; sweetly linking together the action of the week and the rest of a Sabbath day; the blending made complete, when the father of the family read from "the big ha' Bible," and then knelt in prayer, never forgetting

SATURDAY EVENING. [W. R. Bigg.

to pray that "the rest of the night" might "prepare for the exercise of the coming day."

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
'No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

I cannot write of these things without recalling one Saturday evening spent among the Highland hills of Scotland. Going out for a solitary stroll, I wandered to the top of a hill which overlooks Loch Tay. Going up the one side, I had seen in the distance the cone-shaped peak, grey and bare, Sinai-like, of Schiehallion; but from the top the fair Loch Tay lay stretched before me, and as, amid the deepening shadows, I looked down on it through the trees, the silent glory of nature seemed to enter into one's inmost soul, and fill it with silent praise. I wandered down to the water's side, and stood awhile on the little knoll where the river Tay issues from its parent-lake, and where, too, stands the sweet church of Kenmore. The church was open, and the church choir was singing the next day's psalms and hymns: and just then the sounds which passed out into the porch where I stood were the simple, quaint strains of "St. Mary's." There was something in the song and its surroundings never to be forgotten—in one's ears, the old melody which Englishmen and Scotchmen have sung for centuries, which we in England sing to the hymn which speaks of "Mercy's gate"—

"A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in";

before one's eyes Loch Tay, most peaceful of Scottish lakes; the great "bens" hidden the while in the gathering darkness; the little hills, which form the near view, "rejoicing on every side." It remains to the soul an indestructible picture, a very parable of Saturday evening for the time to come.

So much for the ideal Saturday evening, as the city man will say, who, even to the week's close, half-holiday and all, somehow cannot work himself out of his work-a-day feelings till Sunday morning comes: and certainly there is another side of Saturday evening, with which they whose weakness does not lie towards country life, and who do not "babble o' green fields," are more familiar; a side full of interest, too, and brimful of study in human nature—the Saturday evening of the city. I do not speak of what it is in our West-end—there I scarce think it differs much from other nights; but, as we have been talking of plain people throughout, let us talk of plain people still. The picture now is a less restful picture; it is indeed rather a stage than a picture, and crowds of men and women are seen passing and repassing continually: it is a night of buying and selling, of concert-going, and I know not of how manifold activities. In London, for instance, especially just a little way outside that charmed circle which we call "the city," the main thoroughfares are full of bustle. The shopkeeper has made his windows vanish, and his wares are open to the street, while he himself bawls in your ears the story of their excellence. Woe to you if you linger a little merely to look; his discourse immediately receives a personal application, for this is a night for buying, and not for looking on. The streets are full of purchasers: housewives buying the Sunday's dinner, girls buying some fascinating scarf, the thoughtful lad, perchance, picking up a book at some stall.

Upon such scenes that wonderful man Dr. Kitto, ardent student, to whom nothing human was alien, loved to look. However busy he had been all the week he seldom missed the "glory of the shops" on Saturday night. "This was because," he says, "as an observer of character, I took much interest in seeing the working people abroad with their wives, laying out the money which their week's labour had produced, and in witnessing the activity which this circumstance gave to many streets, and inspecting the commodities there exposed for sale in the open air. I felt that I could enter with interest into the feelings of the various parties pausing, hesitating, or purchasing, at the various shops and stalls, materials for the hiss of universal fry, which on Saturday night ascends from fifty thousand hearths, and for the scarcely more enjoyed bake of the Sunday dinner." And then this deaf man, who saw so much, pictures the home-going, and the sensation caused among the children as the "treasures of the basket" were displayed; and tells even of the interest which the bands of barrel-organists, and fiddlers, and singers, called out in him, while he watched the impression made upon bystanders. It would, I think, do good to the heart of many a man whose six days are spent behind a ledger, and whose seventh is passed in Christian worship and work, to spend a Saturday evening hour in studying with kindly eye the ways of his poorer brethren and sisters as they go to market. If only the curse of drink were removed, and the multitude of licensed drinking-places diminished, Saturday night would bring less of sadness and more of cheerfulness even to the poorest places of the great city. The Master who did so love to be among the people, would teach an observer of the busy scenes lessons which are worth his learning, and would answer in new ways the question, which, alas, in the crowd and bustle of city-life, has become so clamant for an answer, "And who is my neighbour?" To such a man Sunday would dawn with a fairer light, and he would go to his church and to his Sunday-school more full of power, because more full of sympathy.

But there is another side still to Saturday evening, to which these thoughts lead us: it is a time of preparation. Isaac Taylor speaks of it as "Saturday evening, which devout persons, whose leisure permits them to do so, are accustomed to devote to preparatory meditation," and the whole of that book of his which takes its name from it, is based upon the

idea of this evening as being a preparation for Sabbath rest. If we go back into the history of old times, we find it bearing throughout the same character; and there are signs that in the early centuries the Church gave it a place in its regard by the very side of the Lord's Day. It was one of the Gregories, I think, who spoke of Saturday and Sunday as "sisters," and said that one could not speak lightly of the one without offering insult to the other; whilst in the Church of Ambrose at Milan their near kinship was similarly recognised. Turning to more recent times, however, we do not find it generally regarded as holding quite so high a place; and, while the sentiment which regards it as a vestibule to that temple of worship, the Lord's Day, has exerted an abiding influence, it has not come specially within the circle of "sacred seasons." Yet there are some traces in the history of Scottish Presbyterianism of men being blamed and even had up before the "session," for such an offence as late trading on Saturday night.

For instance, an old Scotch session-record contains a reference to the trial of some culprit, for "selling of milk on ane Satturday at nyt after ten o'clock." And there is still clearer evidence that in the Puritan colony of New England it received from the beginning special recognition. Indeed, there is some reason to suppose that, following Jewish modes in this as in some other things, the Puritans of New England kept their Sabbath from sunset to sunset; a practice which has been kept up by some of their descendants till very recent times.

It is not unnaturally supposed that this was due to the influence of John Cotton, a man who was counted for little less than a prophet in New England, and whose practice in this matter is not left in doubt. "The Sabbath," says Cotton Mather, "he began the evening before; for which keeping of the Sabbath from evening to evening, he wrote arguments before his coming to New England, and I suppose it was from this reason and practice that the Christians of New England have generally done so too. When that evening arrived he was usually longer in his exposition in his family than at other times; he then catechised his children and servants, and prayed with them, and sang a psalm: from thence he retired into study and secret prayer, till the time of his going unto his repose." It seems as if the meditations which had preceded this "repose" combined with it to send him forth on the following day like a giant refreshed; for we are told that he had "such an insinuating and melting way in his preaching, that he would usually carry his very adversary captive after the triumphant chariot of his rhetoric"; and that "whatever he delivered in the pulpit was soon put into an order of court, if of a civil, or set up as a practice in the church, if of an ecclesiastical, concernment." This was the man whose individuality was stamped upon the opening life of Massachusetts, a man in whom the spirit of Christianity was clad in a somewhat Mosaic form, and whose views on such questions as that of the Sabbath might be characterised as Judaic in their outward seeming; but, withal, a man whose religion was so intensely real that men were fain to take it for all-in-all from its inner spirit to the very hem of its garment. And so, as it would seem through this man's influence, Saturday evening became a sacred season to the men of New England.

We on our part are content, however, to place it within the domain of Christian liberty, and rightly so. Only let the sentiment of preparation and anticipation be tenderly fostered, and only let it be in some sort a meet gateway out of the God-given week of work into the God-given day of rest, let even the hard-pressed hail it as carrying within it the promise of a morrow on which a risen Saviour will say, "Peace be with you!"—then, however it is outwardly spent, it will not be spent in vain. And thus, week linked to week, life will run its holy way of faith and love, till it also comes to its Saturday evening, which is the "gate of heaven."

ANDREW CARTER.

Faith and Prayer.

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—*John* xvi. 24.

MOURNER! thou whose tears are flowing
While no comforter seems nigh;
Thou who weepest, all unknowing
Of Thy gracious Friend on high;
O believe! believe and pray,
Jesus will not say thee nay!

Thou whose heart is almost breaking
With life's toil and care and pain,
What though now thy watching, waking
Seemeth to be all in vain;
O believe! believe and pray,
Jesus will not say thee nay!

Thou who com'st with earnest pleading
For some loved one wand'ring far
From the path of life, unheeding
Where the hidden dangers are:
O believe! believe and pray,
Jesus will not say thee nay!

Thou whose life is spent in striving
'Gainst the swelling tide of sin;
Long'st thou for that blest reviving
Ere the years of peace begin?
Still believe, believe and pray,
Jesus will not say thee nay!

Though His promise seem delaying,
Patient wait thou to the end;
He is but in mercy staying
Ere th' o'er-flowing cup He send:
Trust Him still, believe and pray,
Never will He say thee nay!

Come in joy and come in sorrow,
Come to Jesus as thy Friend;
Be not careful for the morrow,
He will keep thee to the end:
Only trust, believe and pray,
And He will not say thee nay.

L. E. BINGHAM.

GEORGE HAYDON'S FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

OF all the youths belonging to my flock, there was not one in whom I felt a deeper interest than George Haydon.

He was, without exception, the most beautiful youth that ever my eyes beheld. His stature, which was somewhat tall for his years (he was between

sixteen and seventeen), his golden hair, of silken softness, his large blue eyes, brimful of intelligence, his broad and lofty forehead, indicating mental endowments of the highest order, his fair complexion and exquisitely-formed and well-proportioned features —all combined to give him such a prepossessing appearance that he could not fail to attract the attention of even the most casual observer.

Fair as the casket was, the jewel within was fairer still. A more amiable disposition, a more generous heart or a braver spirit never animated a human frame. Thus formed to be an equally admired and loved, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he became a universal favourite.

Being an only son, the danger was that he should be "idolised," as it is called, or that he should take that place in the hearts of his parents and of his only sister which the Creator claims for Himself, and that by over-indulgence, he should become what is significantly designated a "spoilt child."

Fortunately, however, a counteractive to this existed in the piety of his mother on the one hand, and the sternness of his father's rule on the other. Mr. and Mrs. Haydon both alike loved their boy, and both alike were justly proud of him, and as he was their only son, it was their hope that he would be spared to grow up to manhood, take his father's place in the firm, and be the comfort and joy of their declining years.

With a view to the realisation of this hope, it was after long and painful deliberation, in which I bore a part, resolved that George should go abroad, and it was arranged that he should make his first voyage to Calcutta.

With that love of romance so common in boys of his age, and with his imagination excited at the prospect of adventures in distant lands, and amidst strange scenes, he was not only willing but eager to fall in with the proposed arrangement. Although Mr. Haydon, after having made up his mind thus to send George off to get some practical knowledge of the commercial world previous to settling down to business, took care never to express the slightest degree of doubt as to the wisdom of the step he had resolved on taking, it was evident that he was sadly distressed at the prospect of parting with his boy. As for the mother, while she gave her consent to the arrangement, she never attempted to conceal the fact that she did so merely out of deference to her husband and the urgent entreaties of the lad. It was vain to try to persuade her, either of the necessity or the utility of the measure, for she seemed to have some instinctive dread of the consequence in which it would result. When at last, however, it was fixed that he should go, she set herself quietly, although sadly, about preparing his outfit. She took a melancholy pleasure in attending personally to all the details of this business, taking care that he should be well furnished with all sorts of clothing and other necessaries which might be requisite for his comfort when he should be beyond the reach of her maternal care. When at last the "kit" was complete on the morning of the 15th of October, the day fixed for his departure, presenting him with a new Bible on which she had with her own hand inscribed his name, she drew from him the promise that he would daily read a portion of the Holy Book, and morning and evening remember her in his prayers.

Not much was said at this last interview between them, but many and tender were their mutual caresses. "God bless you, my darling boy, my dear, my own, my only son." "God bless you, my own, sweet, darling mother! Don't be so vexed; I will soon be back! Going to India is nothing at all nowadays, and you know that this will be the best part of my education! There now," he said, giving her another kiss; "my darling mother, don't cry any more. I'm off to get things ready for the train. I'll be home by Christmas twelve-months, and see if I don't bring you and Maud some splendid presents from Calcutta." So saying, he rose and was making towards the door. "George, George!" sobbed his sorrow-stricken mother, "just one kiss more! Now mind that you don't forget your Bible, and that you pray for your poor heartbroken mother; for I shall never be happy more until I see you again."

Before starting by train for London, where he was to embark for Calcutta, George came to bid me good-bye. I found him in a somewhat anxious state of mind. I had frequently spoken to him on the question of his own personal interest in Christ, but had never received that satisfaction as to his safety in Jesus that I should have liked. The present circumstances I felt were peculiarly favourable for close personal dealing, and I resolved to embrace the opportunity. The result was highly satisfactory. George had been experiencing the usual difficulty as to the want of feeling, and I tried to put him right on that point.

"Have you got your passage taken out?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the vessel?"

"The 'Mongolia.'"

"Have you seen the 'Mongolia?'"

"No, of course I have not; you know I have never seen either sea or ship in my life."

"Who is the proprietor of the vessel?"

"Lockhart and Co."

"Have you seen Lockhart and Co.?"

"No, not I. I did not think it was necessary."

"Are you quite sure, then, that there are such parties, and that there is such a vessel, and that when you go to London you will find a berth in the 'Mongolia' prepared for you?"

"Sure! Why, yes, of course I am."

"How are you sure; on what ground do you rest your assurance?"

"On what ground am I sure? Well, here is my ticket. I got it sent me when so much of the passage-money was sent."

"And do you mean to say, that that bit of paper is the only ground on which you are building your hope of being taken to Calcutta?"

"Why, of course it is."

"Well, now George; that is merely the written word of a man, and yet on the strength of it, you are leaving your father and mother and home and going off to India?"

"Yes, but you see they are bound to take me; it's a bargain between them and me."

"Just so, and you are sure that they will fulfil their bargain."

I then applied the illustration and showed him God's written word is the ground of our assurance, that our feelings have nothing in the first instance to do with it, that all we have got to do is take out our passage, without money and without price,

and then to trust in God that He will make good his engagement and land us safe in heaven.

It seemed as if new light had fallen from heaven on his mind, and as we rose from our knees at the table, where these lines are being penned, after we had knelt in prayer, with his countenance radiant with joy, while at the same time his long eyelashes were wet with tears, he said, "I see things now as I never saw them before. I was waiting to feel; now I feel in spite of myself. I was waiting to feel before I could be sure that I was safe; now that I am sure that I am safe I feel happier than ever I felt before."

After this visit I never saw George Haydon any more. He sailed to Calcutta as it had been arranged, enjoyed the voyage out immensely, wrote home frequently while in that "City of Palaces." His parents' hearts were cheered by the lively and glowing epistles of their hopeful son, and at length patience seemed to be About to receive its reward by their seeing him once more at home.

The vessel had left Calcutta and was in the river on its homeward voyage. But, alas for human hopes. Cholera broke out on board on the second day of the voyage. Cholera! that dreadful scourge of oriental regions! More deadly a destruction far than pestilence or famine! And amongst its victims was numbered George Haydon.

Intelligence of the appalling calamity was telegraphed to the proprietor of the vessel, to whom I happened to be known, and he wrote requesting me to break the sad news to the young man's parents.

Never did I feel so crushed and overwhelmed in all my life with such a message. I knew not what to do. The father might possibly survive the shock—but the mother! I felt sure that the tidings would be her death. Her life had been bound up in that of her boy. She had been subject to heart-disease, moreover, and could not bear excitement. I felt as if I had been chosen to do the dreadful work of an executioner, and I could not help chafing at the owner of the unfortunate vessel for having saddled me with such an awful responsibility.

Go, however, and break the terrible news, I must, and so with heavy heart and leaden steps, I repaired to the house which, from the moment I should cross its threshold, was doomed to become the dismal tomb in which a family's joy should be for ever buried.

In vain I tried to conceal my emotion, and my embarrassment at once betrayed the fact that I was the bearer of a secret which I knew not how to reveal. The keenness of the maternal instinct divined the truth before I had uttered it: "You have heard about George; how is he?"

I hesitated. In her anxiety for an answer a moment seemed an hour; and before I could form my mouth to give a reply, she exclaimed, in an agony of rising but suppressed emotion, "Oh, tell me, is he alive or dead?"

I could not say he was alive, and she at once concluded that he was dead, and heaving a deep sigh she fell on the floor, as if pierced through the heart with a deadly weapon.

It proved just as I had feared. The blow was too much for her, and it may be said to have been fatal in its results, for although she rallied so far as to be able after a lengthened illness to move about, the strength of her life was gone, and henceforth there was nothing for her, but to wait for the longed-for hour of her discharge when she should be allowed to go to her son who never could come back to her.

George's body was taken ashore, and along with that of the captain, who fell a victim to the same malady, was laid in its final resting-place in Diamond Harbour. He fell asleep in Jesus, who sealed him as his own before he set out on his first and what was destined to prove his last voyage, and there in that far-distant spot, washed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, he rests until the resurrection morning.

J. K. H.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

IN A CHURCH AT LUBECK IS THE FOLLOWING MURAL INSCRIPTION:—

You call Me the Master	and you do not question Me.
You call Me the Light	and you do not look to Me.
You call Me the Way	and you do not follow Me.
You call Me the Life	and you do not wish for Me.
You call Me the Wise	and you give Me no attention.
You call Me the Lovely	and you love Me not.
You call Me Rich	and you ask Me nothing.
You call Me the Everlasting	and you seek Me not.
You call Me the Merciful	and you trust Me not.
You call Me the Noble	and you serve Me not.
You call Me the Almighty	and you honour Me not.
You call Me the Righteous	and you fear Me not.
I condemn you	and you cannot blame Me.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MAY 1.

LOST AND FOUND. LUKE XV. 1–10.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 10.—'*Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*'

CONNECTION.—Since the date of the preceding Lesson, our Lord had remained in Peræa: He is now again on His way to Jerusalem (ch. xiii. 22); to the Feast of Dedication (John x. 22). Somewhere in His progress He had once more accepted an invitation from a leading Pharisee (ch. vii. 36; xi. 37) to eat bread on the Sabbath day (ch. xiv. 1). Again He had been invidiously 'watched,' and had uttered words of solemn warning. As He arose from the table and went forth, great multitudes accompanied Him (ch. xiv. 25); and in particular many of the outcasts, encouraged by His sympathy.

I. JESUS RECEIVING SINNERS.—*Read vers.* 1, 2. There is no emphasis in the word **Then.** The reference is to our Lord's whole ministry at that time. **The tax-gatherers and sinners** were continually **drawing near,** in some measure, perhaps, attracted by His bold rebukes of the Pharisees (comp. Mark xii. 37), but more by His gentleness and love. And His intercourse with these outcasts was *familiar.* **He** not only **receiveth sinners,** it was said, **but eateth with them.** It was this, especially, that aroused the scorn of the self-righteous. 'If He were of God, would He not choose as His associates the pure and the holy?' Or if He addressed the sinful and the vile, would it not be as from some higher ground, holding Himself at a distance while He rebuked their sins, and taught them the way of holiness? That He should come down to the level of these degraded ones was the chief wonder. Is not a man known by the company he keeps? Nor is it always well to consort with the vicious. 'It may have been the wisdom of those who knew themselves predisposed to the infection to flee from the infected; but He was the Physician who boldly sought out these, that His health might overcome their disease, His righteousness their sin' (*Trench*). Perhaps we can hardly enter into the feelings of these **Scribes and Pharisees**—their astonishment and loathing at a thing so new. For Christianity has effected a revolution in men's thoughts on the matter. 'Would any one think it a reproach now to a teacher or minister of religion that he sought out the sinful? that he went among the lower and more degraded of his fellow-creatures, and acted on his Master's principle, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance"? These things are understood, now, thanks to the Gospel. There is such a thing as reflected light; and much of what we call humanity or good sense is in reality the effect of having long had Christ (as He Himself says) "teaching in our streets."'* So in a measure we can understand this—abhorrence of the sin, sympathy with the sinner; infinite Holiness and infinite Love! And if He attracted the guilty, and Himself went among them, it was only to rescue, to transform. They all felt, as they flocked around Him, that He who received them as sinners, would not leave them in their sins.

II. PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP.—*Read vers.* 3–7. The imagery of this parable would come home to Christ's hearers, both as inhabitants of that pastoral region, and as readers of the Old Testament Scriptures. Soon afterwards, he expanded the thought into those two Divine discourses recorded John x. The chief lessons of the parable are the compassion of the shepherd, the helplessness of the **sheep,** the joy of recovery, with an implied rebuke to the would-be shepherds of the people for their want of charity (Ezek. xxxiv. 4). **The wilderness,** in which the **ninety-and-nine** are left, is no wild desert, but the open pasture-land, in which they might safely graze, under the care of servants. In the application of the parable the Scribes and Pharisees are permitted to regard themselves as in God's fold. Jesus had often enough exposed their hollow and insincere character. Now He says, *Even though you were all you seem to be,* it is natural to **leave** you to **seek the lost. What man of you?** *Man* is emphatic. If you would do this, need you wonder that it is God's way? The appeal is to something more than the shepherd's sense of proprietorship. To recover **one** out of **a hundred,** as a mere matter of gain, would hardly be worth the trouble, but the shepherd feels for the forlorn condition of the silly wandering creature. 'Is there in reality a creature in the animal world more to be pitied than a strayed sheep? It is destitute both of the instinct necessary to find its way, and of every weapon of self-defence. It is a prey to any beast which may meet it; it deserves as no other being in nature the name of *lost*' (*Godet*). Note the *persistency* of the shepherd; **until he find it:** after a journey, it may be, prolonged and painful,* his *tenderness* to the wanderer when found, **layeth it on his** (literally His *own*) **shoulders,** his heartfelt delight; **rejoicing:** and the way in which that delight is shared; **he calleth together his friends and neighbours.** Then follows the sublime application. The sheep restored is **the sinner that repenteth;** the fold is **heaven,** and the **joy** is that which fills this home of blessedness and love.

> But who, exactly, are the **ninety-and-nine which need no repentance?** Generally, the Pharisees, *taken at their own estimate.* See the *Prayer of Manasses* in the Apocrypha: 'Thou, therefore, O Lord, that art the God of the just, hast not appointed repentance to the just, as to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, which have not sinned against Thee; but Thou hast appointed repentance unto me that am a sinner.' But our Lord's words go beyond any such reference, intimating, first, that there is something corresponding to human sympathies in the regard paid by heaven to earth. It is natural to us to feel a keener joy, for the time at least, over that which we have just recovered, than over that which has long been safe with us. Heaven also is conscious of this joy. Then, again, as Dr. Chalmers has shown in his *Astronomical Discourses,* these just persons may represent *the unfallen part of the creation,* and the wandering sheep our sinful humanity—'all the sympathies of heaven awake on the enterprise of Him who has travelled in the greatness of His strength to seek and to save us.'†

III. PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.—*Read vers.* 8–10.—This parable repeats in substance the lesson of the former, yet with interesting and beautiful variations. That was a parable for the *field,* coming home to the men among His hearers: this is one for the *home,* touching the hearts of the women. Note the difference between the two *kinds* of loss; the

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* Dr. C. J. Vaughan, *Words from the Gospels,* Sermon ii. 'Christ eating with Sinners.'

* Many readers will here be reminded of Miss Clephane's exquisite little poem, beginning,

> "There were ninety and nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold."

† *Astronomical Discourses,* p. 153 (R.T.S. ed.). See the whole passage.

sheep signifying foolish, yet voluntary wandering, this **piece of silver** or *drachma* (equal to the denarius) the unconscious state of many a sinner; and in the *proportion* of loss—to the shepherd the hundredth part, to the **woman** one-tenth. Observe, the lost coin is *silver* still; every soul is precious, although lost: and it is a *coin*, it bears the King's image and superscription, though defaced, and in the dust. If in the former parable the Shepherd may in its highest application denote Christ Himself, so here the woman may represent the Church. Note the vivid picture of carefulness and perseverance in the quest—the **lighted candle**, the **house swept** in all its corners, 'not without dust,' *Bengel*, and the persistent searching **until the drachma is found.** Then, again, there is **joy**: the **friends and neighbours** being now more explicitly interpreted as the **angels of God**, while a hint of a yet higher gladness is conveyed in the words **In the presence of**, etc., not simply *among* the angels, as though the gladness were theirs only; but in the realm where they dwell. The joy fills heaven, and is preeminently the joy of GOD HIMSELF. The salvation of men is 'the pleasure of the Lord,' Isa. liii. 10, 'the joy that was set before Christ,' Hebrews xii. 2. In this His Church shares; but mark a difference even here. The Shepherd said, **My sheep**, the woman does not say, **My** piece of silver. On the other hand, the woman says, **which I had lost**, the Shepherd only, **which was lost.** 'A sheep,' says *Trench*, 'strays of itself, but a piece of money could only be missing by a certain negligence on the part of such as should have kept it.'

But whether such analogies are to be pressed or not, there is in both parables a reference to the work which *we* may do, and the joy which we must feel, in the restoration of the wandering and the lost. The 'sheep' and the 'piece of silver' variously represent those whom we are to seek. All high qualities of character are needed for the task—manly courage, enterprise and endurance, as of the shepherd, womanly patience, diligence, and minute observation, as of the searcher for the silver. The 'candle,' too, needs to be lighted—the lamp of truth and grace; and the house must be swept, every means employed to search out for the good that is hidden or lost. Faithful preaching lights the candle; faithful organisation of charity sweeps the house (*Plumptre*). The joy over rescued souls that fills the church is above all an unselfish joy. The friends and neighbours of the parables are the fellow-disciples of those who have been successful in Christ's work, and who joyfully tell what they have been enabled to do for Him. The joy of many a missionary meeting has been like this joy of angels!

QUESTIONS.

1. On what other occasions was our Lord blamed for receiving sinners?

2. Where else does the parable of the Lost Sheep occur? Does it appear to have been spoken twice?

3. 'Lost in the mountains;' 'lost in the house.' What contrast in the characters of sinners may here be suggested?

4. Illustrate from other passages the interest which the angels feel in the triumphs of Christ's love.

The Clock to its Owner.

Moved by a spring thou canst not see,
My hands I use in serving thee:
Hands, heart, and tongue—constrained by love—
Give *thou* to serve thy Lord above!

Pages for the Young.

AN ILL WEED.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

DEAR children, who amongst you has a bad temper?

What a queer question, some of you think, and you are glad that people are not rude enough to ask you each what kind of a temper yours is; such a question would be so difficult to answer! You would hardly like to confess, "My temper is bad;" and you would not choose to say, "My temper is good," for that would sound so conceited.

But these printed lines cannot perplex you. Don't be afraid; I shall not want an answer. But just ask yourselves the question, "What sort of a temper have I?" and answer it truly and plainly to yourselves. . . . I am afraid if you have answered at all, that you have been obliged to acknowledge that you are sometimes passionate or sulky, cross or obstinate, envious or disagreeable.

I hope many of you are "children of light," that is, that you are trying to follow the blessed Lord Jesus, and are fighting under his banner against evil. The "children of light" desire to root out all weeds of wickedness from their hearts, and to cultivate the beautiful growths of love and joy, peace and gentleness.

I shall speak to those of you who would like to be helped in the way to heaven, and I will speak about a common fault which springs up in almost every human heart.

Its name is bad temper.

Dear children, if you only could know what a trial that weed is to the people who grow it; and to all who live with those who allow it to get the mastery!

Dig it up! dig it up, I pray you!

Ah, what deep roots it has; what a fast hold it has got. It will not be pulled up easily; you must dig deep and far.

A man I once knew considered that he had an excellent temper. His face was smiling, his words were kind, and people thought that his heart-garden at least must have been free from the "ugly weed." He was rich and prosperous, and everybody spoke well of him. His servants obeyed him, his children loved him; he had everything that he wanted, and did everything that he liked. But trials came. His ships went down at sea; poverty threatened him; his workpeople left him for richer masters; his good health failed him.

Where was his excellent temper then? His children learned to creep away from his sight for fear they should hear cross words; his friends pitied him for his misfortunes, but they pitied him more for the spirit of grumbling discontent, and for the fits of fury that overcame him. The "ugly weed" had been growing on unchecked, and now, when it had an opportunity, it overran the whole plot of garden-ground.

Yes, it is easy to keep bad temper hidden when we have happiness and prosperity to cover its ugly form from sight.

I heard of an old Christian negro the other day who tried hard to conquer his bad temper. At last he hit upon a droll plan. It was his wife with whom he quarrelled most: he bade her have a can of water always standing by, and when she felt angry with him for anything he said, she was to fill her mouth with the water to prevent herself from answering; and in his turn, when he was provoked, he would rush to the can and fill his mouth.

"It takes two to dispute," he said; "and there will be no dispute when one of us has a mouth full of water."

But the plan, funny as it was, did not answer. Bad temper is not to be conquered by a draught of spring water—and this the black man found. He tried the right plan at last: he took his heart to Jesus, and asked the Lord to root out the ill weed.

Two boys were disputing one day; they quarrelled so that they came to blows. Their father separated them, and spoke very seriously to them. "I am surprised at you, John," said he to the elder; "you are generally such a good boy."

"I would be good if he did not provoke me," said John, looking angrily at his brother.

Yes, and everyone can be good-tempered when no one provokes; and small credit does such good temper deserve! It is when things go against us, when people irritate and vex us, that it is good to be patient.

There was a lad who, from his very babyhood, had been noted for his fits of passion. His brothers and sisters all tried to avoid offending him, but every now and then a storm of rage would come, and he cared not what he said or did, so angry was he. He heard people talk about following Christ, and he thought that he should like to have the great God for his Father, the Lord Jesus for his friend, and the blessed Spirit to dwell in his heart instead of the evil thoughts and bad desires which always reigned there. He went to Jesus in prayer, and asked Him for grace to give himself to God. For days afterwards he hoped that he really was a child of the Heavenly King, and that he had really received a new, clean heart, washed in the blood of Christ. But soon he fell into one of his passions. "Never mind," Satan whispered to him, "You were born with a bad temper, and God knows that you cannot help it." For a little while he listened to this tempter; but after a bit he saw how false the words were. Certainly he had been born with a bad temper, but was his old nature stronger than God's grace? No, no; that the ill weed in his heart was so old and strong was no reason that he should allow it to flourish still, and destroy the sweet flowers which God loves to see grow and bloom. So he set to work to root it out. How hard he worked! How he struggled with that evil weed! Sometimes he fancied that he had conquered it, and then it would crop up where he least expected it. But he was successful, for he tried the same plan as the old black man tried at last—asking God's help to cast it out.

If any of you are tempted by hearing Satan whisper that you "cannot help" your bad temper, or your disagreeable words and looks, don't believe him! You can help it if you go the right way to help it. It may be your nature; a great many other bad things are your nature, but God's grace is stronger than any nature which ever was in man from Adam's day till now.

Take courage, then, dear children.

You know there is a great talk of temperance societies, and working societies, and bands of hope. Very good things, many of them are, I am sure; but suppose somebody should start a "Society for the Suppression of Bad Temper," who would join it? There would have to be rules, of course, and fines, perhaps; and members would engage not only to try to keep their own tempers, but to abstain from causing other folks to lose theirs.

But until somebody starts such a society, let us try, each one alone earnestly and heartily, what may be done. The child who tries in a right spirit will be the happier and the better for trying; and therefore the world will be happier and better in the long run. I heard an old song years ago, and the chorus was:

> "Let each before his own door sweep,
> And the city will be clean!"

And so, dear children, if we each try to keep our own plot of "heart-garden" free from this ill weed there will be no saying how much good we shall do.

And our motto must be—patience and prayer.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

1. One who was taught in language clear and plain,
   That kings should from strong drink and wine abstain.
2. One whom God richly in his household blessed,
   Because within his walls the ark had rest.
3. A wife who disobeyed her husband's word,
   And ne'er again his kingly summons heard.
4. One whom God promised evermore to bless,
   Because he helped His prophet in distress.
5. A boy whose history plainly shows us all
   God's ear is open to His children's call.
6. One who hewed out a sepulchre on high,
   And yet was destined ne'er in it to lie.
7. One whose bride brought him from her father's hand,
   Fresh springs of water and a southern land.
8. Whom does a prophet warn us not to trust?
   And yet our hearts cry constantly, "I must!"
9. An elder well beloved by holy John.
10. An ancestor of David's royal son.
11. A king, whose heart misgave him sore, when he
    Had carried out his own unjust decree.

The initials state a truth which plainly shows
The source whence love in its best impulse flows.

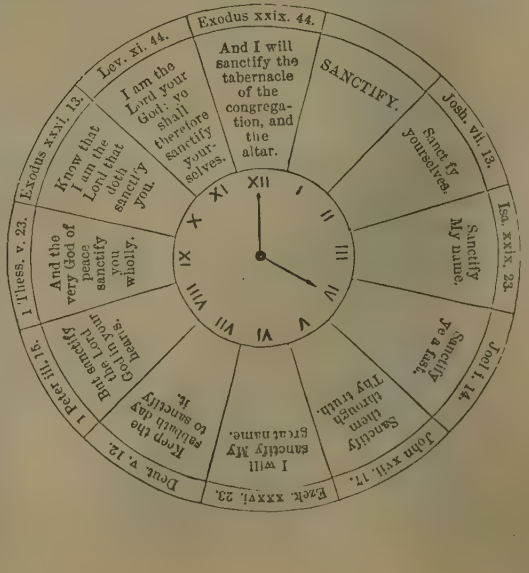
ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.—p. 205,—HOREB AND SINAI.

1. H-ebrew-*s* . . . . . 2 Cor. xi. 22.
2. O-mr-*i* . . . . . 1 Kings xvi. 28.
3. R-eube-*n* . . . . . Gen. xlix. 3.
4. E-thiepi-*a* . . . . . Psa. lxviii. 31.
5. B-arzilla-*i* . . . . . 2 Sam. xvii. 27.

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 192.


SANCTIFY.
Exodus xxix. 44.
And I will sanctify the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar.
Josh. vii. 13.
Sanct fy yourselves.
Isa. xxix. 23.
Sanctify My name.
Joel i. 14.
Sanctify ye a fast.
John xvii. 17.
Sanctify them through Thy truth.
Ezek. xxxvi. 23.
I will sanctify My great name.
Deut. v. 12.
Keep the sabbath day to sanctify it.
1 Peter iii. 15.
But sanctify the Lord in your hearts.
1 Thes. v. 23.
And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.
Exodus xxxi. 13.
Know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.
Lev. xi. 44.
I am the Lord your God: ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

INTRODUCTIONS.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER V.—CLASHINGS.

THE arrival of the two girls at their new home was on a Friday, and the next day passed quietly. Violet proved too ill after her long journey to get up, and Lettice, except during the briefest possible space at meal-times, would not leave her. Miss Temple at first demurred as to the propriety of young girls lying in bed, and discoursed on the evils of self-indulgence, after which she proceeded to an inspection of the invalid. This step might more appropriately have come first, for she thereupon changed her tone, talked in alarm of fever and infection, threatened to send for the doctor, and forbade any attempt to bring Violet out of her room that day. Lettice acquiesced in the latter plan, but advised delay as to the doctor. She did not think

aught was wrong save fatigue, and, she might have added, grief.

Sunday morning brought a change. Violet was so far better with her day of quiet, that she could dress and appear in the drawing-room after breakfast, looking not more white and languid than during many weeks past. Miss Temple's fears were allayed, and she gave herself some trouble in hunting out sundry little old Sunday story-books, remnants of her own childish days, wherewith Violet might employ herself. "It is bad to be idle," she remarked, as the child listlessly thanked her, lying back in the corner of a sofa, with the unopened books beside her, and one hand clasped in her sister's. "Time will go twice as fast, my dear, if you resolve to be busy, and you will feel better too. When I was your age I was never allowed to be idle, or to lounge on sofas, and as soon as you are a little stronger, I shall wish you to get over the habit. I dare say you will have read several stories by the time we return from church. Come, Lettice, it is time to dress."

"I am not thinking of going to-day," said Lettice.

"Not going to church?"

"No."

"On account of Violet? But she is not ill. My aunt will be down here presently, and Susan will be at home. What more can she need?"

"Nothing, except that I would rather stay with her."

"Well, *I* think that sort of idolatry positively wrong," said Miss Temple, who had set her heart on displaying her good-looking niece among church-going acquaintances that morning. "You put Violet's fancies before your own religion; I call it quite wicked. Besides, the idea is absurd—a great girl of ten to be unable to sit and read for a couple of hours! If I were you, Violet, I should insist on Lettice going. It is very bad for her not to get out more, and it is a bad habit for you, my dear, always to think of yourself before others."

Large tears were running down the child's white cheeks, and Lettice bit her lip to keep back the angry words which fought for utterance. "I cannot go," she said; "I cannot leave Violet."

"You will please yourself, of course; it seems to me you have both been trained to do that, at any rate. I should certainly have expected—under the circumstances— a little more submission to my wishes—merely as my due—but of course——"

"I think you have said enough," broke in Lettice.

Miss Temple rustled out of the room in her purple silk, not a little displeased, and Violet whispered eagerly, "Lettice, you must go."

"No, my darling."

"Yes, you must, just to please me. It is good for you, as she said—and she is angry. Oh, do go, Lettice. I'll try to be good. Don't wait. Please go."

Lettice yielded, though with a heavy heart. She gave scant time to preparation, and when Miss Temple came back, resplendent in her Sunday bonnet of straw-coloured silk, on the summit of which nodding poppies vied with bobbing ears of wheat, she found Lettice in bonnet and jacket.

"So you are coming after all," said Miss Temple, mollified.

"Violet wishes it."

"Violet is a good girl; I shall try to think of some treat for her," said Miss Temple.

Violet sighed—a heavy unchildlike sigh—and drew her sister down for a kiss. "Don't be too long," she whispered.

"Not a moment longer than I can help. Is your head aching?"

"Not very much. I needn't talk to the old lady when she comes down, need I?"

"No, you had better lie still, and shut your eyes."

Violet obeyed, and Lettice went after Miss Temple, not patiently, not submissively, but with the self-control of one who had made up her mind to do or bear anything for the sake of securing a comfortable home for Violet. The simple human will, unassisted, has power of resolution and power of action, but there is ever a point where it must fail to stand test, and where that point lies none can tell till the moment of its breaking.

"We have not far to go to church," Miss Temple remarked, with an air of complaisance, as they passed through Brentwood High Street, "only five minutes' walk. There is a chapel of ease also at the poorer end of the place, and Mr. Gray preaches there, but he is not so much liked as Mr. Desborough. Mr. Desborough has not been here long, and he is very popular. He has a mother and two sisters living with him. Miss Olive Desborough always speaks to me when I come out of church, so you will have an opportunity to commence her acquaintance."

Lettice heard this and much more of the same quality, almost without hearing. Her mind was bent entirely on the recollection of the lonely and sorrowful child she had left behind her. Yet Miss Temple did not in the least imagine that she had shown any want of sympathy with the two sad-hearted girls just come into her charge. Looking no deeper than the surface, matters concerning them had to her vision a very simple colouring. They had lost their parents, which was truly melancholy; and they had lost their money, which was extremely unfortunate; and they had lost their home, which might have been a very serious matter indeed, but for her own generosity in providing them with another. The cost to herself she did by no means undervalue. The bitterness of bereavement, loss and separation to them, she quite admitted in the abstract, but in the particular she altogether failed to realise it. Of the passionate anguish which had changed the elder girl's very nature; of the overwhelming distress which had broken down the younger girl to her present feeble fractious condition, she knew nothing. Miss Temple had herself passed through sorrow, had borne loss in her own life-time. She expected others to sorrow precisely as she had sorrowed; to be comforted precisely as she had been comforted. Less expression of grief was unfeeling; greater expression of grief was repining. Miss Temple's standard by which to judge was thus an insufficient one. There were no river-depths in the shallow rivulet of her nature; and the passage of a linn there was not a possibility. And yet—and yet—with the strange complexity of human nature, she could grieve, could be pained, could love, could sympathise. But she and Lettice jarred one another at every touch.

Brentwood Parish Church was, as regarded archi-

tecture, a mixture of old and new which did not well harmonise. Down the centre aisle stood a double row of massive Norman pillars, round-arched above, dating back to the era of the Plantagenets. But the two side-aisles, with their square windows, and their heavy wooden galleries, were of modern extraction; and the huge pulpit erection of mahogany belonged to the same period.

Miss Temple's pew was a small square box, high-backed like the rest, well-lined and cushioned. In one corner, nearly lost to congregational sight, sat Vandal Temple. Miss Temple took possession of the other corner on the same side, and signed Lettice to a third, opposite her own and facing the bulk of the congregation. Lettice went to the spot indicated, and a minute later Miss Temple bent forward to whisper, "My cousins, Mrs. Temple and Sylvester, are in the next pew."

Lettice glanced back in response, but did not look round. There was just a shade of rebuke in her glance, which nettled Miss Temple. The remark seemed to her ill-timed, and two minutes later she had forgotten all about it. She noticed in the singing a sweet though worn soprano and a good bass, close at hand, but failed to connect the said voices with the Temple relatives.

The service was well ordered, the singing good, the reading good, the preaching good. There was much in it that day well fitted to comfort a mourner; yet to Lettice Majendie's bruised spirit there came no balm of heavenly peace, distilling softly through Bible words. For though she did not definitely know the fact, she was steeling her heart against God and against man. Nothing in life was left to her, she said, except Violet. She cared for none, and none cared for her. She stood apart, lonely and forsaken, looked upon, as it seemed to her, with cold indifference by God and man alike. For Lettice knew as yet absolutely nothing of the great "ocean-tide of love," which fills to abundant overflowing the heart of our Father in Heaven; nothing of the immeasurable love which flows like a golden river from Jesus to His redeemed ones; nothing of the pure waves of holy love, which like a breeze of heaven from the Holy Spirit sway gently the very being of those in whom He dwells. In the abstract she believed that God had a manner and measure of love for the world,—only she would have been startled had anyone asked her whether that which she called "love" in God bore close resemblance to the passion of affection which she rained upon her little sister. In truth she used the term in word and thought unmeaningly. What human love meant she very well knew, but the heavenly water Divine had not touched her lips.

The service came to an end, and after some little fluttering of gloves and books, Miss Temple rose slowly, cast a glance at Lettice, and proceeded to rustle down the aisle. The mass of the congregation were in advance. In the churchyard they paused, and Vandal came up to say to Lettice, "I hope the little girl is better."

"Thank you—rather. I must make haste home to her."

"Wait a moment, Lettice; I have to speak to my cousins," said Miss Temple, and her brother escaped. "This is Mrs. Temple—and my cousin, Sylvester Temple. My cousin, Lettice Majendie——"

Lettice bowed, but her hand was taken by the lady and pressed kindly. The black dress and semi-widow's cap within the bonnet suited well a face and figure of gentle dignity and grace. In a certain slowness of speech and manner Mrs. Temple resembled her eldest son. "We shall soon, I hope, be better acquainted," Mrs. Temple said. "When my daughter returns I hope you and she will meet often. Her friends seem unwilling to part with her yet, I am sorry to say. How is your little sister, Miss Majendie?"

"Thank you, she is poorly; I must get back to her quickly."

"Then the less we delay you, the better. I hope to see you both soon," and with a look of interest and sympathy, marked yet unobtrusive, Mrs. Temple took her son's arm, and passed on.

"Those are my cousins, Lettice," repeated Miss Temple, looking after them. "Anna Temple is my second cousin. I have few near relatives, so one thinks the more in such a case of more distant cousins. Mrs. Temple is a charming person, is she not? Here come Miss Desborough and her sister. How do you do? How *do* you do? This is my——"

Miss Temple came to a blank pause. For Lettice was gone.

"So you have your niece with you to-day, poor thing," said Miss Desborough, the taller and plainer of the two sisters; Miss Olive being plumper, prettier, and gayer in the style of her dress. There was something inclining to severity about the general outlines of Miss Desborough's face. "So you have your niece here at last. I saw her in church—a fine-looking girl, really quite handsome, but a melancholy expression—no wonder, poor thing."

"I felt sure your brother had been thinking about her to-day in his choice of a subject," said Miss Temple. "Just the very sermon for poor Lettice."

"Why, yes, it did seem to fit," remarked Miss Olive. "But indeed I don't think he designed it so, for he chose his text last Sunday, and besides none of us knew that your niece had arrived. How is the little girl?"

"A delicate child, quite a charge," said Miss Temple. "A very serious charge I feel it, such a heavy responsibility——"

"Miss Majendie is just at an age when a mother's superintendence is so needed," said Miss Olive. "Seventeen, is she not? Oh, nineteen—I thought she looked older. But girls are very unformed at nineteen. Everything depends on the influences about them. They are happy in having your kind heart to devise how to supply a mother's place."

"It is an interest, but it brings care with it," said Miss Temple, feeling herself in an unwonted position of self-denying Lady-Benefactress. "I am afraid their training hitherto has not been of the wisest."

"Then it will be your work to counteract what has gone wrong," said Miss Desborough. "A matter requiring very delicate management, and an immense amount of tact. One false step can never be retrieved."

"Love and patience will work wonders," suggested Olive.

"And firmness—nothing without firmness—firmness," said Miss Desborough, grasping her umbrella-handle. This remark was much more in accordance with her own leading idiosyncrasies than her last.

"How do you do, Miss Temple?" and the clergy-

man, a slight man, young-looking still, walked rapidly up. "How do you do? So I hear that your young charges have arrived."

"They have," and Miss Temple sighed. "It is an onerous charge for one in my position."

"Strength and wisdom will be meted out according to your day, if you look for them. Don't forget that," he said in an earnest manner. "You have plunged suddenly into the cares of family life, without the usual preparation that comes before its duties. Much heavenly wisdom will be needed."

Miss Temple was more disposed to think that she stood in need of compassion than of wisdom. "I hope to do my best for them," she said. "But Lettice is at a difficult age, and the younger child very delicate."

"Just so. Well, that is part of your burden. Better to accept the whole, without limit, than to take half with a smile and make melancholy over the other half. I am not accusing *you* of that tendency, but I find it in myself sometimes. I daresay the addition to your family may be an anxiety —may prove in some respects even a trial. But remember for your comfort and encouragement the words of our Lord, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in;' and 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.'"

Miss Temple was delighted. The words of praise put her into a pleasant glow of satisfaction, and the closing quotation did not, as it might have done, plunge her into a mood of self-searching. For *was* she indeed doing this deed unto Christ? Was it at all for His name's sake? Had she not rather taken action because the necessity arose, because the fear stirred her that Lettice must otherwise work for her livelihood? "For the Temples' sake," rather than "for Christ's sake" she had been willing to take the orphans in. How often it is so! Yet the contrast of Mr. Desborough's words with the plain reality did not trouble Miss Temple. She had an uncomfortable passing glimpse of the same, but she shut her eyes and turned from it hastily.

The pleasant glow lasted all the way homewards. Miss Temple found herself suddenly in the admired position of one doing a self-denying and conspicuous deed, at which the world looked approvingly. Miss Temple counted herself a Christian woman, but the involuntary question of her heart was not, "What will my Lord and Master think?" but "What will my friends in Brentwood think?" And by the manner of answer which she was able to supply did she shape the manner of her course.

Miss Temple forbore to blame Lettice for leaving her. She found the elder girl, unbonneted, sitting with the younger in her arms, and Violet's look was for the moment of complete though sad content. Lady Bartlett was watching them with interest from her chair, exchanging now and then a brief remark with Lettice, whose clear intonation suited her defective hearing.

"I am glad you saw my cousin," Miss Temple remarked, with an air of gratification. "Of course you have often heard about her. She has one daughter, a most charming girl. Everyone loves Brena. You and she will have to be friends."

"I do not care for people who can be friends with everybody," said Lettice.

"I am sure it is a great deal pleasanter than people who will be friends with nobody," said Miss Temple, with unwonted point. "I like it. I like a person like Brena; one who can always be depended on. And she is always so cheerful. It does one good to see her."

"I suppose she has nothing to make her otherwise," said Lettice gravely.

"She has her troubles, I suppose, like everybody else," said Miss Temple. "If I were she, I should find Mervyn a trouble, I am sure—poor fellow. He is her other brother; not the one you know."

"I do not know any of them."

"You saw Sylvester to-day, with his mother. Sylvester is a most superior young man; truly excellent and blameless. I never yet heard a word to his disparagement. He has his faults, no doubt, but I assure you it would perplex anyone to find them out. Brena says the same, and yet she has keen eyes—quite keen and observant. But she is dotingly fond of Sylvester; I assure you it is quite touching. Then Mervyn is different. He is lame, and though he is quite a genuine Temple in many respects, still, he certainly is excitable and not always sweet-tempered."

"Are Temples, as a rule, particularly sweet-tempered?" asked Lettice.

"I never heard them accused of being otherwise. I should say that an irritable temper is not a 'Temple' characteristic. My cousin, Mrs. Temple, has a wonderfully serene temperament, and Sylvester takes after her, and Brena is always bright. Then nobody could call my brother ill-tempered."

"But Mrs. Temple is not properly a 'Temple' by birth," said Lettice.

"Yes, she married her cousin. He was very like her in character. I never saw a husband and wife more alike. The only marvel is where poor Mervyn can have got his irritability from. However, as I was saying, I hope you will soon know Brena. She has been away from home about a fortnight."

"I don't suppose we shall suit," said Lettice rather wearily, for she had had enough of the subject. "I care for very few people, and one gets tired of perpetual cheerfulness in anybody."

"Tired of cheerfulness? I never heard such an idea. One may get tired of perpetual dulness easily enough,—but cheerfulness——"

Lettice attempted no response, and the dinner-bell rang. While carving cold beef and helping apple-tart, Miss Temple rejoiced in a pleasant consciousness of her own charitable actions. She felt herself to be feeding the hungry—or at least those who ought to have been hungry—and providing shelter for the homeless; and she doubted not that many a kind word had been said, or would be said, by acquaintances in Brentwood, concerning her deed. Dinner over, she wanted in the fulness of her self-satisfaction to take Violet on her knees and read to her, but Violet rejected the offer. Reading made her head ache, she said, and she curled herself again in the sofa corner, with her face down on her sister's dress, to sleep away the afternoon. To Lettice it seemed a matter of indifference what she did, so that only Violet was content. She was ready to read or be silent, talk or be idle, just as Violet's wishes might dictate.

"It is the most absolute slavery to that child that I ever saw," Miss Temple said, later in the evening, when her brother turned in to ask after "the

children," as he called them. "Violet has gone to bed, of course, and Lettice has gone to sit with her. There she will stay now, till she goes to bed herself, wasting candles at a fine rate. Cold? Yes, of course. I can't afford fires for them all the winter, just because of that child's fancies. Violet will be ruined if Lettice goes on like this, and I have told Lettice so; but she will not pay the slightest heed. As for coming down to supper, she never dreams of such a thing."

"Have patience with them, Selina," was all that Vandal said. He sat on the edge of a chair near the table, leaning forwards on the top of his stick.

"Patience! Yes, I dare say. It is easy for you, sitting in your comfortable study, without a thing in life to trouble you. I wish my life were as easy. I wonder how you would like to have two great boys put upon you suddenly—expense and management and all."

"Boys would be a more serious matter than girls," said Vandal, with the same sort of shudder that was aroused in him by the presence of a cat.

"I don't believe it. I would rather have a dozen boys to manage than Lettice Majendie. The girl is as stubborn as a mule, for all her quiet looks. She has to learn to do as she is told."

"Patience," repeated Vandal slowly. "I am sure we have need of patience with one another. And she has a hard lesson set her by God's hand just now. Don't add a harder one from your hand."

"Lesson! I don't know what you mean. What lesson?"

"Submission."

"Well, that is a lesson which Lettice has never learnt yet. And she never will—with that cha racter."

"You mean to say that God cannot teach it her? No,—I thought you would not go so far. Only perhaps unusual dealing is required in her case; and has she not had it? Poor girl."

"You need not suppose that I am not sorry for her. I am," said Miss Temple. "But I must be mistress in my own house."

"Yes, yes; only have patience, and win her heart first. All else will follow after," said Vandal.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

II.—TEXTUAL CRITICISM ILLUSTRATED.

WHILE we are still waiting for the Revised New Testament, it may be useful, and not uninteresting, to give some illustrations of the methods by which textual criticism attains its chief results. For a special reason, we select a case in which the probable conclusion will be at variance with the associations and feelings of many readers. It is hard to part with "proof texts," even though our belief may not need them for its security. Yet in this, as in every other science, the only question for the inquirer is, What is true? Happily we find, in Bible studies at least, that the simple truth, though possibly bewildering and disappointing at the first, is sure, in the end, to prove a new treasure to the intellect and heart.

Now there are few Bible words more familiar, or fraught with a meaning of deeper truth, than the phrase found in the third chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH. It compendiously describes the greatest of Christian verities—the INCARNATION, on which the doctrine and the power of the Gospel depend. To lose the phrase from the Bible would be to many almost like the vanishing of an article from their creed. Yet it would not be really so. The creed is independent of the phrase; and if we must make up our mind to the loss, it may be with the assured conviction that the doctrine remains intact. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."

But here it may be well to stop to clear away a difficulty, sometimes avowed and oftener felt by those unfamiliar with critical investigations. "If one text," it is said, "that teaches important truth, has to be surrendered, why not another? How is the 'plain reader' to tell which passages are to stand, and which will have to be removed or changed?" The answer to this is clear. The number of texts on which there is any serious doubt is, in fact, very small, and from the nature of the case that number cannot be increased. The "Variorum Bible," to which reference was made in our former article,* affords decisive testimony here. The examination of its pages will show the English reader two things: *first*, that the range of possible alteration is clearly defined and comparatively small; and, *secondly*, that no change which competent critics of any school have proposed will invalidate a single doctrine of Christianity. The fear expressed is, therefore, absolutely chimerical, and in this, as in all other matters, we may be fearless in the search for the Truth.

Returning, then, to the words in question, it will be remembered by the older students of Scripture among us, that many years since, when it first became generally recognised that Bible critics were for reading the phrase "manifested in the flesh" without the Divine name, there was an eager, and even indignant protest from orthodox theologians. The Roman Catholics, it is true, had always so taken the text, as we shall see; but for Protestants the question was thought to have been settled for ever by Bishop Pearson's disquisition.† At the beginning of the present century, however, the great critic, Dr. J. J. Griesbach, of Jena, had adopted the reading "*Who* was manifested in the flesh," instead

* "Sunday at Home," Feb. 19, 1881, p. 116.

† Pearson, "On the Creed," art. II. ch. iii., § 31, note. This work was first published in 1659.

of "*God*,"—a change set down by many to Socinian proclivities. Great efforts were made to defend the ordinary reading on the lines laid down by Pearson; especially by the late Dr. Henderson, Principal of Highbury Independent College, in his learned tractate, "The Great Mystery of Godliness incontrovertible," London, 1830. Dr. Bloomfield, the editor of a Greek Testament which in its day had considerable currency, summed up the question as one of Unitarian as opposed to orthodox criticism; and the theological writers of the time very generally followed suit.

But of late there has been a marked difference. Since the critical labours of Dr. Lachmann, of Von Tischendorf, and of Dr. Tregelles, who have all, for reasons which will be briefly indicated farther on, seen reason to endorse the conclusion of Griesbach, the general opinion of those competent to judge has decidedly concurred. The result appears in almost every revised version which of late years has been prepared for the English people. For example:—

Bishop Ellicott reads the passage; "And confessedly, great is the mystery of godliness; 'Who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.'"

The late Dean Alford translates, "And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness, who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up in glory."

The late Professor Fairbairn reads: "And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness, who was manifested in the flesh, was justified in the Spirit, was seen by angels, was preached among the Gentiles, was believed on in the world, was received up into glory."

Dr. S. Davidson renders: "And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness; in Him who was manifested in flesh, justified in spirit, seen by angels, preached among Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up in glory."

And finally, in the New Testament edited by the late Mr. Joseph Gurney, we read, "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: *even* He who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen by angels, preached on in the world, received up in glory."

A close examination of the foregoing versions will show some interesting points of difference in translation; but they are all renderings of the same original, and illustrate the singular unanimity with which the change has of late been accepted. There can be no reasonable doubt that the New Revision will follow in the same direction, and that this great text will thus become definitely altered for the English-speaking people.

But on what grounds? And how have critics been led to this conclusion?

The answer to these questions, in the particular case before us, will show how such inquiries are in every instance conducted, and will indicate something of the labour, patience, and skill required by the investigation.

Generally speaking, the correct reading of a New Testament passage is to be ascertained, 1. from the testimony of ancient MSS.; 2. from the early Versions; 3. from the quotations and references of "the Fathers;" and 4. from the sense of the passage itself. How this fourfold test is applied will appear from the treatment of the phrase in question.

I. The difference between the two readings in the earliest MSS. is simply that between ΘC and OC. The former is the usual contracted way of writing the Greek word *Theos*—God, the latter is the relative pronoun *Hos*—*Who*. Two little horizontal marks constitute the whole distinction. It has, therefore, first of all been the task of investigators to ascertain whether these marks were present or absent in the most ancient MSS. attainable.

A valuable account of the chief New Testament MSS. was given not long since in this magazine.* It will suffice, therefore, to say here that from the first six centuries of the Christian era just five MSS. of St. Paul's Epistles have come down to us, written in "uncial," i.e. capital letters. Of these five the VATICAN MS., the most ancient of all, is unfortunately deficient at this particular place,† and must therefore be thrown out of the account. Of the rest, the ALEXANDRIAN MS., now in the British Museum—a copy dating from the fifth century—has naturally been most closely examined by our scholars; and a photographed facsimile recently published by the Museum authorities gives to all an opportunity of forming an opinion for themselves. The place is worn and slightly defaced by much and close examination; the two horizontal marks are there, patent to every eye; but the colour of the ink shows them to have been added by a much later hand. It was the way with devout and enthusiastic custodians of these priceless MSS. in ancient times. If a passage seemed not to speak with sufficient clearness, they would retouch it—not in the margin only, which might have been excusable. The text itself they would ruthlessly alter, now and then indeed correcting an obvious error, but oftener obscuring most valuable facts. The question was this: Did the zealous corrector in his two marks only restore lines that had grown faint, or did he add fresh ones? If the former, it might be expected that the old marks would be discoverable in some faint way, as the difference between the ancient and the modern ink was happily very decided. To this point, therefore, close investigation has been directed, powerful lenses being employed. A trace of the ancient ink has been suspected by some observers; in fact, the older critics, as Dr. John Mill (1707), were quite sure about it. But on further investigation this has proved, according to Bishop Ellicott, to be only the cross-mark of a letter (ϵ) on the other side of the MS. showing through the vellum.‡ A very interesting account of the whole examination has been given by the Bishop in his *Commentary*, and as the result he explicitly states that the original reading is "indisputably" *Who*.

When the SINAITIC MS., of an even older date than the Alexandrian, was brought to light by Dr. Tischendorf in 1859, the text in question was natur-

* See "Sunday at Home," 1879, p. 420, ff.; also Mitchell's "Critical Handbook," Table viii.

† The gap extends from Heb. ix. 14 to the end. In ancient copies the Pastoral Epistles were placed after that to the Hebrews.

‡ This was also the opinion of the great critic and commentator, Dr. J. J. Wetstein (1752), but was questioned by Dr. Woide (1786), who published a facsimile of the MS. It is also doubted by Mr. Thompson, keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. See "Sunday at Home," 1879, p. 612, and Dr. Scrivener's "Introduction to the Criticism of N. T."

ally among the first to be examined, and the reading was found to be OC, some later scribe—"of about the twelfth century," as Tischendorf concludes from the character of the insertion—having *prefixed* the letters ΘЄ to make up the word ΘЄOC, God.* This was a different style of mending the text from that practised on the Alexandrian MS., but the intention was the same, and the evidence for the original *Who* yet more irresistible.

The next great MS. consulted (also of the fifth century) was that now in the Paris National Library, over which the works of the Syrian Ephrem had been transcribed; and the later Syriac writing renders it difficult sometimes to discern the smaller marks and lines of the faded original. It seemed certain, however, to Tischendorf, who carefully examined the MS., that the reading here also was OC. A facsimile of the passage is given in Scrivener's *Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*, quite bearing out Tischendorf's statement, except that there are marks under the word, showing it to have been read as a *dissyllable* by the scribe who made them. These, however, are evidently insertions of a later hand.

The remaining MS. which has descended to us from the same era, is the famous Clermont MS. (*Codex Claromontanus*) of the sixth century, also in the Paris National Library. Here we meet with a variation which, for a reason presently to be stated, rather confirms the older reading. Instead of OC we find O: that is to say, the neuter instead of the masculine, *Which* for *Who*. Again, however, this has been corrected by a later hand into $\overline{\text{OC}}$.

Thus then stands the evidence of the four manuscripts, and thus far, of six centuries.† Every MS., at first hand, contains what we may now venture to call the "revised" as distinguished from the "ordinary" reading of the passage. This ordinary reading appears in no MS. before the ninth century, and then only in two.‡ Were we dependent on these authorities alone, the case would be complete.

But the work of the careful critic is by no means done when these uncial MSS. have been examined. About 250 separate copies in the written or "cursive" Greek character remain to be considered. These date from the tenth century onwards, and as a whole are undoubtedly far inferior in authority to the uncials. And yet, as it is quite possible that some at least of the cursive MSS. may have been transcribed from older authorities than any we now possess, a certain weight is to be attached to them, especially in turning the scale where the testimonies of the older authorities may be in conflict. In the present instance, what is the fact? So far as the cursives have been examined, they are nearly unanimous in favour of the "ordinary" reading, God. This no doubt is significant; it proves at least that the phrase so familiar to us was early known and widely accepted. Still, taken in connection with the fact that this reading was introduced, as we have seen, by eager scribes into the old MSS. long after they were first written, the supposition seems on the whole confirmed, that the older form represents the true original. For even if the external authority for the two readings were equally balanced, the important question would arise, which of the two was the more likely to be the correction of the other? Either, let us say, the Apostle wrote, "God was manifested in flesh;" or "*Who* was manifested in flesh." Now it is supposable that the latter should have been changed by scribes and copyists, to the former; for two reasons, the *first* theological, the text so altered being an explicit assertion of our Lord's Divinity; the *second* grammatical, the relative pronoun *who* not agreeing very well, as it might seem, with the neuter antecedent, *mystery*. But if the former had been what St. Paul wrote, what motive could there have been to make any alteration? Here, then, applies that critical canon which has been charged with paradox: "To an easy reading prefer the harder."

II. The remaining sources of evidence may be more briefly disposed of. Ancient versions are of course a very important factor in the determination of the text, inasmuch as the oldest of them were made before the date of any extant MSS. Of these we need only mention two. First, the Syriac Peshito or "simple" Version, made in its present form certainly not later than the fifth century, and in the main representing a much earlier translation. This version reads *Who* or *Which*, the gender not being distinguishable in the Syriac language. Secondly, we turn to the early Latin translation, revised by Jerome A.D. 383–385, and in this form known as the "Vulgate," being regarded throughout the Roman church as having all the authority of Scripture. Here we have the relative pronoun *quod*, "Great is the mystery of godliness which was manifested in the flesh." In this, as will be seen, the version coincides with one MS. mentioned above, the Claromontane.

Does not then this *third* form of the text create a new difficulty? Hardly so. Supposing the original reading to have been *Who* in apposition with *Mystery*, the necessity of a change to the neuter would occur to any unimaginative grammarian, and would be readily accepted by critics who had not been trained to accept a reading on the ground of evidence alone, apart from their own notions of construction or congruity. They found *The mystery who*, and instead of asking, What did this personification mean? they fell back upon the rule that a "relative must agree with its antecedent in gender," and turned the text into *The mystery which*. So the reading became the common one of the whole Latin Church.*

III. Finally, the critic having estimated the evidence of MSS. and versions, has to ask how the passage was read by the ancients. Quotations of the passage, allusions to it, what testimony do these afford? Now here it must suffice to say that of course the weight of Latin patristic testimony is for the reading *which*. This the Vulgate had already decided for them. But what of the early Greek ecclesiastical writers? Many of them refer to the passage, but in such a way as to create the impression on

* "So carefully," says Tischendorf, "as to leave the original writing untouched."

† There are two other uncials of importance which read OC, *Who*: the "Codex Augiensis" (F) of the ninth century, now at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the "Codex Boernerianus" (G) in the Royal Library at Dresden, belonging to the same era, and probably a copy of the former.

‡ These are, a MS. in the 'Angelica' Library of the Augustinian monks at Rome, and one at Moscow; marked J. and K. in the lists. The four above quoted are marked A, ℵ, C, D.

* It might here be added that the reading *who* or *which* is found in every Version down to the seventh century, the Coptic, Sahidic, Æthiopic, Armenian, and Gothic: as well, of course, as in those taken from the Vulgate. See the list in Mitchell's "Critical Handbook," Table x.

critical readers that they had not before them the ordinary reading. The manifestation is that of "the mystery," or "of Christ." Thus Cyril of Alexandria (in the fifth century) has the phrase, "Not knowing the great mystery of godliness, that is, Christ, who was manifested, etc." Here and there, indeed, we find an approximation to the "ordinary" text, more than balanced by expressions and sentences which seem to show that their authors had before them the other reading. For even where their language seems to coincide with the former, it is rather because they assert the *doctrine* than because they quote the *phrase*. Dean Alford in his "Greek Testament" gives an extremely interesting series of these quotations on both sides. It is remarkable that Macedonius, Patriarch of Constantinople, A.D. 506, was said by some mediæval writers (though on slight authority) to have been deposed for changing ΟC into ΘC to suit his doctrinal views. But a more significant point is that a passage so strong, as we have it, in its assertion of Christ's Divinity, is never pressed into service in early controversy. Athanasius, for instance, in his long contest with Arianism never so employs it, an inexplicable fact had the assertion, "God was manifested in the flesh," lain ready to his hand in the writings of St. Paul. It was not the custom of early controversialists, any more than of later ones, to decline what might have been one of their keenest weapons.

The critic, then, has the mass of evidence to sift, from MSS., from Versions, and from early references, of which we have but given the outline. The result is what we see. Dean Alford writes, "There is hardly a passage in the New Testament in which I feel more deep personal thankfulness than for the restoration of the true and wonderful connection of the original text."

IV. These last-quoted words of the dean remind us that there is still another question to be taken into account in settling a disputed passage. Yet the appeal to internal evidence must be very cautiously made, simply because our own notions of fitness are not to be permitted to outweigh ascertained facts. The place for internal considerations is where the external evidence is nicely balanced, which can hardly be affirmed in the present instance. Probably there are few of us who would not, at the first impulse, rather keep our old words, *God was manifest in the flesh*, than replace the Divine name by a relative pronoun! Yet even here, we are persuaded, a deeper view will show that the revised reading is its own justification. According to the ordinary text, the word GOD is the subject of the whole series of sentences—not only "God was manifested in the flesh," but "God was seen of angels," "God was preached," "God was received up in glory." It is more in accord with Scripture language to predicate these things of the CHRIST, the "incarnate mystery." There is a remarkable various reading in the Epistle to the Colossians (ii. 2) which, if we accept it, gives the key to the passage under discussion. "To the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, which is Christ," or "even Christ"*; i.e., He is the Mystery. So in the simplest form of translation, the text in Timothy will stand, in glorious defiance of formal grammar:

"Great is the mystery of godliness, who was manifested in flesh," etc.

Or, perhaps, with greater regard to the accepted canons of language, still preserving the apposition: "Great is the mystery of godliness, *even* He who was manifested," etc.—This on the whole is the translation which we prefer.

Or, taking the word *mystery* in its more usual sense as expressing the doctrine, we may render: "Great is the mystery of godliness; He who was manifested in the flesh was justified in the Spirit," etc.

These, however, are matters of translation, not of textual criticism; and whatever form of phrase may be adopted, it will, we think, be felt that what we must henceforth term the established reading of this great text only brings out more clearly the majesty of the Christian faith, and of Him who is the centre of all.

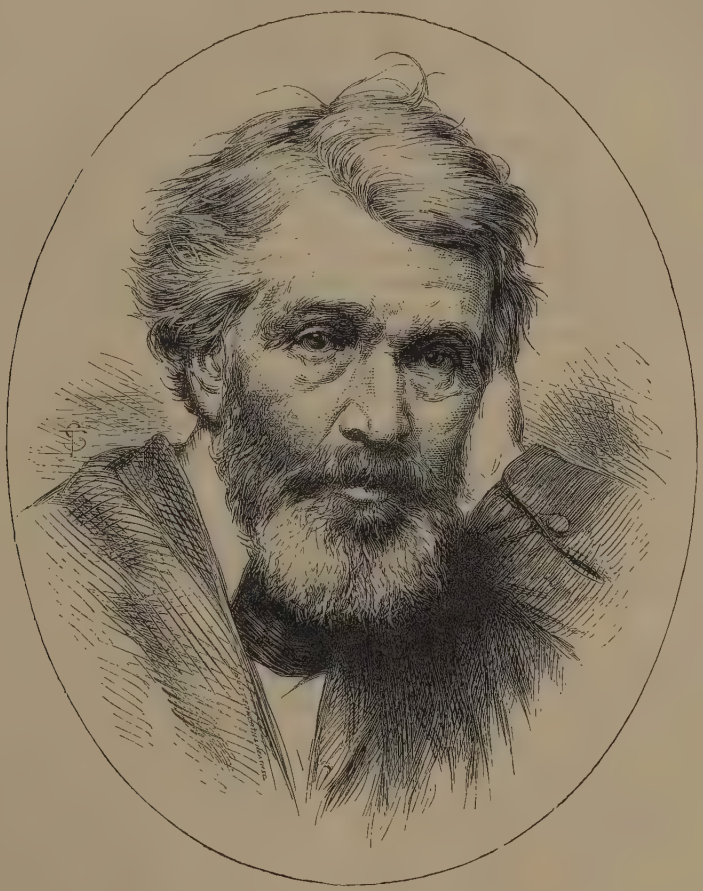
* The ordinary text reads, "To the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

SOME interesting reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle have appeared in the "Weekly Review" from the Rev. Gavin Carlyle, a nephew of Edward Irving, and distant kinsman of the great man lately passed away. A few prefatory words may be given. By general consent Thomas Carlyle has of late years occupied the highest place among his literary contemporaries; and, now that he is gone, a great blank is created, as when a giant tree of the forest falls. But he lived to be a patriarch in letters, and to enjoy the abundant fruits of his world-wide fame. He survived all the great writers who started with him in the literary race, and was permitted, in a manner, to anticipate the verdict posterity will pronounce upon his works. We do not enter here into any discussion of the unique character and surpassing merits of these works, the publication of which created an era in English literature. They are sufficiently well known by name and actual appreciation to most of our readers. They have taken a permanent place in all our libraries, and their influence is deeply felt in English and American literature at this day. The author of "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," and "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," must ever hold a pre-eminent place in the literature of this century. These and other productions of his genius, although containing much that is eccentric and something to be condemned, are instinct with a power and wisdom that raise them above all works of the class to which they belong. They breathe a spirit which the mind of the age has deeply felt as a source of what is noble and good.

What strikes us much in viewing the man, Thomas Carlyle, is not merely his powerful genius, but the singularly simple and noble life he led. He married early, though he had no profession but literature, with all its precariousness. His wife was the only daughter of Dr. Welsh, a physician at Haddington, a descendant of the famous John Welsh, the son-in-law of John Knox, the Scottish Reformer. After being a short time in Edinburgh, he retired to Craigenputtock, a wild moorland farm in Dumfriesshire which had become the property of his wife; and there, in the simplest style, he spent

seven years with the sympathetic partner of his lot, engaged in those literary toils which in due time gave him a world-wide renown. Induced at length to quit his mountain solitude for the sake of more ready communication with editors and publishers, he took up his abode in London, the great centre of literature as well as of government and commerce. In 1834 he took possession of his modest hired house at Chelsea, where for more than forty-six years he was to live and labour, and where, in a good old age, he was tranquilly to die. During the greater part of his London life his house was the resort of nearly



T. Carlyle

all the young authors who have risen to eminence. He shone as a conversationalist, and exerted on many minds as much influence by his weird and powerful talk as by his writings.

The Carlyles of Dumfriesshire were a small but noted family, the head of the clan being, in former days, Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald. The history of this and other branches of the family is given in a volume written by a Nicholas Carlisle (brother of Sir Anthony Carlisle), who was a librarian to King George the Third. Other noted members of the Dumfriesshire branch were—Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk —"Jupiter" Carlyle—a man of much ability, but more of a heathen than a Christian, whom Thomas Carlyle once spoke of as that "pot-walloping Sadducee;" and Thomas Carlyle, an apostle of the Catholic Apostolic or Irvingite Church, a man of considerable erudition and great devotion, who wrote much on German theological literature.

"Introduction to Thomas Carlyle," says Mr. Gavin Carlyle, "especially with my relationship to his dearest friend, was no difficulty. I was also long well acquainted with his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, the translator of Dante, a man of high accomplishments. In early life he had intended to go into partnership in London, as a medical man, with an uncle of mine —a brother of Edward Irving—who was, however, cut off by rapid consumption. Dr. Carlyle then went to Rome, where he spent many years and saved a competency, on which he lived in his latter days. Mrs. T. Carlyle, a woman of great brightness and intelligence, who had always the greatest love for her early tutor and friend, Edward Irving, received me with the utmost kindness; and invited me, when I came to London, to come to their house any evening I liked. Often, during her life, I called, and thus I had the opportunity of seeing Carlyle on different occasions, and accompanied him more than

once in his long walks at night, which he took at that time for the benefit of his health.

"I shall not attempt anything like a picture of the general impression of the man; I would merely mention some facts of general interest that came out in different conversations. His acquaintance with Edward Irving—of whom, of course, he spoke much to me—is not properly represented in almost any of the journals. He was three years Irving's junior, and Irving went to college early; so that, though educated at the same Annan Academy, they were not fellow-pupils there. Carlyle was probably entering about the time that Irving was leaving. He had seen him in Ecclefechan in early days, when Irving was in his boyhood, and disliking the Moderatism of his native town, used often to walk six miles to hear the Gospel preached in the Secession Church. He had seen him also once or twice on his return from college. But they were not friends, scarcely acquaintances, in those days. There was not any intercourse when Carlyle first went up as a lad of fourteen to study at Edinburgh. Carlyle told me himself that the friendship was first formed at Kirkcaldy, and what knit him in the closest friendship was Irving's noble conduct. Irving had been one of Professor Leslie's best students, and was recommended by him to the Mastership of the High School of Kirkcaldy. Irving's stern discipline created an opposition, and a rival school was established. Leslie was applied to again for a master, and this time named Carlyle, then one of his most successful students. They were thus at the head of two rival schools in the small town, but Irving, he said, instead of receiving him coldly, as a rival brought on purpose to injure him, welcomed him with the greatest cordiality, and from that day they might be seen, daily, walking together, and discussing themes of literature, philosophy, theology, and everything under the sun.

"When Irving became Dr. Chalmers's assistant in Glasgow, he soon sought out the Paisley family of Carlyles, hailing in origin from the Borders, and was greatly attracted towards my grand-uncle, who was a man of much power, long the leader of the Whigs in the West of Scotland, and Provost again and again of his native town. He was also, from his youth, a man of clear evangelical sentiments, a devoted friend of Dr. John Wotherspoon, the sworn foe of the Moderates, who afterwards became President of Princeton College, United States. He was an elder at twenty-one, a fervid Evangelical in the darkest days of Moderatism, the first Sunday-school teacher in Paisley, and perhaps in Scotland, for which, by-the-by, he was rebuked by his Presbytery. He and my grandfather, his brother, were centres of the Evangelical life of the whole district. Rowland Hill and many other worthies from England in earlier days made their houses their headquarters. Edward Irving was a frequent visitor. He soon made his friend Carlyle acquainted with the new connections he had discovered, and brought him out with him, and Carlyle in our talk referred often to these old visits to Paisley. A daughter of the old Provost, who still lives, at the age of nearly ninety, remembers them well. Irving saw clearly and understood his friend's great genius long before he became known to the world. His mother once wrote to him of Carlyle as uncouth. He wrote back that if Carlyle lived he would be one of the greatest men in England. Irving was most anxious about his scepticism, and brought him out on several occasions that they might converse together with my grand-uncle, then on the borders of eighty, who he hoped might influence him They used to come to breakfast, and so earnest became the conversation that they sat for hours together, and once, I think, the daughter found the table still covered and the breakfast things unmoved, for they would not be disturbed, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Carlyle spoke to me more than once of his early days at college, and especially of the Theological Hall. He described to me one of the professors as having a face red like the setting sun on a misty day —such a man speaking of the ethereal and the heavenly! He attended the classes for a year or two, but found the prelections dry as dust. He was disgusted, and turned his back on theology and the ministry. At the same time the character of the ministers, as he described them in the South of Scotland, was at that time, with some noble exceptions, as Duncan of Ruthwell, low and degraded. Many of them took no interest in religion. Many were almost sots. There was nothing to attract him towards such associations. The Evangelical enthusiasm engendered by Chalmers and others in after days had scarcely yet arisen. This state of things he utterly abhorred. His spirit was roused to indignation at the thought of it, as when he spoke of Carlyle of Inveresk in the manner I have described.

"In the winter of 1863–4, when the American war was raging, Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, visited this country. I took him to see Carlyle, with whom he was anxious to have an interview. He described the scenes of the war through which he had just passed, and told with great simplicity and graphic power the influence of passages of Scripture quoted to the dying, as they were passing away from the earthly scenes. Carlyle listened with intense interest. He became the hearer and not the speaker, as he generally was. His eyes even filled with tears, and at the conclusion he said that the sending of Bibles to these soldiers was the noblest work that he had heard of the Bible Society ever doing.

"I would record just one other reminiscence. I was walking with him one night down Sloane Street from his brother's lodgings to his own house, when he began to speak of Holman Hunt's picture of 'Christ before the Doctors.' He had just seen it and been much pleased with it, especially with the wonderful life-like feelings described in the faces of the doctors of the law, when he suddenly turned and said—I cannot recall the exact words, but the purport of them was—'I dislike all pictures of Christ.' He spoke of that holy name with great reverence: 'You will find that men never thought of painting Christ till they had begun to lose the impression of Him in their hearts.' He appealed to Christian history as attesting this. The impression he conveyed was, that the person of Christ was too great and wonderful ever to be brought within the compass of art or imagination. The truth is, I believe, that Carlyle never spoke of Christ's name without showing that he felt Him to be immeasurably above mere human comprehension.

"These are merely a few stray reminiscences. I have made no attempt to form any estimate of this

strange, weird-like man, who has exercised a power greater perhaps than that of any recent writer. His writings, especially 'Sartor Resartus,' and 'Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,' the greatest, I think, of all his works, have had, and have still, a strange power over myself, as over multitudes. He seems to get through the outer coating to the very kernel of things. His hatred of shams and pretences is refreshing and ennobling. No one can estimate the influences that swayed such a mind in early life —the attractiveness of the galaxy of genius, concentrating in Goethe, Schiller, and many other German writers, poetical and philosophical, early in the century; the repulsiveness of a rationalistic religion in Scotland; but, in the midst of all the present adulation, I do feel that it is a matter of the deepest regret that he was not clearer in his views of the Christian faith. His doubts cost him, there is no question, great bitterness and sadness. Few faces express more sorrow and unsatisfiedness. He defended the eternal moral verities with a power which has swayed the sentiment of the English-reading public of all countries. In this he derived his ideas of righteousness in great part from the Bible, and the expositions of it by the great thinkers of former days, as expressed in the Shorter Catechism, and other documents in which he was trained from childhood, and in living epistles in the Puritan days. But the want of a clear Christian faith led him to one-sidedness in the worship too much of force and determination. Thus, while he maintained the eternal laws of justice as governing all, he at times condoned offences against these laws on the part of those who by their power commanded his reverence. His influence in different and somewhat opposite directions it is difficult to estimate. He has, if he has elevated moral feeling and increased the love of truth, given also an impulse to vagueness and scepticism. Many persons who have no understanding of the man in his true depth and grandeur have been too willing to make use of his name and influence to encourage them in this. How very different his work if he had accepted not only the moral verities, but the full Christian verities, and had with clearness held those great principles of our faith which lie at the foundation of all moral grandeur, and without which truth and righteousness have no durable basis."

ORGANISTS AND ORGAN-PLAYING.

MR. LATROBE (Christian Ignatius Latrobe, author of the "Moravian Psalmody"), who was an excellent organ-player, and a very superior musician, relates the following incident which happened while he was studying music in Germany:—

"Frequent complaints were made by the venerable and worthy fathers of our church (the Moravians), who felt themselves disturbed by the thoughtless and tasteless manner of playing the organ. But they were not heeded, and were rather considered as a proof that the complaints wanted skill to appreciate the virtue of the artful and ornamental musical drapery with which we clothed the tunes, otherwise, in our opinion, too dull and monotonous. No one felt more keenly and justly the absurdity and real mischief of our manner than the late excellent Bishop Spangenberg. After much gentle and fruitless remonstrance, he at length hit upon an expedient which answered his purpose, and for which I feel grateful at this moment.

"Taking an opportunity before the sacrament, the Bishop sent for me and addressed me thus:

"'I have for this long time past felt my mind burdened with concern and pain, when I considered how the most beautiful part of our worship is rendered unpleasant to me and others, by the manner of my brethren in playing the organ. They seem to me not to have duly considered the importance of that species of the service, especially in a living Church of God. I will not charge you, brother, with levity or indifference, for I consider the fault to originate more in thoughtlessness than in total disregard to the subject of the hymn or the feelings of the congregation; but it has become such a burden to me, that I cannot help feeling rather indignant, especially as some conversation I have already had with one of your number (there being eight of us who occasionally performed the duty) has produced no impression whatever. I have this day been desired to officiate at the Holy Communion, but had almost declined it, for fear that the common way of playing the organ might again so disturb my mind, that I should become unfit for so solemn a service, and interrupt me in my enjoyment by a distracted attention. All at once the thought struck me, "I will send for my dear friend Latrobe, and speak with him about it. Perhaps he will not despise the remark of an old man, who indeed understands nothing at all of music, and cannot point out the nature of the grievance, but yet thinks that he has a just sense of what is proper and consistent to edification, or to create great disturbance in the congregation. Perhaps he may feel disposed, if not from a conviction of his mind, yet out of regard to an old friend of grandfather, father, and himself, to humour him for once, and play in such a manner as will please him." Now do you think you can bring yourself to omit for my sake, what you may consider very fine, and condescend to play a simple tune, unadorned with so many additional notes and flourishes; and though you should even not like it yourself, submit for friendship's sake to humour my weakness?'

"I heard this affectionate address with an impression which convinced me of the justice of the Bishop's remarks. I promised to observe his directions. As he was leaving the room, he added, 'Well, my dear friend, if after you have acceded to my wishes this once, you yourself disapprove of it, and think I have erred in thus endeavouring to make a revolution in the manner of playing the organ, I will say no more; but shall be thankful for your complying with my wishes on this occasion.'

"I was happy to hear after the communion, that my highly revered adviser fully approved of the simple and artless manner adopted in accompanying the beautiful hymns chosen for that solemnity.

"Little did the venerable Bishop suppose that he was reading me a lecture upon church music, which would produce more real and substantial benefit to his audience than most of the learned and elaborate dissertations on counterpoint have ever done. He did indeed bring about a reformation, the good effects of which were enjoyed for

many years. As for me, I was so fully convinced by the experiment itself of the superior effect of true simplicity in accompanying tunes, and suffering the beautiful combinations and transitions with which many of them abound to present themselves in their native grandeur, divested of the harlequin dress by which many organists are apt to cover and disgrace them, that from that very day I changed my whole style of playing. But the most essential benefit I derived from this circumstance was, that it caused me to consider the services of an organist in the Church of God in a very different light; and taught me to pray that, as far as I engaged in it, I might serve Him acceptably, and not disturb, but rather further, the devotions of the congregation."

Thus a gentle hint from one possessed of little knowledge of the art of music, became a lesson of the highest importance to one well versed in the science. It is, however, much to be lamented that organists and church singers should enter upon such offices without at all considering the responsibility they incur in the sight of a holy God, and that the main requisites in such cases should be only their fitness in point of musical capabilities.

In the preface to his Hymns, sung in the churches of the United Brethren, Mr. Latrobe remarks:—"The excellence of congregational singing is this, that though all join, yet none seek to outvie the rest. By bringing each voice to the level of the whole, a sweet and yet powerful confluence of harmony is created. But whoever leads the song should sing so distinctly, that the words of the hymn may be heard, which cannot be expected from the whole congregation, nor could well be effected without prejudice to good singing. And where the organ is used, it should be so performed as not to drown the voices, but simply to assist them to sustain the pitch, so as to prevent them from sinking, as they would do without such aid."

A Haven.

THERE'S a haven, safely locked
By two arms outstretching wide,
Where for many an age have flocked
Storm-tossed ships from every side.

Depth enough it has to float
Every vessel, great or small,
Stateliest build, or simplest boat,
And there's room enough for all.

Ever on its swelling breast,
Pours the sunshine from above,
For this haven, safe and blest,
It is God's unfathomed love.

And the arms, its sure defence,
By the rudest shocks unstirred,
Are our God's Omnipotence
And His never-failing word.

Anchor here, O storm-tossed soul,
Here thy fears and doubts shall cease;
Though without the billows roll,
Here is safety, rest, and peace.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

MAY 8.

THE PRODIGAL SON. LUKE XV. 11–32.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 18.—'*I will arise and go to my Father.*'

CONNECTION.—This third parable (peculiar to St. Luke) completes and crowns the series. The lost sheep wandered in silly ignorance; the lost drachma may represent the sinner unconscious of his fate; the lost son departed in deliberate and guilty self-will. In the former two, again, Christ and His people are represented as *seeking the lost;* here the lost is pictured as *returning to God.* Thus do the three present different aspects of the same truth, and all culminate in the joy over souls restored.

A narrative like this, so true to human life, and to the Divine mercy, must needs have many applications. The brothers may represent the privilege of the literal Israel in contrast with the lost state of the publicans and sinners who had left the fold; or the Jewish in contrast with the Gentile world: or the individual wanderer, and the outwardly obedient son. In every aspect, the same great lessons apply. This 'pearl of parables' is God's message at once to a world of sinners, and to every penitent soul conscious of guilt and misery.

It is a 'gospel within a gospel'; and millions, saying, *I am that prodigal,* have entered into peace.

I. THE HOME FORSAKEN.—*Read vers.* 11–13. Look first at the outward detail. In what proportion would the inheritance be shared? Note the unseemly haste of the younger—he will have his portion now—picture of human self-will. 'My life is *my own,* to do with as I list.' Over against the prodigal's demand, **Give me my portion of goods,** is the children's cry, *Give us day by day our daily bread (Trench).* He **divided unto them his living,** permitting him to make the trial. God will not *constrain* our service. **Not many days after,** suggesting the *rapidity* of the fall. 'The first sign of going wrong is a yearning for spurious liberty.' The **far country** here imaged is some Gentile land, whose luxurious capital afforded opportunity for dissipation—Alexandria, Corinth, or Rome. The answering reality is in life spent away from the soul's true home, which is found in the service and love of God, Eph. ii. 17. He **wastes his substance,** his possessions—youthful vigour, intellectual power, wealth of affection, expending all on what is unworthy—**in riotous** or *prodigal* **living.** (From this phrase the usual name of the parable is derived).

II. SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AROUSED.—*Read vers.* 14–17. **When he had spent all.** However large the store, it comes to an end: it is lavished for no return, 'nothing to show for it,' youthful vigour changed to weakness, the mind wearied and sad; all love, hope and joy, cherished without God, turned to bitter disappointment! 'The man's capital,' says George Macdonald, 'has been wasted to obtain a supply of pocket-money.' And with the sense of failure within, the world without becomes a blank. 'There is always **a mighty famine** in *that land!*' (Jeremiah ii. 13). Yet is the wanderer's nature unsubdued. Still will he get something out of the world if he can. The fear is that he will in his disappointment sink lower and lower, into hopeless degradation. From some **citizen of that country,** he will secure a living if possible. But all that can be done for the unhappy youth is to set him to **feed swine**—bitter humiliation to a Jew! The end of his freedom. 'To be free from righteousness is to become a slave to sin.' So low is he that he covets their

very **husks!*** Emblem of coarsest pleasures, empty and unsatisfying. **No man gave unto him:** the unkindest cut of all. Where were his boon companions, with their flatteries and good fellowship? All, all gone—not a drachma or a crust from one of them! The crisis is reached, either to sink utterly and be as the swine, or to remember that he is still a son!

III. The Return.—*Read vers.* 18, 19. **He came to himself:** he had not been his true self before, either in his riot or his misery. Sin is madness, whether wildly exultant, or lightly careless, or stubbornly hard, or wretchedly despairing. No one is ever less himself than when he seeks to live to himself. Now he sees his own condition in its reality—what he was, what he is, with a glimpse of what he may be. **How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare!** God's world is full of creatures in their place, and satisfied: 'Yes, the dream of a father's house, of a home somewhere, is once again stirring in him. "Those cattle on the hills, how peacefully they graze; those trees, how they put forth their leaves in spring; those streams, how they break their ice-chains and flow freely as if they would flow for ever! Are not all these my Father's? Does not He sustain their life? **And I perish with hunger.**"' The consciousness of a higher nature rises within him in sudden power—I am a son still, though **no more worthy. I will arise,** etc. Mark the tone which all true confession takes: **Against heaven and against thee**—acknowledging the breach of both heavenly and earthly obligations. Let me be **as one of Thy servants:** only let me have a place once more in the home! **And he arose and came to his father.** All true repentance is described in this phrase. It is, return to God. Observe, the prodigal's repentance was not in his *sorrow*, not even in his *good resolutions*, not in feeling or saying at all, but in his *return*. 'Godly sorrow' *works*, not *is* 'repentance.' (2 Cor. vii. 10.)

IV. The Welcome.—*Read vers.* 20–24. Now was it made clear whose influence it was that urged the wanderer to his homeward way. So far as the narrative goes, we might set down his return to the movements of his own mind. But the application goes deeper. *God was seeking His rebellious son.* 'God sends the famine into the soul, the hunger and thirst, and the disappointment to bring back His erring child again.' And those thoughts of penitence, that impulse to return, were from heaven. The father was looking for his son, and is first in the reconciliation. Not only is the son met **when yet a great way off,** but he is in his father's arms before he can utter a word. And when he does begin his prayer he is not permitted to finish it as he had in his humility intended. **Father, I have sinned.** 'Like a true penitent, he grieves not for what he has *lost*, but for what he has done.' The joyful father interrupts him after the first sentence. Not even to say, *My son, you are forgiven.* There is no doubt about that! But only to call upon **the servants,** who have followed their master quickly, to share the joy and rapture of the welcome. **The best robe, ring, shoes** are not only the substitutes for the rags in which he had returned, but the signs of the father's glad recognition: **the fatted calf** is already prepared for a feast. And now to the father's joy is surely added the joy of the son. **They began to be merry.**

V. The Elder Brother. — *Read vers.* 25–32. Strange picture of a spirit out of harmony with this joyful scene! The Scribes and Pharisees must have recognised themselves in every line of the delineation! But the father is forbearing with the **angry** son, as he stands in his sullenness outside, and himself condescendingly **entreated him** to enter. Has not, however, this brother some reason on his side? **Many years** of faithful service, and nothing for it; no ordinary feast of **a kid**—but now this special banquet and high honour for one who till now has been worthless, and only came back when there was no more for him in the far country! What was the deep sin in this **elder brother's** plea? Twofold, as it seems: first, the spirit of a servant, not of a son. He would obey his father, but thinks he should be paid for it, forgetting that already he has **all:** and secondly, a refusal to rejoice that his living brother anyhow is brought to a better mind—**Thy son,** he scornfully says to the father: the father gently replies, **Thy brother.** Then follow the words which stand for ever as the description of the sinner, guilty but repentant. **Dead** (in himself) **and alive again, lost** (to me) and **found.** Surely with such pleading the elder brother could not any longer refuse to rejoice! But the parable ends with the father's appeal, the rest is left untold. Nor is there revealed the long and humbling way which the restored wanderer still must tread before he can realise the fulness of his joy. The father has forgiven him, but it must be long before he can forgive himself. Better would it have been to abide from the first in the home!

> The elder brother, though a type directly of the self-righteous and bitter Pharisee, may teach a lesson to those who have long held an assured and happy place among God's children. For even among the faithful and true-hearted, there may be at least the *tendency* to grudge the apparently warmer welcome and higher joys vouchsafed to the newly rescued from the depths of sin. To this jealousy, in whatever measure it may exist, the loving words of the father are an effectual rebuke. For it is better to have had a long and abiding place in the family. 'The profligate had had one hour of ecstasy, the other had had a whole life of peace. A consistent Christian may not have rapture, but he has that which is much better than rapture, God's serene and perpetual presence. And after all, that is best. One to whom much is forgiven has much joy. He must have it, if it were only to support him through those fearful trials which are to come; those haunting reminiscences of a polluted heart, those frailties, those inconsistencies to which the habits of past indulgence have made him liable. A terrible struggle is in store for him yet. Grudge him not one hour of unclouded exultation. But religion's best gift, rest, serenity, the quiet, daily love of one who lives perpetually with his Father's family, uninterrupted usefulness, *that* belongs to him who has steadily walked with God. The man who serves God early has the best of it; joy is well in its way, but a few flashes of joy are trifles in comparison with a life of peace!'

Questions.

1. What special points in the younger brother's story set forth the moral condition of the ancient heathen world?
2. Show the place of *faith* in the prodigal's return.
3. Illustrate by other passages God's willingness to receive the penitent.
4. Are special meanings to be assigned to the several symbols, the robe, ring, shoes, fatted calf?
5. Illustrate the conduct of the elder brother from that of the Jews towards believing Gentiles?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Double Acrostic.

No. XVI.

Two blessings promised to Jacob.

1. Who did the Lord drive out before the Israelites?
2. An offering to God.
3. A name that means Master.
4. What is the way that leadeth unto life?

The first letters to be read downwards, the last upwards.

M. A. B.

* The pods of the carob tree, bean-shaped, curved and hollow, sweetish to the taste, but coarse and unsatisfying.

Pages for the Young.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SNOW-STORM.

(*January* 18, 1881.)

'TWAS winter eighteen eighty-one, the cold north wind did blow,
The rivers were bridged o'er with ice, and the ground was wrapped in snow,
Drear winter had made the land appear like the home of the Esquimaux.

A mother watched at her door, as to school two little boys did start,
Though their home and the little village school lay quite a mile apart.
They started each morn at half-past eight, by nine at the school to arrive,
One of them had seven summers seen, the other only five.

Meanwhile, the snow clouds gathered round, the wind began to blow,
But soon they reached the village school, and their cheeks were all aglow,
And all joyous were they as they slid along, for what knew they of woe?

The day passed on and the mother stood at the open cottage door,
Watching to see her children come, for it now was long past four.
And the school broke up at half-past three, and they always came home quite straight,
And she wondered at the open door, what made her boys so late.

Seven o'clock struck, more cold it grew, and still more keen the frost,
And the mother still more anxious is, the thought her mind has crossed,
The snow comes thicker and thicker down, can it be that they are—lost?

Slowly and sadly the hours passed on, but still they did not come,
And now the mother awaits in despair, the return of her husband home.
He would come she knew, he always did, when the clock struck half-past eight;
But oh! she was so anxious now, it seemèd hours to wait.

He came at length, and she told her tale, and quickly he went away
To see if still at the village school his little boys did stay.
But the snow was four and five feet deep, he could hardly find his way.

At length he reached the village school, and he found the master there,
But he knew not of his little boys, he knew not where they were.
They started for home with the rest, he said, they must have lost their way,
"Then, come, let us search," the father said, "let there be no delay!"

They went out in the cold night air, they dig in the drifted snow,
All the way along the half-blocked road, the master and father go.
And they dig right through the deepest drifts, but nothing was below.

One hour was spent in seeking them, till the father in despair
Went back with the master to the school, for oh! he could not bear
To go back home to his wife to say, the children *were* not found;
Oh! the anguish and grief to think that they were stiff on the cold, cold ground.

He entered the infants' room in grief—in despair he gazed around,
What is it he sees near the fire-grate, lying upon the ground?
His children! He clasps them in his arms, he cries, "They are found! they are found!"

He bears them through the deep snow-drifts, through the wind of that awful night,
And now he sees through the blinding storm his home is just in sight.
The mother is waiting at the door, she clasps them to her breast,
Scarce yet believing that 'tis true her fears are set at rest.

And now in that simple cottage home, the father kneels to pray,
And fervent thanks are given to God for the blessings of that day,
For He it was whose guiding arm had led them all their way.

It seems they had started home to go, but had found the snow too deep,
So they had returned to the school, and had lain down and gone to sleep.
This is the end of my tale. In Terling* the children dwell,
And that all of this is true, any one of the village can tell.

H. M. B.

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* Near Witham, Essex.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE present circumstances of the Church of England "constitute a perilous crisis in her history." Such is the declaration of the three thousand subscribers to the clerical memorial, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in answer to the document quoted last month (p. 207) as having been signed by the Dean of St. Paul's and others, and sent to the Primate, pleading for the toleration of ritual usages hitherto declared to be illegal. Never were opinions more divergent as to how a crisis is to be met, or danger averted. In the counter-memorial, the subscribers, headed by Bishop Perry, say: "We have no desire to narrow the comprehensiveness of the National Church, or to abridge that reasonable liberty which has always been conceded to Churchmen in matters non-essential. We are, however, firmly convinced that neither in public prayer, nor in administration of the Sacraments, ought there to be granted any toleration of the use of the vestments and symbols avowedly reintroduced as exponents of doctrines which we believe to be unscriptural, and which have been declared to be not in accordance with the plain intention of the Articles and Formularies of the Church of England. We therefore respectfully but firmly entreat your Grace to give no countenance to any attempt to procure toleration for ritual practices which for more than three hundred years, and until a very recent date, were almost unknown in the Church of England, and which, when submitted to the highest Courts, have been declared to be contrary to the laws of the Church and realm. We fully recognise the authority of the bishops to exact 'a rigid observance of the rubrical law of the Church from all parties within her pale;' but we cannot see how justice requires that such variations as have no symbolic meaning, and have never been condemned by authority, should be placed in the same category with the reintroduction of long-discarded ceremonial, which symbolises doctrines repudiated by our Church at the time of the Reformation, and which is therefore identified with the superstitious doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome." This counter-memorial, up to the date on which we write, has obtained no fewer than 3,300 signatures. These include three bishops, ten Deans, ten Archdeacons, four Masters of Colleges, five Principals, twenty-two Canons, and eighty-seven Prebends and Honorary Canons.

BOTH these memorials were brought under the notice of the Canterbury Convocation by the Archbishop, who did not think that the differences which now beset the Church could be settled in any other manner than by the exercise of the authority of the bishops. After considerable discussion, the Upper House adopted a resolution which had been moved by the Bishop of Lincoln, declaring that litigation in matters of ritual is to be deprecated and deplored, and, if possible, to be avoided. Having declared that authority to settle differences in such matters is inherent in the episcopal office, the resolution added that "while this House entertains the hope that the clergy, as in duty bound, will, in conjunction with the laity, support the legitimate exercise of this authority, it also expresses its confidence that this authority will be exercised by the bishops of this province in their respective dioceses with the earnest endeavour to compose such differences without litigation, and at the same time to maintain order, decency, purity of doctrine, and edification in divine worship." A resolution of similar purport had been previously adopted by the Lower House, after a long discussion, in the course of which, an amendment, moved by Dean Vaughan, was negatived, declaring it to be a primary duty of ministers of the Church to "set an example of ready obedience to the admonitions of their ecclesiastical superiors and the decisions of the existing tribunals."

ANOTHER important subject brought by the Archbishop under the notice of the Upper House, was that of a report, agreed to on the recommendation of a committee in the Lower House, in 1879, "On the Relations of Church and State." The Archbishop, referring to this document, said the Act of Submission of the clergy placed all powers in the hands of the Crown. After some debate, the Bishop of Peterborough proposed, and the Bishop of London seconded, a resolution requesting the Archbishop to pray her Majesty to issue a Royal Commission of inquiry into the laws and the constitution of the ecclesiastical courts, with a view to the full statement and consideration of all objections, and to the reform of whatever may be shown to be amiss. The Bishop of Bath and Wells wished it to be understood that, although their lordships asked for an inquiry respecting the ecclesiastical courts, they did not question the validity of these courts; and the Archbishop, on behalf of their lordships, repudiated participation in "the senseless clamour which had been raised against the Court of Appeal," which, prior to recent judgments, approved itself even to the very persons who now found fault with it. His Grace added that it would be distinctly laid down by those who moved for the Royal Commission that their lordships were devotedly attached to the great principles of the Reformation as embodied in the statutes declaring the supremacy of the Crown over the government of the National Church. The motion was adopted.

AMONG other indications of religious activity may be noticed the appearance of two bishops at religious services, held expressly for the evangelisation of the poorest classes, in unconsecrated buildings. The Bishop of Rochester lately preached at the opening of a series of religious services held at the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall, so well known for many years as a low theatre, on the south side of the Thames. This was on a Sunday evening. The first of the series of religious services now held in the Town hall, Shoreditch, was commenced in person by the Bishop of Bedford, Suffragan for East London.

THE past and the present, as regards religious activity, were never perhaps more remarkably contrasted than at Oxford. We are told that on Sundays, thoughtful students are distracted by the number of attractions, so to speak, provided for them. "Breakfast," writes one upon the spot, "is barely over before St. Mary's bell summons them to a sermon ordinarily very much above the average run of sermons. Here is food for meditation enough at least for the rest of the day. Yet often from the door of St. Mary's a decided stream will set towards some city church where another great preacher is pleading for a Society or a work of special interest. Lunch may be hurried over for a second visit to St. Mary's, and after that, in former days, there remained even for the keenest devourer of sermons only a parish service. But now it is possible, and not an unknown thing, for undergraduates to attend two evening sermons after Hall, to say nothing of a short discourse in chapel before dinner. Few, it is true, have achieved all six sermons in one day, but the feat has been accomplished, and many, I suspect, sit under four different preachers in the course of twelve hours. But this is not the only remarkable phase of our religious life here. Zeal burns strongly in the young, not least strongly in those who are looking forward to Holy Orders. They are not content even with these abundant opportunities of hearing—they must be doing. At first, Sunday-schools afforded a useful training-ground, but now undergraduates are sparingly admitted to them. Parish clergy with higher ideas of efficient teaching are unwilling to put up with constant changes in their Sunday-school staff, and prefer the humbler but steadier efforts of their own flock. So cottage lectures in the country have succeeded to Sunday-schools, and to country excursions are now added lectures by undergraduates in the low lodging-houses of St. Thomas. From the preaching in rooms there is but a step to open-air preaching, and undergraduates may be heard at the Martyrs' Memorial. But open-air preaching is in this climate uncertain work, and the last novelty is a service in the theatre, to which working-men are invited. Here the platform or stage is occupied by undergraduates, and in the body of the building are lads and men, who come with tickets which zealous distributors have placed in their hands during the week. The whole service is conducted by undergraduates, hymns are set to popular airs, and the audience join heartily enough in the chorus."

OUR readers are perhaps aware that Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, and Ridley Hall, Cambridge, have both been established for the purpose of securing for those who contemplate entering the

ministry of the Church of England, a sound theological training on Evangelical principles. The latter of these institutions has been recently opened. A sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., and a devotional meeting was afterwards held in the library of the college. The Rev. Dr. E. H. Perowne, Vice-Chancellor of the University, presided. The speakers were the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Swainson, the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and Bishop Perry. The Bishop closed by constraining, with friendly compulsion, the greatly-respected Regius Professor of Divinity, to rise in his place and address the meeting. Dr. Westcott made a short speech, cordially welcoming the new institution and the new principal.

LITIGATION in ecclesiastical matters has not been confined of late to the clergy and aggrieved parishioners of the Church of England. The late Rev. Thomas Binney once remarked, when speaking of the operation of the law in relation to churches, both Established and Dissenting, that the Queen is the head of every church in the country, in respect of its property, if it has any. We were reminded of this utterance, addressed to his own flock, of the celebrated Nonconformist, when we heard of the proceedings in Chancery, in the case of Jones *v.* Stannard. In this action, which was heard before Vice-Chancellor Hall, the plaintiffs, a section of the trustees of the Congregational Chapel, Ramsden Street, Huddersfield, sought an injunction to restrain the Rev. John Turner Stannard from officiating as minister, on the ground that the doctrines maintained by him were not in harmony with the tenets prescribed by the deed of trust. The hearing of the action occupied seven days, a mass of affidavits having been filed, upon which several witnesses were cross-examined. The plaintiffs alleged that certain doctrines were specified in a schedule to the deed of trust which the pastor for the time being was bound to hold and maintain, amongst them being the doctrines of predestination, everlasting punishment, and total depravity. Extracts from sermons preached by the plaintiff were read, in which he attacked these particular tenets. The doctrines were said by the plaintiff's witnesses, including the Rev. Mr. Skinner, who had been pastor of the chapel for more than thirty years, to be all in harmony with Calvinism, and some of them distinctively Calvinistic. For the defence, it was argued that by the terms of the deed the chapel was to be used "as a place of worship by Protestant Dissenters of the Congregational denomination called Independents, being Pædo-Baptists," and that the defendant had a right to the liberty of interpretation allowed by the Congregational Union, with which the chapel was connected. The Vice-Chancellor, in giving judgment, held that the deed of trust must be taken as regulating the rights and obligations of all parties in connection with the chapel, and that it was binding upon the defendant. He did not find anything which justified him in introducing any qualification whatever. It was plain that no person was to be allowed to officiate in the chapel as pastor unless he maintained the doctrines specified. The letter of adhesion sent by the Rev. Mr. Stannard to the trustees plainly showed that some of the doctrines were such as he could not preach, and, therefore, according to the express terms of the deed, he was disqualified from holding the office of pastor. The plaintiffs were entitled to a declaration that the defendant was not duly qualified to act as pastor of Ramsden Street Chapel, and to an injunction restraining him from so doing. Soon after the delivery of this judgment Mr. Stannard and his friends gave up all idea of an appeal, and, having seceded from Ramsden Street Chapel, constituted themselves a separate congregation.

FROM France we learn that the Archbishop of Paris has sent a letter to the Chamber against all possible projects, present or future, to compel students for the priesthood to learn the art of war, the camp life having as its almost certain result the loss of "vocation." Thus it appears that the shaft has hit the mark. A necessity is said to be felt by many who have withdrawn from the observances of the Romish Church for marking the leading epochs in human life. The "Democratic Union for Anti-Clerical Agitation" hopes to attain its end by instituting "festivals for schools," "civic solemnities," on the occasion of marriages, births, deaths; "circulating books, pictures, music; publishing statistical accounts" of the progress of free-thinking; proposing prizes for philosophical works of intellect and of art in harmony with modern ideas. But all these, and many kindred efforts, will not affect the real masses of the people. They only show the intense necessity of taking advantage of the present liberty of the press, and of meeting, to bring before France the true, noble, glorious Gospel of God, which is ever yearning after and never finding. The French Government is very particular that no part of its administration respecting schools should interfere with the religious instruction of the children. In its circular it says: "The whole of Sunday, the whole of Thursday" (the holiday in France), "every day during the hours before nine and after four, are at the disposal of the clergy for catechetical and religious exercises. During the whole week preceding the 'first communion,' the children will be at the disposal of their parents and of the clergy."

WE regret to hear from Spain of the imprisonment of a Protestant pastor. This has occurred at Montblanch in the province of Tarragona. Señor Antonio Martinez, the highly-esteemed pastor of the Protestant church of Reus, was condemned quite two years ago to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 5*l*, besides law expenses, for having held a meeting of more than twenty persons in the little village of Barbara. He appealed from one Court to another, but in each case the sentence was confirmed, and is now being inflicted. Writing from his prison Pastor Martinez says, "In order to have a little room to myself and very plain food, I have to pay four shillings and sixpence *per diem*." He adds:—"It is very painful to be separated from my dear family and church, but the Lord strengthens me by his grace and gives me the joy of speaking to the gaolers, to my fellow-prisoners, and to the friends who visit me, of his love in coming to save poor sinners." On the occasion which has led to his imprisonment, he entered the village of Barbara one day, expecting to find a number of people ready to listen to him, but no one was to be seen. Thus disappointed he entered a farmhouse. Presently he was told that the yard or threshing-floor was full of people. He at once went out and began to speak with one and another, and to give them tracts; and it is for this act, construed as an infraction of the law forbidding more than twenty persons to meet for religious or other purposes without special authorisation, that our brother is condemned and imprisoned.

IT is alleged that the Servians imprisoned several years ago for conscience' sake are still undergoing punishment. Some benevolent members of the Society of Friends have manifested a willingness to send them some assistance; but such is the extraordinary strictness and exclusiveness of view entertained by these Nazarenes (or "Christian Orthodox," as they term themselves) that it is very difficult for other Christians to obtain free intercourse with them.

THERE are two classes of Jews in Bombay—the fair-skinned Armenians, and the darker Beni-Israel. The writer of a letter from that city says: "I have lately had some interesting discussions with educated Armenian Jews, who came armed with New Testaments translated into Hebrew as well as the English version; but they evinced no real anxiety to find out truth. Not long ago, a Beni-Israel Jew was about to have his child circumcised, and I was invited with some others to be present at the synagogue, and to offer prayer for the child. Accordingly we went, and found ourselves in a large square room, on one side of which was a handsomely carved cupboard containing rolls of parchment on which were written the books of Moses. The Jews here adopt some of the customs of the natives: for instance, we were seated on couches, and we were presented with garlands of white flowers, which we had to wear round our necks; and I had a large bouquet made of flowers and tinsel; also a band of music was present at the door, which struck up a tune when the child arrived. The ceremony over, I was invited to speak; I had previously asked permission to do so, and expected just to say a word from where I stood, and so I was rather astonished at being conducted into a large square pulpit which occupied the centre of the building. It was a new sensation to find myself standing there to preach Christ with a helmet on my head, a wreath round my neck, a bouquet in my hand, surrounded on all sides by Jews (of whom some understood English and some did not). However, the Lord gave me a word for them. I was led to speak on the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and to dwell on the fact that while they acknowledged in their Scriptures all that pertained to his glory, they failed to notice that his sufferings were as clearly recorded. I begged them carefully to search the prophecies again, and then prayed that they might have the veil taken from their hearts. When I had done, the Jew who was with me in the pulpit spoke in Marathi, and after making a little apology for what I had said, translated it very correctly. After one or two Jews had spoken, I descended from the pulpit, and, amidst the most friendly salaams of the people, took my departure.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BRENA AT HOME.

THROUGH THE LINN;

OR, MISS TEMPLE'S WARDS.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER VI.—BRENA.

"BRENA is coming home to-day!" "Miss Brena is coming home at last.'

That was the burden of the song in Brentwood Hall, from drawing-room to kitchen. Life had flowed very quietly in the house of late. Not that its ordinary flow was the reverse of quiet, but the "something" which usually stirred its placid current, and set sparkling ripples in motion over its smooth surface, had been seven weeks absent. That "something," or rather "somebody," was Brena,—the only daughter, the only sister, the "young mistress," the household pet and sunbeam and mainstay all in one.

And Brena was coming home. It was a subject for congratulation to all concerned. Mrs. Temple's face wore a delicate bloom of pleasure, and Sylvester, in his gentle half-slow manner, could talk of little else, and Mervyn was feverishly excited. "Times had been fearfully dull," he declared to his much-enduring mother and brother. But nobody feared to be dull with Brena to the fore, with Brena in the house. The servants went about their work, looking cheery under the prospect, and even the little scullery-maid was heard to laugh aloud again and again, having as her only excuse to offer, "Miss Brena is coming, you know."

Nobody ever called Brena "Miss Temple," except almost strangers. That title, though hers by right, was tacitly reserved for the owner of Proserpine Lodge. Selina Temple had tender sensibilities on the subject, and those who knew both, had a feeling sometimes that the same name could not possibly fit those two most opposite specimens of human nature.

Brena's return was a subject for congratulation out of the house scarcely less than within it. All her little Sunday-scholars were counting the hours to the time of her train's arrival; and many lonely invalids, and many solitary old people, as well as a good many folks who were neither lonely nor solitary, neither sick nor old, and yet who had their troubles like the rest of human kind, were rejoicing in the thought that her periodical visits would now recommence. Nobody knew exactly why it was that Brena's coming seemed to do so much good, wherever she went. For she was not much of a religious talker, nor was she greatly given to reading and expounding passages of Scripture for the benefit of unwilling hearers, nor did she largely quote appropriate texts in the course of her conversation, nor had she any astonishing "gift" for extempore prayer.

True, she did from time to time, as opportunity served, say her gentle little word of cheer or warning,—more commonly couched as a suggestion than as an exhortation. True, she was ever ready, when asked, to read "a bit of the Bible," or even when unasked in cases where a distinct opening appeared, and she could talk too on occasions in simple and natural style about the portion read. True, also, she had been known, at the cost of great trembling to herself, to kneel down with some poor troubled one, and offer a few whispered words of prayer, timid, yet full of earnestness and simple trust. But these things were not done systematically, beyond the fact that they were the result of systematic prayer. I am not speaking either for or against a settled plan in seeking to help others, but simply describing Brena Temple's mode of working.

Day by day asking for her Father's will to be made clear, hour by hour looking out for His guiding touch or glance, Brena had many a little message to take to many a needy heart, suddenly sent and quickly delivered. She did not, however, carry out a course of visiting with the avowed purpose of "doing good" to those whom she went to see. She went first, because she was asked to do so, or because she heard they were in trouble, and then she made them her friends, not merely became their friend, but in some measure took them to be hers. Brena always sought after an exchange of sympathies. Possibly she gave as a rule more than she received, gold for copper sometimes it might be. Nevertheless, the giving was not all on one side, and if Brena gained little in receiving the copper, she lost nothing in giving the gold. She had of course her inner circle of friends after her own heart and mind, friends who gave her gold for gold, who were as much to her as she to them. But she had her outer including circles also.

Moreover, in the course of these numerous visitings of Brena Temple among her numerous friends, of this and that kind and degree, friends of choice and friends of circumstance, friends in houses and friends in cottages, she did not conscientiously distress herself, if now and then she went and came away, with no specific reference to religious subjects having taken place. Sooner or later those matters which lay nearest to her heart always did rise to the surface, but she never forced them. Whatever else Brena Temple might be, she was always absolutely natural. She had been known to go into a poor man's cottage, and to say rather sadly,—"There, I have been thinking about your question last time I was here, and I meant to have a little talk with you to-day about God's love, but I can't, I am so cold. So you must tell me what you know of it."

It may well be supposed that warmth came, in the conversation following. But Brena had not been known ever to utter religious phrases by rote, because she counted it right, while her heart did not stir with them.

The secret of Brena Temple's wide-spread influence lay, there can be little doubt, chiefly in her wide-spread sympathies. No matter who came to her, no matter whom she came across, Brena had always interest to spare. The poorest as well as the richest, the plainest as well as the prettiest, the dullest as well as the cleverest, might each one find her little nook in Brena's heart.

She had a welcome home that day sufficient to satisfy the most exacting spirit, which hers was not. She did not in appearance resemble either her mother or elder brother. There was a degree of likeness between herself and Mervyn, so far as regarded slightness of figure, and impulsive quickness of motion. The blue eyes were also the same in each, only Mervyn's were somewhat self-absorbed, Brena's entirely self-forgetting. Mervyn, at three-and-twenty would have been a handsome man with a happier expression. Brena, at twenty-two, was an exceedingly pretty girl, no less winning than pretty.

"And the Majendies are come," she said when she had pulled off her hat, and tossed aside her muff, and established herself before the fire, with her little feet on the fender, mother and brothers helping to form a semi-circle on the grey rug. "And so the Majendies are really come. Poor girls! I am longing to see after them. We seem to have a right to do that, because of our connection with Miss Temple. I think we may be able to do a good many little things to make them happier. What are they both like? And how do they get on? I can't fancy Selina Temple coming out in the motherly line."

"She does not precisely," said Sylvester.

"Which of you have seen most of the girls? Not Mervyn, I know, for he wrote me word that he had not met them once. How is that? Have they not been here yet?"

"Violet has not been well enough, and Lettice never leaves her," Mrs. Temple explained.

"That is sweet of her. But what are they like? Sylvester, you can tell me."

"My dear Brena, don't you yet know Sylvester's sage rule always to give the least possible amount of information in the fewest possible words. I can quote his full description of Miss Majendie, before hearing it. He thinks her—on the whole—after full consideration—rather like a woman."

"You may add to that description," remarked Sylvester. "A woman in deep trouble, I should say."

"She shows her trouble in her face then," said Brena. "In what way? Is she depressed—tearful?"

"There are no tears," said Sylvester. "Miss Temple tells me she has seen none. But Miss Majendie never smiles."

"Never?"

"I have seen no approach to a smile. She is tenderness itself to her little sister, but her face never seems to relax. It is a look of perpetual sad gravity, as if she had come to the end of everything in life."

"It is not natural in a girl of her age," said Mrs. Temple.

"It is sad," said Brena. "It must be very sad to see. One expects tears and grief—but never to smile—and she only nineteen! I suppose it may be the result of the shock. Do you think it is that? What is little Violet like?"

"A sweet child," said Mrs. Temple. "But she is sickly and fretful, and does not take to Selina Temple. I am very sorry about it. I am afraid the plan does not work well."

Mrs. Temple had reason for her fear. The plan certainly did not "work well." Proserpine Lodge, instead of containing a happy family, bound together with cords of love and kindness, was a mere shell enclosing certain separate items of humanity, between which items no affinity the one for the other could be found to exist. Lettice and Violet were as one, but a chasm seemed to separate them from the other ladies. Weeks had passed, and the cousins had drawn no whit nearer together than on their first acquaintance. Where the fault lay primarily a looker-on would have found it hard to decide. Possibly, had the said looker-on been a person of tolerable shrewdness, he would have distributed the blame equally on either side.

For Selina Temple did not mean to be unkind or cold to these young girls, so sadly and grievously bereft. She was sincerely desirous to do her duty by them, to make them a comfortable home, to give them all due affection and care. If some thoughts of self-seeking mingled with more generous motives, we must not be too harsh upon her. For hers was a small nature; and to look for ocean-depths in a tea-cup or for seething linn-passages in a saucer is hardly reasonable: neither is it more reasonable to expect unmixed nobility of tone in a character the outlines of which are not noble. And when Selina Temple had given up the quiet of her home, had gone to all this trouble and expense, for the sake of—well, of them and herself too, but certainly for their sake—it was a little hard to receive mere cold gratitude in return, and a scant supply of even that so far as expression was concerned. It was a little hard to find Violet week after week shyly repelling all caresses, and Lettice week after week the same silent unsmiling girl, with no thought or interest in life beyond the hourly tendance of her little sister.

Whether Miss Temple set to work in the right way to bring about a different state of things, may be more than doubted. It was hardly likely that she should do so. For she had not large sympathies, or much power of realising others' conditions apart from her own; nor had she tact or wisdom in the management of young people; nor had she, least of all, the spirit of overmastering Christ-like love, which might have swayed her actions into the right channel, despite faults of natural character.

So she fumed a good deal, and complained very often to Lady Bartlett, and made the life of her unfortunate brother a burden to him, through her daily reproaches for the burden wherewith he had saddled her. It was singular, and it seemed to Vandal himself well-nigh inexplicable, that the very thing which he on principle did most systematically abstain from doing,—the giving of advice,—should be the very thing which Miss Temple was for ever accusing him of having done. Man-like, he had his own private definition of the word, and used it according to that definition, unknowing or not caring whether the world would accept his meaning in lieu of its own, more generally received. "I never give advice," was Vandal's favourite assertion; by "advice" meaning, and meaning only, the utterance of counsel prefixed by the distinct explanation, "I advise you." Miss Temple, with perhaps more reason, considered that if, by any manner of means, intentionally or unintentionally, he swayed her right or left to a decision, he had offered advice. *He* rather meant "influence." And since Vandal Temple, no more than any living man, could forbear the exercise of personal influence, and since Miss Temple was among the most easily swayed of human beings, though she generally swung back to her original notions so soon as the swaying force was removed, he was likely to find himself "giving advice" many times without deliberate intention.

However, in this particular case, he certainly had given advice, if not something stronger than advice. "But for him," Miss Temple daily declared, "she would never have taken Lettice Majendie into her home. A cold ungrateful ill-tempered hussy!"

"Well, my dear sister, you are not bound to continue keeping her there," Vandal suggested meekly one day. "We might make some other arrangement for Violet, when she is a little stronger, and Lettice could take a situation as governess. Many girls in her position do so."

But at this Miss Temple was aghast. A member of the Temple family to sink to that? Never. What would Mrs. Temple say? And what would Sylvester feel? And how could she face Brentwood friends? Vandal tried once to make her perceive that the upshot of this reasoning was to cast the onus of the plan on her shoulders, not his. But logic failed to carry weight. Miss Temple listened, assented, went away calmed, and next day, reappearing in his study, began all over again from the beginning.

Except to her brother, who never repeated anybody's remarks, and to Lady Bartlett, who seldom heard half that was said to her, nothing of this appeared. To friends, Miss Temple was still the self-denying affectionate benefactress of "those two poor girls." And without the least intention of deviating from a line of strict honesty, Miss Temple did somehow manage to keep afloat this popular idea—which had in it a certain amount of truth, and yet ran wide of the mark,—by the manner in which she talked of them. "Such a kind spirit!" "Such a feeling heart!" "What a mercy for the poor girls to have found such a friend!" thus ran the verdict among the shortsighted herd of ordinary acquaintances.

The Temples of the Hall saw deeper. But to them Miss Temple did not "let out" her true sensations. She had a wholesome respect for their opinion, and a restraining consciousness that her manner of conduct towards the two girls would not meet with their approval.

For despite any amount of general desire to do her duty by them, and to make them happy, Miss Temple did not show them unvarying kindness. Hers was by no means a disciplined nature; and her stock of patience was not large; and "constraining love" did not bring in a reign of supernatural meekness over natural pride, for she had it not. Whether pride be or be not in any sense, according to popular sense or delusion, a rather fine type of evil, it exists often in exceedingly narrow characters, and displays itself in far from noble methods. Miss Temple possessed an abundance of the quality, and it lay so near the surface as to be easily wounded.

With Miss Temple, wounded pride meant annoyance, and annoyance meant a show of temper. At first a measure of conventional constraint limited this greatly; but as time passed, the constraint vanished. She fell into a habit of displaying vexation unreservedly, not by outbursts of anger, but by a species of small harassing pin-pricks, as it were; by a worrying style of complaint; by petty denials; all calculated to try to the utmost a girl like Lettice. For herself Lettice did not care. Her great sorrow had left her for the while indifferent to the manner of her own surroundings. For Violet's comforts she did care, acutely and sorely, and Miss Temple speedily learnt the fact that if she would gall Lettice it must be through Violet.

Therefore, if Lettice said or did aught that aroused Miss Temple's displeasure, it was Violet who suffered—not in any open way, but by the withholding of some little gratification or luxury pleasant to the child. Miss Temple was not "bound," she told herself, to give this, that, or the other; and instead of giving, as a matter of principle, whatever she could, she gave, as a matter of feeling, when she felt inclined. So it grew to be no uncommon thing for little Violet to whisper to her sister, "Miss Temple is cross to-day, Lettice; we shan't have a fire to-night when I go to bed," or, "Miss Temple was angry with you at breakfast, Lettice; we shan't have anything at dinner that I can eat."

Yet all this while Lettice by no means stood in the position of one persecuted, and meekly enduring persecution. There was no manner of meekness about her behaviour, but only resolute determination to do nothing which might deprive Violet of a home. She bore much and could bear much for Violet's sake. She writhed and smarted often at her own position, yet not so keenly as she would have done had her sensibilities not been in a measure blunted by what she had gone through. But the blunting was only temporary.

It seemed to Lettice that she had indeed found her way into the black pool after the foaming linn-passage, and she had no thought of getting beyond it. She expected nothing more than the dull stagnation of continual shadow. And she never realised how resolutely she was lingering under the shade of the overhanging rocks, refusing to pass onwards with the current of life into possible gleams of sunshine.

Lettice, as well as Miss Temple, was to blame for the state of affairs; and when all excuses are made for her, still the blame remains due. She had not acted rightly. She had not behaved kindly. She was in effect ungrateful to Miss Temple, cold and repellent to her benefactress. While pitying herself for her sorrows, she did not see how she and Violet had grown into a definite trial to Miss Temple. She forgot that though Miss Temple's heart might not be wide or deep, yet to have that heart's outgoings, such as they were, steadily repelled, could not but be pain, albeit not the bitter pain of a more passionate nature.

Lettice wrote regularly to Mrs. Canynge, but, as she had said, she was not a good letter-writer, and her sheets contained little information, beyond a bulletin of Violet's health, a few facts as to weather or walks, and affectionate allusions to and inquiries after all near the old home. Mrs. Canynge at length—and this was a few days before Brena Temple's return to the Hall—wrote as follows:

"Vicarage.

"My dear Lettice,

"I am not satisfied. Write and answer me plainly one question. You say you are slow to make friends. So be it. But whom in Brentwood have you begun—even in the least degree—to love?

"Your affectionate,

"J. Canynge."

Lettice did not ponder the matter long, since a very simple reply was all that could be sent. She took a sheet of paper then and there, and wrote back in her clear characteristic hand:

"My dearest Aunt Jeannie,

"I have no one in the world to share my heart but Violet and you. In Brentwood I love—Violet.

"Yours very affectionately,

"Lettice."

And there came a longer letter quickly in response:

"Vicarage.

"My dearest Lettice,

"You will forgive my saying it, but you are wrong—wrong—altogether wrong. Why are you to stand utterly alone in life because God has taken your dearest? Has *He* placed you alone? Is it *His* will that you should shut your heart stiffly against all who are about you. For I know it is so; I know it, as if I were by your side. I know your character well, child, and oh, Lettice, I fear for you.

"It is not right, it is not wise—it is not Christ-like. Think of our loving Saviour, and see yourself in contrast. I have said this before to you maybe, but it can't be said too often. All the world couldn't be His beloved John to Him, and if John had been removed maybe there wasn't another man on earth that could have filled his place to the Lord Jesus. But what of that? His holy heart was wide as the ocean, and could take in all,—aye, not only help and heal all, but love all.

"I never could see for my part aught that is grand in shutting up oneself within oneself, and presenting a dead wall to the throng. Some folks plume themselves on it. You call yourself a river, but a river is approachable, while you are fencing off with sharp spikes the whole world of loving hearts around you. For hearts do love, Lettice, and they will if you will let them; and with all the faults and foolishnesses of folks, there are few hearts you'll come across which haven't some power of giving love.

"Are there no kind and pleasant people about you in Brentwood?—none whose hearts are ready to meet yours in touch of sympathy? Lettice, child, I know there are. Brentwood isn't a desert. There

are men and women about you, with hearts and interests and joys and sorrows. And you need them, and they need you. What if you think your heart is seared, and wants no friends? It is not so, but let that alone, and remember they want you. They want love and kindness and sympathy, and you have these to give, and God expects you to give them.

"I am fearing for you, Lettice, and that is why I write strongly. You are young now, and you are taking shape for life; it is the old tendency in you, which I saw long ago. But things are worse than they were. For you make your very sorrows an excuse to stand aloof, and by-and-by you will have put yourself into that habit of mind that you can't get free. Habit binds us in iron fetters as we grow older. And there is no habit of mind which so grows with use or shrinks with neglect, as the habit of giving sympathy.

"And you have to train Violet. Would you turn her into a stunted creature, with no thought for anyone in life beyond herself? Take heed, Lettice. Your influence over her is great, and it is a serious thing to have the shaping of another's mind. Don't turn her into a Devonshire lane, with all that is sweet in her cramped between two high hedges.

"But the lesson I want to impress upon you, you'll learn best at the Master's feet. The more you drink in of the spirit of Jesus, the more your heart will open to all about you. I don't say people may not have their disagreeables; but have not we the same? Love can ride over them.

"Write quickly, and tell me of a change, for I shall look for it.

"Your ever-affectionate friend,

"J. Canynge."

And Lettice read the letter, and sighed as she folded it up.

RAROTONGA.

VISIT OF H.M.S. "TURQUOISE."

ON Thursday, October 21st, 1880, Rarotonga was favoured with a visit of H.M.S. "Turquoise" (*s*), Captain Medlycott. She was sent to the Hervey Group by Admiral Stirling in consequence of disquieting rumours of impending French aggressions. After spending a pleasant day at Mangaia, the "Turquoise" came on here. But as there is no anchorage for so large a vessel, and the weather being rough, she remained only thirty hours.

Captain Medlycott brought the welcome news that as Great Britain and France adhere to their old determination to maintain the independence of the Leeward Islands, the French protectorate flag provisionally hoisted at Raiatia has been lowered. He met the chiefs of this island and stated the interest felt in their welfare by Great Britain, and expressed his conviction that there is no present need for anxiety on the part of the chiefs of this group, so long as they remain united and true to themselves.

Queen Makea formally presented a copy of the code of laws observed here. At the request of the captain, I gave a running translation as he turned over its pages. Makea then said, "There is a number of foreigners living here. If any of them break our laws, what is my duty?" Captain Medlycott replied that it is incumbent on all foreigners residing here to make themselves acquainted with the laws and obey them. Failing this, they must suffer the penalty, or leave the island. Of course he advised that they should be treated with courtesy and kindness.

Captain Medlycott noticed the Rarotongan flag flying close to the landing-place, opposite to the chief's residence. Being informed that this was not a thing of yesterday, but long ago adopted by the warrior chiefs who accepted Christianity and civilisation, he offered to salute it on the day following.

Several of the officers enjoyed a stroll on shore. Captain Medlycott and his chaplain supped and slept (as well as the mosquitoes would permit) at the Mission House. In 1872, I had the pleasure of meeting the chaplain at Samoa, then in H.M.S. "Cossack." Various objects of interest mentioned in the Earl of Pembroke's book were pointed out. The venerable woman, Tapairu-ariki, who in 1823, guided the martyr Williams to Rarotonga, was visited. She must be eighty-four years old. But for her this beautiful island might have remained for some years longer unknown to the civilised world. Our friends were much pleased with the singing (in English and native) of the students and boys at family worship. A number of questions in geography were correctly answered by the lads. Their writing too was approved of.

At dawn, on Friday, our usual service was held, the chaplain kindly taking my place, and giving a most excellent address, which I had the pleasure of translating.

We are so far civilised at Rarotonga as to have vehicles to convey passengers and produce round the island. After breakfast, the leading white residents formed a party, with our visitors, to drive to the other side of Rarotonga. We stopped half-way to look at an old *marae*, or sacred grove, where Tangaroa, the principal deity of Polynesia, was worshipped with bloody rites down to 1823. The aged priest, still living and hale, explained to us the worship formerly offered there. There lay the stone, somewhat like the palm of a hand, on which the reeking head of the human victim was laid, the body fitted on, with the feet towards the ocean. There, too, were the seats of priests and chiefs. Sitting in state, the priest would split open a young cocoa-nut and then insert between the jaws of the victim half the kernel, himself eating the remainder. Happily, this once famous *marae* has long since been deserted and desecrated.

On our arrival at Ngatangiia, we found the entire population drawn up in gala attire in two columns, between which we had to pass to get to the verandah of the house. Speeches were made in English and native, abundance of presents offered, and general good-humour prevailed. It was the first visit of a captain of a man-of-war to that district. The drumming was incessant, until at the early hour of ten A.M., we sat down to a substantial dinner. There was no escape from the kindness of the chiefs of Ngatangiia.

Our homeward drive was agreeable. We picked up our old friend the priest, but had no slight difficulty in preventing so aged a man from tumbling out. He was delighted, this being his first drive. At Avarua we found the natives of the western part of the island waiting to deliver their presents to the captain, and to get a shake of his hand. I may safely

assert that not a person in Rarotonga failed to secure at least one shake! To our dismay we learned that a liberal spread had been made by Makea on the occasion, and that the captain and all the white residents were expected to sit down to it! Captain Medlycott presided, and made a neat little speech to the foreigners present.

But the grand event of the day was the recognition of the Rarotongan flag. It was indeed a fine sight at one o'clock P.M., to see the noble vessel steam in abreast of the flag-staff and fire a royal salute. The guns were heard all over the island. A European wiseacre remarked, "I only saw eleven guns." Captain Medlycott quietly said, "We have guns on both sides of the 'Turquoise!'" The difficulty was how to give a return salute, as we can at present boast of only three rusty cannon; but at considerable peril to the gunners three rounds were fired.

As the natives of these islands are passionately fond of music, in compliance with repeated requests from Makea, the band was kindly allowed to come on shore. The performance was admirable and much appreciated.

Numbers of young men went off to see the vessel, every part of which was most considerately explained to them (most of the natives understand English). On returning, a young Irish gentleman fell into the sea and would have been drowned but for the gallantry of a British tar.

Captain Medlycott inquired of Makea whether there had been any fighting of late years between the three different tribes in Rarotonga. The queen was surprised and asked for an explanation. Captain Medlycott reiterated, "Have you had any fighting, say within the last ten years?" Turning to me, her uncle and spokesman said, "Tell the captain that when our fathers embraced Christianity fifty-seven years ago, we gave up fighting altogether. Should Christians fight?"

At sunset the "Turquoise" steamed for Atiu, leaving behind a most salutary impression. At Atiu no man-of-war had previously been seen. Taking it for a foe, the entire population stood in groups gazing at the monster so rapidly approaching, and weeping at their supposed impending fate! But when at length they saw their chief Makea Taue (husband of Queen Makea here) in the pilot-canoe waving an extemporised flag to reassure them, their joy knew no bounds. Most gladly did they receive their unexpected guests. In allusion to this pleasant revulsion of feeling, their native pastor subsequently preached from the happy text, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

It is more than eight years since a British man-of-war was seen in this group.

Rarotonga. W. WYATT GILL.

BIBLE EMBLEMS AND ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

THE MORNING CLOUD AND EARLY DEW.

(Hosea vi. 4.)

THE morning cloud is very beautiful with its golden hues, while every blade glistens with the early dew,—but both cloud and dew soon pass away. The Arabs say, "The servant, deceived by the cloud of the morning, provided no water for the heat of the day." The Shánti Shek says, "As the lightning by its flashes merely drives away the darkness for an instant, so are those who decide for awhile to root out sensual desires from their minds." The Telugus compare doubting to "a cat on a cross wall," that is, she can jump down on either side. The Malays to "a saw with a double edge, it cuts both ways." The Russians say, "Hunt two hares at once you catch neither." The Afghans, "He says to the thief, 'Steal,' and to the householder, 'Look out.'" The Turks, "He who stands hesitating between two mosques returns without prayer." The Arabs, "He riding between two camels is kicked by both." And they describe a man as "riding two horses at the same time."

WORDS SMOOTHER THAN BUTTER.

(Psa. lv. 21.)

These words were applied by David to his son Absalom, who drove him from Jerusalem. Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss. So the Telugus say, "A bear's hug." The Malays, "He planted sugar-canes on his lips." There is an Urdu proverb, "The cat having killed seven hundred rats is gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca." The Telugus say, "At home a spider, abroad a tiger." The Russians, "By his beard he looks an Abraham, by his deeds he is Cain;" "He kicks with his hind feet, licks with his tongue." The Raghuvansa, "They concealed their anger under signs of joy, as a tranquil lake hides the alligator."

WHITED SEPULCHRES.

(Matt. xxiii. 27.)

The Persians say, "Water under the grass." The Chinese, "The mouth of a Buddha, the heart of a snake." The Japanese speak of "clothing a wolf in priest's clothes." The Telugu poet Veman has it, "His forehead is that of a worshipper, his mouth that of a wolf." The Bengalis say, "The heron is (in appearance) a saint as long as the fish is not in sight."

MORE UNGRATEFUL THAN THE OX OR ASS.

(Isa. i. 2, 3.)

"The ox knows his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" but man does not remember with thankfulness his Creator and Preserver. The Telugus say, "Blows with stones to the bearing-tree." The Bengalis, "Having crossed the river he calls the ferryman a rascal." The Turks, "Even the hen when it drinks water looks up to heaven." And there is an Urdu proverb, "Making a hole in the vessel out of which one has eaten."

PURITY OF MIND A SINGLE EYE.

(Matt. vi. 22.)

The Turks say, "The chimney catches fire from within." The Russians, "The fox sleeps, but in his dreams catches hens." The Arabs, "The contemplation of vice is a vice." Veman, "The hypocrite's meditations are like those of a dog on a dunghill." The Telugus compare a double-minded man to "a post in the mud swinging to and fro," or to "one who wakes the master and gives the thief a stick."

SHUNTING-POINTS OF HISTORY.

IT is very curious, and, rightly considered, it is as solemnising as it is curious to look along the course of history, or the lines of individual lives, and observe how trivial and insignificant in themselves have been the incidents which have here and there given direction to the whole current of them.

Such incidents in history have often been discussed. Everybody has heard it said, that if Cleopatra's nose had been a trifle longer the fate of the world might have been different. A grain of sand in Oliver Cromwell's tissues changed, says Macaulay, the order of events in Europe. "If," says a well-known writer, "the messenger which Henry VIII. despatched to the Court of Rome with a conciliatory proposal had not accidentally been delayed on his way, the angry decree which separated England from the Pontifical See might never have issued."

History is full of these little pivots on which events have turned—these little shunting-points at which the train of incidents has struck into a new course. And so, if we did but observe them, is almost every individual life; indeed, history after all is but an aggregate of individual lives, and nothing is more striking and impressive than to come every now and then upon some trivial incident—utterly insignificant at the time—which proves, as years roll on, to have been the starting-point of a train of events affecting not only the whole after-life of the individual concerned, but the after-life of nations, and the progress of the world.

It is but rarely of course that we can thus trace out the ultimate effects of trivial deeds and incidents, and it is but rarely that we endeavour to do so, or we should often be struck by the critical character of the pettiest incidents of life.

Take the case of Luther as an illustration. The son of a poor miner, struggling to obtain a little schooling that shall enable him to rise above the lowly circumstances of his birth, he has already had to shift from Magdeburg to Isenac, on account of his poverty. He has relatives at Isenac and hopes to get a little assistance from them, in his struggle to keep body and soul together, while prosecuting his studies; but his relatives are themselves too poor to help him, and he is reduced to the last extremity. He and some of his companions in poverty, have been singing from door to door, after the manner of poor students of his country at that time, but he has been repulsed again and again, and he is in the deepest dejection. He is about to return fasting to his night's quarters. He must give up his studies and go back to the mines of Mansfield, and settle down to the life his father has led before him. This is what he feels, and he stands motionless and melancholy for a moment. And at that very moment Ursula opens her cottage door, recognises the lad as one she has noticed as a sweet singer, and a devout worshipper in church, and she invites him into her house. She and her husband supply his necessities, afford him a lodging in their house, and thus enable him to pursue the studies so necessary to the great work before him. Still more remarkable was his casual finding of the Bible in the library at Erfurt. He had taken down many books, curious to note the writers' names. Amongst them was the sacred volume, which he had never seen in its completeness before. He began to read, and with what momentous results all the world has heard.

"We know not whether the story of Newton's apple be true," says an anonymous writer, "but it may serve for an illustration, and if that apple had not fallen, where had been his 'Principia'?" David Livingstone as a lad takes up a book and it gives a religious bias to his whole life; he listens to a single appeal, and it makes a missionary of him, and millions of his fellow-creatures have been influenced by that momentous decision. If the Lady Egerton had not missed her way in a wood, says somebody, Milton might have spent the time in which he wrote "Comus" in writing "Accidence of Grammar," and it is a chance question of Ellwood the Quaker which sets him to work on "Paradise Regained." Columbus begs a glass of water of a total stranger with whom he gets into conversation and who chances to be able to give him an introduction which affords him the means of discovering America. The mere fact of Charles Abbott having a husky voice saved him from being a Canterbury barber, and gave the turn in his life which made him Lord Chief Justice of England. Most persons have heard the story of his life, which has many a time been given as an illustration of the success which the poorest lad may attain to in this country.

Young Abbott was a steady, well-conducted boy, but so dull that his father feared he would never be able to succeed him in his barber's business and thought he should have to find some occupation requiring less genius. A snug little post worth 70*l.* a year became vacant in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, and the barber's son became a candidate, with rather more than a fair chance of obtaining it, for his father had shaved and cropped all the cathedral dignitaries, and was a great favourite with them. They were all anxious to elect young Abbott, but they found that he had such a rough, husky voice that it was really impossible to do so, or he might have settled comfortably down for life as a hair-dresser and chorister. When he had become Lord Tenterden, and was visiting his native town with his trumpeter and shrievesmen before him, he pointed out the individual who had defeated him in the singing contest. "Behold, brother Richardson," he said to his fellow judge, "that is the only human being I ever envied. When at school, we were candidates together for a chorister's place; he obtained it. If I had gained my wish he might have been accompanying you as Chief Justice and pointing me out as his old schoolfellow the singing man."

There was a crisis in the history of Lord Eldon at which, looking back upon that history, it seems to have been for a time doubtful whether he should become a Newcastle "coal-fitter," or Lord Chancellor of England, and Earl of Eldon. His father was

on the point of apprenticing him, and wrote to his eldest son to inform him of his intention. "Send Jack up to me," replied the elder brother from Oxford; "I can do better for him here." And so Jack was shunted on to another line.

It was owing to an attempt to deprive him of a part of his patrimonial estate that Sir Matthew Hale became one of the greatest ornaments of our judicial bench. But for this unjust assault upon his rights —which no doubt at the time he felt to be a grievous injury—he might, says one of his biographers, "have turned out a 'Captain Dalgettie,' passing as a mercenary from the service of one military leader to that of another, to swear strange oaths, and to carouse 'potations pottle-deep,'" for at the time he was full of enthusiasm for a soldier's career, and was actually about to start for the Low Countries to offer his services to the Prince of Orange. Providence had other work for him. Somebody attacks his property; he runs up to London to see a barrister about it, and the barrister is the very man he needs to direct him to that work. He is a profound lawyer and a good man, Serjeant Glanville, and he points out the peril to his religious and his moral character involved in the soldier's life in Holland; and urges upon him to consider whether the profession of his father would not be a more useful and honourable career than the one he was about to rush into. His influence prevailed, and young Hale at once threw himself into the career in which he rose almost to the highest point for ambition.

This incident in the life of Hale illustrates very strikingly the vast influence often exerted by lives in themselves comparatively obscure and seemingly uninfluential. Serjeant Glanville possibly might not have made a great judge himself, but he calls into play forces which produce a great judge, and it is worthy of notice that his opportunity for doing so is afforded by an attempt at flagrant injustice. Thus, curiously enough, an act of wrong is primarily the means of seating on the bench of justice a man of conspicuous uprightness and inflexible integrity.

Things often fall out in this appropriate way. Thus, for instance, it was no doubt the brutality of the gaolers in Brest that eventually gave the special direction to John Howard's beneficent career and brought his besom of reform into the prisons all over Europe. Howard was a man of means, and compassionate nature, and partly by way of change after a bereavement, and partly with the view of doing what he could to mitigate the sufferings of the people of Lisbon after the great earthquake, he set out for Portugal. It must have been extremely difficult for the good man to have realised the wisdom and beneficence of the hand which thwarted his benevolent design. But he was thwarted. We were at war with the French, and the vessel in which he sailed was taken prisoner. He was carried into Brest, thrown into prison and treated with a barbarity which no doubt opened his eyes and quickened his sympathies and had no little to do with sending him by-and-by on a tour of mercy to every prison in Europe. That imprisonment in Brest it was which no doubt was the real shunting-point into that particular sphere of benevolence which has immortalised his name.

But among what may be called the appropriate issues of trivial events neither public history nor private life even, we imagine, afford many such striking instances as that to which our engraving refers. Referring to this incident, Southey in his Life of Cromwell says: "There are few facts in history which have so much the appearance of fatality as this." Others will see in it the Divine providential purpose. The incident itself is familiar to all readers of English annals. "Unable to govern with a parliament"—to adopt Southey's summary of the situation—"and impatient of being governed by one, Charles had tried the perilous experiment of governing without one." The experiment had so far succeeded that many lovers of freedom, despairing of the liberties of their country, believing the nation to be doomed to the loss of its liberties and resigned to its doom—resolved to seek a land of liberty elsewhere. Oliver Cromwell was one of them. He realised his property, wound up his affairs, and, as our illustration shows, was on the point of embarking —some say had actually embarked—with his wife and family, when an Order in Council stopped him, the King forbade him to go.

What a trivial thing it seems for that trooper to put his sword across the gangway, and stop that insignificant Puritan emigrant. There is a moment of incredulous astonishment, perhaps a little ineffectual expostulation, a stern, indignant protest, and the little group turns sorrowfully back. That sword across the gangway seems in the Providence of God to have changed the whole course of public affairs, and to have made that plain country gentleman the most powerful ruler in Christendom. By that act of arbitrary power King Charles brings back the very man destined to be his overthrow.

It seems easy to believe we can trace the hand of Providence when things fall out like this—when a gaoler's barbarity calls forth a powerful friend of prisoners, an act of injustice calls forth an eminently upright judge, and an act of tyrannous rulership sweeps away the tyrannous ruler. But there is a danger in drawing special inferences with regard to the acts of God's Providence, no less than when He seems to be dealing in judgment. We are able, it is true, often to see wickedness defeating itself, and in the end contributing to the promotion of virtue and the advancement of humanity. But we cannot trace out the details of God's management of a world like this with any certainty that our tracing is right. Even in our individual paths, we are wofully apt, with our limited view and imperfect knowledge, to assume that we see providential turning-points, when we see only the corners made by our own wilfulness and folly, to assume that God has led us, when He has been simply permitting us to follow our own inclinations. We are very apt to misinterpret the past, and it is useless if not presumptuous to speculate on the future.

But it is well, nevertheless, to look back occasionally over the path we have come, and around us over the world at large, and to observe how inextricably mixed up are the "little" and the "great" events of life; to notice how continually it happens that the "great" events—those that come on to the stage with the blare of trumpets and the beat of drums—dwindle and shrivel into insignificance; while the really great and momentous occurrences are the opening of a door, the taking of a particular seat, the casual picking up of some book, the accidental running up against some friend at a street corner. There are those who will point out to us

OLIVER CROMWELL PREVENTED FROM LEAVING ENGLAND.

that the cackling of a goose once saved the Roman Republic and preserved the world's civilisation from going down under a deluge of barbarism, and yet they will reject as altogether incredible the idea of a Providence which takes note of the very birds and beasts. They will grant us, perhaps, that there may be some controlling mind in the great crises of history or the most stupendous events in the course of nature. The overthrow of kings, the conflict of armies, the rise and fall of nations, the tornado, the thunderstorm, the earthquake, the pestilence; the deluge of rain which brings ruin and devastation to a whole region, or the drought which brings famine to a whole people; if there is anywhere in the universe a Power ruling and directing moral forces these things must surely be subject to that control. There are few if any who do not feel that. But when we consider how marvellously the greatest effects grow out of the most trivial causes, it becomes apparent that it must be all or none. It is as absurd to imagine that the greater events and issues of our lives are the subject of Divine solicitude but that the details of our daily existence are unnoticed, as it would be to imagine the engineer of a complicated railway system concerned for the destination of his trains but altogether heedless of the shunting-points; as absurd as it would be to imagine a reasonable man anxious for his harvest, but yet deeming the scattering of seed a matter too trivial for his attention.

The truth is we can form no intelligent idea of any control at all, in the moral and material forces around us which does not take cognisance of all events, however great or however seemingly small. The careful study of the daily incidents in any and every life, their bearings on the course of the life and their influence on the world around, must inevitably force us to one of two conclusions. either that there is no Providential hand about us, or else that our Saviour spoke only the words of absolute truth, when He said, with solemn emphasis, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

A Hollow in the Heart.

IN my heart there is a hollow
Which the hand of grief has made,
And beneath, in stony silence,
Many a shattered joy is laid;
Love in all her strength and sorrow
Keepeth watch beside the gate,
Lighting up the empty chamber,
Vast, and bare, and desolate.

For the gate is always open,
And the passage always free
From the surging world around me
To this chamber's secrecy:
And my heart can never, never
Be as it has been before,
It must keep the deep-hewn hollow
Till this mortal life is o'er.

Lord, I come to Thee to fill it,
Not with earthly vanities,
But with Thine own promised blessing,
With the peace that never dies;
Like the dew from heaven descending,
Like the gentle, healing rain,
This shall still its fevered throbbing,
Soothe and hush its weary pain.

Let it never be the dwelling
Of a slothful, selfish gloom;
In its still and solemn precincts
Let no murm'ring thought find room:
Nor the strength and vigour given
Day by day the sword to wield,
Linger drooping on the threshold,
And forget the battle-field.

Make it, Lord, a sacred chamber,
Where my willing soul may learn
Heav'nly lessons, rare and precious,
It could elsewhere scarce discern:
Sheltered from the daily tumult,
Sheltered from the world's broad glare,
Let me see the things eternal
With unclouded vision there.

Let it be a quiet haven
In the stormy sea of life,
Where my soul may flee for refuge
From the waves of care and strife;
Where the winds may fold their pinions,
And the billows cease to roar,
And the distant voices echo
Sweetly from the farther shore.

Make it as a window, open
Always to the sky above,
To the pure, celestial breezes,
To the beams of heav'nly love,
To the sound of angel singing
All along the shining way,
That from earth leads ever upwards
To the land of endless day.

Make it as a fountain, hidden
In the secret depths below,
Whence the cool, clear waters issue
In a pure, unmingled flow.
Streams of sympathy outpouring
Loving word and gentle deed,
Comfort for the tried and burdened,
Succour in the time of need.

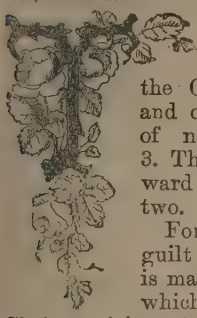
And, as from some mighty organ
Rolls the swelling tide of sound,
Onward through the vast cathedral,
Filling all, above, around,—
Grant, Lord, that my heart's deep hollow,
Till its close, with earthly days,
May be filled with heav'nly music,
Echoes of Thine endless praise!

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ALL THINGS WORKING FOR GOOD.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—*Rom.* viii. 28.



HERE are three things especially that might trouble the life of the Christian: 1. Sin, with its guilt and consequences; 2. The corruption of nature, abiding in him; and 3. The crosses and miseries, both outward and inward, arising out of these two.

For the first of these troubles, the guilt and punishment of sin, provision is made in those words and promises which faith in the finished work of Christ rejoices to rest upon. "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." And again, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses."

When the soul can rest in faith on such words as these, the guilt and punishment of sin need not give much trouble.

For the second trouble, that of indwelling sin, that which caused Paul so to groan, being burdened, and to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" our comfort is that Christ is not only our atonement, but our righteousness also, that we are complete in Him, and although sin remaineth, yet its dominion is shaken, its power is broken. "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

For the third kind of troubles, those which arise out of sin, and corruption, whether they are bodily trials, or bereavements, or crosses of any kind, our text furnishes the sweetest comfort; " We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."

Notice the privilege and the persons to whom it belongs, for we must not separate these.

We know that all is for the best. We *know*, not we suppose, we hope it may turn out to be so, but we know that all things work together for good to the Lord's people. We know it by faith in the truth of God's word, for He hath said it; we know it by Scripture examples, many of them just as plain as that of Jacob when he said, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin also: all these things are against me," and the Lord was all the while working out the deliverance of himself and his people. We know too by experience—for how often has the Lord out of seeming evil still been educing good, how often has He shown us the truth and beauty of the promise: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16).

Well, then, we know that all things—all, yea, *all* things, good and evil, work together for good.

To begin with good things. The Lord Almighty works all things for the good of his people. Known to Him are all things from the beginning. He worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will, and of Him, and for Him, and to Him are all things.

God the Father is for them, for He loved them from eternity, and that in foresight of their fall and sin; "I knew that thou wouldest deal very treacherously, and wast called a transgressor from the womb. But for Mine own sake will I do it." "He that spared not His own son, but freely gave Him up for us all, will He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

God the Son is for them. Having loved his own which were in the world, which were given to Him of the Father—having loved them with an everlasting love—having loved them so as to die for them—He loveth them to the end. "I will betroth thee unto me for ever," is His promise to the Church; "Yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness and in mercies. I will even betroth thee to Me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord" (Hos. ii. 19).

God the Holy Ghost works for them. He convinces the people of God of their sin, He brings them to Christ, He seals their redemption. He teacheth them to pray, helping their infirmities, and making intercession for the saints according to the will of God. He dwelleth in us, and leads us, and quickens us; and He teacheth all believers to call God, Father; witnessing with our spirit that we are the children of God; and if children, then surely we know that all things work together for our good.

Then, of created things, angels are ministering spirits sent to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them" When the servant of Elisha had his eyes opened, he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about them! They were to defend him when he knew it not.

The means of grace work for good. The ministers of God are appointed for the people of God, as watchmen to warn and give the alarm, as shepherds to feed and take charge of the flock, as stewards to bring forth and dispense the things of God.

We might go on to mention the word of God, and his providence in casting our lot where his name is known, and his ordinances and services maintained. We might mention Christian friends who have taught and cheered us on our way, and many a help besides, which each individual heart best knows, giving to God the praise and thanks for his goodness and mercy.

But to go on to what may not be so obvious: things evil, or which seem evil, work also for good to them that love God. One might be ready to make one exception, and say, "Can sin, the worst of evil, work for my good?" Yes, the Holy Spirit has made no exception to the "all things." Even sin has been overruled for the glory of God. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." When Judas betrayed Christ for gain, and the priests delivered him, from envy, and Pilate, from fear, Satan and wicked men were working their own ends, but it was all by the determinate counsel

and foreknowledge of God, "to do whatsoever his hand and counsel had determined before to be done." These sins were working together in the providence of God for the salvation of the Church.

So of sins in the Lord's own people. Their falls recorded in the Scripture have been warnings to thousands of believers in all times, beacons to them to avoid dangers, and, at the same time, giving encouragement and hope to the truly penitent. If God pardoned Manasseh, who sinned with so high a hand and caused others to sin; if He restored David after such crimes; if He acknowledged Peter after denying Him with an oath; if He healed Mary Magdalene, who had seven devils—if He pardoned them, surely his mercy reaches to me. He is able and willing to save to the uttermost.

But, on the other hand, if Hezekiah, if David, if Peter, if these men of God fell, oh, let us take heed, let us watch and pray, that we may be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. This was what Paul felt (1 Tim. i. 16–17): "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first, Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe."

If, then, sin works for good, will any say, "May we not sin that good may come?" This is just what St. Paul anticipated might be said, when he had shown how grace abounded where sin did abound: "Shall we then continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" They who could think such a thing are yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, whose damnation is just.

Again, our indwelling sin, our corrupt nature, is made to work for good. How? It makes us know our guilt, and feel our own helplessness more; it keeps us humble and dependent on God. It makes more precious to us the perfect righteousness of Christ, which is unto all and upon all that believe, and covered with which we shall appear faultless before God. Even falls and backsliding from God may be made to work for good. Thus Peter's fall wrought for his humility and cured his self-confidence; taught him that his strength was not in himself, but in being kept by the Lord; so that after his recovery he was more able to strengthen his brethren and to feed the flock of Christ. The believer often can say, "Rejoice not against me O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall rise again; and stronger from the fall." We have learned where our weakness is; we are taught better how to use the Christian armour, the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness; we are taught the need of praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, by watching thereunto with all perseverance, and in all things to trust to the Lord for strength and help in the time of need.

Thus even spiritual evils work for good. But more obviously outward evils do so. Affliction works for good. It is a blessed sickness which brings a man to the Physician of souls. Many a poor leper and diseased person came to Christ when on earth for the cure of the body and were sent away with sin also forgiven. Little did Naaman think of his soul when told of the prophet in Israel; and, oh, how many of us have to bless God for sickness and trouble, and can say with David, "It was good for me that I was afflicted: before I was afflicted I went astray, but now do I keep Thy law." "This is my comfort in my affliction, that Thy Word hath quickened me." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

And not only affliction of body, but of mind and estate; poverty, losses, bereavements—all those manifold trials which bring the spirit into heaviness are made to work for good. It is the Lord's usual way to call his people. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." It is in time of trial that He openeth the ear unto discipline, and sealeth instruction.

Then, also, it is by new trials that He often recalls us when wandering from Him, and it is by continued trials, by our streams of earthly comfort being dried up and our resting-places one by one taken away, that we are made more and more dead to the world, and drawn to the Lord as our unfailing, everlasting portion.

Thus it is that all things, evil as well as good, are made to work. "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

This text, then, may well be a support under trials and crosses. It may teach us to believe and hope against hope. It may comfort and console us when everything to sense is dark and mysterious. The way of the Lord is often in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps not known, but what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Even now, in looking back on the way the Lord has led us, do we not see wisdom and mercy in what we could not then understand. When going on frowardly in the way of our own heart, how merciful was the judgment that arrested us. When joined to idols, how wise the providence which brought us back to the Lord. When enjoying to the utmost the blessings God had permitted us, how kind the warning voice, "Arise, this is not your rest," "set your affection on things above."

Ah, yes, "He leadeth His people by the right way;" it may be dark, it may be rough, but it is the right way, "to a city of habitation."

A verse like this is one which is likely to give cheerfulness in trial, and comfort for past things that are over and cannot be helped. As Joseph said, "Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves; ye sold me hither; but God turned it for the best, God sent me before you to preserve life."

It is good for a contented spirit also. It was through much trial and painful experience Paul "learned in all states therewith to be content." But when he was thus contented how well can we conceive Him saying: I know that "all things work together for good to them that love God, that are the called according to his purpose."

"O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best."

Sabbath Thoughts.

STRANGERS.

"The land is Mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me."—*Lev.* xxv. 23.

THE true Israelite was not allowed to forget his position. Even in the laws regarding the possession of property he was to be reminded that he was but a stranger on earth; and it is interesting to observe how often this truth is brought forward, and what varied lessons arise from the consideration of it. Beginning with the verse before us, we find that land was not to be alienated: "The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine; for ye are strangers," etc.

Again, in Ex. xxiii. 9, kindness to strangers is enjoined by the touching consideration, "ye know the heart of a stranger;" and the prophets severely rebuke those who, forgetting this, "have dealt by oppression with strangers" (Ezek. xxii. 7; Mal. iii. 5).

From this thought David brings a reason for giving liberally to the service of God (1 Chron. xxix. 14): "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee. For we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers."

In Psa. xxxix. 12 David urges this truth in another form, and pleads before the Lord his stranger condition on earth as a claim for mercy: "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not Thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." The stranger needs a guide, a friend, a helper, and he turns to his God.

But he not only seeks the aid of the Lord, he asks as a stranger for the lamp that is to enlighten, for the map that is to direct him. Psa. cxix. 19: "I am a stranger in the earth: hide not Thy commandments from me." God's commandments, God's revealed will, are very precious to one who truly feels himself a stranger on earth.

The Psalmist remembers that all his fathers were, like himself, strangers and pilgrims, and so does the apostle (Hebrews xi. 13), where, in urging the examples of the patriarchs as men who lived by faith, he points to the hope which animated them, and the holy desires which inspired them; they "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." And he reminds those who are true children of Abraham, that "here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Heb. xiii. 14).

There was One who for us and for our salvation came to this earth, and was indeed a stranger here below. Those who have learned of Him would like to think of his Father's house as their home, where He is, and where He has prepared a place for them. Cherishing this hope, they find it not hard, but pleasant and profitable to say with David, "I am a stranger and a sojourner," a "stranger *with* Thee," not a "stranger *to* Thee," for this makes all the difference! He who is a stranger *with* God, walking in communion with Him, having His word for his guide, and heaven for his destined home, may well be content to be a stranger on earth, and need not be ashamed to declare plainly that he seeks a heavenly country.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MAY 15.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS. LUKE XVI. 16-31.

GOLDEN TEXT, PROV. XIV. 32.—'*The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death.*'

CONNECTION.—The foregoing part of the chapter contains two discourses, one to Christ's disciples, the other to the Pharisees. Of the former the great lesson is, 'Make wise and faithful use of your possessions and opportunities for good;' of the latter, 'Seek to be accepted with God rather than with men.' Both these lessons are embodied in the parable before us. The 'rich man' was an unfaithful steward; Lazarus, rejected by men, was accepted and honoured by God.

I. THE CONTRASTS OF EARTH.—*Read vers.* 19-21. The rich and the poor side by side: one of the commonest of sights, Prov. xxii. 2; and a fact in accord with the arrangements of Providence, John xii. 8. Hence the sin of this **rich man** was not in his wealth, but in his failure to employ his wealth aright. **Purple, fine linen,* sumptuous fare,** were not in themselves wicked, but his use of them for entirely selfish ends was so. That his sin was, so far as we know, simply *neglect*, is all the more impressive. He is not described as cruel, unjust, or oppressive; he did not ill-treat the pauper **at his gate**, he was only selfish, caring not for others. But, in the sight of God selfish neglect is cruelty and injustice. 'Inasmuch as ye did it *not*.' He did *not* feed the hungry; he did *not* compassionate the miserable. For a contrasted picture of a rich man's life, see Job xxix. 11-16. It is an expressive touch that the *name* of the **beggar** is given—the only instance of the kind in all Christ's parables. He is thus distinguished from the rich man, who may have been well known and famous on earth, but whose name was not 'written in heaven,' ch. x. 20.

> It is singular that readers in general, as if to maintain the balance of the story, have given a name to the rich man, using the Latin word for *rich*. Hence the parable is generally known as that of Dives and Lazarus.

Lazarus, or *Eleazar*, 'God is my help;' German, *Gotthilf*, a name symbolically chosen (the name also of Christ's 'friend' at Bethany, who was probably a rich man). **Laid** at the rich man's gate ('portal,' a word denoting stateliness), and **full of sores**; he was in the very extreme of outward misery; **desiring**, or longing in vain, for scraps and **crumbs**. The rich man had not the excuse of ignorance (not that ignorance is any *real* excuse for ignoring the poor and miserable around us), for, as the sequel shows, he *knew Lazarus*, at least by name. **The dogs** were the wild, unowned creatures who roam the streets of eastern towns; they **licked his sores**, perhaps with a touch of brute compassion, shaming the heartlessness of human kind, but more probably from a fiercer instinct; and it added to his wretchedness that he had no power to drive the very dogs away! So was it to the end, but in this beggar's heart was the love of God, as the next scene proves, and so he was happier there in his

* Literally, *byssus*, used for the inner or body-garment. Pliny tells us that the finer kind of this was worth its weight in gold. The purple dye was also very costly, and was used for the outer garment, or robe.

rags and hunger than the richly-clad lord of the mansion and the feast.

II. Contrasts of the Unseen World.—*Read vers.* 22, 23. Death comes ('with equal foot' as the Roman poet has it) to the rich man in his palace, and the beggar at the gate. The former had his funeral, being **buried**, no doubt, in a manner befitting his condition. This also was a point on which great stress was laid. What became of the **beggar's** body our Lord does not say; nor did it matter, for his happy spirit **was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom**; set down in an honourable place at the heavenly festival.

> The imagery is that of a feast: see ch. xiii. 28, 29, where the guests at the great banquet are described as 'sitting down' with 'Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob,' in the kingdom of God. The place next any one at table on his right hand was described as being in his bosom. So John with our Lord (John xiii. 23).

What follows relates to the condition of the dead in the world of disembodied spirits; the 'intermediate state' between Death and Judgment. See here the 'Golden Text.' Our Lord describes unseen realities in a form accordant with Jewish ideas about the future world; but by adopting the representation He attests its substantial truth. **Hell** in this passage is *hades* (Heb. *sheol*), the invisible world, into which the spirits of the righteous and the wicked passed—the same word as in Acts ii. 27 (Psa. xvi. 8), 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hell.' Lazarus and the rich man, therefore, were *both* 'in hell,' but in different regions of that world, called by the Jews Paradise and Gehenna respectively: the latter was the place of **torments**; the celestial banquet was spread in the former, **afar off**.

> Paradise, then, is not the *final heaven*. See Luke xxiii. 43; 2 Cor. xii. 4. Hence the harmony between the words of the Apostles' Creed, 'He descended into hell,' and the Saviour's own promise, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'

III. Appeal of the Lost Soul and the Answer.—*Read vers.* 24–26. The vision of the heavenly feast may have brought to mind the banquets of earth; but the delicacies spread stir no longing, the one desire is for **a drop of water to cool the tongue**—the tongue that had been the means of sensual gratification before, now parched with **flame**! Are we to understand a literal fire? No more than a literal feast, a literal gulf. These all are emblems of spiritual realities, in their joy or their terror. In particular, the flame may denote an ever-present remorse, with a vain desire for soothing. Observe the rich man's appeal, **Father Abraham**, claiming still his privilege as a Jew (John viii. 39). And Abraham acknowledges it too! **Son**, literally, *child*, **remember**! Words strangely gentle, addressed to a lost soul. Note, again, the tone of command, **Send Lazarus**! The rich man cannot lay aside his old habit of claiming as a right the services of others! Solemn is the answer in its twofold force. *Remember!* Memory will be a chief source of future anguish—the old life lived again in thought, with its mistakes and failures, neglects and sins, all seen in the 'fierce light' which shows all exactly as they are. **Thy good things**, according to thine own standard, thy choice, thy fancied happiness. You had them all, what reason can there be to complain? **Lazarus evil things**, not *his*, but such as an allwise Providence, apart from his own choice, allotted to him. To say 'My life is mine,' is the way to fearful loss! The **great gulf** is an emblem of the distance between souls. There was such a gulf between Lazarus and the rich man even on earth; but now the gulf is **fixed**, Rev. xxii. 11. For these two reasons, therefore, the request is inadmissible. In his agony, then, the lost one utters another desire.

IV. Appeal of the Lost Spirit for His Brethren, and Abraham's Reply.—*Read vers.* 27–31. **Therefore**, seeing that there is this gulf between Paradise and Gehenna, may there not be a passage from Paradise to the earth? *These* places at least are not so far apart! Might not Lazarus be commissioned on an errand of kindness? What, we may ask, was the secret of this lost man's anxiety for **his five brethren**? Was it all selfish—lest they should add bitterness to his pangs in **the place of torment**? Undoubtedly the lost will aggravate one another's pain, by mutual reproaches—the tempter and the tempted—confederates in guilt—those who might have helped, but did not! All this may have given earnestness to the request. But we cannot suppose this to have been the only motive. It was with a touch of natural tenderness, that the sufferer remembered his **father's house**, and sought to spare his brothers the woe which he himself must endure! Yet he was mistaken. And here our Lord teaches the highest lesson of the parable, what we understand by the *sufficiency of Scripture*. **Moses and the Prophets**, yet more, Christ and His apostles, in the written word and the preached Gospel, are able to 'make wise unto salvation,' 2 Tim. iii. 15. If these fail, there are no other and mightier means in reserve. We might be ready to say, with this son of Abraham, **Nay, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.** Yet a second thought corrects the impression. What new truth could the visitant from the invisible world communicate? What mightier motive could he bring to bear than that which has been successfully resisted—the love of Christ? The spirit of unbelief has strange power now; would it not in the supposed case assert itself even more strongly? '*A spirit came to me* and told me of the fire unquenchable. It was very terrible; but was it all real? How am I to know that it was not a delusion—an overwrought mind—a waking dream? My reason tells me that there are no such things as ghosts! Then, after all, he only told me what I knew before. It was just diseased imagination, my own fancies and fears coming back to me in that way.' So the impression would be lost, and the message of Lazarus would die away even more quickly and utterly than the message of God's ministers had died away before!

The secret of irreligion is not the want of evidence, but a hard heart, and this only Divine Love can overcome.

> Besides, the experiment has been tried, though in another form. Soon after these words were spoken a Lazarus *did come back from the dead*. Was Jewish scepticism convinced? On the contrary, it was only embittered against the Saviour. And when *He himself arose*, His testimony was spurned, and His Gospel rejected: see John xii. 10, 11; 37, 38.

Questions.

1. Show how this parable illustrates the sayings of our Lord uttered just before:
   - *a.* 'Make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.'
   - *b.* 'That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.'
   - *c.* 'It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail.'
2. In which passages of the Gospels does the word 'hell' denote 'Hades,' the invisible world? *
3. Cite passages illustrative (*a*) of the adequacy of the Old Testament—'Moses and the Prophets'—to set forth the way of salvation; (*b*) of the sufficiency of Scripture generally to produce conviction.

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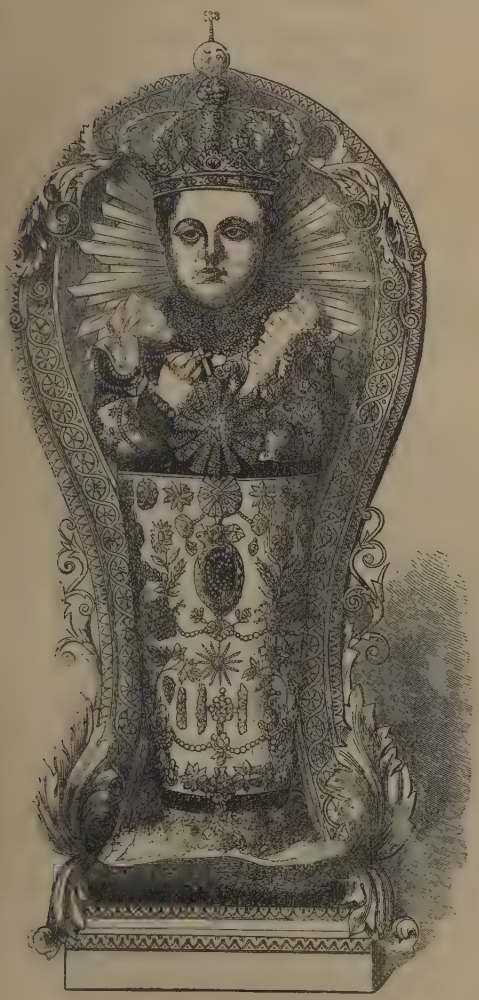
* It is to be hoped and expected that the forthcoming Revision will render this question less necessary, by giving in these places the right translation.

Pages for the Young.

THE SACRED CRÊCHE AT THE CHURCH OF ARA CŒLI.



THE BAMBINO.

AS quite a little girl, I remember reading in the pages of the "Sunday at Home" the story of the abduction of the "blessed Bambino," which is fully authenticated and mentioned in Story's "Roba di Roma." Years gone by, the Bambino kept his state carriage, and drove out when required to visit the sick, but since his treacherous detention and midnight walk home, he has never left his sacred crêche at the church of Ara Cœli on the Campidoglio, and there I visited him during my first visit to Rome.

Having found the sacristan, an old monk of the Franciscan order, we were taken into a side chapel, and unlocking an old panel door in the wall, waxen figures of the Virgin kneeling, and St. Joseph standing over her, came to view, and in a drawer beneath, reposes the wooden Bambino. He is said to have been carved from an olive of Gethsemane, and painted by St. Luke in exact representation of the infant Saviour. There he lies in his drawer on a white satin cushion, embroidered, dressed in a miniature cope of gold, further trimmed with tinsel, a golden crown on his round wooden head, richly studded with jewels of all sizes and of every description, his feet encased in tiny embroidered slippers. Over and above all this he is almost completely covered with votive offerings from his fairer worshippers, consisting of jewelled necklets, pendants, brooches, bracelets and rings of all descriptions, the latter being stitched to his dress. The good friar was enraptured with its beauty and wealth: "Is he not pretty, signorina? Ah, what jewelry!" he said rubbing his hands; and my wish that he would have bestowed but a little upon me he received without the least horror, answering with a chuckling laugh. He asked me eagerly if I would like to kiss its feet, which I deliberately declined, when, doubtless to compensate to the treasured Bambino for such heretical contempt (great licence being, however, allowed to the English signorina), the old man bent himself and kissed the little feet with most reverent affection. Several *poverelli* had of course found their way into the little chapel, and were kneeling behind, one or two old women, and a mother with two or three little ones, and these as we turned to go left off muttering their prayers, to make their invariable request for small money, and the mother, giving her eldest girl a sou, bid her go forward. We waited a moment to see the kiss given, and the old priest did in this case exhibit decided horror as the child offered to kiss the face!

The next winter I was present at the Befana or the Bambino's Epiphany fêtes, one might well say his receptions.

In a side chapel, near the entrance of this grand old church, is fitted up the stable. Through the open door one sees a distant Eastern view. Above is represented the Almighty and the dove; angels in the foreground playing on various musical instruments, vanishing away at last into countless and ever-diminishing seraph heads. The whole scene is very theatrical in effect, to which the dress of the Virgin Mother lends itself well also, it being of some gauzy material, apparently having done business at some evening party. The sacred Bambino reclined on her lap, St. Joseph standing over them in a Franciscan's habit, and near kneels a Roman contadina, doubtless the representative of that church. After the eve of the Epiphany, the kings and magi have their part in the representation. These last knelt and tendered their offerings, while behind stood the kings, most richly attired, as were their attendants, and it struck us with amusement that these were apparently the ladies of their seraglios. The peasants crowded round so that it was difficult to obtain a good view.

A counter-attraction soon, however, drew off many spectators, and us among them. This was the children's appropriate recitations. A rough platform, or sort of pulpit, is erected opposite at some distance, and to this come small preachers of every class, instructed at their convent schools. The two little performers in this case were of the upper class, the elder, being one of two little sisters, dressed in the greatest elegance and simplicity, attended by an imposing lackey in livery; the other apparently a schoolfellow. Very pretty and effective was their discourse, which was delivered with the natural dramatic gestures and expression of these southern children, who seem not to know, as a rule, the shyness or self-consciousness of ours. It was much in the form of a play, one demanding of the other the meaning of the music she heard, the second, listening a few minutes, stretches forth both arms and exclaims with rapture, "Yes, my dear Amelia, yes, 'tis the song of the angel hosts, they proclaim the birth of the child Christ; let us go with them to adore," etc. So they tell the story of the Nativity; and very sweetly it sounded from their musical little Italian tongues, spite of their affected raptures and manners.

After all, this kind of poetic recitation may help in spreading instruction among the poorer people, who listened with pleasure to the graceful children of the rich when doubtless one of the Reverend Capuchins might have preached in vain. Indeed, my friends and I could not help thinking it would not be a bad method sometimes to adopt in our Sunday-schools. The

children themselves took an interest in their parts, and their sweet childish voices ensured it from their audience.

Some time after a poor mother put up her little child, apparently also about six or seven, who made a short oration in verse, but not with the same sangfroid as the last; still the mother's pride was evident as she encouraged and kissed her.

On the day of the Epiphany, I was not backward in going to witness the blessing of the Bambino. The steps of the church, which rise near those to the Capitol, were thronged with people and children. Rosaries, pictures of the Bambino, delectables, and small wares of all kinds, were offered for sale. The crowd in the church was denser than that without, and had not the greater part formed into procession, I doubt if my labour had not been in vain. The procession was formed of monks, acolytes, bearing crosses and lights, and people following, chiefly of the lower grades. A high dignitary carried, raised aloft, the sacred Bambino in all his pomp and splendour. In the centre of his back was an enormous emerald, which, if it be real, must be of great value. Most people knelt as it passed them; many lifted up children to touch it; and the door was opened, and the image shown to those without, who received it with applause, and having made the tour of the church, the Bambino was placed upon the high altar. A service was then read, being the blessing of the Bambino, during which its hand was raised in sign of benediction. This I was not near enough to perceive, but my *padrona di casa* exclaimed, "How dear it is, signora; how it raises its little hand in blessing!" A pastoral was beautifully executed, and the service was ended; and the Bambino is afterwards returned to his drawer until the next Christmas.

My good landlady, or padrona, was eloquent on the subject of the *Beato Bambino*, as we wended our way home, and told me how he had wrought wonderful cures for many who were dangerously ill and even despaired of, and said at one time he had received larger fees than many physicians. Being a great favourite of this honest woman, as I am bound to say I was, I ventured to remark to her the absurdity of believing that that wooden image, wholly impotent of itself, could possess a divine power; and I told her that I had heard the tale of its being kept back and another substituted, and said candidly that the priests knew this to be too matter-of-fact an age for the fable of its "miraculous" cures to be believed.

A. J. L.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVII.

Double Acrostic.

Twin sacrifice of thanks and love
Together *there* arise,
To swell the incense-cloud above
Whose fragrance never dies.

1. *His* faithless soul desires to see
What never can be shown:
"So long time have I been with thee,
Yet Me thou hast not known?"

2. As carring of the purest gold
Or dazzling ornament
Is *He whose wise reproof* lays hold
On ears obedient.

3. There is a small but deadly word
That oft makes teaching vain.
"Almost" did *he* believe the Lord,
"Almost" to life attain.

4. The ravenous lions meekly rest
Beside him on the ground;
For angels guard that servant blest
In whom *this grace* is found.

5. Builded and paved with *this clear stone*
Where living waters welled,
The likeness of a glorious throne
Prophetic eye beheld.

6. Let wisdom *here* find open way,
That knowledge may be mine;
And, oh! when from my heart I pray
Thine *own*, dear Lord, incline.

F. M. E.

NO. XVIII.

Read,

Exod. xxxiii. 19; Deut. i. 34–38; Psa. xcv. 8, 9; cxxxvii. 2; Isa. xx. 2, 3; xliv. 4; Rom. ii. 4; 1 Cor. x. 1–10; Heb. iii. 17; Rev. xii. 1.

Three several terms be first selected,
Then half of every term rejected;
Look well to keep the proper share,
And join them finally with care.

1. The *first* by water-brooks doth flourish—
Type of the soul whom grace doth nourish:
Yet you might find a harp unstrung,
There by a sorrowing people hung.

2. The *second* set all Israel talking,
'Twas Israel's prophet, barefoot walking:
But 'tis a bright-robed woman now,
With starry crown around her brow.

3. The *third*, 'tis Paul th' Apostle's sentence,
Leads thoughtless mortals to repentance;
And this, to show God's sovereign grace,
Was made to pass by Moses' face.

In these behold, when laid together,
A region famed for dusty weather,
Where Israel once God's patience tried,
And all but two of Israel died.

Lesson.

Let their example make us humble,
No more to disobey and stumble;
That we through grace may never fall,
But answer God's effectual call.

W. L.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XI.—p. 224.—BONDAGE.

1. BOND: Col. iii. 14. Acts viii. 23.
2. AGE: Zech. viii. 4. Psa. xxxix. 5.
3. BONDAGE: Gal. v. 1. Rom. viii. 15.

NO. XII.—p. 240.—HEADSTONE.

1. HEAD: 1 Sam. xvii. 54. Matt. xiv. 10–12. Rev. xii. 3; xiii. 1; xvii. 3.
2. STONE: Ezek. xi. 19. Zech. vii. 12. Acts vii. 58. Rev. xxi. 11, 19.
3. HEADSTONE: Psa. cxviii. 22. Zech. iv. 7. Acts iv. 11.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

"YOU AGREE WITH ME, DON'T YOU?"

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER VII.—A RESOLUTION.

THE day of Brena Temple's first visit was the day after the arrival of Mrs. Canynge's last letter.

Lettice was dressed for a short walk, having been incited thereto by a lecture from Miss Temple on the necessity for exercise, and by Violet's consequent fears for her health. She had just arranged her little sister in an easy-chair beside the blazing fire, and was standing upon the rug, in the act of drawing on her gloves, when Susan announced, "Miss Temple." Lettice looked up, puzzled for the moment, knowing no "Miss Temple" save the mistress of the house, and forgetful of the Brentwood Hall branch of the family. Recollection grew clear with the sight of the pretty figure and fair face, which stooped first to

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

kiss Lady Bartlett, and then came quickly across the rug.

"We almost know one another already, don't we?" said Brena, her soft blue eyes looking full into the irresponsive grey ones of Lettice Majendie. "How do you do? I am so glad to see you at last. And this is little Violet?"

Lettice's hand-shake was chill, none the less so because she had at that moment a distinct remembrance of Mrs. Canynge's letter. She did not care to know Brena Temple, and had no intention at all of accepting her as a friend. Brena concealed her disappointment at the cold reception, and kissed the child affectionately, Violet submitting with a half-smile, in place of shrinking.

"You are just going out to walk, Miss Majendie. Don't let me keep you in," said Brena, not venturing on the "Lettice" which would have come more naturally to her lips. For though the girls had not met before, yet they had heard of one another from earliest childhood. It was the family fashion to look upon them as "almost cousins."

"It is of no consequence. I was only going because Violet wished it," said Lettice stiffly.

"Miss Temple says Lettice will be ill if she doesn't," murmured the younger sister.

"Every one ought to get out sometimes. It is not good to sit always indoors," said Brena, in her bright tone; "and the day is lovely!"

"It is of no consequence," repeated Lettice; "I do not care for walking."

"Oh, but it is good for you. Violet and I are agreed about that. I dare say you don't like leaving Violet alone, for fear she should be dull. They told me at the door that Miss Temple was gone out. But I have nothing to do just now, and I should quite enjoy staying for a little chat with Violet, to make the time pass while you are away. You won't mind that, will you, dear?"

Violet's "No" though shy, was confiding. Lettice hesitated, but gave way to renewed pressure, and left the house.

It *was* a lovely day, as Brena had said. Slight snow had fallen, hardly to a greater thickness than a full hoar-frost, but every tree and roof and paling was clothed in glittering diamonds, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky of deep blue. Sunshine without, but no sunshine within, as regarded Lettice Majendie; for in her sad and burdened heart she could see no ray of light, could feel no change in the black-pool darkness, could find no lessening of the heavy rock-shadows. There were some who noted pityingly the pale girl in mourning, with her firm step and downcast eyes—some who would have stopped and spoken kind words to her. But she was bent on remaining alone in her sorrow. If they caught her eyes at all, she only bowed and passed on.

Coming home, Lettice and Miss Temple met from opposite directions in the garden. "So you have been out," said Miss Temple; "though you declined to come with me."

"Violet pressed it; I did not intend," said Lettice.

"Do you ever do anything, Lettice, except in obedience to that child?"

Lettice looked up, and then dropped her eyes quietly. "I really do not know," she said. "I never troubled myself to consider."

"Well, it seems to me you are on the high-road to ruining your own health and hers too—not to speak of her character. I believe the happiest thing for you both would be to be separated."

It was a mere passing notion, vaguely rising and vaguely uttered. But the idea no sooner sprang into being, than it gained a certain hold in Miss Temple's mind.

Lettice made no answer to the remark, but went straight into the drawing-room. Violet lifted a bright face from a prettily-bound book.

"O Lettice, are you back? I wish you had come five minutes sooner. Brena has only just gone. She says I am to call her 'Brena,' and she *is* so sweet! I think she has the very prettiest smile I ever saw in my life. Look, Lettice, she has given me this book. And she is going to bring me a box of moist paints to-morrow, so that I may learn to illuminate."

Lettice was amazed. Violet did not look like the same child as the white-faced languid creature of weeks past. She bent over her half jealously, to say, "Are you glad to see me back, my pet?"

"Of course. I never like to be without you for one minute. Sit down here, Lettice, and look at my book. Brena read some of it to me, and she sang—oh, so beautifully! I wish you could sing like that. I think her voice would send me to sleep when I am tired—any time."

"I often do sing to you, Violet."

"Oh, yes, I know you do, darling. Only Brena's voice is so different from everybody else's—just as her face is different. I think I never saw anyone so loving. I have been sitting ever so long with her arms round me, and she doesn't feel a bit like a stranger."

"I must take off my hat," said Lettice coldly, rising.

Violet looked at her in perplexity. "Lettice, you don't mind me liking Brena, do you? I thought you liked her too."

"Everyone worships her, I believe," said Lettice curtly.

And she went upstairs, remaining there a considerable time. When she came down again, Violet's happy excitement was gone, and the little white face was still as usual. Nothing more passed between the sisters on the subject of Brena, only Violet sat clinging long to Lettice, as if under a misty impression that she had somehow wronged her. And the next day, when Brena came again, Lettice remained present, and Violet's passive shyness could not be overcome. Lettice knew herself to be unwise, to be selfish, in her desire to keep Violet to herself. Yet none the less she desired it passionately. "Just this one," she pleaded in her heart when conscience spoke. "Only one to love—that one her all—surely she might keep Violet! Brena was loved by so many." But why was not Lettice?

Miss Temple found her way into her brother's study on a certain day, brimful of ideas,—or rather brimful of one leading idea, round which clustered others, like chickens round a hen. Having had it brewing in her mind some days, he was not without an inkling of the same, since she never kept anything from him. True to his principle of non-intervention he had abstained from expressing an opinion on the matter. Now he lifted his eyes gravely,

wiped his little pen upon his favourite penwiper, and silently awaited what might be coming.

"Vandal, I want to talk something over with you. Of course you can spare me half-an-hour."

"I am not likely to be allowed much choice," said Vandal, puckering up his thin cheeks after a distressful fashion of his own.

"Why, you have nothing particular to do. You have the whole day at leisure—nothing to do, but just to sit still and read and amuse yourself."

Vandal made no attempt at setting up any defence. He bit the end of his pencil in a cogitative style, and gazed into the fire.

"Men never seem to mind that sort of life," said Miss Temple, plunging into generalisations. "I couldn't put up with it. I must be busy about something or other. But of course if you are satisfied it isn't any business of mine, only I believe you would be twice as well if you were obliged to work for your living, instead of sitting in your arm-chair and doing nothing whatever from morning till night."

"Was that what you came to say?" enquired Vandal.

"No, it was not. I came to speak about those girls. I have made up my mind—*quite* made up my mind—nothing shall move me from it—to send Violet to school."

"Lettice is too old to go as well, I suppose," said Vandal composedly.

"Lettice! What are you thinking about; I never heard such an idea. Lettice! Why her education is finished. She is nearly twenty years old."

"My dear sister, I don't need a tornado of words. I am quite convinced."

"But, Vandal, what do you think of the plan?"

"Your mind is made up. My opinion can be of small importance."

"I came on purpose to get your opinion. Now don't be tiresome, please, but answer me. You know I never like to do anything that you don't approve."

Vandal looked meditatively up and meditatively down, ere he slowly observed, "If it is for their happiness——"

"Of course it is. That is my reason."

"Then the matter may be regarded as settled. You are the best judge, no doubt, as to what really is for their happiness."

This did not satisfy Miss Temple. She wanted unqualified approval, wanted to be able to say afterwards, "I acted by *your* advice." That was the very possibility which Vandal wished to prevent.

"The fact is, you don't understand Lettice, or you would see things as I do. I have been talking with Anna Temple, and she quite agrees with me that it is a most unhealthy state of affairs—most unhealthy, and quite unnatural. That child is being ruined. Lettice simply slaves for her, and never gives a thought to anyone else. She is growing a peevish, miserable, spoilt——"

"Who? Lettice?"

"No, Violet. A peevish, spoilt little creature, with hardly a civil word or look for anyone in the world except Lettice. *I* never saw anything like it in all my life. As for gratitude, I suppose one ought not to expect it from girls trained as it is plain they have been. But one does expect common civility, and to be treated as the mistress in one's own house. Lettice never dreams of such a thing. She does not care in the least what kind of inconvenience she puts us to, if Violet's fancies are concerned. My dear aunt is getting into years, and ought not to have her habits broken in upon, though of course, for myself I should not care. But as I say, I do expect a measure of gratitude, or at least of civility—and really I have neither from Lettice, and she is training Violet to be every inch as bad as herself. The thing can't go on, Vandal. I have quite made up my mind to separate the two; they will be more manageable apart I should hope. Violet must go to school, and Lettice——"

"Yes,—and Lettice?" echoed Vandal, who had listened with a tried expression to this tirade.

"Lettice of course will remain here. Without Violet's fancies to control her, she may improve. I shall endeavour to train her into some sort of companion to myself."

"The parting will be a trial," murmured Vandal.

"Partings always are a trial. But everybody undergoes them. Who ever thinks of that when children have to go to school? It is a necessary part of education, and Violet's education has been shamefully neglected. I never saw a girl of her age such a complete baby."

"Her health——" said Vandal.

"That is just the excuse. She will forget to be ill among a number of other children. Lettice coddles and nurses her, till she really makes her ill. Half of it is fancy, and half the result of Lettice's treatment. I do not believe Violet is at all more delicate than *I* was at her age, but I never gave way to it as she does. It is very easy to shake your head; you always do that if you don't agree with me and have not anything more to say. But you don't know half how bad things are. I assure *you*—" and Miss Temple laid emphatic though needless stress on the pronoun—"I assure *you*, brother, Lettice is jealous to that degree, that she positively will not allow Violet to be fond of anyone except herself. Brena came in the other day, and sat with Violet, and quite won the child. Violet was delighted with her. She will hardly kiss *me*—ungrateful little thing—but she sat on Brena's lap, and the two fussed over one another for a whole hour, for my aunt saw it all, though she could not hear what they were saying. Would you believe it? Lettice turned as black as night when she found Violet liked Brena, and the child has not dared to show a grain of pleasure since at seeing her. Now, ought that sort of thing to go on? Is it right? I put the question to Anna, and she said unhesitatingly, 'Certainly not.'"

"It is melancholy," said Vandal.

"And you agree with me now that separation is the only course. You agree with me, don't you?"

"My dear sister, I am quite content to leave the decision in your hands," mildly responded Vandal. "The responsibility is yours, not mine."

"You can't shirk all responsibility; I am not sole guardian."

"Practically so, I think. My name was added later by Richard Majendie, no doubt with a view to the property—the need for a business-head. But the property is gone. With the girls themselves you must be a better judge than I as to plans and expedients."

"Well, it isn't much use coming to *you* for help,"

said Miss Temple. "But I have quite made up my mind. Lettice may say what she likes, she cannot move me. Violet shall go to school at Mrs. Marks'. I know her well, and it is a first-rate school, and unexceptionable in every way."

"London!" said Vandal.

"Why, yes—Sydenham. A nice open healthy part, and she will be near the Crystal Palace. I shall not wait for Easter. No use in delay. If I get her off next week, she will have half of the present term. I shall ask Mrs. Marks to pay all due regard to her health. Things are growing unbearable, and there must be a change. No one can say anything against this. It is no saving of expense to me, I am sure—but I am willing to undertake it for the child's sake. You agree with me that delay would be unwise?"

Vandal gazed hard at the cornice. "They do say that if a man's head has to be cut off, the more quickly it is done the better—as a matter of mercy."

"Head cut off! What nonsense you talk!" said Miss Temple, ruffled. "Why, I am only going to do what almost all the mothers in the land do with their children."

"I suppose the first half-year at school is always painful to a shy child," said Vandal. "However—I hope your scheme may prove successful."

"How can it be anything else?" asked Miss Temple sharply.

Vandal responded not, and she rose to leave, her parting words being, "I see you do really agree with me, though you won't say so."

She went home, with her head full of the plan, having, as she said, "made up her mind." It was a true assertion, for this process had taken place before her conversation with Mrs. Temple, as well as before her conversation with her brother. The effect of the two conversations had been to greatly strengthen her in her resolution; less through counsel received than through her own reiterated assertions. She had now no manner of doubt as to the wisdom of her own intention, nor as to the kindness of what she proposed to do.

One step Miss Temple had forgotten—a certain preliminary step, not habitual with her in matters either great or small. She had not spread this question before her God, and sought Divine guidance. Miss Temple's faith was a vague faith, not a practical one embracing everyday matters. It was quite a correct and necessary thing in her eyes to pray for "all sorts and conditions of men," and to beseech—at least in word—for outpourings of grace upon the heathen. But to pray about the "condition" of the two orphan girls in her home, to entreat that God's grace might be showered upon *them*, to seek to learn the will of God respecting the manner in which *they* were to be trained, was quite another matter. She never even thought of such a thing. Possibly, had the sense of responsibility in connection with her guardianship of them pressed upon her more heavily, she would have been driven to ask for the Heavenly wisdom which she needed.

Reaching home, Miss Temple found the two girls seated, after their common custom, beside the blazing fire; the younger clinging to the elder. It vexed Miss Temple. She thought, and thought not wrongly, that the habit was an enervating one. She thought also, and thought not wrongly, that hours of idleness were bad for both. But she had not the loving patience which would have considered to the full their great trouble, and won their love, and gently led them where she vainly tried to drive.

"Really, Lettice, you and Violet waste your whole time in doing nothing. And no wonder Violet gets pale and chilly directly she leaves the fire. Do move a little farther off."

"We have not been long here," said Lettice quietly, but she paid some slight regard to the command.

"That is not far enough to make any real difference. Have you done nothing at all this whole afternoon?"

"I have read to Violet."

"A story-book? It seems to me you never think of such a thing as improving your own mind."

Lettice made no answer, and the subject was dropped. Miss Temple had great difficulty in restraining utterance with regard to the uppermost thought in her mind, until later in the evening. She did not wish to tell both girls together. When Violet went to bed she said to Lettice,

"I want to speak to you as soon as Violet is asleep."

An hour later, Lettice came down, cold and shivering, from the fireless bedroom. She stood warming her hands, and Miss Temple looked up from her work to say,

"I thought you were not coming!"

"Violet is only just asleep. She has gone off more quickly than usual."

"It would be a great deal better for her to be left alone to sleep, like other children," said Miss Temple. "You are ruining her health and her character by all this coddling."

"I am the best judge as to that. No one knows Violet as I do."

"We all know her pretty well by this time," said Miss Temple, with a slight sneer in the tone. "When you first came, I thought you foolish, Lettice, but I did not say much. I was determined to wait patiently, and observe for myself. But things cannot be allowed to go on so any longer. It is quite out of the question. It is bad for Violet, and everyone is made uncomfortable."

"What do you wish changed?" asked Lettice calmly.

"Everything. I can't have it continued. It is a constant worry to everybody, and upsets all comfort in the household. I have been consulting with my brother and with Mrs. Temple, and they both agree with me. I have quite made up my mind to send Violet to school."

The blow fell sharply, and it was an utterly unexpected blow. Miss Temple saw that. Lettice had learned self-command during these past months, the fictitious self-command of pride and reserve, but her start was irrepressible, and her face grew white.

"It is of no use to make a fuss, Lettice, or to look at me like that. I have quite made up my mind. If I did not know by this time that it is useless to look for gratitude from you, I should say it was a thing you ought to be grateful for. It will be the best thing possible for Violet. She will grow strong and healthy among other children, and she will have a first-rate education. It is a school with which I am well acquainted."

Lettice's gaze had never moved from her face,

since the first utterance of the word "school." She said now huskily yet sharply,

"It cannot be. Violet cannot go to school."

"Violet most certainly will go. It is quite a settled plan. I have written this afternoon to the principal, making arrangements: I happened to hear quite lately that she has a vacancy. Violet will go next week, so as not to lose the remaining half of this term."

A look of suppressed wildness and of fierce determination was creeping over Lettice's face, transforming every feature. Her cheeks flushed deeply, and her eyes shone—almost glared.

"Violet cannot go to school, Miss Temple. She is not in health for it. Mother always said so, and she is weaker now. She shall not leave me."

"She will be far better apart from you—and I am not the only one who thinks so. It is no use to struggle, Lettice. I have quite made up my mind, and nothing can change me. Violet will go next week."

"If she goes, I go with her. We cannot be parted."

Miss Temple was trembling with anger at the opposition, anger not unmixed with a touch of positive fear at the look in the other's face.

"You are talking foolishly, Lettice, quite foolishly," she said, in some agitation. "Your education is finished. Who do you suppose is going to pay the expenses of your schooling? Not I, I can assure you. You have not a penny of your own, please to remember; Vandal says you will not have a penny when all demands are paid. It is plain enough now. Your only home is here, and Violet of course will come here in the holidays. It is only a few weeks to Easter, and it is much best that she should go first for only half a term instead of a whole term. I hope you will be wise, and not excite Violet, or make her fancy herself ill. If you do, I shall be obliged to send her off at once, before she imagines herself unable to travel."

"I cannot part with Violet," was the answer, uttered hoarsely by rigid lips, that seemed as if they could scarcely move. "I cannot do it, Miss Temple. You are asking a cruel thing of us."

"I do not ask it; I insist! Where you see cruelty, other people will see kindness. We have said enough now about the matter."

"I will do anything you wish," began Lettice, struggling for voice; "anything in reason. I will try to train her into your ways. Only we cannot be parted. She is all I have left."

"You seem to forget that the decision does not rest with you," returned Miss Temple. "All this excitement only convinces me the more of the need there is for such a plan. It is useless to talk, Lettice. My mind is made up, and nothing can move me. Violet will go to London early next week—if not sooner. That must depend upon your conduct."

Lettice said not another word. She turned and went swiftly away upstairs into her own room. Then she double-locked the door, and stood at the foot of the bed, looking upon the little pale-faced sleeper.

PARABLES CONCERNING SPRING.

BY PROFESSOR GAUSSEN.

III.

THE Jews have a beautiful custom when they enter a cemetery in order to bury any one of their people. They bend themselves, we are told, three times towards the earth; then, taking the grass of the grave which they are going to dig, and casting it behind them, they chant these words of the prophet (Isa. lxvi. 14): "Thy bones shall spring up again like grass, O my brother." To-day I take, so to speak, handsful of the grass and the flowers with which the spring has re-clothed our fields, and amidst these concerts of nature's revival, and the life which makes itself heard all around us during this season of marvels, I cry out to you: "Resurrection! resurrection!"

What delight to think that God makes us witness each year the revival of all the plants, and the grains, and the trees, and the insects of the country, only to cry out to us all, in the midst of his works: "Child of the dust, thou shalt arise from the dust, and thy bones spring up again like the grass!" What delight to be told that if our Creator has been pleased thus to show us every year, in the spring, dead nature raised to life, and millions of revivals on the earth, in the air, and in the waters, by an immense power of resurrection which penetrates the depth of the soil, and covers it in a few days with life and with beauty, it is because He wished to recall to our eyes, it is because He wished to attest to our minds, it is because He wished to cry to our consciences, that there is a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust, and that the day must come when our bodies shall spring up again like the grass.

After having shown you, in a preceding discourse, how the parables of spring preach to us the spiritual regeneration of the soul in this life, I am going to remind you here how they proclaim to us the resurrection of our mortal body on the last day. The teaching of the spring is more beautiful than all its splendour. As it might be said of a hymn both melodious and sublime, "The meaning is more beautiful than the melody."

The words of the angels, for example, who sang

above the plains of Bethlehem at the birth of the Saviour, were they not a thousand times finer than all the harmony of their song? If, on that miraculous night, you had heard resound in the regions of the air their magnificent choirs, without understanding their language, these celestial voices, although perhaps they may have been more delightful than the spring and more pure than the heaven, would have caused in you only vague emotions, and would have been for you after all, but ravishing music; whilst for the shepherds of Bethlehem there was in these chants a meaning; there came from them that voice, more sublime and sweet than even the harps of the angels, that voice which announced to the world its Saviour, and which brought the tidings of great joy, the coming of Christ, the birth of the Son of promise, glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men.

Well, my brethren, it is thus with the songs of spring, and with all the harmonies of nature. There comes forth from them, for the Christian soul that knows the language of Zion, and for it alone, a voice a thousand times more touching than all the prodigies of nature, a voice that cries to it thus: "I announce to you the tidings of great joy. You have a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; your brothers will rise again, and your bodies revive like the grass. Glory, then, to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will amongst men!"

You remember, no doubt, that miracle of the dry bones, which was presented, in a prophetic vision, to the eyes of the prophet Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii.). There are very few scenes more imposing. The Eternal had transported him into the middle of a vast desert covered with withered bones. "Son of man," said He to him, "can these bones live?"

"Lord God, Thou knowest?"

"Prophesy then, over these bones, and say to them, Oh, dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

Then, as soon as Ezekiel had done what had been commanded him, a sound was heard, and behold, a movement took place, and these bones came together; then he beheld, and behold, sinews came upon them; and there was flesh, and skin extended on them above, but there was no spirit in them. Then Ezekiel cried out on the part of the Eternal: "Holy Spirit, come from the four winds and breathe on these dead, that they may revive!" And immediately the Spirit entered into them and they revived, and they stood upon their feet, and were an exceeding great army.

This scene is magnificent and stirring. Does it not seem to you, that if it had been granted you to behold it, nothing in the world could have made you lose the wondrous remembrance? And yet, we have all been the witnesses of a spectacle much more imposing, and which would have transported us with an admiration full of enthusiasm, if the same which ought to render it still more admirable, I mean its frequency and its return every year, had not accustomed us to look upon it with indifference. What a spectacle of wonders! what a resurrection wrought in all nature! What enchantment! The earth some months ago was a vast desert of ice; on it everything was silent; everything appeared to be without life. The plants were withered; their beauty had vanished. They presented to us everywhere only the sad and frightful aspect of death; the trees, stripped of their leaves struck one against the other, like the dry bones, their bare boughs; the streams and the torrents had stopped their course; their waters stood still, with motion suspended; and instead of the breath of life which to-day animates all things, the wind of the north, like a breath of destruction, walked alone over this vast cemetery.

Which of us, if habit had not familiarised us with all the wonders of spring—which of us, at the sight of all this death, would not have been tempted to say: "Lord God, can all these live again?" And yet what have we seen? From the first days of the spring, the Eternal has prophesied over these dry bones; they have seemed to move, they have become covered with the sinews of life; they are animated, they breathe; and loaded now with verdure and flowers, behold them, so to say, raised on their feet; they form a large army, to the praise of their God. To-day movement, progress, joy, life, are seen everywhere, where was formerly immobility, silence, sadness, death. A spirit of resurrection and a living soul, have they not entered into all this nature? Has not the Spirit of God blown from the four winds on these withered bones? Have not millions of animated beings come forth every year into the air, upon the earth, and into the waters, as the elect will do on the blessed day of the resurrection of the just? These flowers, which on all sides come forth from the soil, as from their tombs, fresh as the dew, in number like the sand of the sea, and more beautiful than the royal robe of an emperor ever was on the day of his glory, were they not, a few months ago, either large and clumsy roots, or grain very much like the vile dust that we tread underfoot? And see now, these roots and this grain lately buried (like the human body, which in the tomb is only an object of horror)—these roots and this grain, which become corrupt and decomposed in our furrows before they rise again, are become to-day the ornament of the country and the charm of our eyes! Behold how also every day, these miracles of resurrection far from ending, go on and extend with as much rapidity as beauty! How many millions of plants and millions of insects, by an incomprehensible operation of God, come forth continually from the earth, to praise as in concert the all-powerful Creator who has lately freed them from death, and made them come to the light of our finest days! See how all creation released from the tomb, seems to be penetrated with life and kindled with joy!

What do all these marvels teach you, then? What do they say to you, all these things? They are there, you see, to show you the truth, the reality, the certainty of all the promises of God. They are there to reproduce them to you, if I may dare so to speak, in the image of the trees, of the flowers, of the insects, and of all parts of the creation. They repeat to you, each in its own way, that the day must come, when this earth, formerly cursed, will see arise on it the morn of eternal spring. Then (you know what the Bible tells you on this subject) —then all the dead which are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and those who have known Him shall live (John v. 28). Then our Saviour, clothed with light and glory, shall descend from heaven with the angels of his power, and with his saints. He will come with a cry of exhortation and the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God; for the trumpet shall sound! Then a scene

SPRING.

FROM A DRAWING BY BIRKET FOSTER.

more astonishing, if it is possible, than that of creation, will be made manifest. Then the voice of the Son of Man, penetrating the depths of the tomb, shall be heard by the dead, without any exception, and their bodies will rise again like grass. Then the sea will give up the dead that are in its depths; and the graves, the dead which they contain (Rev. xx. 13). Then will come forth from the earth the children of God of all places, of all conditions, of all ages! Light shall be restored to them; a new earth shall be prepared for them, and new heavens shall be unfolded to them; they shall sing the songs of the resurrection; there will be no more mourning, for sin shall be no more; death itself will not be there; swallowed up in victory it will be no longer.

All this is certain, as the return of a new spring after winter was certain at the commencement of this year. It is as certain as every word of God, who cannot lie (Heb. vi. 18). This promise is as sure as the fidelity of the Being whom all the laws of nature proclaim to us.

Then men shall appear in the cities, as say the Scriptures, as the dew of the earth. Then will be fulfilled this word: "Thy dead shall live, even my body shall live. They shall rise again. Awake and rejoice with a song of triumph, you inhabitants of the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of the grass, and the earth shall cast out its dead" (Isaiah xxvi. 19).

And is it not evident, my brethren, that the goodness of God has been pleased in nature to present to man's reason these prodigies of his power, and these innumerable resurrections, in order to dissipate, with an abundance of proofs, all the doubts which may rise in the hard heart of man, so slow to believe; and that after having set under our eyes the great truths of the future, He has been pleased, so to speak, to make them evident to our understanding?

When we contemplate the prodigies of the Divine power manifest at this season, can we imagine that a being who finds himself surrounded, if I may so say, with the resurrections and the innumerable miracles of spring, can yet say, as the incredulous of Corinth of whom St. Paul spoke, "But how," said they, "can the dead rise again, and with what body will they come?" Might we not answer such a questioner as our Saviour did those Sadducees who denied the resurrection, "You know not then the Scriptures, nor the power of God"? Or rather must we not say to him with grief as did St. Paul, "Fool! What, then, is not thy Creator all-powerful? Does He not call the things which are not as if they were? His eternal power, his invisible perfections, his divinity, are they not clearly seen when thou considerest his works?" "Thou fool, the God of the spring, is He not also the God of the promises? Cannot He exercise his power in the sepulchres of man, as you have seen it displayed at every return of this miraculous season, in the innumerable sepulchres of the plants which revive, and of the winged insects which come forth into life? This God, who from the dust of our furrows, makes come forth the anemone, the rose, the lily, fruits, magnificent grapes, can He not from the dust of the sepulchre make come forth also a man, a redeemed child of God, a friend of Jesus, whom we may have laid in it with so many prayers and so many tears? This God, who every hour changes the water into sap, into the wood of your vineyards, and into the stalk of your corn; this God, who soon after will change this sap into wine and wheat; this God, who will afterwards deign to change this water, this sap, this wheat, into life-giving blood, circulating in our veins, in our lungs, and in our arteries; this God who every day, every hour, every instant of the day, makes come forth from the earth millions of winged insects; this God, who drew from the dust on the sixth day of the creation the body of our first father, will He then have more trouble to draw a second time this same body from this same dust on the day of the resurrection?"

"Thou fool," said the apostle, "that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat: or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body . . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

But before passing to other reflections, let us note another of the parables of spring, which shows us, if it is possible, still more evidently and precisely this important truth? It is at this time of the year that all the winged insects, the laborious bee, the radiant butterfly, the caterpillar, the lady-bird, the may-bug, the silkworm, the devouring locust, go forth by millions upon millions from their eggs, from their shells, from their cocoons, and from their chrysalises. See what it was at first, and what it is now become, this beautiful insect, this light and graceful inhabitant of the air, that resembles a flying flower in our gardens, and that by the elegance of its form and the brightness of its colours, becomes the charm of our eyes. It was at first a creeping thing, a hideous grub, the object of our disgust. Some weeks ago, or some months, it seemed to be dying; we saw it turn pale, change its colour, then cease to eat and to move, and soon after, shut up in a kind of tomb, get rid of its mouth, of its eyes, of even its head and its feet, and become like the dead that we have folded up in its coffin, or the mummy of the catacombs that has been plunged into bitumen and enveloped in bands. Moreover, before undergoing this death, it had buried itself in the soil, or rather it had taken care to enshroud itself in a bier; and we might have seen it in its grave-clothes as we find the embalmed carcases of the Egyptians in their sycamore coffins.

But see now, as soon as it felt the life-giving breath of spring, we must admire what the power of God has done. Would one say that it is the same being? It has torn its shroud; it has broken its bier; and you have seen it come forth, in newness of life, a creature aerial, winged, lightsome, splendid in beauty, provided with new senses and new faculties, in order to go and seek, in an element more exalted, purer nourishment and more noble enjoyment. This new being seems to have preserved nothing of the lowness and misery of its old state. The abject caterpillar which had been buried, and the happy winged insect which you have seen come forth, appear to you totally different, and the raised creature recalls to you the dead one rather by its contrast. The first crept like ourselves on the earth, exposed continually to a thousand accidents; the second rises into the air, it keeps no longer to the earth, and after it has taken its spring, it disdains in

any way to fix itself there. The first repelled our regard by its hideous and repulsive appearance; the second, gracefully adorned with the most brilliant colours, becomes the charm of our eyes. The first was blind, the second is provided with most admirable eyes, resembling, by their innumerable and brilliant phases, richly-worked diamonds; it has acquired, it is believed, a new sense, in its mysterious horns; it enjoys a thousand sensations, which formerly it did not know of. The first was nourished with common and gross food; now, after its resurrection you see it fly from flower to flower, living on honey and dew, enjoying freely all the productions of nature, and embellishing nature itself, whilst still purer enjoyments enliven its existence.

There is yet another spring-parable which I cannot but mention; for it is rich in doctrine and full of consolation. Let me remind you of the wonderful preservation of those innumerable germs, which every spring makes come forth at the same time in all parts of the air, of the earth and of the waters.

The grain is to the plant what the egg is to the insect or to the bird which we have seen come forth. In every egg there is a germ containing the lineaments of a small animal which requires only the heat in order to develope. In every grain also, there is a germ whence comes forth the plant. And as no vegetable is produced without the grain to which it owes its existence, so no animal comes into existence which has not been prepared in an egg. Now, science reckons already on our globe more than ten thousand species of insects, and more than twenty-four thousand species of different plants, proceeding each one from a germ of its own kind. And yet, my brethren, admire how, not only all these grains of plants and all these eggs of insects are spread in all places by millions upon millions without the spring being ever wrong in her innumerable resurrections, without the cochineal ever coming forth whence the ant was expected, or the tamarind in the place of the sycamore, or the mint and the cummin instead of the hyssop or the mustard plant. But admire, especially, how all these germs are able, before they revive, to brave the efforts of the elements, the dampness of the nights, the vigour of the winters, often even for years, and sometimes also for centuries, without having lost any of their germinating virtue, or the mysterious vital power that they contain within them. You have heard, no doubt, how some Greek missionaries, now 1,300 years ago, brought over secretly from China into Europe, in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff, the first eggs of those admirable worms, which to-day give us silk, and which by their labour, every year, enrich so many countries. You know also how in European markets people traffic in their germ, under the name of grain, as you might do in the seed of poppy or that of wheat.

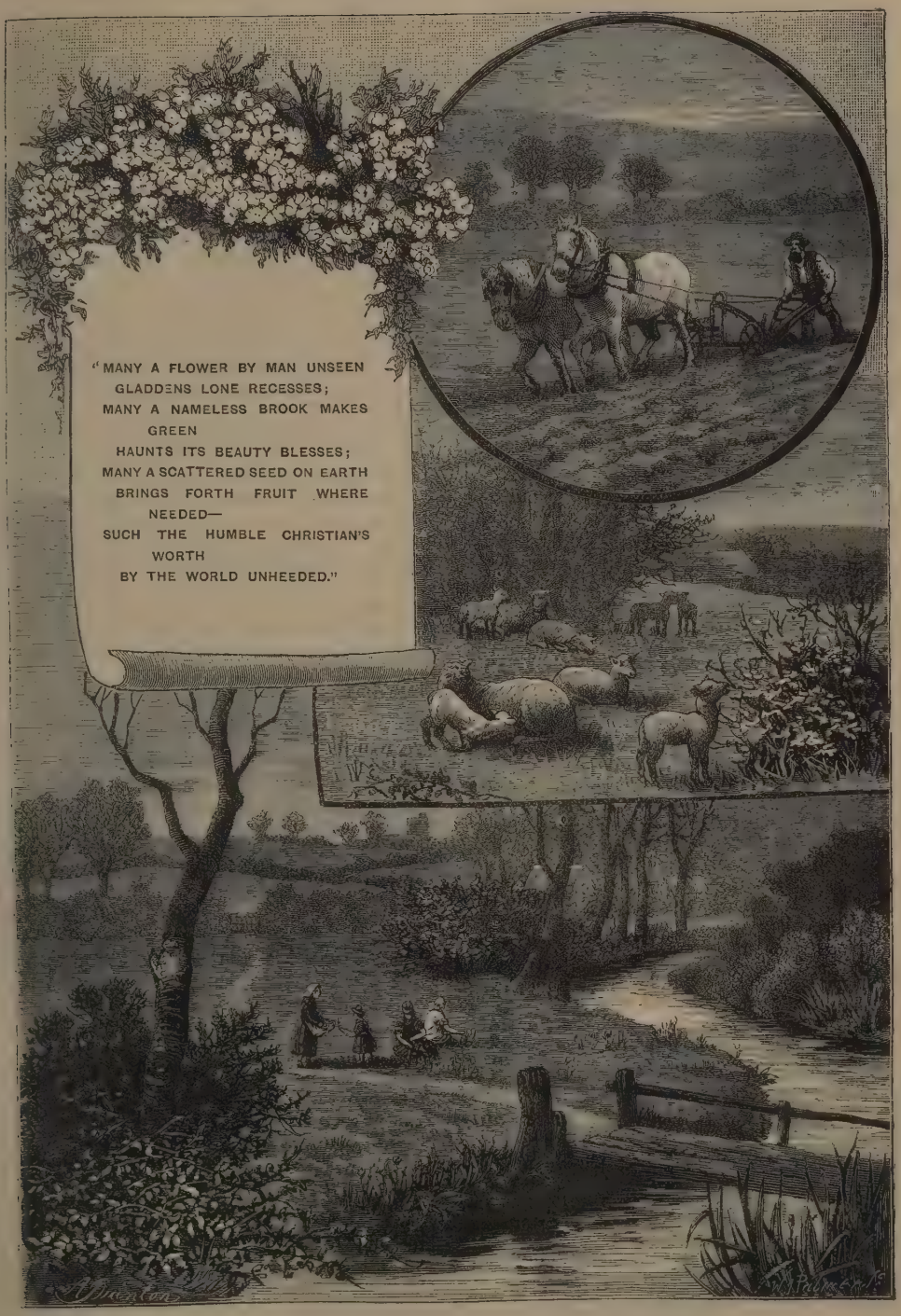
We know that there are minute animals whose germs sustain without perishing the heat of boiling water; whilst others, still more remarkable, the germs of distempered wheat, for example, or those of fresh-water polypi are preserved when dry, during many years in a state of apparent death, the one in flour, the other in dust. Both in Europe and in Africa wheat has been discovered, which was buried many ages ago, in *silos* (or underground stores) and whose germs have recovered life as soon as one of our springs has come to shed on them its vivifying breath.

And to say something else, have you not heard of those Celtic tombs, of those skeletons and of those grains recently discovered in France, near Bergerac. Under the head of each one of the dead (buried, it is known, nearly 2,000 years ago) the superstition of the Druid priests had put a tile; and under each of these tiles, into a small circular hole plastered with cement, some small seeds. Well, gathered and sown with peculiar care, this grain rapidly germinated, and people saw come forth, to revival of life, after twenty centuries of burial, the heliotrope, the trefoil and the blue cornflower; so that you could have last year contemplated visibly these wonderful plants, displaying with beauty, at the light of our spring-time, all the grace of their flowers, after their germs had slept two thousand years under the head of the dead, and in the dust of the tomb.

O my beloved brethren, O my companions, travelling towards the sepulchre which awaits us, are not these noble and solemn parables? Had I not reason to say that they are rich in doctrine and full of consolation? Is not God indeed good in placing every day such prodigies before our eyes? Are they not meant to tell us that these dead themselves, whose dried skulls contained in their germ the heliotrope, the blue cornflower and the trefoil, shall rise again also from their own dust on the great day,—when Jesus Christ shall come in the clouds, and make alive the mortal body of his saints, by his Spirit dwelling in them? Read truly in nature all these parables of the God of the Bible; read them with the instructions that your Master gives about them himself in private, in his word, to all his faithful disciples; read them, remembering all the promises which they bring to you, and confirm to you; but read them especially in looking to Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life Eternal, and in whom all the promises and all the words of God are Yea and Amen.

Would that I knew how to show you all consolations! Would that by placing them before your eyes, I might teach you to leave perishable things, to look upon the invisible, to seize the promises of life, and the kingdom which cannot be overthrown! Happy should I be if I could make you all without exception long for the privileges and the peace of the redeemed; happy if I could make you thirst after righteousness!

What indescribable peace there is for the Christian, who relies thus on the promises of his Master, and who sees that this all-powerful God recalls them to Him everywhere in nature, and confirms them to Him at all times! He does not see a plant, not a grain, not a flower, not a worm, not an egg, not an insect, not a blade of grass, which does not say to him: "Here thy God again speaks to thee; Jesus also cries to thee, as He did to Mary: 'Thy brother shall rise again;' thou also shalt rise again; thy body shall live again like the grass; thou hast a heritage in the house of thy Father; thou shalt be made bare only to be clothed again; and if this tent in which thou lodgest shall fall into the dust, thy God prepares for thee in heaven an unchangeable and blessed abode! Thy God is a God of love. The Eternal is thy God, as He is the God of Abraham. He is not the God of the dead, the God of the dust, the God of nought; and by giving thee faith, He has marked thee for the great day of the resurrection of the just!"


"MANY A FLOWER BY MAN UNSEEN
GLADDENS LONE RECESSES;
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MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

V.—THE PIRATE FIGHT.

ON one occasion when I entered the hut of my Báttak friend I found with him a professed astrologer and necromancer. I cannot be sure whether he was the Burmese priest to whom I have referred. If not, both carried about books containing pictures rudely drawn and highly coloured. As I entered, my friend said to me: "There is a man who will tell you what has been the chief event in your past, and what will be the chief event in your future life; try him!" I readily consented, and the man held towards me a book much longer than it was broad, with the edges of its leaves upward, and giving me a wooden pin, told me to put it among the leaves wherever I liked. He muttered a prayer as I did this, and said the picture which I touched would denote the chief event of my past life. The book opened at a representation of a ball of fire, from which were drawn lines like burning rays of light. He said, "You have been struck by the sun, and will carry the effects of it with you throughout your life." The book was then closed, and I was told to put the pin in again as before, the fortune-teller again muttering a prayer. The book opened at a picture in which was seen a huge bird of gorgeous plumage, flying from the left lower-hand corner of the picture towards a daub at the right-hand upper corner, which I was told represented a strip of land with a seashore in front, and some trees and houses behind. There was the indication of my future. I should soon leave the place of my birth for a distant country, and that would become my home. Let me say that at that time there was no arrangement whatever for my departure for England. It had of course been thought of, and sometimes talked about, but the difficulties in the way were very formidable and peculiar. The man might have learnt of the actual past and naturally conjectured what the future would be, but it has always seemed to me strange that I should have opened his book at the two pictures I have described,

Soon after, however, and very unexpectedly, it was determined that I should go to England. So suddenly was the decision reached that I arrived in England before any letter had been delivered announcing that I was on the way. It arose from the circumstance that a kind friend to whose charge two nieces had been assigned through the death of his sister and her husband, felt it to be his duty to take them "home," and he offered to include me in his charge.

I am now referring to the last days of the monopoly of the East India Company. The ships by which passengers to and from India sailed were the famous "East Indiamen," and it was customary for passengers from the Straits of Malacca to meet the Indiamen on their return from China to England at some point in their direct route. And accordingly we sailed from Penang (December, 1833) in a brig belonging to the friend already referred to and named after his sister, the "Harriet," of about 180 tons, and commanded by a captain who was, like myself, a native of the island. The meeting-place fixed upon was North Island, lying at the southern extremity of Sumatra, and close to the Straits of Sunda.

On our way we touched at Malacca and at Singapore. Was the manner of our arrival at Singapore an intended warning? There are several entrances to the harbour. The owner of the brig wished to proceed by the nearest route, and this from the point we had reached was practicable for boats only. A boat was accordingly lowered, with four Lascars to row, a few biscuits and oranges, a couple of muskets and a flask of gunpowder. At my earnest solicitation I was included in the party. We started in the afternoon, but soon a squall came on and the tide turned, and we were carried out to sea. All night we were vainly struggling with the elements, wet, hungry, the rowers utterly exhausted, firing our muskets occasionally as signs of distress, but with trepidation, lest these should only bring upon us the *orang laut* (men of the sea, or pirates); till in the morning, discovered by the crew of a Chinese junk, we were, to our inexpressible joy, picked up, and finally brought into harbour to find there our brig anchored, and our friends in alarm and distress about us.

At Singapore I visited some family friends and managed among them to catch the measles. The vessel was consequently detained somewhat longer than was intended, and during the detention one of our passengers suggested that as we might have to wait for the Indiaman a good supply of gunpowder would be useful to kill time as well as birds. I believe on investigation it was found that there was in effect no powder on board. Muskets, blunderbusses, cutlasses were in abundance, and "Quakers" (wooden blocks cut and painted so as to look like guns and called thus because they will not fight), showed themselves conspicuously at the port-holes, and I think there were four six-pounder guns as well as a swivel-gun. Malay pirates had never as yet attacked a vessel carrying the British ensign, and hence, I presume, the carelessness as to a supply of gunpowder. However, the mistake was rectified and some twenty canisters of powder were here shipped.

On the 22nd December, some days after leaving Singapore, at four A.M. we weighed anchor, but in the evening our vessel was in a narrow strait, having on our right Pulo Buru and on the left Middleburgh Shoal, so called possibly from a vessel of that name having been there wrecked. The tide was against us and there was no breeze. The captain accordingly deemed it desirable to drop anchor for the night. Our crew consisted of about a dozen Manilla Lascars, two half-caste apprentices, with the captain and mate. The passengers were my friend and his two nieces another Penang merchant, whose brother was our mate, and myself.

Next morning, about nine o'clock, three *prahus* were seen doubling the farthermost point of the island. We had not long weighed anchor, and the breeze was very light. The boats did not make direct for us, but hugged the shore, and yet were evidently getting nearer and nearer to us. We soon found that as they approached, the crews were raising at the bow of each boat a barricade, and a small gun was finally discerned at the top of each. Suspicion had somehow been awakened from the first few minutes after the discovery of the boats. Pulo Buru is, I believe, uninhabited. The boats were large and crowded. What were they doing there? Why did they hug the shore while plainly intending to approach us? The barricades and guns settled the question. Here were some hundred men, at least, of the ruthless and determined robbers of these seas bent on securing our ship and possessing her cargo. To do this they would not scruple to destroy every one on board. Escape seemed impossible. It was resolved to sell our lives dearly. One gun was removed to the stern. On our starboard were two. On the larboard one. On the bow our swivel. The stern gun was loaded with shell and the others with grape. The canisters were broken; and at the foot of the companion-ladder I helped to fill the canvas bags and make the cartridges.

It was evident that the enemy intended approaching us at the stern. Doubtless they did not like the look of the "Quakers," and steadily kept their barricades towards us. They pulled cautiously, but at last were within speaking distance. Very distinctly could we hear the tom-tom-tom of their drum proclaiming defiance to us, and a means of inspiration to themselves. The mate shouted, "What do you want?" A burst of uproarious and scornful laughter was the reply. Another shout from us, "Pull back, or we fire," was followed by another peal of defiant laughter. Immediately the stern gun was fired. It had evidently not been seen, being partially masked by the jolly-boat which there hung. The shell fell among the oars and made splinters of them. Our foes were confounded and pulled back a few strokes. Then crying out to each other, they advanced again and fired the three small guns which were at their bows. We replied by a "broadside" of grape. And thus the conflict continued. On their part advance followed by retreat; from us shell and grape. But, alas! there was no more breeze than barely sufficient to turn the ship's side upon them. At any period five minutes of resolute pulling would have brought them on our deck, and five minutes more would have seen us all in the agonies of death.

The miscreants continued to hover near us until, I believe, two or three o'clock in the afternoon. It was evident that they hoped to exhaust our powder. And the powder was fast disappearing. We had done them but little harm. Some oars broken, some men wounded, some bodies of the dead or dying thrown out of the boats—this was all we had done. But they had no leader worth the name.

With one brave plucky English rascal among them to cry, "On, on!" and the whole matter would have been settled in fifteen minutes. As for ourselves, there was no wind to take us away, and we were fast reaching the end of our powder. What was to be done? Let us try stratagem. It was plain they were cowards; let us, defenceless though we really were, put on a brave face, screw up our courage, and do a daring thing. Let us turn the vessel round and bear down upon them! This was, after some debate, agreed to. Oh how slowly did our brig obey her helm! How gradually did the surrounding objects change their places—the island which had been on our right now on our left, and the boats behind now in front! What a protracted season it was of suspense and agony! Would not our destruction be thus made certain? Were we not inviting it? This was doubtless to each of us the most awful crisis of his life. I can distinctly recall the pallid faces, knit brows, and quivering lips of the officers and passengers, and how the Manilla man at the wheel trembled in his every limb. As for myself, in the excitement I lost all thought of danger, but now and then momentarily pictured the horror and distress at home when the news should arrive of our slaughter—my father sobbing, my mother paralysed, my sisters weeping, "Tom" and the family servants crying aloud. I have no recollection of any religious emotion during these minutes of overwhelming anxiety. It was a desperate venture—would it be escape and life, or bloody fight and miserable death?

No sooner was the vessel round, than the villains pulled away with all their might and main! The fright was now theirs. It was our turn to shout, and shout we did again and again!

It was afterwards ascertained that these *prahus* were at Singapore when we were there, that the crafty occupants knew there was no powder on board, left beforehand to waylay us in intricate navigation, were surprised by our firing, and on our bearing upon them concluded that this was not the ship they expected; and when we were gone remained waiting for days in hope of at length seeing the proper vessel.

We arrived at North Island on the 31st December. The interval of waiting was much longer than was expected. I remember that our stock of provisions ran low, and our water was exhausted, that with everyone armed we ventured to land on the Sumatran beach to get fowls and water, that we suffered no stranger to come on board, fresh painted our veteran "Quakers," and to every inquiry answered that it was a *Kapal jaga jaga* (a guardship). Not till the 7th of January did our hearts begin to beat quietly again, for then the H. E. I. C.'s teak-built ship "Vansittart" arrived, and the passengers were at once removed to a secure home in the noble and stately vessel. Soon after we touched at Angier Point and took on board a much larger company of passengers, in the form of "Java sparrows" and monkeys, scarcely one of the latter, however, living through the cold weather of the Cape. Frequently did my thoughts return to the scene at Pulo Buru—and from it I have certainly gathered practical lessons for life, and I hope impulses to thanksgiving and consecration.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: . . . And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

MY SECOND CURACY.*

I.

MY second curacy! With what very different emotions does a minister of Christ enter upon the duties of a second sphere of duty from those which animated him when he was first ordained. Then, all was new and strange, and fresh, both in manner of life and habit of thought. Holy aspirations filled his breast, a steady determination to fulfil in some faint degree the various offices of his sacred calling was seated deep within his heart, a burning zeal to win souls to Christ, and to rouse up the careless and indifferent, spurred him onward in his work.

But the feelings which we experience as we enter upon a second field of ministerial labour are different. We may be just as earnestly resolved to work to the utmost in the Lord's vineyard, but our zeal is sobered, we are not so sanguine of success, we have met with disappointments and with failure, our warnings have been unheeded, our kindness misunderstood, and our motives questioned. We are conscious, too, of having very frequently ourselves fallen far short of what an ideal minister should be; our life has not been as consistent as it ought, we have been at one time too much elevated at some partial success, at others too much depressed by some little failure, and these things have left their mark upon us. Thus we enter upon our second curacy with mingled feelings.

It was much in this frame of mind that I entered upon the duties of a large metropolitan charge, and what a contrast was it in every way to the one I had left. Instead of Devonshire lanes and "tors" and wide expanses of moorland scenery, my present parish lay in the midst of the great capital.

I will proceed to describe it, and if I give details of a secular kind, the reader will regard them as necessary to understand clearly the sphere of labour, and the information may be useful to some brother in the ministry called to labour in a similar field.

In the first place, the houses themselves are not by any means as bad as thousands to be found elsewhere in the metropolis, in fact, they boast of being in general in good repair. One thing is certain, they are never empty. In the whole parish containing a population of sixteen thousand, I do not know a single uninhabited house. This state of things partly arises from its position being central, and partly from the different kinds of work carried on in the district. Of course no tenant thinks of occupying the whole of his house, even the more respectable of the tradesmen let off their second and third floors, and sometimes their first in addition, reserving only their shop and parlour. The reason for this is, that rents are exceedingly high, and lodgers are profitable. As a general rule, the whole house is taken by the person occupying the parlour, and if there is a landlord he is either a mechanic or small tradesman. The average rent he pays is about 60*l.*, and he lets the kitchen, as he calls what in other towns would be termed an underground cellar, for 3*s.* a week. He reserves the front parlour for himself, the back one, being commonly a small one, he lets for 3*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.* The first floor is let into front and back rooms; for the front room he will receive 5*s.* 6*d.* or 6*s.* a week, and, if a small closet is added, 8*s.*, while the back will bring him in 4*s.* 6*d.* We now mount to the second floor, and here each room lets for 4*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.*, while the third floor or attics will fetch nearly if not quite as much, as the greater amount of light in these upper rooms causes them to be eagerly sought after by the tailors or shoemakers who work at home. The prices may be higher now, but such was the state of matters ten or twelve years ago.

Now one of the petty annoyances experienced by a district visitor, when making his or her rounds among houses of these descriptions, is to know which bell to ring, or how many raps to give for the particular person you want. You see a row of bells before you, and you feel puzzled as to which you should pull, until looking into the pages of your district-visiting book, you find you have to ring the second bell twice for a person living on the second floor back. But sometimes your puzzle is made more difficult, when arriving at the indicated house you find a row of bells on each side of the door, and consequently feel quite at a loss to know which of the bells is the one you want. Again, as is sometimes the case, there are no bells, but a knocker instead. How many times it is used in one day I leave my reader to guess, but as five knocks or even seven are no uncommon number required to bring down the third-floor people, the daily average must be great.

Another arrangement made between the landlord and his tenants (I am now speaking of the out landlord to whom the whole house is let), is concerning the cleansing of the stairs, which, from the amount of traffic on them, quickly get very dirty. Each floor is made responsible for the stairs leading to their particular room—I say *room*, because very few of the inhabitants can afford to pay for rooms. Of course the persons who occupy the first floor have the hardest work in this respect, as all the lodgers have to pass them, with the exception of the family living in the kitchen. This last-named family have also a great deal of cleaning to perform, as every one has to come to the common water-cistern, and other arrangements on the basement floor.

Sometimes, the rooms are let ready furnished; but more generally unfurnished; the tenants are weekly ones, and unless they have been residing some time in the house, are seldom permitted to get more than a fortnight in arrears with their rents. The inhabitants of these houses are mostly mechanics, or else women employed in making up materials for the larger shops of the metropolis. The greater number of women in my district, either wives, or widows, are waistcoat-makers. It is surprising

* The writer of these recollections, the Rev. E. J. Cooper, died soon after they were placed in our hands. He had filled various posts of usefulness at home and abroad, latterly as a chaplain in the Bombay Presidency.—Ed. *S. H.*

how much privation and misery is caused to one offshoot of the waistcoat-making trade (I refer to the makers of white waistcoats) by such an accidental circumstance as a court mourning. I have known scores of women at one time, who have been depending upon the return of the season for supplying the necessities of the whole year, have their hopes dashed to the ground by an event of this sort happening.

The waistcoat-makers are well paid upon an average, and would live comfortably if work were constant; but what they suffer from, is either a glut of work at once, or a continuance of many weeks without any. Of course both extremes are bad, for when work is sent in, it must be finished by the time ordered, however short that may be, for, as ladies with their milliners, so gentlemen with their tailors, frequently give an order which must be executed in a ridiculously short space, causing the weary worker to sit up sometimes the whole night, and even to work throughout the Sunday, in order that the articles may be made by the given time. If she fails, never again will she receive work from her master. She is thrown out of employment, and will experience many hardships before she succeeds in obtaining a job from a fresh employer; for the number of women striving to gain a livelihood by waistcoat-making is much greater than the demand, especially since the introduction of the sewing-machine.

However, a few years hence, the present evils will be greatly mitigated, as the waistcoat-makers are not bringing up their children to follow a like occupation. The same may be said of the needlewomen; the sewing-machine has produced a great revolution in all trades in which the needle figures as the principal instrument; and no doubt its introduction, though a positive good to the community at large, has been attended with the greatest evils to a very numerous, and for the most part, a deserving class. The privations endured by the needlewomen of London, particularly since the sewing-machine has so effectively occupied their ground, can never be exaggerated; and those only who have been intimately connected with this class can have any idea of the widely-spread distress that has ensued. And yet it was time that these women should be overruled in their attempt to gain a livelihood, even against their endeavours to retain the existing state of things; for with many it was an attempt only, ending in miserable failure. Thus, I have known women in my district, making up shirts of a coarse description, working four button-holes, finding their own needles and thread, yet only getting 2½*d.* paid on each shirt; while for finer ones with six button-holes, the pittance doled out was 3½*d.* and this sum not paid until the garment is stretched and weighed in order to see that the work has been well performed, and not a shaving of the material wasted or stolen. Think, gentle readers, how many shirts must be made in the year to enable a woman to live, and to provide for her rent!

The making of soldiers' accoutrements is another branch of industry extensively carried on in my district, and since the erection of some large premises to compete with the government stores it has largely increased. Those who at present work at home are employed in making soldiers' caps, belts, and straps. One man who works at these last-mentioned articles showed me his work; he had to double the leather, sew and bind it, make the holes, sew on the buckle and thong, and when he had completed two of these straps he received five-farthings. Working sixteen hours he would be able to earn 2*s.* 6*d.* His wife had been bedridden for years, and he himself was fifty years of age.

Now without taking any more individual cases, I would say a few words upon the education of my people, and here with regard to their secular education, I can speak favourably. Nearly all the people could read and write, the tailors particularly, being good scholars, though complete radicals in politics, and freethinkers in religion. The children were generally sent to the large national schools of the parish, which ranked among the very best in the metropolis. There were no Board Schools at that time. The parents knew from bitter experience, that unless a young man has an education of some kind, and that of a superior class, he cannot raise his position in London or even secure good wages.

Another thing may have had much influence with the parents, and that is the crowded state of their one, or at the most, two rooms, and the danger of allowing their children to play in the streets. To school on week days, therefore, most of the children went. On Sundays it was different. I do not mean to say but that many went to the various churches and Sunday-schools, but in proportion the attendance was much less on the Lord's Day than other ordinary week days. Either the parents took them to Kew, Richmond or Highgate, or the parents went alone, after giving their children their dinners, and starting them off to play in the park. This kind of training obviously acted badly in after-years, and shows its fruits in the non-attendance of the youth of eighteen or nineteen of both sexes at a place of public worship.

The parish itself was divided into three districts, one allotted to each curate as his particular charge, while the vicar overlooked the whole. Each curate had under him as his assistant a Scripture-reader and a staff of district-visitors. These communicated the wants of their portion of the district to the curate, who then either visited the more important cases himself, or directed the Scripture-reader to attend, or if necessity required it reported the matter to the vicar. The special duties, both of the district-visitor and of the Scripture-reader, were to act as pioneers and to pave the way for the clergyman's ministration; they had to seek out and induce neglectful parents to go themselves, and to cause their children to go, to a place of worship and to a Sunday-school, to report progress on the sick cases, to act as almoners, to bring under the notice of the poor the various clubs of the parish, to point out the advantages of depositing their spare pence in the saving fund, the clothing and shoe-club, the maternal society, the needlework charity, etc., etc. Besides these duties, they had generally to make themselves acquainted with the habits and characters of the people among whom they worked, and the changes that took place in occupation of the several rooms and houses. To receive these reports, and for the purpose of consultation, the clergy assembled in a particular room at a certain hour daily, and to this

room was admitted any of the poor who wished to make any request, either to be relieved temporarily, or to give information of the illness of any of their family, or other matters.

And here I may observe in passing, that relief except in the case of very urgent sickness, or sudden death, leaving a family unprovided for, was very seldom given in money, almost always being given in kind, or rather in orders upon the different tradesmen of the district for a certain amount of goods. We found that this plan answered extremely well.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MAY 22.

PARABLES ON PRAYER. LUKE XVIII. 1–14.

GOLDEN TEXT, CHAP. XI. 9.—'*And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*'

CONNECTION.—Jesus was now on His last journey to Jerusalem, to keep His final Passover and to die, ch. xvii. 11. His discourses have assumed a more deeply solemn tone than ever; dealing much with the terrors of coming judgment and the coming of the Son of man. With the thoughts and anxieties thus awakened the former of these Parables has to do, as is plain from ver. 8. Perhaps the errand of His fellow-travellers, bound for Jerusalem and the Temple, may have suggested the second.

I. FIRST PARABLE: PERSEVERING PRAYER. THE JUDGE AND THE WIDOW.—*Read vers.* 1–8. In this parable, unlike most, the lesson is placed first, as though to prevent any mistake as to its application. **Men ought always to pray,** compare 1 Thess. v. 17. Not to be always praying in outward fashion.

> Those who, as monks or ascetics, retire from the world and its cares that they may pray uninterruptedly, spending hours on their knees, nightly rising from their slumbers to engage in acts of devotion, do not (to say the least) more truly fulfil this command than those who in the 'trivial round' and amid the 'common tasks' of life remember God.

And not to faint, or 'lose heart.' This defines the special aim of the parable; and that the disciples may more strongly apprehend it an *extreme case* is chosen. In one point the conduct of the **unjust judge** is likened to the dealings of God—in listening to urgent prayer. The unlikeness in all other points between the two only makes the lesson the stronger. Our Lord's argument may be expressed by the words 'How much more!' A series of contrasts will clearly bring out the lesson.

1. An unjust judge: the all-righteous God.

2. A solitary suppliant: God's own elect.

3. The widow's own case: the purpose of God Himself.

4. Yielding to mere importunity: bestowing in fatherly love.

1. Look at the judge's character (only too common in Oriental tribunals); its complete worthlessness. With many who **fear not God**, and so miss the highest law of conduct, **regard to man** comes as a kind of substitute. It may take one of two forms: a real kindness of disposition, an unwillingness to inflict pain upon others; or a fear of what people will say. Both these motives, especially the latter, of themselves keep many who recognise no loftier rule of conduct, tolerably 'straight.' But this judge had not even such influences to restrain him. In a word, he cared for nobody but himself. Yet he consented to do justice in the end. *How much more*, the all-righteous God.

2. The **widow** is universally presented in the Scriptures as an object of sympathy and help. Her cause was evidently just. The word **avenge** means strictly 'deliver by legal process:' and her **adversary** was an oppressor. All this was in her favour, but she was one, and alone, and had no relationship with the judge. Yet he righted her; and *how much more* will God help those whom He has chosen—His own people—the vast innumerable company of **His elect.**

3. Then, the trouble was the widow's own. It was nothing to the judge either way. (It is not said that the adversary *bribed* him—no uncommon case, in the courts of that period.) Yet she obtained a decision in her favour. *How much more* will God do for His people, what He himself wills, what He has promised, what will bring to pass the purposes of His own wisdom and love.

4. The judge is very honest with himself, and lays bare his motives to us. Writers on Eastern customs have often described the persistency with which suppliants will waylay those from whom they seek a favour, waiting for hours at their gates, forcing a passage into their houses, stopping them on the road, falling at their feet, shrieking aloud, imploring bystanders to take up their cause. The judge begins to feel it a nuisance, as his expressive word shows—not simply **weary,** but *worry* me.* To this, and not to the justice of her cause, nor the fear of human opinion, he gives in. *How much more* will God answer the prayer of His children, to whom He 'waits to be gracious!'

This is the argument, quite sufficient to meet all difficulties arising from delay. No doubt that delay is sometimes distressing. Take the parable in two ways—in reference to the Church at large, and to individual Christians. From the former the cry *Thy kingdom come* is as the widow's plea, and how long the kingdom seems in coming! The latter, in their various wants and trials, seem at times to pray in vain. Picture Martha and Mary at Bethany, waiting for Jesus, who did not come for those two dreadful days! The expression, **though He bear long with them,** means 'though He is long-suffering *in their case*,' His forbearance is with *their enemies*. Note the word **speedily,** in *reality*, if not in *seeming*.

> 'God never is before His time
> And never is behind.'

Our Lord closes with an impressive warning. **Faith** should be *the faith*—the faith of which He has spoken, the faith that prays, waits, expects. **When the Son of Man cometh,** to reveal Himself in all His love, and to answer His people's prayers, **will He find** that they have looked for Him thus?

> So when He came by his angel to deliver Peter from prison, Acts xii., it was not found that the church in Jerusalem really expected such a rescue. His gifts are still before our expectations, and beyond our hopes.

II. SECOND PARABLE: HUMILITY IN PRAYER. THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.—*Read vers.* 9–14. Here, again, the lesson of the parable is given at the beginning. **Certain who trusted in themselves,** not precisely *Pharisees*, but professed disciples of Christ, or people generally in whom He discerned this spirit at work. Self-sufficiency exhibited in prayer is brought

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* The word is originally taken from pugilistic encounters, 'strike beneath the eye:' hence 'pester,' 'annoy.' It is only once beside found in N. T: 'I *keep under* my body,' says the Apostle Paul, 1 Cor. ix. 27.

to the test and shown to be most hateful. **A Pharisee,** chosen as a type of those who were held in popular estimation among the *best;* **a publican,** or tax-gatherer, among the *worst.* They **went up to the Temple,** the building being in the higher part of the city. **The Pharisee stood**—the usual posture for public prayer. To sit in the Temple was forbidden. He **prayed with himself.** To utter such a prayer *aloud* would have required too great hardihood even for him! **I thank Thee.** Self-sufficiency in the form of thankfulness is most hateful, 'the pride that apes humility.'

> *Alford* calls attention, by way of contrast, to the declaration of thankfulness in 1 Cor. xv. 10, 'also made *by a Pharisee,* and also on the ground that *he was not as other men,* but how different in its whole spirit and effect! There, in the deepest humility, he ascribes it to the *grace of God* that he laboured more abundantly than they all, "yet *not I,* but the grace of God that was with me."'

This Pharisee seeks Divine favour on the ground of his freedom from gross vices, which vices he freely attributes to **other men,** i.e., the rest of mankind, with a glance at the **tax-gatherer,** who had perhaps entered the Temple by his side. But it is evidently the ritual on which he most prides himself. The other claims are negative: this is positive religion. To what does it amount? **I fast twice in the week**—(Monday and Thursday) instead of once in the year, on the Day of Atonement, Lev. xvi. 29, Num. xxix. 7. **I give tithes of all that I possess,** or *gain* (not capital but income). This also was more than the law required, tithe being levied only on the fruit of the field, and the offspring of the cattle. So that what he relied on were *works,* works of *outward service,* works of *supererogation* ('more than sufficient')—a threefold mistake! So the Pharisee ceases 'praying' and yet there is not a word of prayer in it all! It is a boast from beginning to end, only the more offensive for the word of thankfulness with which it begins.

Now look at **the Publican**—First, his *attitude,* **standing* afar off** from the entrance to the Sanctuary, as unworthy to draw near; secondly, his *action,* **smote upon his breast,** expressing thus the agony which a sense of unworthiness had caused; and, thirdly, his *prayer,* **God be merciful to me a sinner**—literally, 'be propitious,' as if with some reference to the *sacrifice* through which suppliants approach to God: and 'the sinner,' singling himself out as the 'chief of sinners.'

> "Two went to pray: or, rather, say
> One went to brag, the other pray;
> One stands up close, and treads on high,
> Where th' other dares not send his eye:
> One nearer to the altar trod,
> The other to the altar's God."
>
> *Crashaw.*

Our Lord continues the contrast to the impressive close, showing us the two men as they **went down** to their respective homes. The publican was **justified,** i.e. freed from guilt and condemnation, not by the humility he had expressed, but by the mercy he had sought. **The other** had sought nothing, and so had found nothing. In fact, he was not justified *at all.* The moral of the whole implies that to be justified is to be truly **exalted.**

QUESTIONS.

1. Show that the Old Testament ideal of a good judge was one who feared God and regarded man.

2. Quote passages to show that in the times of the prophets the oppression of widows was a crying sin in Israel.

3. Illustrate the Golden Text from these two parables, showing especially how it expresses the urgency of true prayer.

4. Show from Scripture the different kinds of posture in prayer.

5. Prove from Christ's teaching that the Pharisees as a class were chargeable with the sins from which this Pharisee declares himself to be free.

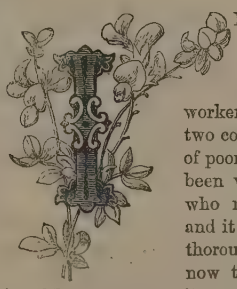
6. What was the place of *faith* in the 'justification' of this Publican?

* There is a subtle difference in the form of the word used for the Pharisee—*stood,* and that employed for the Publican. In the former case it suggests that he had deliberately *postured himself* for prayer, in the other that he stood just where he happened to be, in an unstudied attitude.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

I.



IN one of the small suburbs of the city of Brussels, among streets of old-fashioned, low-roofed houses, occupied chiefly by poor lace-workers, there stood, some years since, two cottages, a little apart from these rows of poorer dwellings. One of the two had been vacant as long as Nicholas Heyse, who rented the other, could remember, and it had been suffered to fall into such thorough disrepair, that it seemed unlikely now that anyone would wish to tenant it. Master Heyse, it must be confessed, looked with some satisfaction on the decaying tenement, which stood by the side of his own neat dwelling; and this he did, less on account of the contrast the two presented, than because, so long as the cottage remained empty, he enjoyed the use of its small garden as well as his own. The frail paling which separated the two had long been broken down, and the house-owner had made no objection to his one remaining tenant cultivating both plots of ground.

Under these circumstances, therefore, the rumour that the cottage was about to be occupied again afforded but little pleasure to Heyse. He looked sourly on the men who were engaged in repairing it, put every possible hindrance in their way, and grumbled as much when a new, strong fence was put up to separate the two gardens as if by the separation he had been robbed of his own lawful property.

"I will take care that our new neighbours don't stop long when they come," said he angrily to his wife, on the evening of the day when the fence had been raised; "I won't be defrauded of my ground."

"But the garden wasn't our own, Nicholas," mildly remonstrated his wife; "you know we only expected to keep it so long as the house stood empty."

"I don't know any such thing," was the husband's hasty answer. "We had had it so long that it was as good as our own, and why need anyone have come asking after the place, when there are plenty of other cottages standing empty round about? I daresay the man thought I should have left the vegetables I have planted standing in the garden, but I hope I know better."

Frau Heyse did not venture a second remonstrance. She stood at all times a little in awe of her husband, and seldom offered to express an opinion which differed from his; she was, by nature, a gentle, timid woman, and cares and troubles of one kind and another had given her an habitually meek and subdued air, which contrasted strongly with the self-asserting and overbearing manner of her husband.

To all of his acquaintances who came to watch the progress of

the improvements which were being made in the empty house, and to question him about the coming occupants, Nicholas gave short, indifferent answers, calculated to impress the questioners with the belief that he knew little, and cared less, about his new neighbours. But, in reality, this was far from being the case. There was no scrap of information respecting them too small to be eagerly picked up by him, and his wife became the reluctant recipient of all this news, and also of the ill-natured comments which her husband almost invariably appended to it.

At last the new neighbours took possession of their house, entirely ignorant of the offence they gave by so doing. Frau Heyse, knitting in hand, was standing at the door on the evening of their arrival, and watched with kindly interest the movements of the family.

"Come indoors, wife!" Heyse was heard to say, quite loudly and angrily, from the interior of the little parlour. "You have no call to stand watching those people; they are nothing to you or me either."

"I didn't speak a word to any of them, Nicholas," pleaded the wife, moving reluctantly away from her post of observation. "I only wanted to catch a sight of them. Poor things! they look pale and sickly enough."

"Yes, they have been living in one of the worst streets of the city, at least so Gunther the cobbler told me, and they have had a deal of illness there."

"Poor things!" repeated Frau Heyse reflectively; "I don't see how they will manage, for the father doesn't look anyway fit for work; I saw him leaning quite heavily on his son, as they went into the house."

"It's the son that keeps them all," answered Nicholas, imparting the latest information he had received respecting his neighbours, "and even he can't do much, for the fever laid hold of him, too, at the time his father sickened, and he had to give up his work."

"Then what does he do now?" asked the wife, with awakened curiosity.

"He has hired a dog, and made shift to buy a sort of cart. He picks up a good deal of money in the city by carrying parcels from one place to another. And now, wife, let us have supper," finished Nicholas, rather hastily, conscious that he was displaying more interest in his neighbours' affairs than was quite consistent with the reproof he had recently addressed to his wife.

The information which Gunther, the inquisitive and loquacious cobbler, had furnished to his friend the gardener respecting the newly-arrived family, was, in most respects, true. Paul Meyer, with his wife and children, had lived for years in the heart of Brussels, and had only been driven from his home by long-continued illness. His son Martin had earned good wages in a large lace manufactory, until sickness had laid him low also, and weakened him so much that the confinement his work necessitated was more than he could bear. Whilst seeking vainly for some easier employment, he had been advised to buy one of the powerful dogs which, in Brussels, are much used in place of ponies and asses, to draw light loads. No stranger passing through that beautiful city can fail to notice these strong, patient animals, as they trudge along the streets with their burden, or lie down to rest by the side of the roadway, in the hot days of summer. Martin could not afford to buy a dog, but he hired one, and prospered well in his new business, so well, indeed, that the family were enabled to leave their unhealthy dwelling in the crowded street and rent the small cottage which stood side by side with that of Nicholas Heyse, the gardener.

They had been there some weeks before either father or son suspected their neighbour of bearing any enmity towards them, but little by little the animosity showed itself.

One evening Martin came home from his work, looking vexed and troubled. "Is anything ailing the dog, my son?" asked the father a little anxiously.

"No, no, father, Count Egmont is well enough," answered the boy, caressing his huge favourite, "but I've been getting into trouble with Master Heyse on his account.

"How do you mean, Martin?"

"Why, father, he is restless and wakeful of nights, you see, and Master Heyse declares that he will get us turned away from the house, if we don't quiet him."

"I don't think Master Heyse has any good-will to us," said the mother, who was setting the supper-table.

"I don't like him at all," announced Ernst, the youngest boy, "for when I climbed up the fence the other day, to look at his beautiful tulips, he told me he would flog me, if ever I touched one of them. I didn't want to touch," added the child indignantly, "and I told him so, but he said he knew better."

"He kicked my cat, too," said little Clara plaintively.

"Come, children, that will do," said the father gently; "we shall not do ourselves any good by talking over other people's faults. Sit down to your supper, Martin, my son; you must be hungry after your hard day's work; and Ernst, do you fetch the Bible, and lift it on to my knee, and I will read to you how it tells us to act towards Master Heyse."

The little boy obeyed, and there was deep silence in the room as the father turned reverently, one by one, the leaves of the sacred book, and read, slowly and distinctly, the great command, "'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father, which is in heaven.' Do you understand that, Ernst?" The child looked bewildered, but more from weariness than want of apprehension; his father, therefore, cut short his reply by a good-night kiss, and his mother carried him away to bed.

As the door closed behind them, Martin rose from the supper-table, and came to where his father was sitting.

"Father," he began, "I wan't to tell you about Master Heyse."

"But, my son, we shall only make ourselves angry if we begin to talk about his unkindness again."

"I don't want to talk of him at all, father, only I thought you would like to know the reason of his dislike to us."

"What is it, Martin?"

"He was allowed to use our garden as well as his own, so long as the house was empty, and he grudges it to us now."

"Ah! I see," assented old Paul meditatively, and Martin had to repeat the news for the benefit of his mother, who had just entered.

From this time forth the family lived in much dread of their exasperated neighbour, for Nicholas was known to be a determined and unscrupulous man, and certain threats which he had uttered respecting the Meyers hung like swords over the heads of these innocent objects of his wrath. Good old Paul never understood the meaning of such a word as retaliation, indeed he strove in every possible way to conciliate his neighbour; and Martin, although young and therefore liable to feel Master Heyse's injustice more keenly, and resent it more strongly than his father, seconded the old man's efforts. Often, after a long and exhausting day's work in the hot city streets, he would sit up far into the night, until Count Egmont slept so soundly that there was no danger of Nicholas being disturbed, but the object of all these kindnesses was obstinately insensible to them, and unwearying in his efforts to eject the Meyers from their home, and his ill-will at last found vent in such unprovoked acts of malice and uncharitableness that even his timid wife remonstrated strongly with him on their account.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. XIII.—p. 240:—ROSE AND LILY.—Cant. ii. 1.

1. R-ache-*l* . . . . . Gen. xxix. 12.
2. O-mr-*i* . . . . . 2 Chron. xxii. 2.
3. S-au-*l* . . . . . 1 Sam. xxi. 11.
4. E-arnestl-*y* . . . . . 1 Sam. xx. 6.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

HOME. [*Sir T. Lawrence.*

THERE is a saying so familiar as to have passed into a popular proverb, that "Charity should begin at home." However this may be, there is a divine precept about piety, which is plain and easily understood, namely, that Piety should begin at home. The reference was first to filial duty, but reaches through all the relations of life. "Let them learn first to shew piety at home" (1 Tim. v. 4).

There are men, and still oftener women, who are ready to think they have a vocation, or a "mission"

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of some sort or other—in the church it may be, or in the school, or the hospital, or other public position. Perhaps some of them have such a call, but the apostle reminds us of other and earlier duties, and more imperatively demanding attention. These first, he said, those afterwards; "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Paul would have had very little patience with the people who rush here and there to "services" to hear a favourite preacher—perhaps almost as little as if they had been hurrying hither and thither to hear a favourite singer—if the while there was a pile of work left undone at home, or left for other fingers wearied with work to do. And Paul's Master might be made angry (for angry He sometimes was) by the sight of effusive sympathy shed in sighs, and tears, and gold, over suffering strangers, while a pining sister "in weariness often" had to drag on many a lonely hour, perhaps in a sick-room, seldom cheered by the presence or loving help of those who are busy out of doors instead of first showing piety at home.

Each word of the text is suggestive of thought, and worthy of consideration. Let them *learn:* Home piety does not come of itself, nor is it always understood and practised, even by those who have long been professed Christians. There are many who never seem to have more than a smattering of it. It must be learnt in the school of Christ. The disciple must go to school to Jesus, we might almost say, with Jesus, at Nazareth where He was brought up, and beside the holy family; of which each believer may become a member, for He counts everyone that does the will of His Father, as His "brother, and sister, and mother." There and thus shall you "learn first to show piety at home."

Home piety must be learnt *first:* not last, as some seem to think graceful, outwardly at least, abroad, and really disgraceful at home: not even second, as many seem to fancy, less careful about prayer in the closet than in the sanctuary, about practice in the home than in the church. Home too often has the worst of the evil that is in us. It should have the first of the good, and if the first fruits be holy, the lump will be also holy. The life that is beautiful in flower in secret, will be beautiful in fruit in society. Home has a right to the first and best of everything from us, the right of relationship. Our nearest are there and our dearest. There dwell, or once dwelt, those who suffered most from us, and laboured most for us, and loved us best.

We are to *show* piety at home, not to show it in any ostentatious way of course, that would be the very last thing to be desired, the very opposite of the apostle's meaning. Those of whom he wrote delighted in display, but he wrote to correct them, to bring them back to simplicity and truth.

"To show" in fact is to be taken just in the sense in which we are once and again commanded to shine, to let what is in us be seen and manifested. But to show what? In its earliest and nearest sense piety denotes family affection, and conscience points out this as a principal part of piety in the larger meaning of the word. Yes, bind them together, bind them very closely, these two good words, these two sacred things—piety and home. It is *at home* that the purest breath of the Divine life is felt, and there the sweetest notes of the new song are heard.

What a little world home is to those whose lives are almost wholly spent there. It is a little world to all of us, but a great world to them—just their world, with its affections, its agitations, and, alas, its animosities; with its occasions of joy and sorrow, and, alas, of sin. "Family life," says Count de Gasparin, "claims every-day sacrifices; one of its excellences is that it inconveniences us, and subjects us to the discipline of self-renunciation. It gives much because it exacts something. Where a household will not consent to this sacrifice of personal convenience, where everyone gives himself up to his own passions, however legitimate, to his own plans, studies, and tastes, our preferences become a sort of article of faith, a sort of sacred ark, which no profane hand may touch without committing sacrilege." What scope this affords for the working of the good spirit, and, indeed, of the evil too; room enough for the practice of every piety—and of every impiety.

Let us think, also, what a glorious thing *home* is, especially our English home, for is it not almost a national institution, almost country-born? The French have not even a word for it. In no other country do the same associations belong to the idea of home and home life. To find its original, we must go back to patriarchal lands and to patriarchal times, to find it a place not merely for sleeping and eating but for living; for rest after toil, for joy after sorrow; and in sorrow too; "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." The focus of affection, the meeting-place of many hearts and many joys, the castle, whether of the chieftain or the cottier, buttressed by love and fortified by confidence. All this and more, home is or may be; sad to think it ever should be anything else! But we may mar it or undervalue it, like any other blessing of God. And for the most part, even where the home is bereft of some of its beauty, there is something left to awaken pride and occasion joy. It is commonly the place in which men try to show the results of efforts and labour elsewhere. If they have one thing better than another, every right-minded man will feel home is the place to show it. And in this, we must not stop at material things of comfort or display; with pictures and works of art; nor with mere mental things, with tastes and accomplishments: we must add the moral and the spiritual. Some, indeed, have no spiritual to add, and little enough of the moral. And this place of peace and rest, as it should be, they disfigure with their sin. They trellise not jasmine but jealousy about the porch, and hang not myrtle but rue from the window.

The very opposite is what Paul, what God, requires of us. The contribution He would have each make, the offering He would have each lay on our altar and hearth, is Piety. That which is holy, so the word means, and such the contribution ought to be. The altar is holy, and so should the offering be. When the feet of the priests (and every parent is a priest) touch the threshold they should remember that the place whereon they stand is holy ground. When the hands of children mingle in work or in play, though their first thought of home may well be "it is a happy place," the second should be and will be, unless the ark of God has been taken, it is a holy place too. Piety, then, we define according to its derivation, that which is holy. This is the tree.

But "the tree is known by its fruit," and the fruit of the tree, "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." As I read the list from Gal. v. 22, 23, my eye falls involuntarily on a very different list, in which I find such undesirable companions as "hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like." But we will not speak of this evil inventory, we want yours to furnish only the good. And is there any place on earth better suited for their display than home? And is there anything on earth that would make home more beautiful than these virtues and graces of character and life?

Would to God we all liked always to show such "piety at home!" For if we did, all fathers would be fatherly (which they are not) and mothers motherly; brothers would never fail to be brotherly (as they now do fail), nor sisters sisterly. It were heresy to say that morality or amiability constitutes piety; but it is no heresy to say (unless Paul were a heretic when he wrote that letter to the Galatians) that amiability and morality are parts of piety and very important parts too.

But you will mistake the meaning utterly if you think it is enough to be always gentle, genial, docile to our superiors, and delightful to our equals. We want the root as well as the fruit. If the fruit be home virtues, the root is home holiness, even as the flower is the home happiness.

We have been standing among the fruits, let us go back, go down to the root; the root is holiness, the root is Christ. Show holiness at home, show Christ at home. Let the Christian husband show Christ by beginning and never failing to continue family prayers. We said the archetype of our English home is to be sought among the patriarchs; well, wherever they went we read, "there they builded an altar and called on the name of the Lord." Let the Christian wife show it by gathering her children, even if she cannot get her husband, and praying for him if she dare not pray with him. Let Christian sons and daughters show Christ, not only by the sweetness of their lives, but by words for Jesus, and work for Him. And let Christian servants show their piety by diligence and faithfulness, not with eye-service, but as in the sight of God. So, one and all, learn the divine secret, how to "show piety at home."

But what is the secret? The secret is Christ, and the Spirit of Christ. Did you not notice that those fruits, homely as they were, which we said even the mere moralist would confess to contain the very witchery of home happiness, were set down in Scripture, every one of them, as being the fruit of the Spirit? They are all traceable to God, and are never found in perfection where God is not found.

To show piety you must have it to show, and to have it you must have God first; you must be "partakers of the Divine nature," partakers of Christ. "Be filled with the Spirit," and you will be "filled with the fruit of righteousness." Let heaven be your home, and your home will be heaven. Then will our home life be Christ-like, when to us to live is Christ, and we shall show piety at home.

J. B. F.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER VIII.—A GRAVE STEP.

IT seemed to Lettice that if her life lately had been in the black and shadowed pool, she had suddenly come out of it only to pass through another Linn. She stood at the foot of the bed, thus thinking, outwardly calm, with clasped hands, inwardly convulsed by a storm of passionate anger and anguish. The fierce rush of fretted waters was there, pent up between narrow rocks, threatening each moment to overflow. Yet for an hour Lettice thus remained, motionless except when from time to time shaken by intense trembling. Her eyes never stirred from the little sleeper's face; her hands never loosened their tight clasp. Violet slept on peacefully the while, with long dark lashes lying on the thin cheeks, and lips half-parted in a smile.

The candle flared up and flickered down, suddenly. Lettice had not known it was so near its end. Darkness if continued would soon wake Violet. She had always been used to sleep with a night-light, and this luxury Miss Temple allowed her, having a fellow-feeling on the subject. Lettice hastily moved to the table, and held a match to the expiring flame. She did not wish to leave the room in search of another candle, so she lighted the night-light. Then she came back to the bed-side, and hung over the child.

"My own little Violet! My one darling! The only thing I have in all the world belonging to me. Sweet one, she shall not separate us. I could not bear it, nor you either. It cannot—must not—shall not be."

But what could be done? How escape the separation? That consideration came after. The fixed resolution took place first.

"No—it cannot be," she murmured. "It shall not be. It would be too cruel—too terrible. Life without Violet would be worse than death. I

should have nothing to do, nothing to live for. And Violet could not get on without me. She would pine away, like a little flower. No one knows how frail she is. If Selina Temple knew, I do not believe she would wish this—or if she knew half how we love one another. And it cannot, *cannot* be God's will. Miss Temple's will,—but not God's will."

A rash decision, for how did she know? How often it is God's will that the dearest ties should be wrenched asunder, just *because* they are so dear that they shut off the heart from God. In very tenderness and pity, how can He leave the poor heart to freeze and die in the outer darkness of separation from Himself? In very love He sends the severing stroke which sets the wanderer free to come back into the sunshine of His smile.

Lettice sat down by the table, and sank into deep thought. How long it lasted she knew not, cared not. Minutes passed, and half-hours, and hours, and she grew cramped and cold, yet still she did not stir. The striking of the clock she heard as in a dream, from time to time, but she did not count the strokes. When a single stroke sounded she lifted her head, and shivered, with a dim momentary smile, but remained where she was. All energy to move seemed to have forsaken her.

Energy to think and feel remained. Through those silent night-hours, Lettice's mind was busily at work. She did not pray for help, or seek God's guidance. She only revolved scheme after scheme, thinking this, weighing that, wondering how one or another plan would work. And through it all remained one resolution, fixed and strong, "We will *not* be parted."

Morning came, and Lettice had not been in bed. As the light of dawn crept through her venetians, she rose and undressed slowly, that Violet might not discover the fact. She even lay down beside Violet for half-an-hour, and then again dressed herself, Violet, just awake, watching her with sleepy eyes. A restlessness was on her which made repose impossible.

"Lettice, you do look so tired this morning," the child said.

"Do I, darling? I was a little worried last night, by something Miss Temple said. But never mind; it will all come right."

Violet gazed wistfully, asking no questions. Miss Temple met them both with unusual kindness at breakfast-time. She did not wish to appear hard, and was really sorry to see the signs of suffering in Lettice's face. Once she took an opportunity to say to her softly, "I see you are acting wisely and rightly. You have told Violet in a way that has not made her cry."

"I have not told Violet."

"Not told her!"

"No, not yet. Please leave that to me."

"Very well—but it must be done soon."

Lettice pressed her lips together, and turned away.

The day passed much as other days passed, though Violet's eyes many times sought her sister's set pale face, in wondering suspense as to the thoughts beneath. Lettice tended her and read to her as usual, but gave no hint. In the middle of the day she went out for an hour, but briefly declined Miss Temple's companionship, seemingly indifferent to offence given. In the afternoon she disappeared for a considerable time, and when on her return questioned by Miss Temple she said curtly that "she had been upstairs."

"Where, Lettice?"

"In my room."

"Very cold for you there. What were you doing?"

"Arranging some of my things."

Miss Temple could not make her out. There was a suppressed glitter of excitement in the grey eyes which caused Miss Temple a vague sense of uneasiness. But what more could be said?

"I hope you will be in bed in good time to-night," she remarked. "Susan tells me your candle was quite burnt down this morning, and you had a good length. Your face shows want of sleep to-day. I shall be out this evening, you know, dining at the Hall."

Yes, Lettice knew that and calculated on it. She merely answered, "Susan should attend to her own concerns."

"You forget yourself, Lettice. If I ask her, she is right to answer, and candles have gone very fast lately. I could not understand it."

The matter dropped there, and an hour later Miss Temple went to dress for her dinner-party. Preparations for an evening out were always a serious matter with her. More than another hour passed before she was ready to start; but at length the rustling blue silk vanished, the fly wheels rumbled quickly into the distance, and the sisters were left alone with Lady Bartlett.

Lettice said nothing then, though she could have done so safely under cover of the old lady's deafness. Tea took place soon, and after tea Violet usually remained for half-an-hour in the drawing-room. Lettice made no change in this plan. She even lengthened the half-hour to three-quarters of an hour. Lady Bartlett talked of retiring early, as she always loved to do when her niece was absent; and presently a general move was made.

"I am glad we are upstairs. I am so sleepy," sighed Violet.

Lettice's answer was to wrap round her a thick shawl, and to lay her on the bed.

"Now, my darling, keep quiet and listen to me," she said, in a low quick tone. "I have something to tell you, and you must be good, and not cry or call out. We must be quite quiet, or I cannot do what I want to do."

"Yes, Lettice, I'll be quiet," promised the child. "What is it?"

"Miss Temple wants to separate us. Don't cry or be frightened, for I will not allow it. She wants to send you to school in London, quite away from me. You could not bear it, could you, my precious?"

"Oh, Lettice! Oh no!" Though quiet, as she had said, the two little hands clasped Lettice tightly, and the lips grew white, and the chest heaved.

"We have no one but one another in all the world. It would be cruel, cruel work to be parted. My darling, I want to save you from the pain of it, if I can. Will you be content to leave Miss Temple and Brentwood, and come away with me—away from everybody?"

"Where, Lettice? Oh yes, I would go anywhere with you. I don't mind leaving Miss Temple. Shall we go back to dear Aunt Jeannie?"

Lettice shook her head. "No, that will not do. Aunt Jeannie would write directly to Miss Temple, and would say we ought to submit. But I cannot submit."

Violet looked wistfully into her face. "It would be very hard," she said slowly. "But, Lettice, darling—suppose—suppose we really ought—suppose God wishes it——"

"God does not—He cannot," said Lettice, low and passionately. "I do not believe it for a moment. Violet, could you bear the parting?—for I could not. I think it would break my heart to feel that you did not mind."

Violet's answer was a flood of tears, and Lettice saw she had gone too far. She soothed and caressed the child for some minutes, and then whispered,

"Say—what shall it be? School, or a home with me?"

"O Lettice, a home with you, please. Oh no, I couldn't bear to leave you, and school would be dreadful," sobbed the timid child. "Lettice, my head does ache so."

"It will be better presently. You are not going to be ill just now, my pet. We have a long journey before us. If we don't get off to-night, we may not have a chance. There is a train leaving for London in another hour from now. I have put together as many things as I could in my small portmanteau and hand-bag. I can carry the portmanteau, and you shall carry the hand-bag. The difficulty is to get out of the house unseen. But we shall manage it—only you must keep quite quiet and good, and not cry."

"But you have no money," said the trembling Violet.

"Yes, I have. I went to that little jeweller's this afternoon, where it is put up in the window that they buy old trinkets—and I sold my brooches and bracelets."

"All?"

"Not quite. He would not give me much for each, so I had to part with a good many. I have two or three left."

Violet asked no more questions. She allowed Lettice to wash her hands and face, and to dress her warmly, as for a walk. Once she said wistfully,

"Is it right?"

"Think, Violet: can you make up your mind to the *other?*" said Lettice.

Violet sighed a long quivering sigh, and hesitated no longer.

Little time remained. Lady Bartlett was gone to bed, one servant being with her, and the rest in the kitchen. Still, there was risk of detection, since one of them might at any moment, or in any part of the house, be encountered.

Lettice did not put on her own hat and jacket till the last moment. She went down first, and unbolted and unlatched the front door. Then a second time, trembling and hastening like a guilty creature, she came down with the little portmanteau. It was heavily packed, yet in her excitement she made nothing of the weight. Hurrying through the door, she carried it to the darkest side of the house, and deposited it among some bushes.

Indoors again, moving quickly and tremulously still; jacket and hat were rapidly donned, and a warm shawl was wrapped round Violet's shoulders—for her own comfort she thought little. Then, taking the small bag in one hand, and leading Violet out of the bedroom, she gently locked the door, and put the key into her pocket.

Now was the moment of risk. If they were seen, all was over. It was not easy to walk softly in their out-of-door boots, yet they did so. A servant crossed the hall below, and Lettice's heart stood still. What if the unlocked condition of the front door should be discovered? What if the girl should come upstairs?

No—she passed into the kitchen, and Lettice heard the welcome swing of the green baize-covered door. Then, holding Violet's hand, she passed swiftly down the flight, and out of the front door, shutting it behind her as noiselessly as might be.

Violet gave a sharp shiver at the touch of the night-breeze.

"Are you cold?" whispered Lettice. "Never mind, it will be warmer in the train."

She went for the portmanteau, and took it in her right hand, having Violet clinging to her left arm.

"Now for the station! We must go by the lane, darling. No chance of being seen there. We have only just time, I am afraid."

Violet grew breathless, but they pressed on. Miss Temple's clocks were given to lagging, and when they reached the station Lettice saw that there was not a moment to be lost. She put down the portmanteau beside Violet, and rushed for the tickets. Coming back to take it up, she was anticipated by a porter. He asked,

"Where for, miss?"

"London. Never mind about having it labelled. I can take it with me in the carriage."

The man, knowing them well by sight, looked at them in some perplexity, struck, as anyone might have been, by Lettice's suppressed excitement; but he did not venture to say anything. She was already leading the way to the train, and he followed.

"Just going to start, miss. Second class?—this way. It will be a cold night."

He shoved the portmanteau under the seat, helped Violet up the long step, and touched his cap in return for a couple of pence put into his hand. Then the door slammed, the whistle sounded, and they were off.

Ay, they were off; a pair of homeless friendless orphans, cast adrift upon the wide world! And in that moment it came over Lettice what she had done. The terrible and reckless nature of the step she had taken stood out before her in blank bare reality. No one was with her in the carriage save the timid child cowering in the corner. Lettice sat upright in her seat, and gasped aloud with the sense of lonely fearful oppression. Orphans—friendless—homeless—soon maybe, to be penniless also? What had she done? What had she been thinking about? Was this indeed God's will for them?

Violet crept closer to her.

"Lettice, it feels strange. I don't like it. I wish we were at home. I wish we had not come."

Did not Lettice wish the same at that moment? She began to think seriously whether even now it might not be best to get out at the next station, and to go back by the first return-train. Had a station occurred immediately she would probably have done so, but it lay far ahead. She had time

to think, time to recover from the first keen sense of unprotectedness, time to picture the manner of reception likely if she did return. Pride rose indignantly against the thought of the position in which she would find herself. Then, too, came rolling in upon her mind a realisation of all that must follow—of Violet pining for her in loneliness and weakness among strangers—of the dreariness of her own life, with none at hand who loved her. And Lettice's heart cried out wildly, "Anything rather than that!" and in the sudden revulsion, her wavering determination gained double strength.

"It will not feel so strange in a little while, Violet; it is only just at first," she said calmly. "Come and sit on my lap, and you will soon feel warm. I have some biscuits here for you to eat presently. How do you feel now?"

Violet sighed, "I should like to be in bed; I am so tired;" she said. "Where are we going?"

Lettice considered before answering. She had taken tickets to London, but it occurred to her that by going there she would run some risk of being stopped. What if Miss Temple went to their room on her return, and discovered that they were gone? Nothing would be easier than to enquire at the station whither they had booked, and to send a telegram that they must be met on arrival. If Miss Temple returned early, as was likely, a telegram could reach London before Violet and herself.

"I was thinking, darling," she said, as the question was repeated. "I want to go to Brighton, and I did think of going through London. But there is another earlier station where we can change trains, and get across to Brighton by another line of rail, without going to London at all. I think I shall do that, though it will cost a little more, for they cannot possibly trace us then!"

"Are we going to Brighton?" Violet asked.

"Yes,—you know we have been there twice in old days, so it will not seem quite strange to us. I think I might get work to do in some of the shops where we used to buy things. And I mean to paint pretty flower and text cards, and to make money that way. We shall not spend much, you know, just we two. Of course I could part with my remaining brooches, so as to help us on till I find work—or even my watch and chain, but I should be very very sorry to do that."

"And shall we get to Brighton soon?"

"I am afraid not till past nine to-morrow morning. We have a long time to wait at one or two stations, going this way. I shall wrap you up in shawls, and make you go to sleep on a waiting-room sofa. When we get to Brighton I can leave you in the waiting-room, while I look out for lodgings—the cheapest I can find—or if you are not too tired we can go together."

"Oh yes—I would rather keep with you."

Violet was satisfied with these plans, little dreaming, poor child, how different a matter was that finding of regular work from the easy thing of course which she and Lettice supposed. The two were not ill-matched in their ignorance of life, beyond one simple phase of it. She curled herself up in Lettice's arms, and slept peacefully. Lettice, despite her previous wakeful night, had never been farther from sleep in her life. Unused to travelling, the fear of passing the junction where they had to change would of itself have sufficed to keep her awake; but apart from that repose was impossible. Though her determination faltered no more, she was oppressed by a sense of deep distress and loneliness and humiliation. But for Violet, she could have wept beneath it like a very child.

Miss Temple came home late, and did not go to the girls' room. She remarked to Susan, "I suppose Miss Majendie has gone to bed?" and was satisfied with Susan's answer, "Oh yes, ma'am, I tapped to ask if Miss Majendie wouldn't have any supper, and the door was locked, and I got no answer, so I suppose they was both asleep."

Whereupon Miss Temple went to bed herself, and thought no more about the matter.

Coming down to breakfast next morning, she found that Lettice had not yet appeared; an uncommon occurrence, for Lettice was a girl of early and punctual habits. She waited five minutes, had the bell rung a second time, and then sent Susan with a reminder. Susan reappeared after some delay, looking perplexed.

"If you please, ma'am, I can't make Miss Majendie hear. She must be oversleeping herself, and Miss Violet too."

"Oversleeping themselves at this time of day! Nonsense, Susan,—quite impossible. I dare say they are talking and laughing, and did not hear you. Knock again, and knock louder. Tell Miss Majendie I wish her to come down immediately. The coffee will be quite cold."

Susan disappeared anew, and in due time returned, looking almost pale. She had knocked in vain, and called in vain, and the young ladies certainly were not talking and laughing, for she could not hear a sound within. For the matter of that, she might have added what she had in her mind, that the young ladies never did talk and laugh like other young ladies.

"Extraordinary!" said Miss Temple, and she proceeded upstairs forthwith. The locked door would yield to no handle-turning and pushing. Miss Temple tried that first; then from rapping she advanced to hammering, from speaking to shouting, and from annoyance to genuine alarm.

"Something must be very wrong, Susan. What can it be? They cannot *both* be taken ill, surely. Miss Violet is a light sleeper, and would be roused to a certainty. What shall we do? Get help, pray,—or suggest something."

"I'll call cook, ma'am—and Andrew."

The rest of the household—cook, housemaid, and gardener—speedily appeared. Lady Bartlett's voice was heard calling queries from her own apartment, but no one had time to attend to her.

"The door must be broken open, Andrew, at once. Can you do it, or shall we send for the locksmith. Dear, dear me, what a thing it is, to be sure, to have charge of other people's children!"

Andrew proved equal to the occasion. He drew out two or three screws, and then, in response to Miss Temple's impatience, tried rougher measures. The door was weak and his muscles were strong. There was a crash, a creaking of woodwork yielding to pressure, and the way was barred to them no longer.

No one within! That fact became in one moment plain.

Miss Temple saw and understood. She gave one horrified stare round, and then rushed frantically to Lady Bartlett's room.

"Aunt Letitia—Aunt Letitia! What shall we do?—what can be done? Those miserable girls—they are actually gone—gone—fled—run away. The disgrace—the disgrace of it—what *will* be thought of me? I am sure if I had known—but who could have guessed—and Vandal approved. Aunt, what can be done? Do tell me—do help me. I feel quite ill—quite upset."

"My dear, I really do not understand what is the matter," said the trembling Lady Bartlett. "I wish you could tell me more gently, my dear, for you do agitate me so. I shall not get over it for hours. Did you say the cook had run away? I don't know why she should, for she has a most comfortable place?"

"Lettice Majendie!" shrieked Miss Temple. "Lettice Majendie has run away, taking Violet with her. Lettice Majendie—ungrateful miserable girl—without a penny of her own. Why, they will be starved—they will get into bad hands,—they will be ruined. There is no knowing what may not happen to them. And think what will be said of me? Merely because I wished to send the child to school for a few months. But who will believe a girl could act so insanely, for no greater reason? I shall have all sorts of things said of me. I always did think there was something thoroughly bad about that girl—locking her door too in such an underhand deceitful way. What shall I do, aunt? What shall I do? What can be done?"

"Send for Vandal, my dear," feebly suggested the overwhelmed Lady Bartlett, as her niece's excitement threatened to culminate in a fit of hysterics.

"Vandal! To be sure, the very thing," she cried, relieved. "How came I not to think of him at once? I will go to him directly."

"Hadn't you better look through the house first, my dear? They might be in some other room?"

"What! and leave their own door locked? But I'll tell Susan to look, while I am dressing."

The search proved vain, and Miss Temple, with bonnet-strings and necktie in an unwonted state of disorganisation, was soon hurrying at full speed through the streets. Reaching her brother's house, she burst, unannounced, into his breakfast-room, paralysing him with her tidings in the midst of eating an egg, the bottom of which he never saw. Another mouthful became impossible. He sat with suspended egg-spoon and parted lips, listening to her outpoured narration, and striving to gain a clear idea of the state of affairs. At the first pause, when it became possible to utter a word, he said, "We must act, not talk."

"But, Vandal, what can we do? That ungrateful girl—heartless—wicked—after all I have done for her—why, they will die of starvation. And think what will be said. Everyone will suppose I have driven her to it."

"That is of minor importance. The question is how we are to rescue the children—poor silly things."

"Silly, yes—and worse than silly—but if I said so you would cry out upon me for hardheartedness. Minor importance, is it—yes, I dare say, to you. It isn't of minor importance to me, I can tell you. Would you advise me to telegraph or anything, Vandal? What shall you do?"

"Go to the station first, to make enquiries."

The fire was left untouched for once, and not even the chair upon which he sat was put back against the wall. In less time than Miss Temple could have believed possible with one of his slow habits, he was hurrying along the street towards the station. Though generally a most deliberate walker, he now went at a pace which she found it hard to rival.

They had not far to search for information. In the booking-office they learnt at once that Miss Majendie had taken two single tickets to London by the evening train, or rather one whole and one half ticket. The porter, who had carried the portmanteau for Lettice, supplied further particulars. No doubt remained as to the fact of their departure.

"I thought somehow, sir, things didn't seem right," the man remarked, looking at the two troubled faces before him. "But what could I do, sir? The young lady seemed quite determined, and to know all about it."

"You did your duty, you could do no more," Vandal responded, turning away. "Now, Selina——"

"Determined!" repeated Miss Temple. "Yes, that is Lettice all over, just bent upon her own way, and caring for nothing and nobody else. She is mad, Vandal, I do firmly believe—stark staring mad."

"There is nothing for it," announced Vandal, with a deep sigh of resignation. "I must go to London."

"You, brother?"

"I!"

"To London! Now!"

"Now, immediately. Strange,—with my horror of travelling,—the second time it is needful. But my duty is plain. The children must be rescued."

"I should not know what to do if *I* went," said Miss Temple.

"No, no, it must be I, not you. If this fails we can advertise, but whether Lettice will see any papers—— I am going to telegraph now to Mrs. Canynge."

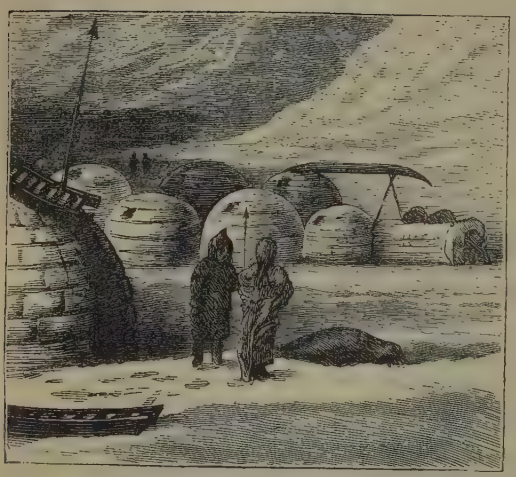
"Mrs. Canynge! The vicar's wife! To be sure. I never thought of her. Lettice is certain to go there. I wonder it never occurred to me. Mrs. Canynge is too sensible a person to support her in rebellion."

"That is it! I wish I could think Lettice *would* go there. I shall telegraph, but I shall not wait for a return telegram. It would be wasting precious time. The London train starts in an hour and a half,—just time to make preparations."

He made them, and went by the said train, throwing himself into the breach heroically as any Roman of old. During the two days of his absence Miss Temple did much in the way of talk, and made out the best possible case for herself in Brentwood. Some shook their heads dubiously behind her back, notwithstanding, and no one was more concerned than the Temples of the Hall, or more grieved than Brena.

For Vandal's efforts were ineffectual. All traces of the missing pair were lost before he reached London. He sought, enquired, advertised, but in vain. Lettice and Violet Majendie appeared to have slipped as completely out of the little Brentwood world as if they had never been known there.

THE ESQUIMAUX.



THANKS to the numerous accounts of voyages devoted to the exploring of the polar regions, there is not, perhaps, one amongst our readers who does not know the names of Greenland and Labrador, and of their inhabitants, the Esquimaux. Some of these Esquimaux were lately induced to come into Europe for the purpose of showing themselves in public, in the principal towns of Germany and France under the care of an enterprising Hamburger, M. Hagenbeck, who, like our Mr. Jamrach and others, is a furnisher of the zoological gardens of Europe, and proprietor of a large menagerie. And a French visitor has given an account of them, with his own reflections, in the "Petit Glaneur."

We have had in Europe of late years, Red Indians, Zulu Caffres, Laplanders, and other natives of remote regions exhibited in public. While the motive in bringing them has been merely that of commercial gain, opportunity has been given to "stay-at-home travellers" to see the appearance and habits of strange people. None of these have more interest for readers of missionary reports or books of ordinary travel than these Esquimaux from the far North. A Christian friend who saw them last year at Berlin, gave the following description of them.

Here are presented to our attention in the first place the huts of turf; tents of the skins of whales; a cabin, whence howl some dogs resembling wolves; a small pond, on which is seen a single boat (a kajak) like a canoe for one person, covered with a skin pierced by a hole, through which the Esquimaux passes his body; lastly, some tackle for the chase or for fishing—things that give to the public an idea of the encampment of the Esquimaux of the polar regions. Soon afterwards the Esquimaux themselves appear out of their huts and devote themselves to various exercises, intended to supply the chase and fishing, as practised in their country.

There are eight of them: in the first place a family, comprising the husband, named Terrianiak (which signifies a fox), his wife Pangu (a malady of the country), and a child; a second family, consisting of four persons, the husband, named Abraham, his wife Ulrike, a little daughter of three years of age, named Sarah, and a nurse. This family is accompanied by a young man called Tobias.

But what a difference among these eight Esquimaux all coming from the same country! It does not fail to strike the most superficial observers; in Terrianiak and his companions, the hair in disorder, dirt, eyes without expression, a stupid and savage look; in Abraham and his family, an open expression, frank and sympathetic, a manner of living that contrasts singularly with that of the other family. Even the workmen of the Zoological Gardens find this difference, and one of them has rendered to Abraham this compliment: "What an honest and trustworthy man Abraham is!"

A celebrated professor of Berlin, M. Virchow, gave a public conference to which he caused all these Esquimaux to come, and in exhibiting Abraham and his group, he exclaimed, "See, gentlemen, what civilisation can do for the most degraded people." This learned man has not given the right word. What has civilised these Esquimaux is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, announced to them by the Moravian missionaries, and which they have received into their hearts by faith. Abraham and his people have become Christians after being pagans, the other father and his wife remain pagans. By this, and not by anything else, comes all the difference between them.

Ah! they who think that evangelistic missions among pagan people are of no use, have here by a palpable fact a proof that the Gospel, which is the power of God for the salvation of every man that believes, is also the most powerful agent of civilisation. Amidst the noisy and inquisitive crowd indulging in the novel spectacle which these children of the North present to them, we witnessed a different scene in their hut. Abraham's eyes gleam with joy. In one of these visitors he has recognised an old missionary of Labrador, who was formerly his pastor. Now, retired in Europe, and knowing the arrival of this Christian family of Esquimaux at the Zoological Gardens, he is come to speak with them in the language of their native country concerning the interest of their souls. Very soon Abraham's face became a little clouded by hearing the missionary tell him in his own language: "The chief men of the mission are very sorry to learn that you have been so unwise as to come here, where you cannot do any good, but they salute you cordially as brothers, and exhort you to conduct yourselves as Christians and to remain faithful to the Saviour." Abraham expected to hear some other reproofs, but no more were made to him. His conscience had spoken, and that was sufficient. We shall perceive his impressions and his feelings in this respect in a letter which he wrote shortly afterwards to a missionary, and which we shall presently produce.

During three hours, interrupted from time to time by the necessity in which the Esquimaux were placed of showing themselves in public, the visitors were able to converse with them; and in the hut,

ESQUIMAUX SLEDGE.

lighted by the glimmering flame of a small oil lamp, these natives of Labrador have been able to bend their knees together in prayer, to sing hymns and place themselves under the protection of the Good Shepherd as sheep exposed to so many dangers.

It was a great comfort and enjoyment for these good Esquimaux to find in a foreign land friendly hearts testifying in different ways a brotherly interest. Many members of the Church of Berlin obtained permission to enter into the enclosure of the Esquimaux, and were able to assemble on many occasions with them in their hut. In considering only the exterior, what in common can there be between these civilised Europeans and these Esquimaux, short, beardless, broad-shouldered, with the head large, the face flat, projecting cheeks, the lower lip thick, small eyes, brown visage, and straight hair? And yet there they are, these Christians, hand in hand, singing each one in his language, the same verses of hymns, united in the same sentiment of love the one for the other. One single word is equally understood by all, the name of Jesus, which Abraham repeats raising his hand towards heaven, and at this name a ray of celestial joy illumines his countenance.

Oh! the power of this adorable name, which breaks down all barriers and unites by ties of fraternal love men most different by race and by education. In this, wrote the apostle Paul to the Colossians, "there is neither barbarian nor Scythian, neither bond nor free, but Christ is all in all."

On two occasions, the one at the commencement, and the other at the end of their abode at Berlin, our Esquimaux Christians obtained permission to go to a Christian communion amongst the Moravian brethren, one of the branches of Protestantism, and that to which belong the missionaries who carried the Gospel to Labrador. A numerous assembly is in expectation. At last the door opens, and introduced by the old missionary, Abraham, his wife Ulrike, carrying in her arms the little Sarah, and Tobias make their entrance. The emotion is general; they silently and modestly take their places and with clasped hands and downcast heads seat themselves. When the assembly sings one of those same melodies which they have themselves so many times sung in their native country, a ray of joy illumines their faces. A choir had been arranged in honour of these guests. "It is almost as pleasant as at Hebron" (the village and missionary station at Labrador), said Abraham. After an exhortation, and a prayer, on their knees, which the old missionary made in their language, they said themselves the Lord's Prayer and sang several hymns.

At their second visit to the Moravian church, which was to be the last, on account of their approaching departure from Berlin, towards the end of the feast Abraham, with smiling eyes and profoundly happy mien, holds forth to the missionary and lays on the table a piece of gold, pronouncing with much emphasis this word: "Missions." Tobias in his turn following the example, searches in his pocket for some pieces of silver, and joyously places them by the side of the offering of Abraham, and repeats the same word. What an interesting spectacle; and what a testimony to the work of evangelising missions among the pagans; but also what a lesson for European Christians, for the poor not less than for the rich!

Here is the letter which Abraham wrote to the missionary Elsner of Labrador, now in Europe:

"My dear Master,

"I am writing to you because I wish to relate to you what follows. We are very unhappy. When they first wanted to take us to Europe, I refused at first, but I very much desired of the Lord to show me if I was really committing an error, for I believe all his words. As I could hardly think by working in my kajak of being able to pay my debts and my dear father's too, I thought I might make some money by this opportunity. I also said to myself that I might see you. Then I said, 'This is the way of the Lord.' We very much cried, my wife and I, as well as my friends, but no one kept us back. Not that I was tired of my masters, but I wished to pay my debts. I did not act heedlessly, but I had a great desire to see Europe, and the churches there. I waited in vain to be told about Jesus. Before the visit of the missionary, we had only thoughtless people in our house and we prayed to God that He might deign to preserve us still wheresoever we must go . . . . We have been ill, besides suffering much from home-sickness. But, certainly we must have learnt something by our experience. Do not be afraid that after our return home we shall teach bad customs to our fellow-countrymen. I have already learnt that objects of commerce must make a long voyage before they reach us, which raises their price very much; also that the journeys which our masters make are very dangerous. We salute you all with great love, you, your relatives, and the believers who are with you.

"Abraham, Husband of Ulrike."

We are sorry to learn from the latest "Periodical Accounts" of the Moravian missions, that all these poor Esquimaux are dead, the last dying in the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, where their huts and property may still be seen; a melancholy memorial.

After having been exhibited in the Zoological Gardens in Berlin, they were taken to other towns in Germany, and appear soon to have come to the conclusion that they had made a great mistake in coming over to Europe for the sake of making money. At Darmstadt one of the company, a girl of fifteen, daughter of the heathen Terrianiak, from Nachvak in Labrador, died after a very brief illness. At Crefeld three more persons died, and the medical men who attended them, although doubtful as to the cause of their death, appear to have suspected a form of small-pox. At Paris the survivors were twice vaccinated, but without effect, and in a few days all were dead. Of their last days we have no record, and it is sad to think of these poor strangers dying in the hospital, with no one near to speak to them in their own language. The following letter, written by Abraham, to his old missionary, Br. Elsner, now living at Bremen, who had visited them in Berlin, is satisfactory as showing that there was comfort for some of them in the prospect of death, and it is pleasing to see that the heathen Terrianiak was not without some desire to belong to the Saviour.

"Paris, January 8th, 1881.

"My dear teacher Elsner,

"I write to you very sadly, and am much troubled about my relatives, for my child, which I was so fond of, lives no more: she has died of the bad small-pox

after being ill for four days only. By our child's death my wife and I are strongly reminded that we too must die. It died in Crefeld, although many doctors saw it. These men indeed can do nothing, so we will above all look to Jesus, who died for us, as our Physician. My dear teacher Elsner, we kneel daily before Him, and ask Him to pardon us for coming over here; and do not doubt that He will hear our prayer. Every day we weep together for the pardon of our sins through our Lord Jesus Christ. Even Terrianiak, who is now alone [his wife and child had died], when I speak to him about conversion, tells me—I think with sincerity—he desires to belong to our Saviour. He joins us daily at prayers, as also our little Maria. But her life is in danger, for her face is much swollen. Tobias [the young man of the company, not related to any of them] is very ill. I remember that Jesus alone can help us in the hour of death. Yes, indeed, He is with us everywhere. I wish I could tell my people beyond the sea, how kind the Lord is. Our master buys much medicine for us, but all seems useless; I hope in the Lord, who sees my tears daily. I care not for worldly advantage; but I do long to see my friends once more, and, as long as I live, to speak to them of the name of the Lord. I did not formerly understand these things; now I do. My tears come often, but the words, which He has spoken, always bring me fresh comfort. My dear teacher Elsner, pray for us that this sickness be removed, if it be His will; but His will be done. I am a poor man, like the dust.

"It is very cold in Paris, but our master is now very kind to all of us. I salute you, so does my wife; and with you the members of the Church at Bremen. Tell the great teachers [the Directing Board] that we salute them very much. The Lord be with you all. Amen."

The Duke of Argyll, in a recent article in the "Contemporary Review" (March) on "The Unity of Nature," has some interesting remarks about the Esquimaux, or Eskimos as some call them:

"Although essentially uncivilised, he is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a savage. Many of the characteristics usually associated with that word are altogether wanting in the Eskimo. They are a gentle, inoffensive, hospitable, and truthful race. They are, therefore, a conspicuous example of the fallacy of supposing that there is any necessary connection between a backward condition of knowledge in the useful arts, and violent dispositions, or ferocious and cruel habits. Men are not necessarily savage because they may use flint hatchets, or because they may point their arrows and their spears with bone. Nevertheless, the condition of the Eskimo, although not savage, is almost the type of the merely uncivilised condition of Mankind. It is a condition in which not more than a few families can ever live together, and in which therefore large communities cannot be formed. A few simple and some very curious rules of ownership are all that can represent among them the great lawgiving instinct which lives in Man. Agriculture cannot be practised, nor even the pasturing of flocks and herds. Without fuel, beyond the oil which feeds their feeble lamps, or a few stray logs of drift timber, the Eskimo can have no access to the metals, which in such a country could not be reduced from their ores, even if these ores were themselves obtainable. The useful arts are, therefore, strictly limited to the devising and making of canoes and of weapons of the chase. There is no domestic animal except the dog, and dogs too, like their masters, must have been brought from elsewhere. These are all conditions which exclude the first elements of what we understand by civilisation. But every one of these conditions must have been different with the progenitors of the Eskimo. If they were immigrants into the regions within the Arctic Circle, they must have come from the more temperate regions of the South. They must have been surrounded there by all the natural advantages of which their descendants are now deprived. To what extent these ancestors of the Eskimo may have profited by their very different and more favoured position, we cannot know. They may have practised such simple agriculture as was practised by the most ancient races which have left their traces in the Swiss Lake dwellings. They may have been nomads, living on their flocks and herds, as the Laplanders and Siberians actually are who in the Old World live in latitudes only a little farther south. They may have been people who, like the ancient but unknown Mound-builders in the Southern and Western States of America, had developed a comparatively high civilisation. But one thing is certain, that they must have lived a life wholly different from the life of the Eskimo, and that they must have had completely different habits. Whatever arts the father knew, suited to more genial climates, could not fail to be forgotten by the children, in a country where the practice of them was impossible."

The object of the Duke of Argyll is to show that in these children of the far north, as also in the people of Tierra del Fuego in the extreme south, we have races who had been driven from more genial lands, partly by hunger, and probably to escape massacre by warlike tribes. These outlying groups of the human family have been driven to their present places and habits in the struggle for existence.

"The northern extremity of the American continent presents exactly the same problem as the southern. If it is impossible to suppose that man was first created, or born, or developed in Tierra del Fuego, it is not less impossible to suppose that he made his first appearance on the frozen shores of Baffin's Bay. Watching at the blow-hole of a seal for many hours in a temperature 75° below the freezing point, is the constant work of the Inuit hunter. And when at last his prey is struck, it is his greatest luxury to feast upon the raw blood and blubber. To civilised man it is hardly possible to conceive a life so wretched, and in some aspects at least so brutal, as the life led by this race during the continual night of the Arctic winter. Not even the most extravagant theorist as regards the possible plurality of human origins can believe that there was a separate Eskimo Adam. Man, therefore, is as certainly an immigrant into the dreary regions round the Pole as he is an immigrant into the desolations of Cape Horn. But the whole conditions of his life there are necessarily determined by the rigours of the climate. They are conditions in which civilisation, as it has been here defined, is impossible. And the importance of that definition is singularly apparent in the case of the Eskimo."

It is the glory of the Gospel to seek out the remotest outcasts of the human race, and this honour, so far as the Esquimaux are concerned, belongs to the Moravian Brethren:

> "Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
> The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
> And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
> On icy plains, and in eternal snows."

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

V.

"Lord, help me."—*Matt.* xv. 25.

WE have here, perhaps, the shortest form of prayer on record. The soul is brought very low indeed before it is led to utter this prayer. Yet is it not for the comfort and encouragement of such poor souls that this prayer is recorded in the word of God?

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is." Here we have this belief. The prayer is addressed to God: "Lord, help me."

I would speak now to any who are brought very low. It may be that you have had great trials, and at last, perhaps, there comes some special affliction that seems to make the already full cup of sorrow overflow. A shock to the nerves, a bitter disappointment, a great prostration of bodily strength; any or all of these combined, may have brought you lower than you ever felt before; and your chief and greatest sorrow is, that you cannot pray. Your heart is grievously burdened, but you feel as if you could not pour it out in prayer. Words will not come; even long-connected thought is not at your command. All is dark, within and around. Still, let nothing tempt you to give up prayer. "If you cannot pray as you would, yet pray as you can."

Kneel down alone, and force your mind to realise the truth: "Thou God seest me." Picture the Lord Jesus as in the scene described in this fifteenth chapter of Matthew. Let it be that you cannot feel as if He was about to make you any answer, yet, call. Say, "Lord!" and add only this one earnest cry, "Help me." Oh, it can never be that such a cry will be unheard or unheeded.

You may hardly know in what way help can be given. Your bewildered mind, full of entangled feelings, could not say to the kindest earthly friend, how you would fain be helped. You only know that you are miserable and full of wants. Then this is the very time to cry to Him who has "all power in heaven and earth," and with whom is no such thing as impossibility, or even difficulty. Exercise faith, recall past deliverances. See how others have been helped. Look at the answer given to her who put up this very prayer, and whose strong faith, shown where all was apparently so dark and hopeless, is so highly commended by Him to whom she cried for help.

Jesus said to her, "O woman, great is thy faith."

"Lord, help me." The words imply that you feel yourself helpless. Is not this the very point to which God has been working to bring you? It is He who has "brought down" your "heart through weariness." Not that He is ever pleased with the sight of sorrow or suffering. It has been well said that God never takes away anything from us, without meaning to give us something better in its place. It is hard for you at this moment to imagine how anything can be better to you than what you have lost; health and strength, or someone dear to you as your own soul, or some earthly prop and support which you hourly needed. But go to the Giver of all good, and go in faith, and if this one word, "Help," is all you can utter, still say it, and remember you are saying it to One who is Almighty, and whose hand is "Love."

"My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth" (Psa. cxxi. 2).

Missionary Hymn.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. H. VON BOGATZKY, AUTHOR OF THE "GOLDEN TREASURY."

WAKE, oh, wake! Divine Inspirer
Of the early witness band!
And the watchmen, ever faithful,
Who on Zion's ramparts stand.
Through the world their word doth ring:
Men to Thee in crowds they bring.

May we see Thy fire enkindled,
May it through all countries run,
And the whole world learn, Lord Jesus,
All that Thou in grace hast done!
Great the harvest Thou dost see,
Yet how few the reapers be.

Clearly hath our Saviour spoken
And hath taught us thus to plead;
Lo! Thy children's hearts are stirring,
Deeply do they feel the need.
Hear, then, Master, when they pray,
And—"It shall be done"—now say!

Hosts of servants, Lord, commission,
Power upon them all bestow;
Tarry not, but haste to help us,
Satan's kingdom overthrow.
To the earth's remotest end,
Let Thy kingdom soon extend.

May Thy word the wide world over,
Freely run and all illume;
May the fulness of the Gentiles
Crowding unto Thee, Lord, come!
And awake Thine Israel—
May they too Thy praises swell!

Lord, restore the ways of Zion,
There once more a pathway make;
Chase away all dark delusions,
From the path offences take.
Church and school for ever be
From all hireling spirits free!

* Sung at the yearly festival of the Basle Missionary Society and at ordinations.

Make each school Thy Spirit's workshop,
Do Thou rule as sovereign there.
Work in every youthful spirit,
May they all Thine image bear.
Give true men to teach and pray,
And to guard Thy church alway.

Love, O Lord, to Thee is praying,
Love, enkindled by Thine own,
By Thy breath Divine inbreathèd,
O Thou who art love alone!
When in lowly love we pray,
All from Love expect we may.

Thou Thy glorious work wilt finish,
Judge and Saviour both art Thou;
Human woe Thou wilt abolish,
Though Thy way we know not now.
Faith will never cease to plead,
Thou dost all our thoughts exceed.

JOHN KELLY.

Sabbath Thoughts.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

"If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."—*Rom.* viii. 17.

"For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."—*Phil.* i. 29.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 *Tim.* ii. 12.

OUR Saviour did not suffer for us that we might never suffer! He did not die for us that we might never die. Those whom He loves have often to walk in a path of very great sufferings, and know that those sufferings must terminate in death; and yet in Christ suffering becomes a blessing, and to die is gain! Not those whose lives are most free from pain are the happiest in God's sight, but those who so "suffer with Him" that they may be glorified together with Him—glorified not only in a future state of bliss, but even now in their perfect acceptance of God's will. "Let patience have her perfect work"; it cannot be wrought without the endurance of pain, nor tested without suffering! The Apostle says to the Philippian disciples that something had been given to them besides the grace to believe on Christ; they had received a privilege, an honour, "in the behalf of Christ." God had called them to a duty—alas, it was one from which nature might be ready to recoil; it was given to them "to suffer for his sake!" Most of us think we would gladly work for Christ; let us ask ourselves, would we suffer for Him—suffer not only as the early Christians did when men persecuted them and cast out their names as evil—but suffer for Christ and with Christ in any way in which He may appoint?—suffer with patience, taking up and accepting whatever trials He sends, looking on them not as evils to be got rid of by any means, but as "His own" appointed path for us to walk in, a path in which we may find Christ walking with us and enriching us with precious communion with Himself? Suffering thus accepted becomes an invaluable discipline to the soul; and the sight of one enduring it in such a spirit becomes to other men a most striking witness of the power of God's grace to give strength and comfort in the time of trial. If the waters of the Sea of Galilee had not been raised by the storm, the disciples would never have known the Master's power to still them; nor would they have learned his tender care for their safety had they not been "exceedingly tossed by the tempest," while with Him in the ship.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

MAY 29.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS. LUKE XIX. 11-27.

GOLDEN TEXT, ROMANS XIV. 12.—'*So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.*'

CONNECTION.—Our Lord was now on His last journey to Jerusalem. He had passed through Jericho, healing Bartimæus and visiting Zacchæus the chief publican (in whose house perhaps this parable was spoken). Great attention was anew attracted to Him; and again it seemed to many who marked His great deeds and words that **the Kingdom of God would immediately appear.** To correct this misapprehension He recalls a series of incidents of their own time, giving a spiritual application to events familiar to all. We might almost call the parable the 'Story of Archelaus.' Again, as in the narratives of the Unfaithful Steward to the Unjust Judge, our Lord makes the conduct of a wicked person an illustration of spiritual and heavenly transactions.

I. PURPOSE OF THE PARABLE.—*Read ver.* 11. **The Kingdom of God,** as heralded by John the Baptist, and often described by Christ Himself in His discourses and parables, *was* in reality at hand. The KING was on His way to Jerusalem. But the kingdom was not at once to **appear,** i.e. to *be manifested.* It was to be an unseen reality until the revelation of a future day. To those who longed for some outward and immediate signs of conquest and reign, this parable is addressed, inculcating the lessons of patient waiting and active work. So Jesus spoke to His disciples on the eve of His Ascension, Acts i. 6, 7.

II. THE 'NOBLEMAN'S' JOURNEY.—*Read vers.* 12–14. Here the historian Josephus enables us to supply the facts which were probably in the mind of our Lord. Herod the Idumæan, afterwards first monarch of the name, had actually travelled to Rome to receive at the hands of the Emperor Augustus the **kingdom** of Judæa.* Archelaus, Herod's son, had done the same, and at a later date another son, Herod Antipas.† Nor only so; but in literal fact, the Jews had sent an embassy (a **message**) to follow Archelaus, and to plead with Augustus against his reign and that of the hated Herodian family ‡; saying, in effect, **We will not have this man to reign over us.** The circumstances were then ready to our Lord's hand; and the sight of the magnificent palace at Jericho, which Archelaus had built, might well have recalled these incidents to mind (*Farrar*). Nor only so, but as if to complete the parallel we are told that

* Josephus, 'Antiquities,' xiv. 14.
† Ib. xvii. 9, § 4; xviii. 5, § 1.
‡ Ib. xvii. 11, § 1.

Archelaus, in setting out on his errand, committed his pecuniary interests to his servants, to watch over in his absence. **Occupy** is a Latinism for *trade;* from the same root in original as the word in v. 15, 'gained by trading.'

The application is plain: JESUS 'has gone up on high' to the world which to our apprehension is a **far country.** In one sense He reigns over earth from His unseen throne in the heavens; but in another His kingdom has not yet come: it is not manifested: and the terrible cry against His reign has gone up to heaven from a sinful world. The cry of *infidelity*—that does not believe in Him: of *self-will*, that refuses to submit to Him; of *self-indulgence*, that will not wear His yoke: of *carelessness*, that will not think of Him: and especially in our Lord's own thought, the language of *Jewish bigotry and hatred* that were so soon to cause His rejection. Distinguish between the **servants** and the **citizens.** The former accepted His authority and had professedly given themselves to Him. To these He entrusts each a **pound** (a 'mina,' equal in our money to about 3*l.*)* as the king in the parable afterwards spoken delivers 'talents' to his servants to use (Matt. xxv.). Observe the difference between the two parables, each presenting one side of an important truth. Here, the same sum is differently employed: there, different sums are employed with the same proportional results.

III. THE KING'S RETURN.—*Read vers.* 15–17. Here our Lord passes from the earthly history to the solemn spiritual reality; deriving perhaps just one feature in His description from a well-known fact. For the method by which Archelaus rewarded his faithful adherents was to assign to them the government of *cities*. But the whole description gives us a solemn insight into the final account, when Christ's professed servants must all 'be *made manifest*' before His judgment-seat (2 Cor. v. 10) that 'every one may receive the things done in the body.' Will then judgment be according to works? Yes, and no. Not as a matter of justification: acceptance can only be through the sacrifice and merit of Christ: but as *evidence* and as *obedience*. Faithful 'trading' will be the result of our acceptance through Christ; and if we are really His, we shall obey His solemn charge. Hence the questions are the same, in two different forms: *Dost thou believe on the Son of God?* and *Hast thou done His work in the world?* But another question may arise: Is it not gain after which the King enquires, and can we command this? May not one man in **trading** make large profits, and another with equal diligence gain very little? Is it fair, therefore, that final reward should depend upon the amount acquired? The answer to this is that in the spiritual kingdom the gain is *as the faithfulness*. This may not be seen by us: but it is so in the sight of God. Hence, the **ten pounds** indicate twice as much earnest labour as the **five pounds.** [Our standard of success and God's are very different.] Note, however, the way in which those who have laboured for Him give to Him the glory. Not, *I* have gained—but **Thy pound hath gained**—the ten or the five. The reward is a summons to higher responsibility and service. From trading with pounds to governing **cities!** Learn that ability for great things is tested first in small; and also, that the law of God's kingdom is not to give ease in return for labour—but for successful work more work to do! This is shadowed forth to us in the allotments of this earthly life: what it shall be in the life to come we can but dimly understand. Only this we may say, that heaven will not bring to us inactivity or mere enjoyment, but rather the active and energetic exercise of our immortal powers: 'His servants shall serve Him,' Rev. xxii. 3.

Our Lord now turns to another of the servants: (having selected three out of the ten as specimens of the rest) a type not, one would say, of the very *worst*, but of the *unfaithful*. He had not stolen the pound, nor wasted it, nor spent it on himself, nor lost it in foolish trading—he had just done nothing with it, laying it by in a **napkin,** a handkerchief (as in the kindred parable the slothful servant buries his talent in the earth, for yet greater security). What was his motive? Twofold: on his own showing, *timidity;* he was afraid of losing the money if he did anything with it: and *distrust* of his Master. To the servant's apprehension, the Lord was **austere** (harshly-judging) and unjust, unreasonable in the requirements. The root of all was that he *did not know* his Master; and as he might have known, ought to have known Him, the disobedience was **wicked.** So the King does not justify Himself, nor answer His servant's plea. Taking the highest application, how justly He might have said, *I am not austere, for my motive is Love: I demand nothing unreasonable, for I give strength and means to accomplish all.* But He will not say this. Some objectors are best met on their own ground. *If it were so*, is the unanswerable reply, *what then?* So the words **thou knewest that I was an austere man,** etc., are not an acknowledgment, but simply an adoption of the description **out of** the man's **own mouth,** to give force to the following question. There was something that the man, however feeble his energies, might have done. If he could not have hoped to employ the pound to advantage in trading, he need not have hidden it away, but might have given it into the (rather a) bank, that it might at least gather some interest (**usury** in Scripture often means *fair* and *proper* interest).

> It has been happily suggested that Christ here gives a hint of what His servants of scanty or unpractised endowments can do in His cause. Interest gained by money in a bank is simply the result of trading with it on a larger scale, and with greater ability than its owner could command. So if we cannot ourselves work effectually, we can place ourselves under the direction of others who can direct and employ our powers.

The punishment of unfaithfulness is the taking away of what was misused or wasted. **Take from him the pound,** illustrated in the case of the Jewish nation, Matt. xxi. 43. And who shall receive the forfeited blessing? The one who has made best use of that which he himself possessed.—At this point some of our Lord's hearers, fascinated by the story, cry out against the seeming partiality, **Lord, he hath ten pounds!*** This occasions a repetition of the deep words spoken by our Lord on other occasions, a very law of man's moral nature. **Unto every one that hath shall be given.** Faithful service increases the capacity to serve. What becomes of the unfaithful servant we are not told. Our Lord turns in one brief terrible sentence to the citizens who refused the king's rule altogether, and foreshadows their doom. **Slay them before me.** 'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

QUESTIONS.

1. Show the several points of distinction between this parable and that of the Talents.
2. How was this parable literally fulfilled in the conduct and after-history of the Jews?
3. What indication have we here of the fact and the principle of degrees in heavenly glory?
4. On what other occasions, and in what connections, did our Lord utter the proverb 'to him that hath more shall be given'?

* One hundred drachmas = one pound. Sixty pounds = one silver talent.

* Such seems a more likely account of the parenthesis than that which makes it a part of the parable, an exclamation of the King's courtiers.

BIBLE CLOCK.

Let our readers take the word FORGIVE for their next exercise.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

II.

ONE morning, the persecuted family were sitting down to their early breakfast, when Frau Meyer, happening to glance toward her husband, noticed that he wore an anxious and apprehensive look, and scarcely tasted his food, a most unusual thing for happy, light-hearted, old Paul.

"What ails you, father?" she asked, affectionately calling him by the same endearing name his children used.

"I am not easy in my mind this morning," answered the husband. "I heard such strange sounds as I lay in bed last night, and they seemed to come"—here he turned to his son—"from Count Egmont's kennel. I know he has been restless these last few nights, and neighbour Heyse threatened——"

Martin waited to hear no more; a sudden fear possessed him as he heard his father's words, and he bounded off. So violently did he tremble with suspense and apprehension, that some moments elapsed before he could steady his hand sufficiently to unlock the small wooden door leading to the shed where Count Egmont was usually lodged, and when the key was at last turned, and the door swung back, Martin almost fell against it in the extremity of his surprise and dismay, for, saving a confused heap of straw on the ground, the kennel was empty.

The Meyers were ruined. The news of their loss excited much sympathy among those whom they counted as friends or acquaintances, but none of these entertained the suspicion which was strong in the minds both of old Paul and of his son Martin—that Nicholas Heyse was in some way responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the dog.

Neither father nor son had any positive proof of their neighbour's guilt, but privately admitted to each other that in their opinion it scarcely allowed of a doubt. For part of Heyse's garden fence formed one side of the kennel, and Martin observed, with eyes which nothing escaped, that many of the broad, close palings stood loosely in the ground, as if they had been recently pulled up.

Some days passed, and the boy wondered that no attempt was made to refix the wood, until he heard Gunther the cobbler calling Nicholas's attention to the defect. The gardener's answer filled him with grief and anger. "It matters little; I shall soon have both gardens on my hands again, and the fence will be useless then."

It was well-known that the Meyers were going back to their poverty-stricken dwelling in the city, and their departure was much lamented over by many to whom they had endeared themselves during their short stay in their new home. The master of the dog heard, with scarcely disguised suspicion and distrust, Martin's story of its singular disappearance, and insisted on being paid in full for the loss he had sustained. In vain the boy pleaded the straits to which his father and mother were already reduced by the diminution of his own earnings, and represented the impossibility of raising so large a sum as would be necessary to pay for the dog; the master was obdurate, and threatened extreme measures if the money were not soon forthcoming.

At last a compromise was effected. Old Paul promised to return into the city, and engaged that both he and his wife, as well as their son, would work laboriously until the master's claims were fully satisfied. A month yet remained for them to spend in the pleasant suburb, but Martin still went daily into the city, and forced his shoulders to bear the loads which Count Egmont had once carried so easily and so well.

Just at this time Heyse's attention was too deeply engaged with his own concerns to allow him leisure for interfering much with his neighbours. A flower-show was soon to be held in Brussels, and the gardener was rearing some fine tulips for exhibition there. He had already at different times gained several prizes for his flowers, and his skill and success in cultivating them was so well known that there was scarcely an hour during the day when some admiring face was not to be seen peeping over the low garden-fence. Heyse, however, systematically discouraged all such visits, and watched, like a sleepless dragon, over his tulips, being apprehensive that, if he left them unguarded, his visitors' passion for horticulture might take a less innocent form. His wife privately thought that he had more to fear from the Meyers than from any chance passer-by, and ventured to hint to him her suspicions.

Nicholas was thoroughly alarmed; he endeavoured, however, to dissemble his anxiety, at least in his wife's presence.

"They won't dare to touch them," said he, assuming a confidence which he was very far from feeling, "besides, how could they do so without being detected? The old man could never climb over our low fence, and the boy is away all day—no, no, wife, trust me, we have nothing to fear from them."

"I wish from my heart, Nicholas, that you had never touched their dog."

"I didn't touch their dog; I never laid a finger on it," retorted the husband angrily; "how often am I to tell you that?"

"But you let him loose," persisted the wife, with whom this was always a sore point; "you pulled up the stakes of the fence that made one side of his kennel."

"Well," answered Nicholas, "and suppose I did? Have I not the right to do what I please with my own property? How was I to know that the dog would run out, and jump over the outer fence, and be gone? It wasn't my business to look after him."

"You can't convince me, husband," replied Frau Heyse, with unusual determination. "It was a cruel thing to do, and we should only be rightly punished" (the meek-spirited woman identified herself with her husband's misdoings) "if the Meyers revenged themselves on us by stealing your tulips."

Nicholas had, by this time, exhausted all arguments in defence of his conduct, and therefore retired from the field, oppressed, in spite of his vehement self-exculpation, by a sense of treachery and injustice, and filled with forebodings to which his wife's fears had given rise. From that day forth he kept a more vigilant watch than ever over his much-prized flowers, and left them, when he was obliged to leave them, with great uneasiness and reluctance.

It wanted now but a week to the time of the show, and as his tulips had been hitherto unmolested in any way, Nicholas felt a little easier respecting them, and took his accustomed Friday walk into Brussels, without leaving with his wife his usual strict injunctions of watchfulness. Frau Heyse, in consequence, paid less attention to the garden than she had been wont to do of late, and busied herself more with household affairs. So absorbed was she that the flowers remained entirely forgotten, until, at dinner-time, her husband came home, and passed immediately into the garden to make his accustomed inspection of his treasures. She had barely time to reproach herself with her forgetfulness, when Nicholas returned, furious, for his finest tulip was missing.

The wife bore in meek silence the storm of reproaches with which he assailed her, and acknowledged that she was greatly to blame. But no confessions, no contrition, no expressions of sorrow, had power to allay her husband's wrath. He was quite certain that the theft was to be laid at the Meyers' door; his wife had suspected that they meant to steal the flowers, and yet she had, by her carelessness, as much as connived at their danger. It was shameful; but he would contrive to find some proof of their guilt, and bring them all to justice. Frau Heyse was thoroughly frightened, and spent a miserable after-

noon and evening, in listening to her husband's threats and reproaches; she dared not even take up her knitting, but sat still, in inactive fear, whilst Nicholas paced the room incessantly, bursting out continually into some fresh explosion of anger.

A gentle knock at the door was unheard by either husband or wife, and was repeated more than once without attracting any attention. Frau Heyse at last made a timid movement towards the door, but Nicholas threw it open unceremoniously. From out of the twilight a tall figure emerged, and advanced a few steps into the lamp-lit room. It was Martin Meyer. In his hands he bore carefully a small flower-pot, which he set down upon the table. Husband and wife gave a simultaneous cry of astonishment and delight, for there stood the missing tulip, as blooming and as beautiful as it had been early that same morning, when Heyse had paid his farewell visit to it.

Martin's quiet and simple explanation stopped the impending storm of questions. "Your flower was stolen this morning, Master Nicholas, by a lad who used to work with me in the lace factory. He was turned off for his bad ways, and now he idles about, doing all kinds of mischief. He heard about the loss of my dog"—here the colour rushed to the boy's face, and he spoke with evident difficulty; "he said—he said——" Martin stopped.

"What did he say?" asked Nicholas consciously.

"He said you had got rid of it somehow, and that I ought to take revenge on you for it. I never thought of his words again until this morning, when I was carrying my parcels through the city, and I saw him standing in a narrow court, beckoning to me. He had got your tulip, Master Nicholas, and said that he had stolen it for me."

"Well?" questioned the gardener.

"I made him give it up," continued Martin, "but I hope you won't make him suffer for the theft. Your flower is not damaged at all, and I have taken great care of it to-day."

The gardener said nothing, but looked fixedly at his tulip.

"I don't believe he ever stole before," ventured Martin, urging every possible plea on behalf of the culprit.

Still Heyse remained silent.

"Husband, have you nothing to say?" asked his wife a little impatiently. "This good boy has been at the pains of bringing you back your flower, and you give him no thanks nor even listen to him when he asks you to be indulgent to his friend."

"He has nothing to fear from me, nothing," answered Heyse in a low and hurried voice; "and you have my best thanks, Martin Meyer, for your kindness;" but all the time he never once raised his eyes, so Martin had no resource but to say "Good-night," and leave his neighbours alone.

A week passed by, and the flower-show was duly held, with most satisfactory results to Nicholas Heyse, for his tulip had carried off a valuable prize, and everyone had congratulated him on its splendid appearance. A well-known florist had offered a high price for the flower, and the gardener had accepted it without his accustomed bargaining, and in spite of repeated declarations to his wife that nothing should induce him to part with it. That same evening he came home, bringing with him, not the prize tulip, but a large, handsome dog. Frau Heyse looked at the pair in speechless astonishment.

"Put on your bonnet, wife," said Nicholas; "I am going to return the visit Martin Meyer paid us last week, and you may as well come too."

"But where will you leave the dog?" asked the wife, rather anxiously, looking uneasily round her neat, trim parlour.

"I think I'll take him along with us," answered the gardener, smiling and colouring a little, as he bent down to pat his charge's curly coat.

A light seemed all at once to break upon Frau Heyse's mind.

"Oh, Nicholas, you are surely going to make friends with the Meyers!"

"Well, perhaps I am," admitted Nicholas; "but come along, wife. I see old Paul walking with Martin in the garden."

So the two set out!

Gunther, the cobbler, who was smoking a pipe in his doorway on the opposite side of the street, looked astonished and incredulous at seeing his friend Heyse lifting the latch of the Meyers' gate; he would probably have manifested still greater astonishment could he have peeped through the lattice-window, and have seen what took place between the neighbours. How Nicholas left his wife to make friends with Anna Meyer and her little ones, whilst he went into the garden to make a stammering and hesitating, yet perfectly unreserved confession to old Paul and Martin; how both father and son shook him warmly by the hand, and were much affected to hear that the price paid to the gardener for his tulip had been expended on buying a new dog for Martin, and in satisfying the demands of Count Egmont's owner. Still more, how they afterwards supped together in all friendliness and good-fellowship, and, finally, how Nicholas acknowledged that night to his wife that he found a clear conscience better worth having than the finest flower that ever grew, and that he would rather part with every inch of his own garden than lose such kind-hearted neighbours as old Paul Meyer and his family.

L. H.

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOK OF KINGS.

A city sore besieged; an armèd host
Waging wild war against the tott'ring walls.
Borne on the wind, the mingled sounds go forth:
The conqueror's shout—the wail of him that falls.
But where is he—the chief? The warrior chief,
Whose own red hand hath brought him foul renown;
A hand so deeply stain'd with blood of kings,
And kingly kindred—for a royal crown?
Ah! where is he?—this seven-day sovereign,
With all his crimes heap'd on his crownèd head?
Th' Avenger cometh in the clash of steel,
The royal murderer hears the sounds with dread.
He hears the cries that mark th' approaching foe,
And knows that all is lost. Now black despair
Gives him a stern resolve. He once again
Enters his palace, while the outer air
Rings with the shouts of those who seek the king,
Who seek the slayer that he may be slain.
With his own hands he heaps the funeral pile,
Working, as though for life, with madden'd brain.
Working as though for *life*, and yet for *death*;
Else what is this that steals from out the doors
In noxious, vapoury wreaths? What mean those flame
That wrap the glowing house from roofs to floors?
Come on, besieger, seek the guilty king!
Nought shalt thou find but ashes. Bitterer foe
Than even thou canst be—remorse, despair,
Hath sent the murderer where the wicked go.

M. E. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.—p. 272.—"LOVE IS OF GOD."—1 John iv. 7.

L-emuel	Prov. xxxi. 4.
O-bed-edom	2 Sam. vi. 12.
V-ashti	Esther i. 12–19.
E-bed-melech	Jer. xxxviii.–xxxix.
I-shmael	Gen. xxi. 17.
S-hebna	Isaiah xxii. 15–18.
O-thniel	Joshua xv. 17–19. Judges i. 12–15.
F-riend	Micah vii. 5.
G-aius	3 John.
O-bed	Ruth iv. 17.
D-arius	Dan. vi. 18–19.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

VAIN EFFORTS.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER IX.—BRIGHTON LODGINGS.

IN a shabby back-street of Brighton, a pale child's face might have been seen pressed against the soiled window-panes of a small sitting-room. It was a very shabby sitting-room and a very dirty one. The once white window-curtains hung limp and blackened, and the table-cloth had jagged rents, and the carpet showed scarcely a remnant of its formerly bright pattern. Some tears were creeping down the pale cheeks of the child, and now and then she coughed harshly, with a look of pain. Two long hours she had been alone, and time passed wearily. Violet had nothing to do, no books to read. The fire in the hearth was small, for they had to economise fuel. Lettice's money was almost at an end.

No. 1413.—MAY 28, 1881.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

She had not known it would go so fast. These poor lodgings were the cheapest she had been able to find; and there was only this one tiny sitting-room, and a much tinier bedroom behind. They ate little, yet it seemed to Lettice that the last week's bills had been very heavy. She had not dreamt how the simplest eatables mount up in price.

Nearly ten days had gone by, the longest, darkest, dreariest days that Lettice Majendie had ever gone through. Had she verily known before the meaning of black pool following upon foaming Linn. She thought in any case she knew it now; but *this* black pool she had plunged into of her own free will.

For slowly the nature of the step she had taken was dawning upon Lettice. Slowly she was learning the true meaning of those terrible words, loneliness and unprotection. Slowly she was finding out what it was to have cut herself off from human help and human sympathy. Each hour she felt more deeply her own helplessness. And yet she dared not pray. For she knew at last that she had followed her own will solely, and not God's guidance, in forsaking the shelter provided.

How long could she and Violet remain in these rooms? Lettice had parted with the last of her trinkets, had parted even with her massive birthday chain, to enable her to meet the past week's expenses. *That* went sorely indeed against the grain, but it had to be. Only her watch remained, and her money was again almost at an end. Sometimes, looking back to the happy days of her girlhood, she wondered whether this grave and careworn individual *could* be the light-hearted Lettice Majendie of the past. Would "Aunt Jeannie" know her again?

She had sought in vain for work. It was not the season, and superfluous "hands" were being dismissed, rather than extra ones taken on. Besides, she could not have served in a shop, for Violet could not be left. Even when compelled to quit her for an hour or two at a time, during her weary search after employment, she was oppressed with a constant dread lest something should happen in her absence to the lonely and timid child. She wished to find work to do at home, little thinking how wretchedly such work is commonly paid for. But she could find none. There were too many experienced workers to compete with her in the field, and she had no recommendations to show. Also the time of year rendered the matter hopeless, for Brighton was emptying. She had painted tasteful little text-cards for birthdays or Christmas, and had taken them to different shops; but she met with no encouragement. "They were pretty," one and another admitted, "but the market was overstocked; hundreds as good could be had for the asking; and this was not the season when there was a demand for them." So, sick at heart, Lettice daily returned to her lodgings.

Another anxiety pressed upon her heavily. Violet had taken a severe chill during the long night-journey and the waiting about at cold stations. It was a cold that came on slowly, and laid strong grasp upon the child. Lettice knew the worst of it was not over yet.

"I wish Lettice would come," the child moaned wearily from time to time, and by-and-by the familiar figure appeared, walking along the pavement with a hurried yet tired step, for nothing is so depressing to mind and body as failure. Violet gave one cry of joy, and in two minutes more she was resting in the loving arms which to *her* implied all that was needed of earthly protection. Violet little knew their helplessness to shield her.

"Have you found work yet, Lettice?"

"No, Violet. My darling, how hoarse you are to-day."

"It is coming on worse," said Violet. "My chest hurts so, Lettice. I wish we had a better fire—but I have kept it small, because you told me."

Lettice silently stroked her hair and fondled her face. Violet lay in her arms contentedly, coughing now and then.

"And you have not found any work, Lettice?"

"No." The pent-up distress broke forth suddenly, "O Violet, I don't know what to do; I don't know what will become of us."

"There isn't much money left, is there?"

"Almost none. It has gone so fearfully fast. I can't understand how. It seems to me we don't really eat much. I must watch more carefully. I could not have believed coals and gas would mount up so in one week, or that such quantities of eggs and flour and sugar would be needed. I think I must begin to buy everything myself, instead of ordering them through Mrs. Burns, only I am afraid she will be vexed. People are not always quite honest in lodgings—though I don't like to suspect her. But I have almost come to the end of my money, and there is nothing else of value to sell except my watch."

"The watch darling mamma gave you?" murmured Violet. "It would be so hard to part with that. I wish we had not forgotten to bring my watch." Then, after a pause—"Lettice, dear, have you asked God to help us?"

"No," Lettice answered.

"I have been trying. And I think He will—don't you? Why don't you ask Him? I always thought you loved God so much."

"O Violet, don't! I am very very unhappy."

"But, Lettice—won't Jesus comfort you, if you ask Him?" whispered the child, and a sudden fear came over Lettice. What made Violet think and talk thus?

"My pet, you do not feel ill, do you?" she asked anxiously. "You are not hiding anything from me?"

"I don't think I am ill," said Violet slowly. "What would you do if I were, Lettice?"

"Oh, hush, don't talk of it. I could not bear *that*. I should feel as if I had brought it on you."

Violet's eyes watched her steadily for some seconds.

"Lettice," she said hoarsely, "I sometimes think that perhaps we were not right to come away from Brentwood. I am not sure, but sometimes I think it. Don't you too sometimes?"

A sigh was the answer. Lettice's cheek was stroked by the little thin hand.

"It would have been very very hard to go away from you to school. But sometimes—sometimes, darling—I *do* wonder whether—whether it wouldn't have been more right. And God would have helped us to bear it."

"That is it," said Lettice in a choked voice. "I cannot pray to God, because I took my own way in coming here. And if His way was to let you go away from me to school—oh, I cannot bear that way

—I cannot bear it, Violet. I think I should die, if you and I were long parted. I must keep you, my own. You are all I have left to me in the whole world."

"But, Lettice," the child said thoughtfully, after a break—"but, Lettice—if God meant me to go away from you, wouldn't it have been better to let it be so? Because if He means to do it, He will do it somehow, won't He? And He might have to take me in some worse way?"

A sharp low cry broke from the elder girl's lips, and she clasped Violet passionately. "No, no, no, no—don't say that—oh, Violet, don't speak of such a thing."

"But I think I ought to speak," said Violet gently—"because I told you I would rather come away with you than go to school, and I think I was wrong. If it was God's will, I ought to have gone. And Miss Temple told me once I should have to be taken from you, if you went on making an idol of me, and loving nobody but me. She said it was worse than a heathen stone idol, and she said God never allowed idols, and I was frightened, though I didn't half know what she meant. I think I do know now."

"I do not believe Miss Temple, Violet. God is love, and that sounds so hard. I do not believe it."

"That was how I felt," said little Violet patiently, in her husky tones. "I had wicked thoughts at first, Lettice, but Brena made me feel so differently. O Lettice, Brena is sweet, and she does love God so much. I told her what Miss Temple had said, and I asked her if it was true. And she said she thought it was true and yet not true. She said anything in it that seemed hard wasn't true, for God is love—just as you say, Lettice. But she said it was really true that sometimes God has to part us from the people we love best, so as to make us think more about Jesus. And she said that wasn't hardness but love, because if He were to leave us alone, we should go down and down, and never reach heaven. I have often thought since about what she said, though I forgot it the night we came away."

Lettice fondled her silently, but attempted no answer, and Violet said no more. They had their tea, but Violet could not eat, and seemed to care only to lie in her sister's arms. Lettice put her early to bed, and sat watching her, as she tossed to and fro, restless and feverish, the hoarseness and oppression growing worse each hour. Such simple remedies as lay within Lettice's reach seemed utterly ineffectual. She did not dare to take off her clothes, dreading some acute attack. Her own inexperience, and the lack of any friendly adviser, weighed upon her heavily. Somewhat past midnight she went to the farther side of the room to get some barley-water which she had had made, and a hoarse shriek brought her back in alarm.

"Oh, Lettice—Lettice—I thought you were gone. I thought everyone was gone," gasped the child, clinging fast with her little burning hands. "Don't go, darling, please. It hurts me so to breathe."

Lettice sat down beside her once more, in helpless anxiety, and presently Violet exclaimed,

"We must go home. We must go home."

"Home, Violet!"

"Yes, home—we must go home to-morrow—home to Brentwood. Promise me, Lettice. We must go home."

Lettice bent over her. "I will think about it, my darling."

"No, no—promise me now. We have been wrong—and you'll tell Miss Temple we are sorry. Won't you, darling?"

"I will see," was all Lettice could say. Pride rose in arms at the thought. "Oh no—no—I cannot do that."

"I can't go without you, but we must go home—we *must*, Lettice."

Lettice was frightened at the struggling cough and choking hoarseness.

"Yes, yes, my darling,—anything, only don't talk. We will see to-morrow morning."

"Promise me," was the reiterated entreaty.

"I do promise. I will do what you wish—whatever you wish. We will see about it in the morning. I promise," she said, in bitter pain and with shrinking reluctance, yet perhaps half relieved that the decision was taken out of her hands. Anything seemed to her better than this agitation for Violet. And the child was soothed, and had snatches of sleep afterwards, lying propped up, with her sister's arm supporting her. Yet there was no real improvement. Lettice knew before the morning that Violet was seriously ill.

"I shan't be able to go home to-day," the child whispered with difficulty. "But you will write, and say we are sorry."

Not a letter, but a telegram was in Lettice's mind. Now she had yielded on the main point, all else went down before the overwhelming desire to have help for Violet. A telegram would bring a quicker response than a letter. She found means to send one early that morning,—with almost her last shilling.

"No news of the children yet, Selina?"

This was the usual formula with which Mr. Temple daily entered his sister's drawing-room. He looked careworn, for the matter preyed upon him, and disturbed his rest.

"News! no," said Miss Temple from the sofa, where she sat beside her cousin, Mrs. Temple. "Everyone asks that question. I don't believe we ever shall have any. Lettice is a girl who would die any day sooner than give in, or confess herself in the wrong. I know what she is. If that last advertisement doesn't bring an answer, nothing will. An ungrateful reckless hard-hearted——"

"My dear, we have gone over that ground before," said Mr. Temple, with a fatigued air. "As for the advertisement, it is highly probable that Lettice has never seen it."

"It is highly probable that if she has she will pay no attention to it," said Miss Temple rather snappishly, for she had just had her equanimity much disturbed by certain suggestions from Mrs. Temple, following upon a letter of mournful inquiry from Mrs. Canynge. "Everybody seems to think *I* am in fault in the matter, and I must say I call it very hard—very hard indeed."

"No, my dear Selina, you are mistaken," said Vandal.

"I am not mistaken, and I do call it very hard," repeated Miss Temple. "After all that I did for those girls—all the expense—and the thought—and the care—and the trouble—and the worry—and the anxiety—to have it insinuated that I drove them out

of the house—by a course—of—of—deliberate cruelty——"

"No, no, my dear sister," interposed Vandal, as her voice rose to a sobbing climax, and broke down.

"Selina utterly misunderstands me," quietly explained the gentle-mannered Mrs. Temple. "I merely ventured to suggest that a slight change of plan might in the future make things go more smoothly—when Lettice and Violet are found."

"As they never will be," said Miss Temple, with injured vehemence. "Never."

"They have no means of support. Lettice will, I hope, be brought to her senses by positive need."

"Oh, then, you do see the necessity for that! You don't look upon her merely as a poor innocent victim to my harshness."

"By no means," said Mrs. Temple, with a slight yet expressive motion of her eyebrows. "Lettice has acted in a manner deserving of very great blame. Nevertheless, it may be well to learn wisdom from the past for the future."

At this moment, not inopportunely, there came a telegram. Miss Temple seized and tore it open.

"From Lettice!" she cried in amazement. "Actually, from Lettice herself! Well, I always *did* say we should hear from her soon, and there was no need to make a fuss."

"What does she say?" two voices inquired simultaneously.

"I suppose she means it for an apology! Humph! Violet ill—yes, I dare say—and whose fault is that? Brighton!—what on earth did she go there for? Just like Lettice! Of all expensive places——"

"My dear Selina, *pray* inform us what Lettice says," entreated Vandal.

"I thought I had read it. 'From Lettice Majendie. Violet is very ill. I have no money, no friends. I have acted wrongly. We are sorry. Please help us!'"

"Poor children!" said Vandal compassionately. "I call it quite humble—quite humbled."

"Pride enough there still," said Miss Temple. "But it has to bend. 'Sorry' is she? Anybody else would have had the grace to say at least 'very sorry!'"

Mrs. Temple had taken the paper. "No," she said. "The full number of words is here. She could not say more without additional expense."

"No money—no friends—and Violet ill," repeated Vandal. "Poor things! Well, sister?"

"Lettice seems to take it for granted that all the world is waiting to fall at her feet and welcome her back," said Miss Temple. "For my part, I think she ought to be made to feel the consequences of her conduct."

"She has felt them. She is feeling them. How far would you go, Selina? Is the child to die for want of medical aid? Are they both to die of starvation?"

"Lettice frankly confesses herself in the wrong. Ill as she has acted, that surely alters the position of affairs," said Mrs. Temple.

"Of course—of course," said Miss Temple. "I am willing to forgive her,—and there is nothing for it but to have them back here again. Certainly, my opinion of Lettice is not improved by what she has done. And I certainly do not mean her to gain her own way by rebellion. The moment Violet is better she will go to school."

Vandal half shook his head, but Mrs. Temple said, "I think Selina is right in principle. The child will hardly be fit for it at present, however."

"What is to be the plan, Selina?" asked her brother. "Will you go to Brighton?"

"I! Go to Brighton! Certainly not. I should not think of such an idea. Lettice went alone, and she may come back alone. I shall write and tell her so, and send money for the journey."

Vandal looked troubled. "The child may be too ill to travel."

"Oh, nothing of the sort, depend upon it. Just one of Lettice's fancies. I dare say they have not had enough to eat, and Violet is in a low state."

"It may be worse than that," said Mrs. Temple. "Lettice says distinctly that she is 'very ill.' Would it not be wise to telegraph back, and tell her if needful to call in a doctor."

"Just so! Just so! Thanks for the suggestion. We will do so, by all means," said Vandal. "And a cheque can follow by post."

"Give her leave and she is sure to do it," said Miss Temple, dissatisfied. "I believe the girl will be fussed over, till she thinks she has done something positively heroic in running away, instead of being a disgrace to the family."

Vandal looked soberly up from a scrap of paper on which he had begun to write. "I am inclined to think," he said, "that was hardly the effect produced upon the prodigal son, when his father ran to meet him from a great way off, and killed the fatted calf."

"Lettice won't thank you for likening her to a prodigal son, I can tell you," said Miss Temple, with sharpness. "I suppose you mean by that, that you want me to go to Brighton to meet her."

Vandal could hardly control a smile at her very practical interpretation of his allusion.

"Perhaps she has not learnt her lesson fully yet," Mrs. Temple remarked with reference to Lettice. "But I doubt whether the prodigal son did either, till his father's arms were round him. A good deal may depend upon the nature of Lettice's reception when she comes home."

"Will this do?" asked Vandal, after inditing a few words. "Listen, Selina. 'Call doctor, if needful. Cheque will follow by post. Can Violet travel? Write particulars. Come home to-morrow if possible?'"

Miss Temple maintained silence; and when he repeated his question, she said, "You may decide. I wash my hands of it."

"I beg your pardon, sister! The telegram must go in your name."

"Well, you may put it any way you like. I wash my hands of it," said Miss Temple again.

"But you are willing to welcome them home?"

"The room is ready. It is not my fault that they ever left it."

Vandal sighed and rose to leave. Mrs. Temple said good-bye at the same time, and accompanied him down the street.

"I wish Selina would go," she said, before bidding him farewell. "But perhaps we can hardly expect it. The whole affair has been a very trying one to her."

"It is not an absolute necessity—not yet, I think," said Vandal uneasily. "I think we may manage without that fatigue and expense—by exchanging letters. I hope Selina will write kindly."

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

V.—FLOWERS.

HOW is it that so deeply rooted in most human hearts there is a love of flowers? If we sought illustrations of this widely-diffused sentiment, we should not go to the costly conservatory and magnificent parterre of the nobleman or the wealthy merchant, nor, perhaps, even to the pretty little plot of garden-ground which the artisan or the city clerk tends so affectionately the half hour before breakfast in the morning, or the last hour in the summer evening twilight; but we would rather go to the little flower-shop, neatly trimmed out, in the painfully-crowded streets of St. Giles's or Spitalfields, whence the poor lone widow obtains her small flower-pot for her dull window-sill, with the quaint reflection of the Hermit of Clavernook, "You see, sir, if we can't go to natur', we must bring natur' to us." Enter London by train through almost any of its suburbs, and you look down upon many a poor window rejoicing in its two or three flowers. What a lovely sight to the eye is a French flower-market! This is an institution in almost every French town, and who patronises it? Oh, no doubt, the rich; there are magnificent bouquets for the épergne in the dining-room or for the fair hand at the opera; but you follow any poor woman on her way through the good markets of Paris, and you will find that, after she has laid in her store of culinary comestibles, she almost invariably winds up with two or three modest and cheap little flowerettes to shed their fragrance over the table—their sanctity over the home. Walk round the Palais Royal, look up to the high roofs and to the balustrades round their attic windows, and see how those to whom it is almost a journey to travel up or down those weary flights of stairs contrive to make their garden in the air, and to give a little colour and fragrance to their lives by the nasturtiums and carnations growing there.

Charles Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," describes some such little garden scene in the east end of London, where Riah the Jew breathes the more pleasant air in his garden on the house-top. The poor and the unhappy seem to turn so naturally to flowers. A traveller tells us how he landed, and spent some time on a little lonely island in the waste of the remote and melancholy sea, and there he saw within a small enclosure a gentleman in flowered dressing-gown and green slippers, his head bound round with a crimson handkerchief, industriously tending his flowers, turning up the soil and wielding his watering-pot; who was it? It was the great Napoleon on St. Helena. The man who had played such havoc amongst the thrones and dynasties of Europe was thus engaged in passing the hours of life away, and, perhaps, a little cheating melancholy and despair by ministering to a flower.

Our readers will not sympathise much, we fancy, with Leigh Hunt when, in his pleasant book, "The Town," he unites together, as two of the charms for the poor denizens of dark cities, the wandering hand-organ, bringing music to the poor, and the florist suggesting thoughts of tranquillity and contentment. It is in the same spirit that flowers shed such a charm over sick-rooms. Mrs. Hemans was probably not far from the end of her sombre life-journey when she wrote concerning flowers in a room of sickness:

> "God hath purified my spirit's eye,
> And in the folds of this consummate rose
> I read bright prophecies."

And then she goes on, in language too lengthy for us to quote, to speak of the flower by the bed of sickness as expressing the hope and the suggestion of the land of everlasting spring.

If we were making a chronicle of floral fancies we should find the volumes of this most graceful of our English poetesses full of charming lines; the temperament of Mrs. Hemans especially constituted her the poetess of the flowers. Her sex has given to our country greater poets in thought and imagination, but among them she was a kind of sensitive plant—a kind of mimosa in verse—an aspen tree in the world of letters, so that not only did flowers in all their varieties touch her, but her nature seemed to respond to their subtle and inner qualities. It was quite easy to her to conceive a dial of flowers, after the well-known eastern idea.

> "'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
> As they floated in light away
> By the opening and the folding flowers,
> That laugh to the summer's day.
> Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower
> Shutting in turn may leave
> A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
> A charm for the shaded eve."

Certainly the affluence of flowers is wonderful, apparently, if we may say so, infinite as the Hand

which has strewn them abroad so lavishly. The surface of our earth is thickly strewn with starry nooks secreting in lovely solitudes a wealth of flowers.

"Bright they bloom, and do not shrink
By the eddying river brink,
Where the birds fly down to drink.

Soft they colour mountains steep,
Safe beyond the farthest leap
Of the nimble mountain sheep.

Lonely to the crag they cling,
Where the surge is echoing,
And the sea-bird prunes its wing.

Thick they cluster by the side
Of hot roads all dusty dried,
Smiling sweetly, open-eyed.

Tenderly they bow their head
Over graves where lie the dead,
And soft raining tears are shed."

It is quite natural that poets should have found themselves singularly at home when looking at, talking, or writing about flowers. Perhaps not one person in twenty thousand of those who have read the lines understood what Wordsworth meant when he said,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

but we suppose he was simply in that mood of spirit which our Lord inculcated when He said, "Consider the lilies"—it was a sense of the deep mystery of life, and love, which is synonymous with life, and exquisite, finished beauty, and charming, graceful unconsciousness. Upon another occasion, Wordsworth was laughed at by the great critics because he set forth in his verse the loveliness of a very insignificant little flower—the common pile-wort or small celandine. It must have afforded him great enjoyment, for he makes it the subject of two poems. He is quite proud of the pleasure he feels in uncovering the hitherto uncelebrated beauties of the little thing.

"Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out;
Little flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer."

There have been eyes which have hung with tender affection over the most insignificant of these floral gems, and have discovered in them lessons and teachings which might indeed be conveyed by rolling worlds, but which could scarcely, from those remote heavens, shed such human light and comfort upon the heart, especially if the heart were itself agitated or disturbed. The daisy is one of the most common—dare we say insignificant?—of flowers. But James Montgomery wrote few lines more sweet and true than those simple syllables:

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest, and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies."

Wordsworth, in his verses on the daisy, rises to the sublime; and most evidently to him the daisy brought exactly the spirit of the lesson our Lord intended in his "Consider the lilies." Perhaps, if He had spoken to us, He would have said, "Consider the *daisies*." The poet describes how

"On the dappled turf at ease,
He sat and played with similes,"

and certainly a wonderfully various and beautiful crowd of similes come. But the first verse described the state in which the daisy found him, the last that in which he left her.

"In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent,
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!"

There he lies, with the little silent preacher by his side, awaking a crowd of considerations and reflections, until he sums all up in the exquisite syllables of the closing verse:

"Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!"

A not unknown writer, in words on our Lord's injunction to "consider the lilies," quaintly says: "In my pocket edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' by John Bunyan, Junior, I am told there was one room of the Interpreter's House into which, when Christian went, he beheld only a beautiful lily, with its rich green mantling leaf, and its chaste white flower, which when Pilgrim beheld, he said, 'What means this?' Then said Mr. Interpreter, 'Thou art always to consider this, for in it thou art to see what thou hast been, and what God will have thee to be: like that lily thou hast been taken out of the earth, and what beauty and excellence thou hast is not thine, but thy Maker's; and as that lily thou dost there behold drinks the water from her cup, and receives without a question her Maker's goodness, so must thou remember that He who made her redeemed thee, as well as made thee, and thou must know and consider that He who made her so fair and sweet, although she was only intended to bloom for a short season, moved heaven and earth to bless thee, because thou wast made in his image; and as the rain, and water, and air, and light are all necessary to make the lily beautiful, so the blood and sacrifice of Christ, and his Spirit, and his prayers, and his life, and his death are thy life, and light, and sun, and rain. Thou must consider that if thy Father could create a lily, the same Power who created *that* can redeem *thee*.'" Such words were once heard in Mr. Interpreter's house.

But an American poet reminds us in what very different ways men may "consider the lilies," and, however splendidly expressed, how utterly unlike to the intentions of our Lord, or to the exposition of Wordsworth or Bunyan, Junior, some considerations may be. But the verses have a splendour of their own, and are the more apt for quotation here, as probably almost unknown in this country:

"I like not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies
That in our garden grow.

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine,
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful.
They are Circassian women,
The favourites of the sultan,
Adown our garden-walks.

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window,
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow."

Such, and so various, is the life of flowers—sometimes gorgeous as the splendours of an oriental court in oriental climes, in the glowing colours of the cactus, the pomegranate blossom, the oleander, and varieties of tropical lilies. But it is more comfortable to the heart to think of our dear little English and homely friends, the chaste and exquisite lily of the valley, the heliotrope and forget-me-not, the violet and the jasmine; it is such as these which most illuminate Mary Howitt's sweet words as to the use of flowers:

"To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith grows dim,
That God, who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him."

Many people in looking over the world of flowers have been impressed by what, without irreverence, has seemed to them something like the amazing wastefulness of creation; such myriads and millions of flowers seem

"Born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

And Dr. Macmillan, always instructive in his most pleasing books, has dwelt in one of them at great length upon what he calls "neuter flowers," upon what may be called their floral hypertrophy, or inordinate growth in one part accompanied by deficiency in another part; and he takes as illustrations of this, the guelder rose from our English gardens, and the hydrangea from Japanese woods. Thus, in some particulars, these seem to be abortive; an outer ring of flowers is found in each, destitute of the organs indispensable to the future life of plants; they have no stamens or pistils, and are incapable of producing seed, but their corolla, or surrounding crown, is so enlarged as to be four or five times the size of the fertile flower in its centre. Thus Dr. Macmillan remarks: "Paradoxical as it may seem, it can thus be truly said of this plant that it owes its beauty to its imperfection." But this is the case also with other flowers, apparently useless blossoms; it is exactly here where a utilitarian might exclaim, "Why all this waste?" But then from a large variety of such instances seems to come the appearance that the flowers, even of the fruits which drop away as the fruit is formed, show us that God loves beauty for its own sake; and who shall say when anything in either the floral or the animal world, is abortive?

Rather, is it not deeply true that that which seems to us abortive is really potential? instead of being a life lost or frustrated, it is a life incipient, or undeveloped. The nectary from which the bee drinks its honey is what may be called an abortive, or degenerated stamen, and, in the same way, it is most worthy of notice that the bee itself which supplies us with the sweet satisfactions of the honey-comb, the worker in the hive, is itself, also, like the part of the flower from which it drinks the sweet floral dew, what might be called an abortive creature; it is curious that the drone and the queen bee perpetuate the race of bees, but do nothing to build the cell or store the comb. And thus the neuter flower and the honey bee teach the same lesson, which ought to come home with exceeding comfort to some who fancy that their lives have been barren, lost, or wasted, and may help such to see how possible it is to lose a lower life, and in so doing to gain a higher. In the kingdom of flowers, from the hint we have so briefly given, it is very possible to read an analogy to our Lord's great doctrine, "He that loseth his life"—his lower life of sense—"shall find it again in life eternal." Those who are fond of those mystical analogies in which Nature seems to light the way to a spiritual world, will find affluent illustrations from the world of flowers.

From many points of view, flowers and their kindred seem to open before us the largest and most transparent windows through which to watch the wonderful ways of the Divine mind. From their orders we seem to derive the most amazing illustrations of vitality; for instance, it is from their seeds there come to us such amazing hints of the unconquerable power of life. Even that flaunting beauty, never regarded as one of the most charming or desirable of her race, the poppy, tells a wonderful story, as all our readers know. Every poppy-head contains hundreds of minute seeds, and every one of these is chased and engraven with—what shall we say?—exquisite artistic beauty, which can only be descried or detected by the aid of a powerful microscope, and these seeds fall upon the ground by millions, and it would seem that they are destroyed and lost. No, there they lie sleeping as under the influence of their own morphia, and there they will lie for—who shall say how long? There they will lie until some spade, or plough, or any other extraneous action, shall, in however slight a degree, disturb them, and so render them accessible to sunshine, air, and moisture, and then, perhaps, they spring forth in their red flamingo splendour; poppies among the corn, for instance, exciting in the good

farmer's mind, perhaps, wonder as to when and how this strange and fashionable tenantry obtained an entrance into his fields.

A pleasing writer, who has a quick eye for the instructions brought to us by the little things of nature, supposes, that many of these wild scarlet vagabonds may have been sleeping in the earth *undisturbed*, as we said, the great condition of their slumber, since the time, and very long before, England was known on the face of the earth, perhaps even before the time it was known as Britain, biding their time, perhaps, even thousands of years before they experienced the wonderful awaking; such is one of the wonderful illustrations of the vitality of seeds. There are thousands of such; did time and space permit, it would be very interesting to recite them. That beautiful man and accomplished writer, George Wilson, some short time before his death, wrote a poem called "The Sleep of the Hyacinth," with several others. It was privately printed after his death; it was never published, but we are happy to possess a copy. The poem was founded upon the pleasing incident of a bulbous root—a hyacinth—found on the breast of the mummy of an Egyptian princess. After at least three thousand years, it was planted, and bloomed, and furnished George Wilson with a text for what he calls "a mosaic of life, death, and resurrection, natural and spiritual." Before he had finished his poem, he had fallen asleep himself, with the Hyacinth of Immortality locked up in the faith in his own breast, waiting for the blooming of the immortal morning.

Some of the hints and lessons from the world of flowers are, in what must be called their odd-evenness, most impressive, noteworthy and remarkable; they suggest such a quantitative accuracy—a law of numerical relation, a singularly definite arrangement of leaves, flowers and branches. The same is noticeable among the eggs of birds, and many other natural things, but especially with flowers. John Clare, who lived in the country, and set its scenery to the music of his verse, illustrating often keenness of observation as well as tenderness of feeling, says:

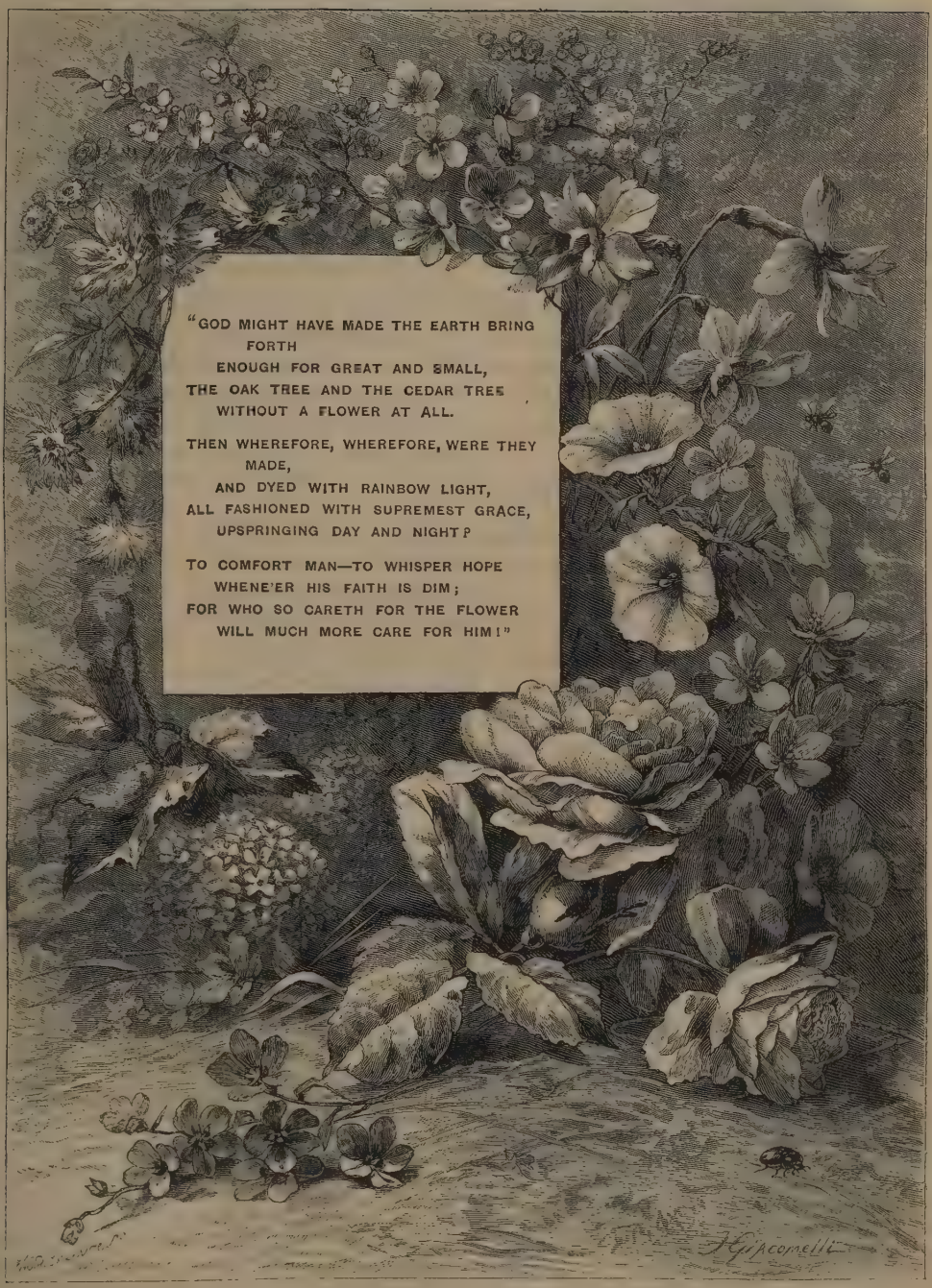
"All Nature's ways are mysteries! endless youth
Lives in them all, unchangeable as truth.
With the odd number *five* her curious laws
Play many freaks, nor once mistake the cause;
For in the cowslip-pips this very day
Five spots appear, which time wears not away,
Nor once mistakes in counting—look within
Each pip, and *five*, nor more nor less are seen.
So trailing bind-weed, with its pinky cup,
Five leaves of paler hue go streaking up.
And many a bird too keeps the rule alive,
Laying *five* eggs, nor more nor less than *five*.
But flowers, how many own that mystic power;
With *five* leaves ever making up the flower!
The *five*-leaved grass, mantling its golden cup
Of flowers—*five* leaves make all for which I stoop.
The briony, in the hedge, that now adorns
The tree to which it clings, and now the thorns,
Owns *five*-starred pointed leaves of dingy white;
Count which I will, all make the number right.
The spreading goose-grass, trailing all abroad,
In leaves of silver green about the road,
Five leaves make every blossom all along.
I stoop for many, none are counted wrong,
'Tis Nature's wonder, and her Maker's will,
Who bade earth be, and Order owns Him still
As that Superior Power, who keeps the key
Of wisdom and of might, through all eternity."

Flowers have been referred to as setting forth in a very singular manner the mystery of number. As has been said so often, God geometrises, does everything in number, weight and measure. To this Professor Blackie refers in his "Lays and Legends" in the following fragment:

"'Bring a flower;
Count me the petals.'
'They are *five*.'
'Then count the stamens, that like satellites
Keep circular guard around the central germ.'
'I've told them twice, I think they number ten.'
'Right; and twice *five* make ten, and so this flower
Divides by *five*. The Maker of the flower
Shaped the proportion; this Pythagoras said.'
'And have all flowers a number?'
'Yes, all things
Are numbered in a calculation far
Beyond the reach of Newton or Laplace.'"

So the mystics appear in all ages to have pored over flowers, and sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely, have fancied them amongst the windows of the Great King. Most flowers had a mystical meaning; the monk in his cloister garden read many, as in the passion-flower for instance. The poets read others, as in Spenser, and in the speeches of Perdita, and Ophelia in Shakespeare, while whosoever has turned over the pages of Nathaniel Culpepper will see how the old mysteries of medicine, turned to the flower-world, beheld in almost every lesser or larger leaf, shrub or flower the mysterious fingers which held the secrets of life or of death.

But our chief end in such a paper as this is to regard flowers, as certainly our Saviour intended we should regard them, as aids to faith; and not only from such considerations as we have presented, but from many others, they serve this great purpose. While other creatures are moveable and can easily transfer themselves hither and thither at their will, these continue stationary and fulfil their lives in that sphere in which they were born or placed. These nurslings of nature, who neither toil nor spin, and yet are arrayed in robes of such ineffable gorgeousness or grace, were once buried beneath the oppressive weight of the black earth; there we might almost fancy we heard the living principle, shrouded in darkness, in cold obscurity, repining at its lot. But the little bulb or seed could not know how many friends it had, and how they all were helping it; the fingers of the sunbeam were feeling after it, pressing the roots of it. Every colour is a finger of the sunbeam, and in every stage of a flower's growth, now one colour helps it, and now another;—but they are all the ministers of the sunbeam. Then the moisture of the rain felt its way through the mould to refresh it; and so the flower came forth, by no mechanical process, but by ministrations to the life within. Even the very earth, which seems like its tomb, so hard and dark, and cold, is a warm shelter to a little seed and helps it, and then, at length, the podded pearl begins to peep as the little thing goes on from strength to strength until, at last, it graces the garden, adds loveliness to the meadow, or the pathway through the old forest, and says to those who are able to hear it speak, "Why art *thou* cast down, O thou of little faith?"


"GOD MIGHT HAVE MADE THE EARTH BRING
FORTH
ENOUGH FOR GREAT AND SMALL,
THE OAK TREE AND THE CEDAR TREE
WITHOUT A FLOWER AT ALL.
THEN WHEREFORE, WHEREFORE, WERE THEY
MADE,
AND DYED WITH RAINBOW LIGHT,
ALL FASHIONED WITH SUPREMEST GRACE,
UPSPRINGING DAY AND NIGHT?
TO COMFORT MAN—TO WHISPER HOPE
WHENE'ER HIS FAITH IS DIM;
FOR WHO SO CARETH FOR THE FLOWER
WILL MUCH MORE CARE FOR HIM!"

A Music Lesson.

MARVELLOUS orchestra! concert of heaven,
Mingling more notes than the musical seven
Harmonious discords of treble and bass
In strange combinations of guilt and of grace—
O whose is the ear that can hear you aright,
And note the dark Providence mixt with the light?
Where, where is the eye, more swift to discern
This lesson in music the dull ear should learn,—
That all, from the seraphim harping on high
Down, down to the lowest, fit chords can supply
To the pæan of praises in every tone,
With thunders and melodies circling The Throne!

We are each a brief note in that wonderful hymn,
And to us its Oneness is hazy and dim;
We hear the few sounds from the viol we play,
But all the full chorus floats far and away;
Our poor little pipe of an instant is drown'd
In the glorious rush of that ocean of sound;
The player hears nothing beyond his own bars
Whilst all that grand symphony reaches the stars:
Yet, though our piping seems but little worth,
It adds to the Anthem Creation pours forth,
And, whether we know it or not, we can give
Not a note more or less in the life that we live.

Ah me! we are nothing—or little at best—
But duty with greatness the least can invest:
One note on the flute or the trumpet may seem
A poor petty work for ambition's fond dream,—
But, what if that note be a need-be to blend
And quicken the score, from beginning to end?
To show forth the mind of the Master, who guides
With baton unerring Time's mixture of tides
The good with the evil, the blessing and bane,
The Amazon rushing far into the main,
Until, from this skill'd combination of notes,
Round earth to the heavens His overture floats!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ANNALS OF PRISON LIFE IN INDIA.

BY A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

I.

DURING twenty years' service as military chaplain in India I had the spiritual charge of the inmates of two gaols, a work which, though irksome at first, I learnt ere long to regard as the most interesting and encouraging of all my ministerial duties.

In the first gaol to which I was called upon to minister, no fewer than two thousand native prisoners were incarcerated. With these I had nothing to do, nor, so far as I am aware, did any missionary visit them; and even if I had *had* time at my disposal to devote to these poor outcasts and speak to them of Jesus, I should not have been allowed, the Indian Government strictly prohibiting chaplains in its service from interfering with the religious opinion of any of its native subjects—a rule which since then has been relaxed. I may, however, mention in passing, as a singular and at the same time significant fact bearing evidence to the small influence which the Hindoo religion has upon the *lives* of its followers, that out of the two thousand native prisoners, upwards of eight hundred were Brahmins, that is, priests of the Hindoo worship.

My duties in this gaol lay exclusively with the Europeans and Eurasians (half-castes) who were also confined within its walls, though of course in an

entirely separate part of the building. The other contained European and Eurasians only, about seventy-five of whom were there on the average during my time, a period extending over six years.

Deeply interesting as was my ordinary and principal work, namely, that amongst the British soldiers, there was none, as I have said, in which, sad and painful though it often proved, I so greatly delighted as that amongst the prisoners. There was something about these poor exiles, who—far from home and all its softening influences, and "set in so many and great dangers"—had fallen victims to the temptations of the Evil One, which touched my pity and compassion.

What agonising confessions of guilt were poured into my ear! What sad, sad tales of temptations to sin yielded to! How many a strong man who rebelling under prison discipline was put into irons, have I seen break down and weep like a child, his heart melting at the reading of the sweet and simple story, that pearl of our Lord's parables—the Prodigal Son.

What signs, too, of the workings of Satan in the heart of unrenewed man, had I not to do battle with in Christ's name! What determination in some to refuse to listen to the "glad tidings of a free salvation!" What bitter anguish of soul have I witnessed in the refractory cells, where, excluded from the light of day, remorse, like the gnawing of the never-dying worm, came over them in all its terribleness, causing them sometimes to lose all hope of mercy, even beyond the grave.

In cases like these the chaplain has to argue with all the force of language at his command, to keep them from utter despair, and lifting up his heart to God, ask Him to give such strength and power to his words—as he endeavours to represent to their minds the love of the Saviour to lost sinners—that these poor stricken ones may embrace the mercy offered by His precious blood-shedding.

Ah! not only among the busy throng of cities are there tragedies daily taking place, but even within the silence and seclusion of prison walls; as it always is and must be, wherever there are human hearts throbing in human bosoms.

"Oh! that I knew where I might find Him."

Such in effect was the pathetic, and at the same time passionate, utterance of a man under sentence of seven years' penal servitude for forgery, whom, as I sat by his narrow cell bed conversing, I was trying to win to a knowledge of a Saviour's love.

Thus the experiences and trials of each individual, the daily annals, if I may so call them, of these poor prisoners' lives, uneventful as they seemed; their frequent struggles against, or yielding to besetting sins, together with confessions of their past history, were sermons to me—natural wells, from which an inexhaustible fund of instruction and warning could be drawn for the benefit of my soldier-flock, when I preached to them of the fearful consequences of sin, or of the Great Healer and his words of mercy.

By far the greater number of the prisoners in the gaol were military men, confined for periods varying from three to twenty years, the crimes in the majority of cases being those of insubordination—delinquencies visited very severely in the army, and justly so, particularly in India, where it is above all things necessary that strict discipline should be maintained.

Besides these military prisoners, however, there were many civilians, a few of whom were persons formerly occupying good positions in society.

One of them had been an uncovenanted servant in H.M. Civil Service, who robbed the Government of between eighty and ninety thousand rupees, whilst another was a man who held a post of trust in the Punjab Railway, and who embezzled from the funds of that company one lac and a half of rupees, corresponding to fifteen thousand pounds in our English currency. A lieutenant in the army was also there under sentence of three years for committing an act of forgery. The poor young fellow, however, did not live to complete his term of servitude, having died of cholera, during an outbreak of that disease amongst the prisoners.

Of the "lifers,"—as they were called in prison phraseology when imprisoned for life—were two men who between them had scuttled a ship off Bombay—the "Aurora." One was the captain of the ship itself, the other a ship-broker. At the time I knew them they were aged respectively forty and fifty five-years, so that in all human probability they had a long sad future of imprisonment before them.

There was also an Italian who had come to India from Naples with his brother, the owner of a brig. In a scuffle with some bad companions he gave a blow to one of them—a Jew—which proved fatal. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, and I shall not soon forget the way in which he endeavoured when first I saw him to excuse himself for his presence in the gaol—and it shows also the estimation in which the despised children of Israel are regarded at Naples at any rate. Drawing himself up to his full height, his countenance wearing an expression of intense scorn, he exclaimed, "What do you think those Calcutta judges did? They actually sentenced me to six years' imprisonment—for what? *Merely killing a Jew. Only a Jew.*" Turning away he laughed sardonically, and continued to mutter to himself, "Only a Jew! Ha, ha! Only a Jew," until he had crossed the yard on his way to the prison workshop, in which he was employed, and was out of sight.

One of the cases that, perhaps, interested me most of all, because the most encouraging, was that of a young man, a brother of a minister of the Scotch Church, who had run away from home and enlisted as a private in the army. What a sad story did this poor prodigal unfold! How often he spoke to me, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, of the happiness no longer his; the Sabbath evenings when the great Bible was taken from the shelf, and he, the youngest of the family, the "Benjamin," as his parents called him, was made to read in its pages some familiar chapter! He too had even earlier reminiscences; he could remember how when a little child he had learnt "Gentle Jesus" at his mother's knee. Alas! he could never expect to see her on earth again, for *his* sentence was of twenty years' duration, and he had only accomplished two. He was, I believe, truly penitent, the tender love he bore his mother being in the first instance the great purifier, till he was at length brought to seek pardon and reconciliation from his Father in Heaven.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

THE HIDDEN WAY OF GOD.

NOT a pain, O Lord, but Thy children need,
Not a care unsent by Thee,
And our hearts shall sing, and our praises ring,
When the journey's end we see.
It is good to know we may safely trust
To the voice of Love Divine,
While the Hidden Way that we tread to-day
Is that chosen path of Thine.

Not a grief is ours but "our Father" knows
Not a time of strength laid low—
And the heart at rest will indeed be blest,
Since He guides us where to go.
Though the shadows lie on the beaten track,
And the clouds hang thick above,
And we cannot see what our path will be,
We are sure *His* way is love.

Not a "breaking loose of the silver cord"
When the pain is hard to bear,
But we find relief from our deepest grief
In a Father's tender care.
Oh, we still *must* sing with a trustful love,
And our wayward wills resign;
While we surely know that the way we go
Is that Hidden Path of Thine!

So we leave our *all*, with a childlike faith,
In the Hand which guides above,
And the Light will shine on the path Divine
As we trust His faithful love.
It is joy to know (as we gladly lean
On the "Friend" who guides us thus),
What a Father's Hand hath in mercy planned
Is the only way for us.

Then a happy life we may surely lead,
While our hearts in trust shall bow,
And the "one step more" which was dark before,
Hath a "Sunbeam" brightness now!
We will gladly rest in "our Father's" love,
Where the light of Hope must shine,
And we shall not stray in the darkest day,
In that Hidden Path of Thine!

HELEN MOORE.

"Things not Seen."

DEATH is with us, and not with them,
Oh, not with those who go,
'Tis only when our hearts sink down
That heaven echoes "No."

But when along life's daily path
We walk as best we may,
Fair on the Everlasting Hills
Dawns Everlasting Day.

And something strongly in us says:
"Of God must all strength be:
And God is good, and hope hath hold
Of truth, that joy shall see.

"The straight path is as safe by night
As when the sun is high,
And God fills every empty place,
And Love can never die!"

I. F. MAYO.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JUNE 5.

THE SAVIOUR LIFTED UP. LUKE XXIII. 32–46.

GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN XII. 32.—'*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.*'

CONNECTION.—About one week had passed since the delivery of the parable considered in the previous Lesson—the most solemn week in the history of the world! The present course of Studies passes over the details of our Lord's latest discourses and parables, the Last Supper, His farewell words to the Apostles, and intercessory prayer, with His Agony in the Garden, His two trials, and the condemnation to the Cross. The narrative of St. Luke, so far as it embraces these topics, for the most part runs parallel with those of the other Evangelists; but in the present Lesson, *Christ on the Cross*, there are some intensely interesting points peculiar to the former. The other three should, however, be compared throughout: Matt. xxvii., Mark xv., John xix.

I. THE CRUCIFIXION.—*Read vers.* 32–38. What are these **malefactors** called in *Matthew* and *Mark*? 'Robbers' would better have represented the force of the original: they were probably banditti or brigands belonging to the company of Barabbas, driven to lawlessness by the tyranny of the Romans, and at war with society. What prophecy was fulfilled by the association of our Lord with these men? So the mournful procession moves on, amid the tears and wailings of the women who followed, ver. 27, to **the place which is called Calvary**, not a 'mountain,' though popularly so termed. What was the Hebrew name of the place? (*Matt.*, *Mark*, *John*); its meaning? [Possibly, but not certainly, from its smooth rounded form]. *Calvary*, from the Latin version of the N.T. means the same. The word in the Greek original is *Kranion*.

> For a statement of the strong reasons for believing that the true site of Calvary is not where tradition has assigned it, at the 'Church of the Holy Sepulchre,' but without the city on the eastern or Temple side, see 'Those Holy Fields,' pp. 101–107.

Words from the Cross.—Of these 'seven words' as they are termed, three are recorded in the present lesson, and are not given by the other Evangelists. The first appears to have been uttered while the Roman soldiers were nailing **Jesus** to the cross. **Father, forgive them**: referring first to the soldiers themselves, but with a comprehensive glance of love including all His enemies. **They know not what they do**; literally true of those poor heathen men, blind instruments in the hands of their superiors; true also of Pilate, who, in his blindness had asked, *What is truth?* (John xviii. 38); true of Annas and Caiaphas, of the priests and Pharisees, who 'knew not,' because prejudice had blinded their eyes. Compare Acts iii. 17; 1 Cor. ii. 8. Yes, it is true of sinners generally. If they *did know* sin as it really is,—its evil, its end, could they act as they do? See what St. Paul says of himself, 1 Timothy i. 13.

Is ignorance, then, a *reason* for forgiveness? No, but a motive for merciful intercession. We may not plead for *ourselves* on the ground of ignorance: but others may so plead for us. Only the work of Christ can win our pardon. Note how the spirit of the Master appears in His servants; Acts vii. 59, 60.

The Spectators.—How the whole scene, as sketched with a few brief touches in the three verses (35–37), rises to view! First, the executioners, who **parted His garments, and**

cast lots. How many were engaged in this? Why did they cast lots? What Old Testament words are thus brought to mind? See John xix. 23, 24. Next, the crowd—**the people**—who **stood beholding,** 'gazing' as at a great and sorrowful sight. Then, thirdly, **the rulers,** the real instigators of the awful deed: they carry out their work by brutal mockery. **He saved others**—sceptical words, as uttered by them, but conveying how deep a truth! *Matt.* and *Mark* add the words, *Himself He cannot save.* '*Will* not,' the rulers should have said. In this taunt also the **soldiers** joined, only varying the words. The Jewish rulers said, **If He be** (the) **Christ:** these Gentiles, knowing nothing of 'the Messiah,' refer to the other aspect of His claim. **If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself.** Had those who uttered these words but understood them! *Give up Thy work for man! Leave mankind in sin and misery! Let the world be abandoned to dark despair!* How right they were, in a sense which they did not comprehend, in saying HE CANNOT! The **vinegar** was the ordinary sour drink of the Roman soldiers, and was **offered,** perhaps in mockery and snatched away again, or, perhaps, in rough kindness, to soothe the intolerable thirst which was one of the pangs of crucifixion. The *stupefying* draught given to criminals before nailing them to the cross He would not drink (*Matt.*, *Mark*); and afterwards His lips were touched with vinegar just before He died (*Matt.*, *Mark*, *John*).

The Inscription on the Cross. This was in three languages, and may well have varied in each. Compare the forms in the four Gospels, and especially the dialogue between the chief priests and Pilate on the subject, as given by John. The **Hebrew** form is certainly that reported by John, the **Latin** probably by Mark. Matthew and Luke give the **Greek,** and are here alike, save that the former introduces the name JESUS. 'These three languages were the three keys to unlock all the languages living in the world. So, without knowing what he was doing, Pilate thus *began* the publication of Christ to all the world.'—*Dr. Stanford.*

II. THE DYING MALEFACTORS.—*Read vers.* 39-43. Had *both* these dying robbers joined in mocking Jesus? It would seem so from *Matt.* But perhaps the plural is there put for the singular. See instances in Robinson's 'Harmony,' § 154, note *h*. If Matthew's notice is to be literally taken, we must conclude that the second robber was brought to a better mind, perhaps through witnessing the way in which Jesus bore His sorrows,* perhaps through remembering some words of teaching or invitation uttered by Him, assuredly by the power and grace of the Holy Spirit, bringing to pass the first fulfilment of Christ's own words in the Golden Text. This dying malefactor was the first 'drawn unto Him.' Observe the greatness of his faith. This robber was the only one in all that multitude to acknowledge that Jesus the crucified was king! The Apostles had fled, the women were heartbroken, Christ's enemies were exultant, His friends had given up all for lost: only this one dying man saw as a certainty the coming **kingdom,** and humbly prayed, **Remember me!** He sought no great things, only *remembrance.* Not, worthy to 'sit on Thy right hand or Thy left,' yet 'let me not be forgotten.' The answer of Jesus was immediate. As his first 'word' had been a prayer that His enemies might be forgiven, so His second is a promise to the humble penitent. Note his assertion of Divine Power even then. He seems to choose the moment of deepest humiliation for the largest promise and gift of love. **Verily, I say unto thee,** *on Mine own right,* **to-day,**† *this day of agony, mockery and shame,* **thou shalt be with Me,** *still, as thou art with Me now,* BUT, **in Paradise.** So from the Cross He opens the kingdom of glory to the believer. What is Paradise? See Lesson for May 15, page 301.

> The construction of the verse which connects the words *to-day* with *I say unto thee*, must, however, be avoided. It is plain that the note of time is attached to the entrance into Paradise.

III. DEATH OF JESUS.—*Read vers.* 44-50. **It was about the sixth hour.** According to *John*, our Lord was still before Pilate at the sixth hour (xix. 14), and *Mark* states it to have been the third hour when Jesus was crucified (xv. 25). The apparent difference is probably to be explained by different modes of reckoning time.

> See Professor Westcott's elaborate note in the 'Speaker's Commentary,' John xix. According to his view, the sixth hour in *John* was the sixth hour *after midnight* (as in the modern way of reckoning) i.e., the hour of sunrise; here in *Luke*, also *Matt.*, *Mark*, it is the sixth hour *after sunrise*, i.e., the hour of noon.

Darkness, miraculous, not, of course caused by an eclipse of the sun, for the moon was at the full; **over all the earth,** rather, over all the land of Israel, **until the ninth hour.** Of these three dread hours nothing is recorded. We may well imagine an awful silence over the whole scene. **The veil of the Temple,** between the Sanctuary and the Holy of Holies; heavy with embroidery and gold, Heb. xix. 3. **Rent;** a twofold emblem, the departure of the glory of God from the material temple and from the Jewish system; and the opening of the true Holy Place to the access of all believers, Heb. x. 19-22. See *Matt.* for an account of the earthquake and the opening graves.

> Before the darkness came on, our Lord had commended His mother to the care of the 'beloved disciple' (*John*). As it passed away He cried, '*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!*' (*Matt.*, *Mark*) Psalm xxii. 1. Soon He added, *I thirst* (*John*). This one word, it has been remarked, was the only cry of physical anguish wrung from Him through all those hours; and John expressly says that the word was spoken 'that the Scripture might be fulfilled.' Then the vinegar on a sponge was lifted to his lips on a reed (*Matt.*, *Mark*) or stalk of the hyssop plant (*John*).

Jesus, dying, **cried with a loud voice,** showing that He did not expire from physical exhaustion. What was the cry? Doubtless the one word (in orig.) IT IS FINISHED (*Tetelestai*). His work was done; prophecy accomplished (this is the immediate connection of the word); types and symbols fulfilled; the curse exhausted; the sacrifice completed; man's salvation secured; Christ's glory as Redeemer achieved: see John xvii. 4, 5. Then He breathed forth His spirit, as we are to understand the words **gave up the ghost.** (So *Mark*, *Matt.* has 'He dismissed His spirit'; *John*, 'He surrendered His spirit'; fulfilling His own words, John x. 18. The words of this great dismissal, **Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,** are an echo of Psalm xxxi. 5.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give the different accounts of the inscription on the Cross, and explain their variation.

2. What ancient prophecies were fulfilled by the outward scenes of Calvary?

3. Enumerate the 'Seven words from the Cross' and show how they severally set forth the character and work of the Crucified.

4. Confirm by other passages the truth implied in the words *To-day* thou shalt be with Me.'

5. Explain the 'Golden Text.' On what occasion were the words spoken? If 'all men' are 'drawn unto Him,' how is it that any are not saved?

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* Perhaps this robber overheard the prayer of Jesus for His murderers, and so was encouraged to hope. '*Mercy* interceded, that *misery* might pray.'—*Augustine.*

† A welcome promise, that release should come so soon. The crucified often lingered in their agony for two days or more.

Pages for the Young.

WHO MAKES IT RAIN?

LITTLE Nettie stood by the library-window one morning, watching the rain as it fell in a steady patter, patter, upon the wet sidewalks. When she turned her face towards her father, who sat in his big chair before the fire, one might have fancied that her cheeks were wet with the rain too, and that her eyes were brimming full of raindrops.

"O papa," she said with trembling lip, "it has spoiled all my pleasure! Just think of all of us, the nice carriage-load, all going up to the lake on that lovely picnic! and—then—then—look at this rain!"

Nettie's tears poured in showers, and she sank upon the sofa burying her face among the pillows.

Her father, who dearly loved his little girl, went towards the sofa; and, gently placing her upon his knees, he talked very kindly to her about her disappointment, and told her that he was very sorry for her; then he said:

"Nettie, who makes the rain?"

"Why, God makes it, you know, papa. No one else can make the rain come."

"Well, Nettie, why does God send the rain? Is it for good, or for evil?"

"For good, I guess; only—only—if He only would not let it rain to-day, I should be very glad."

"But supposing God wanted it to rain to-day, my daughter?" said her papa very seriously.

"Did God really want it to rain to-day, papa?" said Nettie with wondering eyes. "Then I will not say another word about it. I want it to rain too, just because God knows what is best. Why, papa, I never thought about it before; but it seems to me that it is a wicked thing to fret about the weather, whatever it is, for God sends it, and He always does right. I wish I could forget my own wishes when God wants to do anything." And the little girl kneeled upon her knees in her father's lap, and asked God to forgive her for her complaining of the rain and teach her to love whatever was his holy will, whether it suited her or not, for Jesus Christ's sake.

There was sunshine in that home all the rest of the day, in spite of the pattering rain without; and, better than all, Nettie was never heard to utter a complaint about the weather again.

The Christian's Alphabet.

A-ND "time shall be no more."* O Christian, haste,
B-eware lest golden talents run to waste;
C-ull passing hours—their latent sweet express.
D-espise not moments—each makes life the less.
E-ach has its message from the Throne to thee;
F-ulfil its bidding—right royal it chance may be!
G-ird up thy loins, nor fear the untried ground;
H-elp for the helpless in thy Lord is found;
I-n Him uplaid the grace for every need.
J-ust bring thy case, and He will for thee plead;
K-ingly and kind, thine earthly lot dispose;
L-eave all with Him—enough that Jesus knows.
M-irthful? Yea, Christian, thou mayest joyous be;
N-ot with earth's ribald and ungodly glee;
O-nly attuned thy voice to psalm and song
P-raiseful and pure, which angels may prolong.
Q-uestions of foolish nothingness avoid;
R-esolve not easily to be annoyed.
S-ince thou art dust, thy neighbour is the same;
T-ake half the fault and share with him the blame.
U-se wisely every hour—accept this hint—
V-alue each day as guineas from God's mint,
W-ith goodly interest to be returned.
X- is the brand on all profession burned.
Y-ou must exceedingly excel and be
Z-ealous in works and Christian graces three.

* Revelation.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIX.

Double Acrostic.

Two gentle and beautiful creatures, emblems of Christ and of the Holy Spirit.

1. Who was cast into a den of lions?
2. The last letter of the Greek alphabet.
3. A name for the poison of asps.
4. The high priest in the time of Nehemiah.

NO. XX.

Double Acrostic.

Two gates of knowledge.

1. Who took the forbidden fruit?
2. How does God pardon?
3. What should we do with God's sayings?

M. A. B.

NO. XXI.

Double Acrostic.

Two mountains.

1. The land of promise.
2. What was made at the death of Jairus' daughter?
3. The place where Moses struck the rock.
4. Where did the shepherds find the Saviour lying?
5. An ancestress of the reader and writer.
6. One of the fenced cities of Judah attacked by Sennacherib.

The initials read downwards, the finals upwards.

C. B. B.

NO. XXII.

Single Acrostic.

1. The father of the line of high priests.
2. The father of Samson.
3. The father of Jonadab the abstainer.
4. The father of King Hezekiah.
5. The father of Lamech.

The initials give the name of the father of Moses.

S. B.

Monthly Religious Record.

IT might be deemed an Hibernian witticism or blunder, were we to say that the May meetings began this year in March; yet the great gathering which took place just twelve days after the festival of Ireland's patron saint—on the 29th of that month—might fairly be regarded as the first and among the most important of those great religious and benevolent assemblies which are usually thus designated. The meeting to which we refer was, indeed, something more than an anniversary. It was at once the celebration of a jubilee, and the virtual inauguration of a new foundation. Exeter Hall, opened just fifty years ago, by a joint-stock company, and thus owned during the past half-century, has now passed into the hands of a great benevolent and religious organisation, of world-wide activity, which, at that period, had not yet come into existence. Thanks to the munificence of a few large-hearted and public-spirited gentlemen, Exeter Hall, which there was a threat, at one time, of desecrating by transforming it into a theatre—has become the property and the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, which will offer a hospitality to kindred institutions not less cordial than that which was accorded by its late proprietary. The hall has been greatly improved and beautified. Indeed, the lower part of the premises required almost complete rebuilding, so as to afford better means of ingress to, and egress from the large hall. On this gratifying occasion, the chair was taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury, as President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the meeting was addressed by, among others, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Cairns, and the Lord Mayor. As the late Rev. Daniel Wilson, before he became Bishop of Calcutta, at the first meeting held in the hall commended it to the blessing of Almighty God, so his honoured son, the venerable Prebendary Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, discharged a like duty on this occasion of the Young Men's Christian Association taking possession of the renovated building.

VERY different is the fate of Surrey Chapel, in which, a few days before Exeter Hall was re-opened, a religious service had been held for the last time, and which probably will be in course of demolition before the sheet now under perusal reaches the reader's hands. This famous old building which, by the lapse of the lease of the land, has now reverted to the freeholders, was opened by the Rev. Rowland Hill on the 8th June 1783. He continued to minister in it during fifty years, and died, at the age of eighty-eight, in the parsonage adjoining. In anticipation of the expiration of the lease, the congregation purchased a freehold site in the Westminster Bridge Road, erected the new "Christ Church," and, with their present minister, migrated thither. The last public gathering in Surrey Chapel was held on the 21st of March, when the building was densely crowded.

WE have already mentioned (pp. 207, 287) the two clerical memorials addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury—the one in favour of toleration in ritual; the other known as the "counter-memorial," promoted by the Evangelical party. Omitting all mention of some minor addresses to the Primate on this vexed question, which have been called forth by recent events, we may refer to two whose importance entitles them to this brief notice. These are the two lay memorials on ritual—the one praying for toleration, the other adverse to it. Both have obtained the signatures of a number of noblemen and gentlemen of position and influence. The subscribers to the latter document (promoted by the Evangelicals) respectfully express to the Primate their firm attachment to the doctrines and ceremonial established in the Church of England at the Reformation, and set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. They add: "We desire to represent to your Grace that, whilst we are most anxious to maintain such reasonable latitude of opinion and practice as is not inconsistent with the teachings of the formularies, articles, and homilies of the Church of England taken in their plain, grammatical sense, or with a faithful adherence to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, as interpreted by the custom of three hundred years, we nevertheless feel ourselves constrained to enter our solemn and emphatic protest against the toleration within the Church of England of any doctrines or practices which favour the restoration of the Romish Mass, or any colourable imitation thereof, any reintroduction of the confessional, or any assumption of sacerdotal pretensions on the part of the clergy in the ministration of the Word and Sacraments." This memorial has been already signed by upwards of two thousand noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom are the Dukes of Portland, Westminster, and Abercorn.

THE Rev. S. F. Green, Rector of St. John's, Miles Platting, near Manchester, has been arrested, under a writ for contempt of court by persisting in illegal Ritualistic practices. Mr. Green, at the time of writing this, is imprisoned in Lancaster Castle gaol as a first-class misdemeanant. In all the Ritualistic churches of Manchester the day following his arrest (Sunday), the prayers of the congregations were asked for the Rev. S. F. Green, that he might be endowed with patience to bear the sufferings involved in his imprisonment. Services were held in Mr. Green's church, as usual, the curate officiating, and there was no alteration in regard to the Ritualistic practices. Another of the incriminated Ritualistic clergy, the Rev. Mr. Enraght, has been in imminent peril of being re-committed to prison, on the ground of renewed contempt of court, in practising illegal ritual, since his release on the technical plea mentioned in an earlier number (p. 207). Having given notice, however, of a further appeal in his case, the enforcement of the threatened penalty has been in the meantime suspended. The case of the leader of those among the clergy who refuse, in matters of religious ceremonial, to obey either their bishops or the ecclesiastical courts, the Archbishops or the Queen's judges (except only when decisions are given in favour of themselves and their party)—the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie—is also under appeal before the highest tribunal, the House of Lords.

THE Lord Mayor of London (the Right Hon. Alderman William McArthur, M.P.,) and the Lady Mayoress, lately welcomed to the Mansion House the friends of the London City Mission, of whose committee his lordship is a leading member. The company numbered over six hundred; and at the meeting which formed part of the evening's proceedings, there were present on the platform the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Sheriff Waterlow, Sir W. T. Charley (Common Serjeant), Mr. A. McArthur, M.P., Mr. George Palmer, M.P., and others. At a formal meeting held at one period of the evening in the Egyptian Hall, Mr. F. A. Bevan (an honorary secretary of the mission) described the work of the mission. The Lord Mayor, in addressing his visitors, said he believed the Chief Magistrate for the time being could be engaged in no better duty than in assisting such institutions as that. He desired to join in an appeal for the enlargement of the mission, as the number of its workers was clearly not adequate to the mass of crime and destitution with which they had to deal. Lord Shaftesbury, in the course of his speech, congratulated, amid cheers, the Lord Mayor on the escape of himself and family and household from the infamous plot which, but two days before, had been unsuccessfully attempted against the Mansion House. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. R. C. Billing, Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, and other speakers; and afterwards there was a selection of vocal music performed.

ANOTHER gathering which recently took place at the Mansion House had as its object to promote the erection on the Thames Embankment of a statue to William Tyndale, the first translator of the English Bible. The statue is to be of bronze. The meeting was addressed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Cork, Professor Plumptre, and the Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser, in furtherance of the object for which it had been convened. A vote of thanks was presented to the Lord Mayor on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Moffat, who gave an interesting account of how he, while in Africa, translated portions of the Bible into the Sechuana language.

THE sixteenth annual meeting of the Church Association was held recently in Willis's Rooms; Mr. Charles H. Lovell, Deputy-Chairman of the Council, presiding. Captain Palmer, the secretary, read portions of the annual report, in which the council of the association claimed from all true members of the Church sympathy and support, as representing an association of Churchmen combined for defence of the Protestant principles and order of the National Church. The country at

large had almost unanimously rejected the claim of the contumacious clergymen to be accounted martyrs for conscience' sake, but all parties were agreed that the more fitting remedy by deprivation should, as soon as possible, be provided to meet such cases. The council, desiring to extend the operations of the association to educational work, had decided to offer prizes for the best essays on the distinctive doctrines of the Church. Twenty new branches of the association had been formed since the last meeting. Contributions and costs in decided cases had raised the amount received for the guarantee fund to 47,706*l.* The total sum paid for legal and parliamentary expenses since the establishment of the association had been 46,464*l.* The general fund, with balance brought forward, amounted to 5,054*l.*, and the expenditure during the year was 4,930*l.* Mr. Newdegate, M.P., in moving the adoption of the report, said that if an attempt were made at comprehension which should sacrifice the distinctive doctrines of the Church, she would cease to be the Church described in her own Nineteenth Article. The Hon. H. Tollemache, the Rev. J. C. Goodhart, Mr. Maden Holt, and other gentlemen, having addressed the meeting, resolutions were passed condemning the efforts now being made to secure toleration for the use of vestments and practices adopted in the Church of Rome, and also any proposal to limit the right of parishioners to resist illegalities on the part of the clergy by reference to the wishes of those who might become habitual communicants in the parish church.

An interesting paper was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Historical Society, by the Rev. A. R. Pennington, on "John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.," in which, after an account of his early training, he observed that he was the first in this country and Europe to give utterance at Oxford to those primary ideas on the study of Holy Scripture which are now universally accepted. He then described the system of the schoolmen which had hitherto reigned supreme in the University, showing that the Bible had become in their hands a mere arsenal of texts, which they employed to weave their theological subtleties. Colet, on the contrary, laboured at Oxford to show that Scripture was a whole. He dwelt especially on the Gospels as a vivid account of the life and teaching of Christ. His lectures produced a wonderful impression. The great Erasmus came here under his influence. An explanation of his design in founding St. Paul's School was then given. This was followed by a description of three sermons which he preached—the one before Convocation in St. Paul's Cathedral, in which he denounced the vices of many who were there assembled; the second before Henry VIII., in which he rebuked his warlike policy; and the third before Cardinal Wolsey in Westminster Abbey, in which he addressed to him words of warning and exhortation. An account was then given of his visit to Canterbury Cathedral with Erasmus, where he ridiculed the relics of Thomas à Becket, which was followed by a reference to his death and to the high eulogium which Erasmus pronounced upon him as one of the two best Christians whom the world in his time had seen.

The Commission of the General Assembly of the National Church of Scotland had before it, at a recent meeting, reports in connection with the Blantyre Mission case from the Foreign Missions Committee, the Special Committee on the matter, and the Rev. Dr. Rankin (Muthill), the General Assembly's Special Commissioner to Blantyre to make inquiries. The report of the Special Committee stated that, "as the appointment of your committee originated in the publication of a pamphlet by Mr. Chirnside, frequently alluded to, justice obliges your committee to concede that Mr. Chirnside's pamphlet is, unhappily, more nearly a statement of facts than they had hoped to find it when they began to look into the matter last year. Mr. Chirnside has been inaccurate as to some dates. He has written in a sensational manner, so as to enhance the horrors of which he treats; he has shown a distinct animus against the mission; he has exaggerated and mis-stated facts as to a prison underground, as to the giving up of fugitive slaves, and as to the feelings of the natives towards the mission. But as regards the execution of the man who was the murderer, or supposed murderer, and the floggings inflicted, your committee regret to say he is, in their opinion, substantially correct." The Foreign Missions Committee reported that at a previous meeting they had resolved to recall the Rev. Duff Macdonald, the head of the mission, and two other persons connected with the mission. Dr. Rankin's report stated that cruelty appears in only two distinct cases. It must be remembered, whilst deploring all that has been detailed, that while the points of accusation are practically all confined to one quarter of a year, the same persons, for five years in some instances, and for half of that period in others, have been doing undoubtedly good and successful work. Precautions have already been taken to secure order without unlawful assumption of authority, or undue severity of any kind. After discussion, the commission adopted a series of resolutions regretting that the agents of the Church who were sent to Blantyre were not instructed that they must not, in any circumstances, attempt to exercise civil jurisdiction; condemning in the strongest terms, and bitterly deploring, the conduct of which certain of these agents, assuming that jurisdiction, were, on various occasions, guilty in the earlier days of the mission; and declaring satisfaction that such conduct has for nearly two years entirely ceased. The Commission also recognised, by resolution, the good work done by the missionaries.

From Spain we have the satisfactory intelligence that Señor Antonio Martinez, a preacher of the gospel, imprisoned, as stated last month (p. 288), for having held in the exercise of his ministry a meeting of more than twenty persons, has, on the advice of the Cabinet, received a pardon from the king, and has been released from custody. As in any case of this kind the slightest inexactitude may be taken advantage of in order to throw suspicion upon a well-authenticated statement, we must add that Martinez was imprisoned in the town (not province) of Tarragona; and that the name of the town in which the alleged offence was committed is Barbera, in the province of Catalonia. We are glad to learn that the judicial proceedings which had been instituted against several other Protestants have been abandoned, and that the prospects of religious liberty in Spain are much brighter than they were but lately.

According to the "Academy," letters from the Church Missionary Society's agents on the Victoria Nyanza give the intelligence that King Mtesa, of Uganda, was contemplating a war with Mirambo, of Unyamwezi, which would indeed be a most serious matter, considering the number of Europeans now scattered about in East Central Africa. Mtesa has just been engaged in a sanguinary war with the people of Usoga, who live near that part of the lake where the Nile flows out over the Ripon Falls, and, we are told, "is clearly not the amiable creature described by Mr. H. M. Stanley, his present conduct agreeing more closely with the earlier account given of him by Captain Speke. He is said to be impelled in his present course of action by the Arabs, and his recent profession of Mohammedanism is thought to be part of the same general policy."

We regret to record the death of Sir Charles Reed, M.P., the chairman of the London School Board, which occurred at his residence, Earlsmead, Edmonton, on March the 25th. A life of extensive public usefulness and of incessant activity in the promotion of religious, educational, and philanthropic objects is thus brought to a sudden close. His remains were laid to rest in Abney Park Cemetery, in the presence of a great concourse of friends, including deputations from various public bodies. For some attempt to enumerate the many labours of love which that life embodied, we must refer our readers to a biographical sketch which appeared in the "Leisure Hour," with a portrait, in 1877. Sir Charles was preceded to the grave but a few weeks by a man considerably his senior and remarkably different from him in habit and temperament, but who ought not to pass unmentioned in these pages. Albion Chapel, London Wall, which was built to accommodate the crowds who, somewhat more than sixty years ago, flocked to hear the eloquent young minister, who had then just arrived from Scotland, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, is now a thing of the past. Another young Scotch minister, John Young, became his successor in the pulpit of that place of worship, which belonged to the body now known as United Presbyterians. Here Mr. Young laboured acceptably for some years. Long ago he resigned his charge and devoted himself to laborious study and the production of works of a philosophical and theological character, which brought him from his own University the degree of LL.D. He will be best known as the author of "The Christ of History," "The Province of Reason," and "The Life and Light of Men." Dr. Young enjoyed the high esteem of all who knew him for his moral worth, as well as for his learning and ability. His age was seventy-five.

*** We take the earliest opportunity of correcting an error which appears in the account of Athens in our March part (p. 200). Dr. Hill writes to state that "there has never been any picture of the Mother of God placed in the school" of the Protestant Episcopal Mission in that city. The writer of the paper must have been sadly misinformed, and we greatly regret that the mis-statement should have appeard.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

PONTIUS PILATE.

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."—*Matt.* xxvii. 24.

PONTIUS PILATE.

(See John xviii. 28; —xix. 16; Luke xxiii.; Matthew xxvii.)

THE character of Pilate, as it is brought out in the scene of our Lord's trial, is an interesting study to those who would trace the workings of natural conscience when it is brought into closer contact than usual with the truth of God, or with Him who is the truth. We see, indeed, little or no evidence of any saving, or even of any deeply serious, impression. But we see emotions of natural pity; and we see more—we see the convictions and relentings, the compunction and hesitation, of a natural sense of duty, and a natural feeling of remorse. He went farther, indeed, in this way, than most of the other princes of this world who, in their official capacity, had to deal, not merely with the religion of Jesus (which is the common case now), but with Jesus himself. Herod of Galilee, who had been first the Baptist's patron and then his persecutor, for a long time desired to see Jesus; but when his desire was gratified, and Jesus, sent by Pilate, stood before him on his trial, the crafty "fox" evaded the question, and having carelessly insulted the Saviour, as carelessly dismissed him. Felix, when Paul, arraigned as the prisoner, stood as the preacher before him, and reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come—trembled; but he sent him away till a more convenient season. Agrippa, partly perhaps in courtly compliment to the unrivalled eloquence of the defence to which he listened, partly in sincere admiration of the inspired pleader, and partly also under a real impression of there being more in his theme than he had before imagined, avowed himself almost persuaded to be a Christian. But the workings of the mind of Pilate were surely deeper, or at least the history gives us a deeper insight into them. There is so much of apparent history in the conflict of his soul, between his own evident reluctance to be instrumental in so foul a deed, and the unrelenting importunity of those who cruelly practised on his weakness, that we cannot refuse our compassion, and we almost yield our sympathy. And, on the other hand, in what he saw of the holy and awful majesty of the Lord Jesus and in the solemn words which he heard from his lips, as once and again, nay, repeatedly, he conferred with him face to face, away from the clamours of his Jewish accusers, in his own private hall of audience, there is so close and cogent an application of the Divine word, in circumstances the most intensely affecting, to his whole moral nature, that we cannot but regard it as one of the most remarkable cases on record of the Spirit of the Lord striving with man.

What sort of man, either as an individual or as a governor, Pilate was, we have scarcely any means of determining. Other historians, whether Jewish or Gentile, say very little either of his personal character or of his public administration; and, beyond their narrative of our Lord's trial before him, the sacred writers mention only one particular regarding him. In the Gospel by Luke (xiii. 1), allusion is made to his having perpetrated an act of cruelty on some Galileans, who, it is probable, having come up to Jerusalem to worship at one of the festivals, were slain by his orders in the very midst of the solemnity, so that their blood was mingled with their sacrifices. This severity may have been inflicted on some pretence of tumult or of political disaffection; for the Roman governors were jealous, and not without reason, of the great concourse of strangers from the country districts at such seasons to Jerusalem; and in particular, they had some cause to suspect the natives of Galilee of an inclination to be turbulent and seditious.

Pilate, we may well believe, was not better—in respect of cruelty and rapacity—than the ordinary class of Roman governors of the day. Nor was he worse. The fact of its having fallen to him to judge our Lord, and of his having actually caused Him to be crucified, is apt to leave on our minds an impression of this nature. Strongly condemning his treatment of the Saviour, we form exaggerated notions of the injustice and bloodthirstiness of his character, and conclude that he must have been a very monster so to deal with the Holy One. In this way the lesson which his conduct is fitted to teach is rendered far less pointed and profitable than it might be.

Pilate was a Roman, probably of good family, a soldier and senator of considerable rank, and Cæsar's deputy. As rumours circulated through his court of a remarkable commotion, first among the Jewish multitude resorting daily in crowds to the Temple to see and hear this extraordinary person, who had made a kind of triumphant entry into Jerusalem; and then among the Jewish authorities, all alive and on the alert respecting Him; and still further, as the news of this mysterious individual being arrested, and the hasty convening of the Sanhedrim, and the hurried trial and condemnation before that tribunal, and the feverish excitement of the public mind which the affair was creating; as the news of these things passed around the circle of his attendants, the haughty Roman might listen with an air of real or affected unconcern, as to a mere idle breath of popular folly; and wondering perhaps what was turning the Jewish world upside down.

If so, he must have been somewhat startled when, most unexpectedly, the cause was suddenly transferred to his own judgment-seat, and the whole case brought under his own immediate cognizance. He must now entertain and dispose of a question which otherwise he might have regarded as altogether out of his way. He must meet with this Jewish teacher, who might be supposed to belong to an entirely different sphere from his own, and enter on a discussion which in his ordinary manner of life he would have little dreamed of. It is a somewhat strange position into which this great man is abruptly brought; and it is most interesting to observe how, in that position, he conducts himself. From the very outset he is embarrassed and uncomfortable, and all throughout the trial he makes successive attempts to evade any decision of the matter.

But before proceeding farther, let us adjust the local scenery of this most tragic drama.

When the Jewish leaders brought Jesus to Pilate

(John xviii. 28), they would not enter his house. They were at that time eating the passover—that is, they were keeping the paschal-feast; for the expression is to be understood not merely of the first act of the solemnity—their killing and eating the paschal-lamb, which in the present case was probably over—but of all the subsequent rites and observances during the days of unleavened bread. That they might thus keep the feast acceptably, they must scrupulously, as they believed, abstain during the whole course of it, and especially on the day of preparation for the Sabbath, which this was, from going into a heathen dwelling, and so contracting defilement. In compliance with their scruples, however frivolous and superstitious he might think them, Pilate went out to them to the palace-gate, where, according to eastern custom, was his public seat of audience (ch. xix. 13). There, during the whole of this transaction, he conducted his intercourse with the Jews; but from time to time he took Jesus himself into his own house, or inner hall of judgment, for the purpose of more private trial and examination (ch. xviii. 33; xix. 9). It is necessary to bear this in memory, in attempting to bring before the mind's eye the several incidents of the trial.

I. Meeting the Jews, then, at the door of his palace, Pilate asks what accusation they bring against the man whom they have in custody; and at first he will scarcely attend to the accusers. "He is a malefactor, you say, else you would not have brought Him here (ch. xviii. 30, 31). Be it so. It is some ordinary case of crime, some religious contention, or some breach of the peace, such as are now become too common for me to be troubled with them all. Decide it yourselves. 'Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law;' I give you full authority and warrant."

Pilate, however, is not to get so easily off. This is a more serious matter than he thinks. "It is a capital offence with which this criminal is charged, and 'it is not lawful for us to put any man to death'" (ver. 31). His crime is treason against Cæsar, and Cæsar's deputy must look to it: "We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a king" (Luke xxiii. 2). Pilate, therefore, has no alternative; he must look into the accusation. He takes Jesus, accordingly, into the inner judgment-hall in his palace, thinking probably that a very short inquiry will suffice.

If this man takes the title of King of the Jews, as his accusers allege, brief work may be made of his case. And He does acknowledge the title; but then He adds an explanation which opens up an entirely new view of the affair. He is a king; but his kingdom is not of this world. It does not therefore interfere with Cæsar's (John xviii. 33–36). The Jews who accused Him knew, or might have known, this; but they did not choose to make it known to Pilate, for it was necessary for their purpose that Jesus should be charged before Pilate with a political crime. Hence they did not bring Him to Pilate's bar as a blasphemer, in which character they themselves, in their own spiritual court, had previously tried and condemned Him. They were well aware that Pilate, a Gentile and an unbeliever, would not, as a civil magistrate, have dealt with that offence; at least not in that view of it which their religion might suggest. They accused Jesus, therefore, as a rebel and traitor, as claiming for himself royal rights and honours, and denying them to Cæsar, the Roman emperor, whose authority Pilate must uphold. Nor would it have served their end to say, that He made himself a king in any spiritual or religious sense. They would have Pilate to believe that He sought political power inconsistent with that of Cæsar. Jesus at once, and simply, removes this impression. There is no cause of alarm. He asserts no authority which can at all interfere with that of any lawful earthly government.

But, at the same time, He does assert an authority of a high and sacred character, and in a way which seems to strike his judge (ver. 37). "Thou art a king then?" "I am," is the Lord's reply; "and I am more—I am a witness unto the truth." "What is truth?" says Pilate, jesting, perhaps, and not waiting for an answer, thinking by a jest to turn away the appeal which has already come too closely home to him. Now, he would fain persuade himself, he sees how the case stands. "This is one of your sages, your contemplative dreamers, not made for this world, as this world is not made for them. He has got hold of some fragments of our wildest and most unearthly philosophy—a visionary king—Himself his only kingdom—enamoured of some fond fancy which He chooses to call the truth! It might be curious, in some idle hour, to settle with Him what this same truth may be. Meanwhile, He must be acquitted of any grave offence; at the least, He is clearly harmless. 'I find in Him no fault at all.'"

The subsequent conduct of Pilate exhibits a melancholy picture. Whatever air of light-hearted levity he may assume or affect, and however he may try, in his rejoinder to the Lord, to turn the edge of the Spirit's sword,—the quick and powerful word so authoritatively spoken by Him whose word it is,—we see plainly that he is not at his ease. To this extent, at least, he is now evidently in earnest, that he is most anxious to rescue Jesus out of the hands of his accusers. And the very anxiety of the Jews to obtain his blood only increases Pilate's desire to save Him. He perceives that there is, that there must be, some high interest at stake, else these formal hypocrites would not be so eager and zealous in the matter. "They are not in general such warm friends of Cæsar and of Cæsar's power, these rulers of the Jews. They are not commonly so sensitive in regard to treason against the emperor as to persist in an accusation so evidently groundless as this. There must be more at the bottom of this affair than at first sight appears." Thus from the very beginning of this strange trial, and all throughout, more and more, the pertinacity of the Jews tends to deepen the impression made on Pilate's mind, increases his concern, and makes him the more impatient for an adjustment.

II. When therefore the Jews, instead of acquiescing in his judgment of acquittal, reiterated the more impetuously their charge against Jesus as seditious, and by way of aggravation, referring to the extent of the mischief, spoke of his labours in Galilee,—"And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all

Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place" (Luke xxiii. 5),—Pilate eagerly catches the hint. He will send the case to Herod, within whose jurisdiction Galilee lies, and, fortunately, Herod happens to be at this time in Jerusalem: "When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilean. And as soon as he knew that He belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time" (Luke xxiii. 6, 7). If there is any truth in the charge brought against Jesus as a subverter of the government, it is plainly in Galilee, the ordinary place of his ministrations, that the offence must have been chiefly committed, and not in Judea, which He has only occasionally visited. It belongs therefore to Herod, as tetrarch of Galilee, ruling that province under Cæsar, to deal with this rival king;—and the rather because he knows such cases of old, having once been the admirer and follower of just such a prophet, his friend and patron, entertaining him at this court, his devoted disciple, hearing him gladly.

Thus Pilate thought that he might evade the necessity of coming to a decision in regard to Jesus and his claims. "Let Herod be the judge; send the case, by all means, to Herod; he is on all accounts the proper person to dispose of it."

But this expedient will not stand Pilate in stead. It is to prove a more troublesome business than he could have imagined, and he cannot easily divest himself of the responsibility connected with it. Jesus comes back to him, scourged, indeed, and buffeted, but not judged,—neither absolved nor condemned. Herod mocks Him and sets Him at naught: "And Herod with his men of war set him at naught, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate" (Luke xxiii. 11). But not in that way is the question to be set at rest. The cause is still undetermined, and Pilate has to determine it.

What, then, is to be done? The Jews will not be satisfied. They insist on a sentence. It avails not to tell them that neither Pilate nor Herod finds in Jesus any fault worthy of death. Will Pilate then at once discharge Him, and so run the risk of being represented to the Roman emperor as shielding a traitor to his power? or will he give Him up, notwithstanding his impression of his innocence, to the doom of a convicted malefactor?

But yesterday, and in any other case, it would probably have cost Pilate scarce a moment's thought to decide on this latter alternative, and sacrifice an individual, however guiltless, to his own interests and the interests of his imperial master's authority. And even now, perhaps, he wonders at his own weakness. Whence this unwonted hesitation, these unprecedented scruples, in his mind? Why does Pilate not avow and follow out his convictions, whithersoever they may lead? Why, at least, does he not do justice to Him in whom he finds no fault? Alas! he will attempt another compromise. He sees a way, as he fondly thinks, by which, without committing himself, he may deliver Jesus.

III. Resuming his place at the palace gate, amid much painful perplexity—perplexity increased by the remarkable warning given him by his wife, who sent to him, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him" (Matt. xxvii. 19); thus divided and distracted between his own and his wife's conscientious feelings and apprehensions on the one hand, and the unrelenting and persevering importunity of the Jews on the other, Pilate bethinks himself of an expedient. He will take advantage of the custom of the feast to release a prisoner, and that prisoner shall be Jesus: "Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him: no, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him." He proposes therefore to "chastise Him, and release Him." For he adds, "Ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover: will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" (Luke xxiii. 13–17; John xviii. 39.)

Thus Pilate thinks to avoid the necessity of pronouncing judgment, and yet save Jesus.

He selects one of the worst and most atrocious criminals then in custody, to be offered to them along with Jesus; and though, as Luke tells us, he three successive times most earnestly and pathetically beseeches the people to choose Jesus, he has the deep mortification of hearing their reiterated and impatient cry, "Not this man, but Barabbas," although "Barabbas was a robber" (John xviii. 39, 40).

What is it that has come over the spirit of this Pilate, usually stern and decided enough in every act of his administration? If his leanings are really toward Jesus, why does he not think, why does he not act for himself! Is he ashamed—is he afraid to speak out? And does he really imagine that he clears himself from the guilt of partaking in this great sin of other men, by the pitiful ceremony of the washing of his hands, and the hollow protest of his lips, "I am innocent"—he who had but to raise one finger of these hands, or to utter one breath of these lips, and not a single stroke would have fallen upon Jesus, not a hair of his head would have been touched?

Yet it is a characteristic circumstance this washing of his hands. It brings out in marked contrast the weakness of the judge and the violence of the accusers; and it throws light on the brief struggle that follows: "And the governor said, Why, what evil hath He done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let Him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children" (Matt. xxvii. 23–25).

IV. Weary of resistance, Pilate seems reluctantly to have given over Jesus to be scourged, perhaps with some faint hope that this preliminary severity, which, according to the barbarous custom of that time, preceded the punishment of death, might satiate the cruelty of his persecutors; and that the people, moved by the spectacle of suffering and shame, might yet relent, and interpose to save Him from the cross: "Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged Him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands. Pilate there-

fore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him. Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!" (John xix. 1–5.)

The concession only stimulated the fury of his adversaries. So far from being melted to pity by an exhibition which Pilate might think enough to soften the very stones, the Jews were provoked the more by these repeated delays; and the sight of blood, streaming from under the crown of thorns down that holy head, served but to whet their appetite for more. "Behold the man!" says Pilate, pointing to that scourged and bleeding sufferer, whose meek endurance might have disarmed the very wrath of devils! But all the more "the chief priests and officers cried out, Crucify him, crucify him" (John xix. 6).

And now, perceiving clearly the sort of man with whom they had to deal—emboldened by Pilate's evident distress, and presuming on his irresolution, the Jews lay aside all disguise and press at once to their point. They no longer consider it necessary to keep up so much as the form of an accusation of treason. They avow the real cause of their hostility. Not even professing to submit to Pilate's judgment, they seem to reckon confidently on his accommodating himself to theirs. Seeing that he has not firmness to decide according to his own views, they gather courage, and require him broadly and nakedly to decide according to theirs: "The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made himself the Son of God" (John xix. 7).

V. But they had well-nigh overshot the mark. The expression which they let fall renewed all Pilate's scruples, and once more shook his purpose—"He made Himself the Son of God." "Made himself! Can it be that He really is so? It may be, then"—as Pilate from the first could not help surmising—"that this Jesus has authority, and witnesses truth." He has the authority of God; He witnesses the truth of God; for He is the Son of God. He said so. These Jews now tell Pilate that He said so; and they let out that it was because He said so that they hated and would crucify Him. It turns out that their pretence of jealousy about Cæsar's prerogative is but a blind and false colour. Something far more awful is here really involved. Pilate sees this clearly now; and, seeing it, may he not even now stop short and retrace his steps? As it is, he once more pauses and resumes his examination.

O that he had but given fair play to his own convictions!—he might even yet have been saved and blessed. He has another precious opportunity. Once more, away from all Jewish clamours, in the inner hall of judgment, the judge confers with his prisoner. Jesus "is led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth." "When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer" (John xix. 8, 9). His silence is the silence, not of disrespect, but of awful, divine authority. He has met the charge already brought against Him. He has explained what might give rise to the accusation of treason; and, in doing so, He has said enough to determine Pilate's decision, and Pilate is bound to decide. This new question, so earnestly put, is not necessary or relevant; it is not to the point, it is not to the purpose. "Whence art thou?" asks the trembling Roman—"Whence art thou, that thou shouldst make thyself the Son of God?"

Dost thou ask this, O Pilate! as an inquirer? Wilt thou also be his disciple? If so, thou shalt not long be at a loss for an answer. Thou art not far from one even now. It is in thy heart already, if out of thy heart thou wouldst allow thy mouth to speak.

Meanwhile thy function as judge is not yet discharged. There is a case before thee to be disposed of, and there are all the elements for disposing of it. Do justice according to the dictates of thine own conscience, not according to the prejudices and passions of others. Till then Jesus is silent.

Vexed by this silence, and provoked perhaps by the calm demeanour of the Lord, contrasting so painfully with his own agitation, Pilate suffers one flash of his natural impatience and the insolence of office to escape him, in a scene which has hitherto overawed him. He reminds the prisoner of his power over Him—a power which, though subordinate to that of the emperor, was practically, in such cases and in that distant province, absolute and arbitrary: "Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" (John xix. 10.) It is an unworthy taunt against one in whom he himself acknowledges that he could find no fault. It marks a secret misgiving in regard to the equity of his procedure. Conscious of having no other ground to stand upon, he takes refuge in the last and worst argument of cowardly tyranny,—the argument of mere power.

Alas! this too is but a refuge of lies. There is no escaping from the searching glance of One who seems to pierce his very soul. Infatuated man! this power of which thou makest a boast, however practically irresponsible in so far as thy master on earth, the emperor, is concerned, is not so in reality. It is given thee from above,—it is of God. "Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin" (John xix. 11).

But yield, after all, he did; although to the last—all the more after this closing interview—he would fain have delivered his prisoner. "From henceforth," more than ever, "Pilate sought to release Him: but the Jews cried out, If thou let Him go, thou art not Cæsar's friend" (John xix. 12). The struggle becomes more desperate as it draws near its close. The claim of Jesus—his claim of sovereignty as a king, of truth as a witness, and now even of divinity as the Son of God—is pressing closer and closer on the conscience. But alas! alas! the loud cry prevails, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend."

Ah! it had been well for Pilate if, at this eleventh hour, in this final crisis of his mental struggle, the Lord's appeal to his tremendous responsibility, as having no power but from above, had been effectual to make him feel that he had no discretion, that he was shut up to the necessity of deciding for Jesus, and owning him as the King, the true Witness, the

Son of God. It had been still better if, at the very first, when the idea of sovereignty and of truth, as not fictions but realities, took hold of his mind, he had learned to stand in awe, that he might not sin, —to believe, that he might be saved. If there be ground for the vague rumours of history, he had but little ease or peace in his future life, which he himself it is said, in disgrace and exile, terminated by a voluntary death. It is a solemn reflection to think how near the vacillating judge, the despairing suicide, may once have been to a believer. It is a most emphatic warning to all, to trifle with no convictions of their own, to yield to no solicitations of others, to let the word of God have free course in their hearts, and to offer no resistance to the strivings of his good Spirit.*

UPRIGHTNESS.

THERE is a well-known saying, which has become proverbial,—"Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue."

Schiller, in his character of Viglius, gives a description of him which is equally worthy, from its discriminating truthfulness, of passing into a proverb. The words are these: "He belonged to those upright men, who are indispensable to the bad; on his honesty treachery reckoned." This was a high tribute to the character of Viglius, the learned and conscientious President of the Privy Council of the Netherlands, especially in such times as those in which he lived—in the sixteenth century. But the words contain a deep truth, of general application; the honest and upright are indispensable to the false and deceitful; unless such people could reckon on others being different from themselves, all their plans might fail; for plot would be met by counter-plot, and there would be a contest between two deceivers, in which one would be as likely to win as the other.

I once read a story which furnishes a case in point—a story about two contractors—American, I think, but of that I am not sure; for I write from memory only. A railway was to be made, and tenders had been advertised for; on the day on which they were to be sent in, two rival contractors found themselves in the same coffee-room. They were the two chief contractors of the district; and it was generally understood that one or the other of them would get the work. They knew one another, and each knew what the other was come for; but they did not speak. They were alone in the room. The one whom I will call Mr. A. stood with his back to the fire, giving a last thought to the sum for which he should tender. As he stood, the other, Mr. B., took his seat at a table, and began to write. "If I could but know what he is putting down!" thought A., for he saw clearly that the paper spread before him was his tender, to be sent in that day. Mr. B. finished his writing, signed his name, pressed the paper on the blotting-pad, folded and directed it, put it in his pocket and left the room.

"A good chance for me!" said Mr. A. to himself. He hurried to the table, sat down where B. had sat, and eagerly scrutinised the blotting-paper. Yes, there it was, quite plain! "Six hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars." That was the amount of B.'s tender.

"Now I have him!" cried A. joyfully. He took his own tender from his pocket, filled in the blank with "Six hundred and eighty-two thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars," hurried to the office and deposited the tender.

A week passed, during which Mr. A. went about with a cheerful face, feeling quite sure of the contract. At the end of that time the decision of the directors came out.

To his surprise and consternation B.'s tender, not his, was accepted; the sum was six hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars. Poor Mr. A. left the office crestfallen and perplexed. He had lost the contract. How could it be?

Some time after, when all was over, he happened to meet his successful rival. "Now, tell me, B.," he said, "how was it about that contract? You remember our being in the coffee-room together that day; well, to tell you the truth, as soon as you were gone, I looked at the pad where you had been writing, and there I saw 'Six hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars'; I'm sure of it, the writing was quite fresh and clear."

"You're quite right, my friend," said the other; "that *was* the sum you saw. I knew you'd look as soon as I was gone, so I wrote the wrong sum on a bit of paper, and blotted it on the pad; I was not so green as to blot the tender with *you* in the room."

Now, in that case, there was no Viglius at all; neither of these men was upright. But A. thought that B. was; he reckoned on his sincerity, and made his plan accordingly; B.'s honesty was in fact indispensable to A.'s success; and, B.'s truthfulness failing, A. failed too. B., on the other hand, reversed the words of Schiller. He reckoned on A.'s dishonesty and craft; and, knowing his man, he was not disappointed. Here, in short, two crafty men, A. and B., were plotting and counter-plotting, and B. happened to win.

But who would not rather be like President Viglius? Such a man may indeed often be outwitted by the crafty, to whom he is so indispensable: he may lose a contract, get the worst in a bargain, or fail in an election; he may often fare thus. But look at the two in the long-run. In nine cases out of ten, the honest and truthful prove to have the best of it. The old proverb comes true, "Honesty is the best policy."

This, however, is but low ground to take. Character, and the esteem of good men, is worth more than money. President Viglius was honoured by all while he lived, though by no means highly successful; and Schiller's character of him is that by which he is known now—three hundred years after his death. What is now thought, or even known, of his false and crafty contemporaries?

But this, again, is by no means the highest ground that may be taken. The crafty and deceitful are displeasing to God; the upright are his delight. An untruthful Christian is an impossibility; the man of craft, whatever may be his profession, is no disciple of the Lord Jesus. God requires "truth in the inward parts," truth in the thoughts and plans, truth in the actions, truth in the words.

* From 'Scripture Characters," by the Rev. R. S. Candlish, D.D. (Nelsons).

Much is said in the Bible about the upright. No character can be acceptable to God in which uprightness is wanting. It is of no use to plead custom, universal practice, an artificial state of society, and so forth. Before God all such pleas go for nothing. Honesty and truthfulness cannot indeed justify in His sight; but no one will be justified without them. This is true for all time, and for all ranks, and for all ages. The word indispensable applies here also; God will not dispense with uprightness. He would not under the Law; He will not under the Gospel. F. B.

MAUNA LOA.

THE PRESENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

DURING a recent visit to the pretty little town of Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, the largest and most southerly of the Sandwich group, I was greatly impressed by the feeling of uncertainty, and the constant possibility of danger, which must ever be present with those who make their home within thirty miles of a mighty, ever-active volcano, whose ceaseless internal action causes the solid rock to tremble, and the whole isle to quiver with convulsive throes. There is no moment when the island is not thus liable to earthquakes; but the times of exceptional anxiety are those when the internal fires, not content with disporting themselves within the two vast craters (Kilauea on the flank of the mountain, and Mokua-weo-weo on its summit) either overflow the latter and pour in rivers of fire down the side of the mountain, or else, rending for themselves a new outlet, flow towards the sea-board, overwhelming whatever lies in their way. Such danger has again lately threatened the pleasant homes of Hilo, towards which day by day the fiery river of molten rock flows steadily onward, ever drawing nearer and nearer. But the majority of the people, living in continual contemplation of these wonderful phenomena, are happily inspired with a living faith in the protection of One who ruleth over all, and they tell how often in past years danger has appeared as imminent and yet has been averted.

Thus, in 1852, when the crater on the summit of Mauna Loa was filled to the brim, forming a lake of fire fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, suddenly on the side towards Hilo the flank of the mountain was rent four thousand feet below the summit, and a fire fountain of amazing splendour burst forth amid appalling detonations and explosions. For twenty days and nights a column of liquid lava, upwards of a thousand feet in height, and a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, was continuously thrown up, falling in cataracts of white-hot molten stone like fountains of spray, and pouring down the steep side of the mountain in a mighty river.

The Rev. Titus Coan, well-named the high priest of the volcano, hewed a path through the forest till he reached the point of eruption, and spent a night beside the fire fountain, of which he was thus enabled to take accurate observations. This point is marked by a cone four hundred feet in height and a mile in circumference, which was entirely formed in those twenty days.

So vivid was the glow that the people of Hilo could read small print at midnight, and ships at sea, at a distance of a hundred miles, not only saw the pillar of fire, but found their decks strewn with cinders and charred leaves, wafted from the burning forests, through which the fire river burnt its terrible way, travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour. It came within ten miles of Hilo, and great was the alarm in that peaceful village. Yet its people tell how "the angel of the Lord encamped around them and the fiery stream was stayed."

Again, in 1855, a terrible eruption occurred, which, like that of '52, commenced near the summit of Mauna Loa, and poured down the mountain in fiery fusion, which in some places was three miles in width, and in others formed lakes from five to eight miles broad, then parting formed a network of rivers, burning their way through the forest, and leaping precipices in a succession of cataracts and rapids. At one point the river disappeared, and for ten miles flowed subterraneously with horrid noises. Here and there occurred openings through which glimpses might be obtained of the awful scene below. Those whose intense interest overcame their prudence, peered down these chimneys and beheld the stream rushing down a declivity of from ten to twenty-five degrees, its velocity being fully forty miles an hour. So insecure was the ground, so deadly the gases, so unbearable the heat, that they were compelled to retreat; but they camped for the night beneath a great tree within ten feet of the flowing lava, and watched a fearful conflict betwixt the elements as the lava stream reached the brink of a river and poured in a fiery cataract over a precipice of forty feet into a basin of deep water, which raged and boiled till it was all converted into steam. By this time the sheltering tree was ablaze, and the explorers were compelled to retreat. For three months this lava-flow advanced steadily towards Hilo in a stream of such volume as would have entirely covered the town and filled the harbour. But when it was within six miles of the town the people assembled, like the Ninevites of old, to hold solemn services, and once more their cry was heard and the danger was literally turned aside. For though the great roaring furnace on the mount was in full blast for twelve months more (fifteen months in all) yet (say the people of Hilo) "the Lord suffered it not to come another foot nearer to us, but the fiery flood divided and flowed to the right and to the left in streams sixty miles in length, covering nearly three hundred square miles, and depositing millions of tons of lava."

Again and again in later as in earlier years have there been signs and tokens which might well cause the stoutest heart to quail. Eruptions, roarings, detonations, terrific land-slips and mud-flows, which have overwhelmed whole villages with their inhabitants, and destroyed immense herds of cattle—

terrible tidal waves, twenty feet in height, which have swept the shore and washed away hundreds of houses—and there have been earthquakes without number. I was told by a lady who had escaped with her life from a ruined house, that on one occasion during ten days the earth never ceased rocking like a rocking-chair, but trembled continuously, shock succeeding shock without intermission. All these are but suggestions of the awful volcanic phenomena with which the people of Hawaii are but too familiar.

Now, once more, imminent danger has threatened the town. Last November the clouds resting on the summit of Mauna Loa reflected that fiery glow which invariably tells of fires rising within its mighty furnace. Soon the fire-flood forced an opening for itself, on the side of the mountain facing Hilo, and the fire fountains played, and already three huge cones have been formed on the mountain, one of them 400 feet in height, materially altering its simple curves, which to me were always suggestive of the back of a gigantic stranded whale.

Meanwhile the stream poured downward till it reached the comparatively level plain which lies between Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, where it had space to expand and soon formed a great lake of tossing, raging fire, covering an area several miles in extent. A gentleman who visited the scene, writes: "I could see the whole line of fire along the summit of Mauna Loa . . . . and a tremendous river of fire pouring down its steep sides; it glowed with an intense white light, and flowed furiously. Above us shone the brilliant fountain head, and thence poured a stream of liquid lava, brighter by far than ordinary fire, as we could see how pale a flame looked in comparison whenever a bush ignited and blazed up. We beheld a river of fire at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of light. There was not a single break in its whole length. The front edge, which was three-fourths of a mile wide, was of an intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced over the trees and scrubs bright flames flashed up and then died down again. All at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half way up the mountain and flowed over, like an immense fountain. Later we struck across an old lava flow and found ourselves on the very edge of the moving *river of rock*. What a sight was that! Not twenty feet from us was this vast stream, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders many tons in weight, as water would carry a toy boat. The whole front edge was one bright-red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered by another avalanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The whole mass was at its front edge from twelve to thirty feet in height. Along the whole line of its advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling, red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scoriæ. The latter would frequently run down the slope like water, only all separate in red-hot grains. The whole mass was (on the top where no red-hot rock could be seen) of a dull brick-colour. A tremendous heat arose from its surface. It was entirely composed of *a-a*, the very roughest sort of lava. Its advance was very slow but sure. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring, like ten thousand blast-furnaces all working at once."

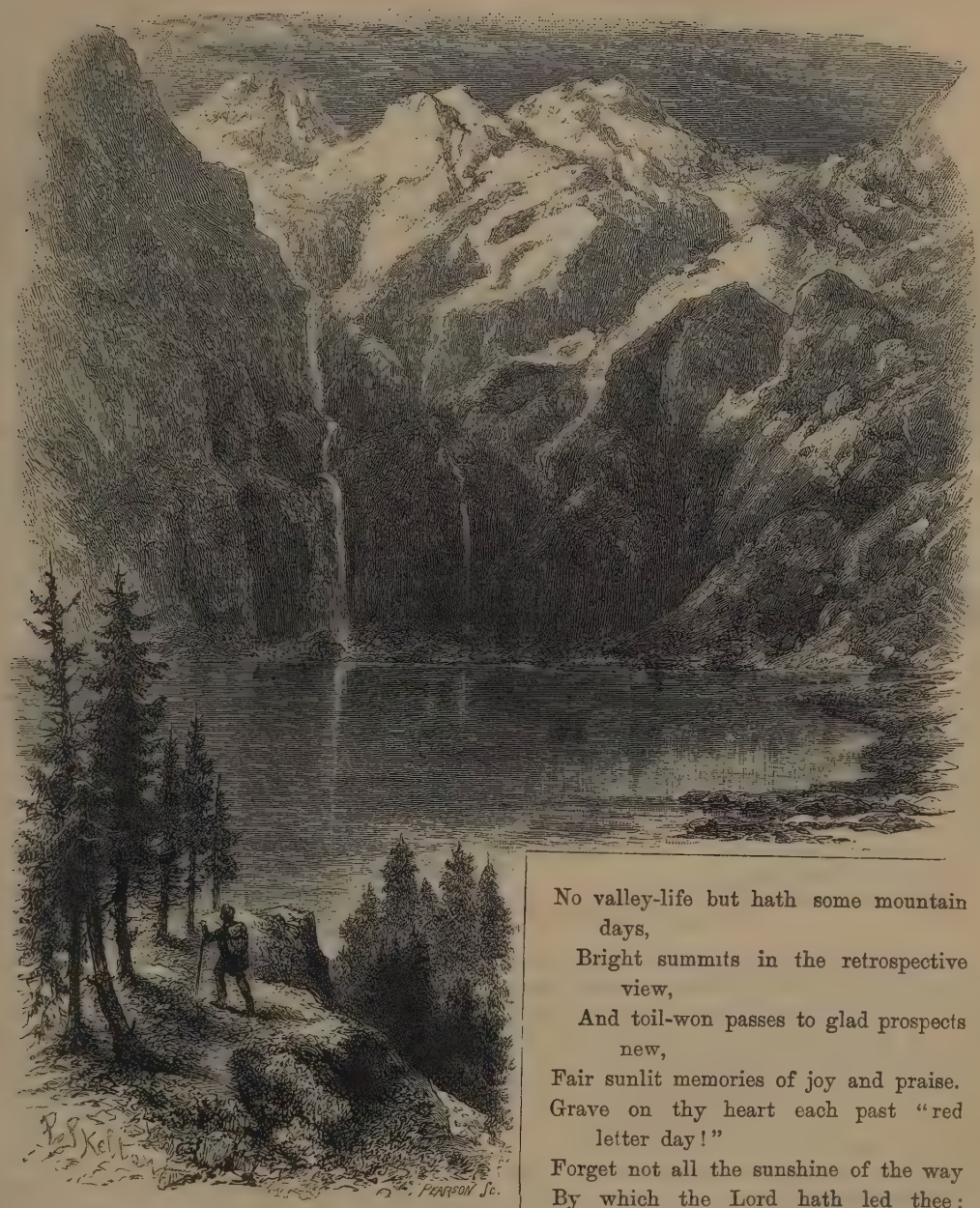
Other eye-witnesses write that the appearance of this river of *a-a* is awful beyond description, rolling, grinding, and burning its terrible way with irresistible force. The three new crater mounds, which so materially alter the dome-like outline of Mauna Loa, lie at intervals apparently two or three miles apart, and each is a centre of active eruption. Mr. W. B. Oleson who started from Hilo on the 15th of November to make observations, says: "As we came up to the flow we beheld only a black mass, and the sight was hideous. So far as could be seen there was an indescribable tumble of *a-a* from ten to twenty feet high, having almost perpendicular sides so that it seemed ready to crash down upon us as we stood beside it. We succeeded in getting on top of the flow, but had to move briskly, because of a dry heat which told us plainly enough that the lava was all molten beneath us. Ascending Mauna Kea, we had some magnificent views of Mokua-weo-weo and the subsidiary crater on the eastern slope. Two broad streams, like twin rivers, were flowing down the mountain for a distance of half a mile, when they seemed to go underground. . . .The lava has flowed about twenty-five miles towards Hilo, and is now about twenty miles distant from it."

On the 1st of December Judge Hitchcock started from Hilo with a friend, to reconnoitre. He crossed several flows of the roughest *a-a*, and climbed the mountain, till he stood beside the newly-formed crater, whence a stream of red-hot *a-a* was rolling downwards, and huge rock masses occasionally fell from the steep sides and were hurled to the bottom of the mountain, setting fire to every tree they touched. A hundred feet farther he came on another stream of *a-a* in a semi-fluid state, just sufficiently liquid to flow. I can best describe the lava known by this name, as resembling those tumbled blocks of concrete of which breakwaters are constructed. It is the most impossible formation to walk over, whereas the smooth lava or pahoe-hoe, which is equally abundant, has a glossy and polished surface, and is generally of a creamy colour. It is very singular that in the present eruption, no pahoe-hoe has been ejected, only the black *a-a*.

On the 9th of February the lava-flow had advanced to within ten miles of Hilo. It was then a stream half a mile in width, but running so sluggishly, that there was good reason to hope that, unless reinforced from the upper furnace, it might not have strength left to reach the town. Nevertheless, it was impossible not to sympathise in the anxieties of the inhabitants, who, day by day, look on their pleasant homes bowered in rich tropical foliage, not knowing but that ere the morrow they might be compelled to fly, leaving the little town to share the fate of more classical cities.

This volcano is memorable in missionary history, in connection with the heroic exploit of Kapiolani. The old tradition of the islands which made the crater the abode of a divinity is in harmony with the scene. These tremendous manifestations of force are among the sublimest sights of creation, and exalt our conceptions of the Divine Power.

> "What were Pele's wrath, if robed
> In fire-clouds she should dare Jehovah? what
> The rending earth compared to His dread step
> Who made all worlds?"



My Alpenstock.

MY Alpine staff recalls each shining height,
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,
Carved with a lengthening record, self explained,
Of mountain memories sublime and bright.

No valley-life but hath some mountain days,
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.
Grave on thy heart each past "red letter day!"
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers,
And joys unasked; strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes. Thus thy life shall be
One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THROUGH THE LINN;

OR, MISS TEMPLE'S WARDS.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF 'MURIEL BERTRAM,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.—LETTERS.

IN the course of the following day a letter from Lettice arrived at Proserpine Lodge:

"DEAR MISS TEMPLE,

"Thank you for the telegram, and the promise of help. I have not much to tell in the way of particulars. Violet is very ill,—much too ill to travel. I have called in a doctor this afternoon, and he says there is inflammation and it ought to have been attended to sooner. I am very unhappy. My telegram has told you that I am sorry for what I have done, or I would say so now. I wish I could undo the last fortnight.

"We have been in these lodgings ever since we came. I have sold my trinkets to get along, for I could not find work.

"The doctor does not believe it will be possible to move Violet for some days.

"Believe me, your affectionate cousin,

"LETTICE MAJENDIE."

Miss Temple was perplexed. She could not detect the under-strain of bitter distress and humiliation which breathed through every word so hardly uttered by the once high-spirited girl. To her short sight each line spoke of defiant and unconquered pride. "But she will be taken down yet," thought Miss Temple. "She will find what is thought of her conduct in Brentwood."

A letter, more free in expression, went at the same time from the Brighton lodgings to a certain north-country vicarage.

"MY DEAREST AUNT JEANNIE,

"I do not know what you will say when this reaches you. I do not know what you will have been thinking of me,—only I know you will have been sad and anxious all these ten days. You will have heard about my leaving Brentwood with Violet, because Miss Temple meant to send her to school.

"I cannot think now what made me do it. I almost fancy a sort of madness came over me. I could see nothing clearly, and understand nothing rightly, except that I should have to lose my Violet.

"I see now how wrong it was,—how wrong I was. I am beginning to understand how it will have looked to you and Mr. Canynge,—and, oh, I *do* mind that, though I don't care so much about other people. It was very wrong, and I am very miserable. O Aunt Jeannie, will you forgive me? will you write one little word of comfort, just to say you do not altogether cast me off? If you do not, I almost think my heart will break. There is such a load upon me night and day. I don't know how to bear up.

"Violet—my own little Violet—is ill, dangerously ill. The doctor does not quite say that, but I know he means it. And it is I that have made her ill. She took a chill in the night-journey from Brentwood,—oh, how could I expose her to it?—and ever since she has been going down and down. It seems to have settled on the lungs, and there is acute inflammation,—not for the first time in her life, as you know. I do not think she seems more ill now than when she was a little child. But I cannot hope. All is blank despair. I cannot expect her to get well, for I have brought it on her by my wilfulness, and how can I pray or look for an answer?

"I have no one in the whole world whom I can look to except you. I have told Miss Temple I am sorry, and she will have us back again. But I have no comfort in thinking of her. It is all cold dreary pain.

"I cannot write more, for Violet needs me now. Some day, soon, you shall hear all particulars.

"Your loving and unhappy

"LETTICE."

There came two letters in response by return of post, Miss Temple's arriving first.

"MY DEAR LETTICE,

"I think you might, under the circumstances, have taken the trouble to give me a few more particulars, but of course you are too much taken up with Violet. I am sorry she is ill, but it is only what one might expect, travelling by night at this time of year. What doctor have you called in? There are a great many in Brighton, and you have nobody to advise you, but of course the thing is done now and cannot be undone, I hope you will be careful as to expense, for I am not rich, and I wish you not to remain at Brighton a day longer than is needful, you must please write every day and tell me exactly how Violet is, I wish to be kept informed. I hope you are sensible of the very wrong manner in which you have acted, and how it will look in the eyes of the world—such a thing as a girl of nineteen defying all authority is scarcely ever heard of—and everyone is shocked, particularly my cousins the Temples, but I hope you are sincerely sorry and will come home in a different temper, so no more need be said about it, I am

villing to forgive you as you say you are sorry, hough I do not think it is desirable to forget, you ught to learn a lesson and take warning for your uture life from this melancholy failure, it all comes rom an undisciplined nature and want of a properly ubmissive spirit. I am sure when I was a girl I hould have been horrified at the thoughts of run- ing away from my home, merely because my dear nother wanted to make some arrangement not quite ccording to my taste, but then my dear father and nother always insisted on obedience from early hildhood, while you have evidently been accus- omed to your own way from early infancy, but I hall say no more about the matter, since you say ou are sorry, though I certainly should have looked or a little stronger expression of regret on your art after all the anxiety and suspense you have occa- ioned, but no doubt you did not fully realise this, eople seldom do who are accustomed always to take heir own way, I shall say no more, as the re- roaches of your own conscience and Violet's illness re no doubt a sufficient punishment, and I hope you ill never act in such a manner again. Be sure you rite to-morrow and tell me what day the doctor inks you will be able to come home, as I am par- icularly anxious not to have delays. Tell me what our last week's bills came to, that I may judge if ou are living economically, as I do not suppose you ave ever had much experience in housekeeping, rtainly not on a small scale; I hope Violet is etter to-day, and will soon be able to travel, and I emain

"Yours truly

"SELINA TEMPLE."

Lettice was smarting still under the scratches dministered by Miss Temple's quill, when the cond answer arrived, written in tremulous pencil- nes:

MY OWN DARLING LETTICE,

"Thank God you are found,—oh, thank God. y heart has been very very sore for you.

"I wish I could hasten to your side, but I cannot. too am ill and in bed. I can only pray for my rling.

"The good news will do me good, and I hope shall be better soon. Meantime I send you these w lines, against my nurse's orders.

"My poor poor child, God comfort thee. He will, you will ask Him. No helper have you? Oh, why t Jesus, the Son of God,—so near, so tender, loving? Are you shutting your heart against im still?

"I know you have acted wrongly,—very, very rongly. It has been *sin*, my Lettice. I cannot oss over the bitter truth, in false tenderness. It s been grievous sin to rebel thus, and to break ose thus from the authority under which you were aced. My darling, never, never in life yield to ch a spirit again. You little knew the danger the position in which you placed yourself,—the eepness of the sliding scale which you began cklessly to descend. Thank God, a Father's hand s been outstretched to save you. O my child, w my heart has cried out for you, these long sad ys of waiting,—for you are but a child, and did t half know the danger and the sin.

"But if you come to His feet, He will not turn from you. Come now—now and don't wait. The sin isn't too dark for His cleansing blood to wash it away. Our Father is ready to forgive and to help, and to give you his Spirit's leading. His ways are not as our ways. Lettice, my dear, you will need His comfort and strength to bear you on,—for you will suffer. Maybe among men you will have cold- ness and reproaches; and the thought that you have brought them on yourself, and the knowledge that you deserve them, will not make them easier to bear. Yet you must bear, and bear meekly. Re- member that you have caused much trouble and anxiety to others of late. Try to think of that, and to forget yourself.

"For our little Violet I can only pray, and so must you. God grant speedy recovery. It is for you, a bitter thought that her illness is connected with your journey. She *might* have had it in Brentwood, but this will give you small comfort. Let me know often how she gets on. I can write no more to-day.

"Ever your own loving

"AUNT JEANNIE."

"I thought she would have come," murmured Lettice, over this sheet. "I did think she would have come. But she cannot. Have I made her ill too?"

Then she went back to her lonely watch beside the little suffering sister. She could rarely leave Violet for a minute. Night and day her attention needed to be on the alert, and she had no one to give her help. Where Violet was concerned her energy seemed to be unbounded, and as yet she was scarcely conscious of the need of rest.

"I have just seen Miss Temple," Sylvester remarked, two or three days later. He had entered the drawing-room, where his mother and sister were working, on his return from a walk, and had made one or two previous observations of no particular importance.

"And the last news?" said Mervyn, while Brena looked up silently.

"Very bad accounts of the child. It seems extremely doubtful whether she will pull through,—poor little creature. She may be dying, even now." Sylvester spoke feelingly.

Brena's blue eyes were full to overflowing. "And Lettice," she said—"and how about Lettice? Does any one know how she is?"

"I do not think she spoke of her own health," said Sylvester, the pity in his tone changing to coldness. "I did not see the letter, but Miss Temple read aloud parts. The style of expression is short and matter-of-fact, but I should judge her to be exceedingly unhappy."

"As she has good reason to be," added Mervyn. "If Violet dies, it is her sister's doing."

"O Mervyn, that is hard," almost sobbed Brena. "Think what it must be to her,—loving Violet as she does. Those two are all in all to one another. I cannot imagine Lettice without Violet. Mother, don't you think Miss Temple ought to go to them?"

"I cannot decide for another. It certainly seems sad for Lettice to be alone with her little sister in that state. But she has brought it on herself, by her own deliberate action."

"Impulsive action, rather," said Mervyn. "I have no doubt she heartily regrets it by this time. Brena, I strongly recommend you not to indulge in any wild dreams about yourself rushing to the rescue. My mother is not likely to consent to any such move."

"Brena! No!" said Sylvester.

"Why not?" asked Brena. "They are in need—Violet ill—Lettice lonely and unhappy. I might get hold of her now in a way I could not do at any other time. Mother, I have often gone to the help of those needing it less than Lettice does now."

"I knew it," muttered Mervyn. "I saw it in your face." And Sylvester repeated decisively, "On no account. It would never do."

"Because Lettice has been in the wrong? But she is sorry now. She has said so, and Miss Temple forgives her. Would you have us cast her off, Sylvester, because of one wrong and foolish step?"

"There is many a one wrong and foolish step, which must bring after-consequences for a long time. It is a needful law for the checking of evil. I am thoroughly disappointed in Miss Majendie," and as he spoke it dawned upon Brena how deep his sense of disappointment was, and how much of his apparent sternness sprang from that feeling. "I would not have her 'cast off,' as you call it, by her friends, but she cannot expect to find herself quite in her old position; and above all I could not on any account have you go to stay with her, Brena."

"Sylvester is right," said Mrs. Temple. "I could not consent, my dear."

"But, mother—forgive me—but isn't that putting the thought of ourselves before Lettice? Surely someone ought to be there. Lettice is so young—not yet twenty. Is she fit to be left to nurse alone a dying child,—not a friend within hundreds of miles of them? Violet may any day be dying. Suppose she does die, and Lettice is alone with her. It might drive Lettice out of her mind. How could she bear it? I don't want to underrate the evil of what Lettice has done. I know she was foolish and reckless and wild. But isn't she punished? Think how much she has gone through before, and think what this fortnight must have been to her. Only nineteen, mother, and she is motherless and fatherless and almost friendless!"

"She need not be that," said Mervyn.

"Perhaps not, but she *is*. Mother, you told us you and Mr. Temple were speaking about the prodigal son. Would his father have stayed away from him, and left him all alone in misery, if he had sent a message of repentance and could not have come home? I can't bear to think what Lettice may be suffering. It haunts me at night. Surely hers is not a common case. Do you think it can be God's will that she should be left like this,—that no one should go to her? What if she should be goaded to desperation, and not come home after all? She must dread her first meeting with Miss Temple. Mother, is there no hope of moving you and Sylvester? Cannot you see that it may be, perhaps, my *duty* to go—if you would consent?"

The eager girl was kneeling by this time beside her mother, with blue eyes raised in tearful entreaty. Mrs. Temple returned the gaze with a thoughtful air, but did not speak.

"You are eloquent, Brena," said Sylvester, stooping forward to pick up a pencil, and perhaps also to hide a troubled expression. "You do not, however, touch the real point of the matter. If my mother could yield, which I doubt, you would go only in direct opposition to my will."

"A thing I could not do. But I would convince you first."

"Impossible. Nothing can touch my feeling on that subject. It is not a right or desirable plan for you. Miss Majendie has placed herself by her late action in a questionable position. You are very little older than she is; I would not on any account have you staying in lodgings alone with Miss Majendie, under present circumstances."

But Brena's words did not fall to the ground. Mrs. Temple showed no sign of yielding, yet she went to Proserpine Lodge that same afternoon, and used considerable pressure to induce Miss Temple to take the journey. She had ordinarily much influence with her cousin, but the influence failed here. Miss Temple utterly declined to take any such step. It was quite impossible, she said; she really was not in health for it after the agitation of the past fortnight; also she could not afford the expense, in addition to all that Lettice had entailed on her; also she did not believe there was the slightest necessity. Lettice was probably tempted to make the most of Violet's illness, but for her part she had no doubt the child would recover,—not the smallest doubt; and as for Lettice, Miss Temple did not suppose she knew the meaning of loneliness or of what it was to want help, she was so exceedingly independent and self-reliant. Anna Temple might read Lettice's letters, and judge for herself, if she liked. Lettice wrote quite composedly, which she was not likely to do if Violet were really in danger.

Mrs. Temple did read them, and did draw her own conclusions, the said conclusions being in direct opposition to Miss Temple's views on the subject. While she was reading, Vandal entered in his noiseless and shrinking style. She was too much absorbed to perceive him, and he stood waiting till she had finished and could look up.

"The very person I wanted to see. You just now came into my head. How do you do, Vandal?"

"Tolerably well, thank you. You wished to see me?"

"Yes. I think someone ought to go to Lettice Majendie."

Did Mrs. Temple mean to order him off to Brighton, there and then? Vandal thought of the two journeys past, and pictured dismally a third in possible prospect—another railway experience, another night in a strange room, another supper of gruel prepared by unaccustomed fingers. These thoughts flashed through his mind, while he smiled feebly, and asked,—

"Do you think it is needful?"

"So needful that I hardly see how any of us can be content to leave things longer as they are. Pardon me, I am not the person responsible, and this may look like interfering. But some words I said, or some admission I made to Selina, seem to have decided her on the step of sending Violet to school, therefore I can hardly avoid a touch of responsibility in the matter."

Vandal slightly moved his eyebrows, for his sister daily assured him that his influence alone had had that same effect.

"I may of course be mistaken," Mrs. Temple continued; "but it seems to me that Lettice Majendie is enduring a strain which cannot safely be allowed to go on. She may break down under it. No girl of nineteen can long stand severe day and night nursing, with no intermission, and no assistance."

"She has brought it on herself. It is not my doing," said Miss Temple.

"I am aware of that. You cannot blame her more gravely than I do. But the question of her present need is a different matter. It is merely common humanity not to leave her with more on her hands than she has strength to undertake, and with no friend to whom she can appeal. She might suffer permanently in consequence."

"She won't break down. There is no fear. I knew her too well."

"I am afraid Selina will not go," said Vandal mournfully. "She has said so often that nothing should induce her. I suppose—I suppose—if it must be—inevitably—that the duty will fall to me—if you consider the call so strong——"

"Not the call to you," said Mrs. Temple. "It is woman's help that is needed. If Selina cannot go, I know of no better plan than that I should run down to Brighton myself for two or three days. I could judge better on the spot as to the actual state of affairs, and, if necessary, I could even procure a nurse for the child—not of course without consulting you. But you need have no scruples as to the trouble. A journey is no trouble to me, and I have old friends in Brighton, whom I shall be glad to see. I confess I do not think the present posture of affairs satisfactory; and if I go you will become acquainted with all needful particulars."

Vandal was grateful, and his sister was somewhat dumbfoundered. Why Mrs. Temple should propose to take such a step, with all its attendant outlay and exertion, on behalf of one who had not even the claims of relationship to plead, and one, moreover, whose conduct Mrs. Temple highly disapproved, was to Miss Temple a mystery. In her uneasy fear of what might be said if she remained at home, allowing her cousin to go in her stead, she was almost ready there and then to relax in her resolution. But Mrs. Temple and Vandal, either from ignorance of her semi-willingness, or from satisfaction with the present plan, offered her no further encouragement to do so; and she did not count it dignified to recede without encouragement sufficient to form an adequate excuse.

Lettice knew nothing of all this. She kept up to the mark still, continuing her ceaseless watch beside the little sufferer. Snatches of sleep were all that could be obtained. She never ventured to undress, lest Violet should at any time be suddenly taken worse. She did not know how fast her strength was wearing away under the continual strain. Her only aim was to hold out so long as Violet needed her.

"It cannot be much longer now," she thought one day, after the worst night that Violet had yet passed. "She must soon take a turn, and begin to get better,—or——" and with that "or," Lettice's heart went down like lead. She knew the alternative. She had faced it steadily. A speedy change for the better—or—the worst. It had come to that now.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JUNE 12.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS. LUKE XXIV. 13-35.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 32.—*'And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?'*

CONNECTION.—Our previous 'Study' was of Christ upon the Cross. After His death, His entombment is described; the mournful rest of the Sabbath, followed by the early visit of the women to the Sepulchre on the first morning of the week. There they meet with two angels, who say that He is risen. The tidings are regarded by the Apostles as 'idle tales.' But Peter visits the sepulchre, notes the folded grave-clothes, and returns wondering. It is from the evangelists Matthew and John that we learn of the appearance of the risen Saviour to Mary Magdalene and her companions.

I. THE WALK TO EMMAUS.—*Read vers.* 13-16. This **village**—how far from Jerusalem? (Seven miles and a half.)

> The name Emmaus is a corruption of the Hebrew Chammath,* 'Hot Springs,' and was anciently given to at least three places in the Holy Land: one in Galilee (*Josephus*, 'Wars,' iv. 1, § 3); another in the plain of Philistia, about twenty-two miles from Jerusalem westward, also called Nicopolis ('Wars,' iii. 3, § 5); and a third, at a distance of thirty or sixty furlongs from Jerusalem according to different readings in Josephus: ('Wars,' vii. 6, § 6). This last was probably the Emmaus mentioned here; but its actual site is uncertain.

Two of them—of the disciples—the name of one is known (ver. 18), not of the other. Some have conjectured *Luke* himself; and the narrative reads like that of an eyewitness. Evidently they were not of the Twelve; they may have been of the Seventy. It is remarkable that the first appearance of the Saviour after His resurrection should not have been to the Apostles—one of the many hints we have of the honour in which he holds *all* His 'brethren.' That these two had no expectation of His appearance seems shown by their departure from Jerusalem. But still they spake of Him; in a sense those two 'met together in His name,' and He 'was with them.' But they **knew Him not.** The reason assigned for this want of recognition is sufficient: **their eyes were holden.** In the conclusion to St. Mark's Gospel it is stated that He appeared 'in another form' (xvi. 12). Compare John xx. 14; xxi. 4. It was His will to unfold His truth before revealing Himself.

II. THE CONVERSE BY THE WAY. *Read vers.* 17-27. Our Lord courteously asks them the nature of the topic that engages them so earnestly. The question arrests their footsteps for a moment: the latter part of ver. 17, according to the best authorities, reads—**And they stood still, and were sad** (Revised N. T.). Their pause was that of wonder, expressed by **Cleopas** (not Alphæus, the father of James, John xix. 25; the name is different). **Dost Thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know,** etc. Not (as in A. V.), *Art*

* Compare the modern Arabic, *Hammâm* or *Hummum*, for 'Bath.'—*Plumptre.*

Thou ignorant because only a sojourner? but, *Art Thou the only sojourner ignorant* of matters so well known by all? His further question elicits an eager, condensed account of **Jesus the Nazarene**: His character, a **prophet**; His endowments **mighty in deed and word**; His recognition by **all the people** as a messenger from God; His apprehension and death at the hands (virtually) of **priests and rulers** (not *Romans* here: 'our rulers' must mean *Jewish*). But—here speaks the vanished hope—**we** (emphatic, *we disciples*) **trusted** once: no longer now! **Which should have redeemed Israel**—still clinging to the old notion of the temporal deliverance. (See Acts i. 6.) The disappearance of the expectation is still further marked by the reference to **the third day.**

> The words rendered **It is now the third day,** as *Alford* remarks, literally read, *He is now in the third day, since*, etc. They betoken 'a reference, in the mind of the speaker, to His promise of rising on the third day.' 'If there had been any hope, it would have been confirmed before now.'—*Farrar.* The words of these disciples instructively show the point to which faith in Christ had arisen at the time of His death.

Something had indeed happened, but not enough to give them hope nor to stay their journey to Emmaus. **Astonished**—that was all! It was but the story of **certain women** who **found not His body,** and told a tale which was evidently not believed. The women *said* that the angels **said** that **He was alive.** But plainly this was insufficient, confirmatory evidence was wanting. **Certain of them which were with us**; an 'undesigned coincidence' with John. Luke had only mentioned Peter; ver. 12. **Him they saw not.** Yet if Cleopas and his companion had but waited a little longer, they would have heard that Mary and her companions *had seen Him.* Does not our Lord in His reply seem to speak harshly to them? Our word **fools** is too strong, meaning simply 'inconsiderate,' 'without understanding.' **Slow of heart,** etc. This refers to *moral*, as the other word to *intellectual*, deficiency. The error of the Jews was in failing to catch the meaning and intent of prophecy *as a whole.* **Ought not the Christ to have suffered?** 'The prophetic *ought*,' the necessity to complete the Divine plan as declared and commenced in the ancient dispensation.

Beginning at Moses and all the prophets—He began with each severally, as the starting-point of His comments. A Divine Exposition! Our 'Christologies' of the Old Testament: our setting forth of 'Messianic prophecy'; how much would they have gained, could we but have had His citations, His explanatory words! Moses records the promise of a Deliverer, given in the lost paradise; the declaration to Abraham that 'in His seed all nations should be blessed': with the types that pointed to the coming Saviour, the paschal lamb and the scapegoat, the brazen serpent and the smitten rock. David and the Psalmists 'speak of the things which they have made touching the KING.' Isaiah tells of His virgin mother, His name Immanuel, His kingdom of peace, His sufferings, death and victory. Jeremiah and Ezekiel, Daniel, Micah, Zechariah, Malachi, tell in various ways of His names and His renown. There is hardly a prophet in the whole great series who does not directly speak of Him. His birth in Bethlehem, His ministry and wondrous works, His sorrows, rejection and betrayal, the travail of His soul, His very dying words, are all written there. And so now His resurrection and coming Kingdom! We know not what words He said, but from that hour there fell upon the sacred page a light which shines through all the teachings of apostles and evangelists. It was the answer to the prayer that for generations had gone up from the ancient church: *Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law.*

III. CHRIST'S DISCLOSURE OF HIMSELF.—*Read vers.* 28–31. Emmaus was reached only too soon: never had the way appeared so short! **He made as though He would have gone farther.** That is, He would have done so had they not **constrained Him** by friendly, urgent invitation to remain. **Abide with us**: their request has given words to the longing of the Christian heart after the unseen Saviour—the prayer for the evening of the day—for the evening of life:—

'Abide with me; fast falls the eventide'!

He went in, a sign of His gracious readiness to visit the soul that yearns for Him; He both *seeks*, and *is sought*: comp. Rev. iii. 20. And now the time of revelation had come. **He took bread and blessed it.** It was the method which He chose, that their **eyes** might be **opened.** [Not of course, precisely the associations of the *Last Supper*, as these two disciples were not present on that occasion.]

> 'The Lord at this meal takes on Him the office of the *master of the house* (which alone would show that it was not their house, but an inn): and as the Jewish rule was that "three eating together were bound to give thanks," He fufils this duty. In doing so, perhaps the well-known manner of His taking bread, etc., perhaps the marks of the nails in His hands, then first noticed; or these together, as *secondary* means, but certainly *His own will and permission to be seen by them*, opened their eyes to know Him.' —*Alford.*

He vanished out of their sight, plainly showing that our Lord's risen Body differed in its conditions from ordinary corporeal existence (see ver. 36; John xx. 14). And then they recalled the strange influence of His words **by the way,** and wondered that they had not recognised Him before as their **heart burned,** with wonder and delight (Ps. xxxix. 3).

IV. THE DISCIPLES IN JERUSALEM.—*Read vers.* 33–36. **They rose up the same hour,** ardent and eager, disregarding for themselves the length of the way, or the lateness of the evening which had been their argument with Him to remain. It would be about two hours' walk. They **found the Eleven,** *i.e.*, ten of the Eleven, as we know from St. John's Gospel. Which of the number was absent? 'The Eleven' is a collective term for the apostolic group, now that Judas had gone. **They that were with Him**: who were these? (see Acts i. 14). 'The doors were shut for fear of the Jews,' but are readily opened for the new comers, already known as friends. Nor can they tell their tale at once, for a joyful chorus of voices meets them as they enter; **the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.** Of this appearance, recorded also by the Apostle Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 5, nothing more is known. It may have been before or after the journey to Emmaus. At any rate it seems to have been a *solitary* interview between the risen Lord and the disciple who had denied Him. We cannot doubt that it was an hour of penitent confession, of full and free forgiveness—but an *unrecorded* hour—let us not try to read its secrets! (compare Matt. xviii. 15). As soon as Cleopas and his friend could speak **they told** their thrilling tale. [Did all the company believe? See Mark xvi. 12.]

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the number, and what the order, of Christ's recorded appearances to His disciples on the day of His resurrection?

2. Cite the principal passages from the Old Testament fulfilled in the sufferings and glory of the Christ.

3. 'Known in breaking of bread.' Illustrate this characteristic action of our Lord from scenes in His ministry.

4. Show that the disciples were not led either by expectancy or by imagination into the belief that Christ had risen from the dead. What may we learn from their recorded doubts?

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

I.

"The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child."

IT is the sunny land of India. The sun all day has been pouring down his scorching rays on cities and villages, on vast forests where terrible wild beasts live, and on dry sandy plains where, there is little animal life, where indeed, it would be difficult for anything to live, so sandy, so dry, so uncongenial is the soil.

The sun was now setting, and gilding with its last rays heathen temple and pagoda, lofty dome and slender minaret, shining alike on Christian church and heathen temple, glorious type of the Sun of Righteousness, who is ready with His bright beams to illumine all dwellers upon earth.

Some of the sun's last rays shone into a little courtyard, and rested lovingly upon the head of a little child. Such a poor little mite of a child! and what a weary face she had as she lifted it up for a moment and then once more bent over her work, a pretty face too, if it had only been a little cleaner, but at present it was decidedly dirty.

Zuleika Bee, for such was the little girl's name, was a Mussalman child? She possessed, in common with her race, dark eyes, black hair and even, white teeth. Her skin was dark, not so dark as that of the Hindoos who lived in the same city, but still a dark skin, a clear dark brown.

Have you thought, dear reader, what it means to be a Mussalman child. It means to be brought up in the ignorance of the love of God as our Heavenly Father. Of His love in sending His dearly beloved Son to die for us and so pay the penalty our sin had involved upon us, and to make us able to stand without fear before God.

Poor little Zuleika; she had been taught much about God, and in common with all Mussalman children had learnt the truth so far, that there is one God only, and that He does whatever He pleases, and that whatever good or evil happens it is by His permission. To translate their own words, they say, "A little fly cannot move its wings without the permission of Allah (God). He can see a black ant walk on a black slate on a dark night, and can hear its footsteps." But as I said before, of God the Father they knew nothing. God the Creator, God the Judge, God the All-seeing, they believe in, but do not know him as God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Mussalman does believe our Lord to have been a good and holy man, but far inferior to the false prophet Mohammed, who taught this sad religion to his followers.

But I must return to little Zuleika Bee and tell you who she was and how it was that when the sun shone upon her it did not shine upon a very cheerful face, such as we like to see little children wear, but upon a weary and rather sad one.

Zuleika's father and mother were both dead. They had died in the terrible famine time when so many people had perished from starvation.

India is often a very hard country for the poor to live in. Often the rain does not come at the expected time, and then the harvest fails, no rice can grow, and then comes famine, with all its horrors. Zuleika's father was a poor farmer; he had a bit of land on which he grew rice, or paddy as it is called in India while it is growing. It is not called rice till it is separated from the husks. Zuleika was a happy little child at this time, happy and merry all day long. She was the only child of her parents, and they loved her dearly. Every morning she went at early dawn with her father to the field and watched him while he worked. How she loved to see the beautiful green paddy growing in the water with which the field was always flooded, for rice can only grow in water. But when Zuleika was about eight years old a terrible time came. The rain failed! How anxiously every one looked at the sky to the north-east, in which quarter they hoped to see the wished-for rain-clouds. But day succeeded day and week followed week and still no rain came. Not a cloud was to be seen, the "sky was as brass." The sun from early morning till evening shone down with uninterrupted splendour, burning, scorching, killing every green thing, excepting a few palm-trees and they looked brown and withered. All the world seemed burning up to little Zuleika and no more green paddy was to be seen, brown dust, brown trees, brown fields, everything was the same uniform brown burnt up colour. How quickly the small store of rice in Zuleika's poor home failed; soon the day came when the wretched mother had no food for her child, and with despair she sought her husband to tell him the sorrowful truth. What were they to do? Long and anxiously did they wonder what was best to be done. It was not for them to despair, said the father; were they not followers of the prophet Mohammed, who had taught them that all things come from God? They must be resigned to the will of God. For resignation to God's will is one of the first duties instilled into the minds of all Mussalmans. Indeed, together with much that is false there is also much that is to be admired in a true follower of Islam. Let us pray that the time may soon come when the Mussalmans shall acknowledge Jesus as their Saviour, for that they will do so eventually there can be no doubt. Has not God promised his Son the "uttermost parts of the earth as his possession"?

After long consideration they decided to leave their home, and taking with them their few possessions, try and find food and shelter elsewhere. This they accordingly did. Poor Zuleika had to leave all her playfellows and wander away with her parents whither they knew not. They were not the only family who during those fearful times had left their home. Thousands were wandering, homeless and starving, begging when there was any one to beg from, living on roots and leaves, on young bamboos or any other thing they could find, however little support it afforded; so long as they could allay the pangs of hunger, they did not care what it was they ate. On they wandered, day after day, becoming weaker and more weary, often sitting down by the wayside to rest, but still when a little rested pressing on, for they had heard that the kind English people had sent money to buy food for the poor, and that camps had been formed in different places about the country where any poor wanderer would have good food given him every day until the famine time was passed, when he would be helped to return to his own home. How anxiously they looked about them, as they went on, for any signs of this place of refuge. But the way was long, oh, so long, and they were weak and spent, for had they not the little Zuleika to feed? For some days all the food they found—it was only a few leaves—were given to their child; and long before the camp was reached, the poor mother laid down to rise no more in this world. It was not long before her husband followed her. He, too, laid down by the roadside, and when the little Zuleika called to him he did not answer, and she found out that she was now an orphan. Poor little child, all alone in that distant place so far from her home; but what would her home have been to her, without the loving voices which had made it home? She was only eight years old, a tired little, hungry child, faint and sorrowful. She did not know that she had an Almighty Friend, but He knew that He

had a little lamb out there in the jungle, and He regarded her with looks of love and put it into her mind to hurry on in the direction her father had been taking, and so she pressed on, and before very long, alone, she crept into the famine camp safe at last.

Food was quickly given her, and before long she was quite rested and strong as ever. But can you wonder that she looked sad? The terrible experiences of that weary time made a lasting impression upon her, and the remembrance of her dear father and mother would make her weep bitterly; but God who deals graciously with his people, even when they know Him not, has ordained that time shall soften our trials, and so, after a while, Zuleika was often just as merry as ever, and played about happily in the famine camp. She had plenty of companions, for alas! she was not the only famine orphan in that terrible year of 1876. In each famine camp, and they were numerous, there were hundreds of orphans, and great care was taken of them, orphanages being established to receive and educate them. But the Mohammedans would never allow children of their religion to be put into Christian orphanages if they could help it. They hurried to the famine camp as soon as they heard that any Mussalman children were there, to get them away by promising to take charge of them themselves. This they did because they were unwilling that they should become Christians, and wished to bring them up in what they considered to be the true faith.

Zuleika had not been many weeks in the camp when Ibrahim, a poor Mohammedan, hearing of her being there, visited the place, and, seeing her, offered to take her, and bring her up with his own children; and when we first saw her in the courtyard, it was as the little companion and servant of Ibrahim's children. A poor home it was she had come to, but what a pleasant place it was to the little wanderer. All her life she had been accustomed to poverty, but then she had been also accustomed to pure air, and open fields, and this she missed sadly.

Picture to yourself, dear reader, a little square yard, surrounded by a mud wall about six feet high. One side of the yard being roofed in forms a kind of shed, and is divided into two parts, the sitting-room and bedroom of the family. Mud walls, mud floors, everything is mud-coloured. A few red earthen pots in one corner, and a few stones put loosely together to form a fireplace, such was Zuleika's new home, and such, dear reader, are the places of abode of thousands in India. Dreary homes, surely, and when we remember how ignorant and idle are the occupants of them—idle because they have literally nothing to do—we should feel doubly thankful to the Father of all mercies, that He has cast our lot in such a different way, and pray Him in his own good time to shed his bright beams of mercy in these dark places of the earth, and to hasten his kingdom if it be his will. Then there will be no more dreary homes, however poor they may be. His presence chases away all gloom and sadness, and makes the desert to blossom as the rose.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIII.

Double Acrostic.

1. Oh! blest are they who watching wait,
   Though men their faith deride;
   Still watching early, watching late,
   Until from *this*, with solemn state,
   The Bridegroom brings the Bride.

2. One gentle sigh, a look, *a word;*
   The stammering tongue speaks plain,
   The deafened ears that voice have heard,
   The dumb-deaf spirit's heart is stirred
   By that celestial strain.

3. More glorious than tongue can tell,
   Though sometime sown in *this*,
   Ransomed from Satan's baleful spell,
   Redeemed from sin, and death and hell,
   The soul that lives in bliss.

4. The multitude of them that fight
   Against the City fair
   Shall be as when the morning light
   Chaseth away *this fruit of night*,
   That comes of too much care.

5. All incorrupt and undefiled,
   This never fades away;
   Reserved for every faithful child
   Who through earth's night, so dark and wild,
   Passes to endless day.

6. A *city* sendeth out her dead;
   But One is drawing near
   Whose voice recalls the soul scarce fled,
   While every heart exclaims in dread,
   "Our God is with us here."

7. Twelve weary years she suffered much,
   Till faith her cure revealed.
   "If but *its* sacred hem I touch,
   Surely its virtue will be such
   My plague shall straight be healed."

From whence this glorious array
Of linen clean and white?
One took mine earth-stained garb away
And clothed me in this dazzling ray
From His own robe of light.

F. M. E.

The initials and finals form a compound word, by which the raiment of the redeemed in heaven is designated in a parable.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIV.—p. 256.—BIRTHDAY.

1. Birth. . . . . Matt. i. 18.
2. Day . . . . . John ix. 4. 1 Thess. v. 2.
3. Birthday. . . . Gen. xl. 20–22. Matt. xiv. 6–10.

Double Acrostic.

NO. XVI.—p. 285.—CORN AND WINE.—Gen. xxvii. 28.

1. C-anaanit-*e* . . . . . Ex. xxiii. 28.
2. O-blatio-*n* . . . . . Lev. ii. 12.
3. R-abb-*i* . . . . . Matt. xxiii. 7.
4. N-arro-*w* . . . . . Matt. vii. 14.

Double Acrostic.

NO. XVII.—p. 304.—PRAISE—PRAYER.—Psa. cxli. 2.—Rev. viii. 4.

P-hili-*p* . . . . . John xiv. 8, 9.
Re-prove-*r* . . . . . Prov. xxv. 12.
A-gripp-*a* . . . . . Acts xxvi. 28.
I-nnocenc-*y* . . . . . Dan. vi. 22.
S-apphir-*e* . . . . . Ezek. i. 26. Exod. xxiv. 10.
E-a-*r* . . . . . Prov. xviii. 15. Psa. lxxxviii. 2.

F. M. E.

NO. XVIII.—p. 304.—WILDERNESS.

1. *Wil*-low . . . . Isa. xliv. 4. Psa. cxxxvii. 2.
2. Won-*der* . . . . Isa. xx. 2, 3. Rev. xii. 1.
3. Good-*ness* . . . . Rom. ii. 4. Exod. xxxiii. 19.

Crisis—Wilderness—Psa. xcv. 8, 9. Deut. i. 34–38. Heb. iii. 17.
Lesson—1 Cor. x. 1–10.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

LETTICE'S RETURN TO PROSERPINE LODGE.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER XI.—SHADOW.

THERE came a tap at the bedroom-door, and Lettice hastened softly to answer it, with her finger on her lips. The slipshod maid-servant stood outside, a careless uncared-for girl, seldom within call when needed. She was one of Lettice's troubles in these lodgings; yet the girl could show kindness of heart and even thoughtfulness on occasions.

"There's a lady come to see you, Miss."

"A lady! To see me!" A sudden sinking of heart assailed Lettice, and she felt as if her limbs were giving way under her. "A lady," she repeated mechanically. "What name?"

"There wasn't any name. I'll stay a minute here, Miss, if you'll step across into the parlour," added the girl, thumping the wall awkwardly as she spoke;

"maybe it'll do ye good. You do look for all the world just like a ghost."

"One minute then," said Lettice, in a low voice. "Miss Violet is sleeping. Don't move about, but watch her, and if she stirs call me instantly."

Lettice went slowly across the passage,—a deadly nervous dread of the coming interview oppressing her. She did not feel as if she *could* at that moment endure cold looks and harsh reproaches. That the visitor was Miss Temple she had not a grain of doubt. But when she opened the door, her dazzled sight made out that the steadfast graceful figure in black was quite another individual. She entered and half crossed the room, then stopped short suddenly. What had brought Mrs. Temple? What manner of greeting might she venture on?—might she expect? The anomalous nature of her own position swept across her mind, and with it came a sudden sense of bitter burning shame. A crimson tide rushed fiercely into her pale face, making her head throb with positive agony, and then as suddenly every trace of colour was gone, and the floor seemed to be sinking away from beneath her. Yet she stood still and upright, with one hand on the back of a chair. Mrs. Temple came quietly forward, and took the other hand for a moment,—kindly and compassionately, though with so marked an air of gravity as to convey a sense of chill.

"How is Violet to-day, Miss Majendie?"

"She is—much the same," said Lettice, hardly able to collect her thoughts. "Last night was very bad. She has just dropped asleep."

"That is good for her. How are you?"

"I am well, thank you."

"You do not look so. Have you had any sleep these last two or three nights?"

"I—believe not," said Lettice, with momentary hesitation. "I am afraid I cannot stay, Mrs. Temple. Violet will need me. Perhaps—if you have any message from Miss Temple——"

"That will keep. I have come to stay for two or three days. Is there a bedroom in the house which I can occupy?"

"There is one downstairs,—not very comfortable I am afraid. We are the only lodgers."

"That will do for me, I have no doubt. We can see to it presently. I wish you to lie down here and rest, the first thing, while I see to little Violet."

"O no, thank you,—I never leave her. I do not care for rest."

Mrs. Temple's eyes looked steadily into those of Lettice. "I have come here for the express purpose of giving help," she said. "Violet knows me, and will not be alarmed to find me by her side. I am an experienced nurse, Miss Majendie, so you need have no fears. If needful, I can call you at any moment, and I promise to do so, should there be any occasion. You are not anxious to give further trouble, I think, by making yourself ill also."

The words struck home, and another deep flush bore witness to the fact. "Only I am very strong," Lettice said deprecatingly.

"Possibly; but your strength has been heavily taxed. Now show me your sister's room, if you please, and tell me what medicine she has to take. Then I shall know what to do."

Lettice submitted with no more resistance. Strange to say, now that help had come she felt that she could not have gone on without it much longer. A few words explained all that needed to be said, and they went together into the bedroom,—Mrs. Temple bending with a look of motherly pity over the little sleeper. Lettice knew the child would be in good hands, and she had a sense of protection for herself, singularly sweet after her wilful sorrowful taste of independence. Mrs. Temple desired the maidservant to remain at her post two or three minutes longer, and accompanied Lettice back to the parlour. Lettice had not looked for this. A feeling of being alike pitied and despised was on her, and pride struggled beneath it. But the grave quietness of Mrs. Temple's manner had no touch in it of contempt, though it might show displeasure. Lettice read this difference slowly, as Mrs. Temple loosened her dress, unbound her hair, and made her lie down on the sofa. The mixture of sensations was almost too much for Lettice, and one heart-wrung sob broke from her. There was no answer to this, only a cold soft hand came on her forehead, and remained there some seconds, soothing pain and excitement together. Lettice felt strangely calmed by it. Then the blinds were drawn down, and she was left alone; and little as she expected to sleep, she did sleep, long and heavily. Mrs. Temple came to and fro several times, only to find her unconscious. When she woke at length, in startled self-reproach, it was to find that Violet too had been sleeping, as long and even more peacefully than herself, and that the doctor, having paid his call, saw signs of marked improvement.

"It is more than I deserve. Oh, I don't deserve it," murmured Lettice half inarticulately, and Mrs. Temple was glad to hear the words.

Little conversation took place between them, however. One or the other was always in Violet's room, and if both were there they could not talk confidentially before the child. Mrs. Temple went for a walk daily, and insisted on Lettice's doing the same. Lettice never inquired why she had come or how long she meant to stay. The "two or three days" lengthened out to a week, and by that time Violet was pronounced to be on the high road to recovery. But Mrs. Temple remained still. She quietly took the matter of housekeeping into her own hands, and every delicacy that could tempt Violet's appetite was provided,—at whose expense Lettice did not know, but she had a keen suspicion that Miss Temple's purse was not taxed.

The three weeks of Mrs. Temple's stay were weeks to Lettice of mixed pain and pleasure: pain, however, predominating. Always kind in manner and thoughtful in action, Mrs. Temple never was more. She never thoroughly relaxed. There was perpetually a touch of grave dignity about her bearing, which kept up in Lettice the humiliated feeling that she had given just cause for displeasure, and that she lay under that displeasure. Towards Violet Mrs. Temple was all tenderness and motherliness. It seemed strange to Lettice that the very means which she had unlawfully taken to keep her little sister to herself should have brought about so opposite a result. For though Violet loved Lettice not less than before, yet the child's affections flowed no longer in one channel. She gave a very full outpouring of grateful love to her other nurse, and sometimes, with the waywardness of convalescence, would even choose to have things done for her by Mrs.

Temple rather than by Lettice, little dreaming the pain she gave to her sister. Mrs. Temple saw all and said nothing, neither did Lettice.

There was no breaking through of this reserve, until the evening before their return to Brentwood. Violet's recovery had proved so far more rapid and steady than could have been expected, and mild weather suddenly coming in, it was pronounced possible to take the journey. Short notice was given, and a busy day of preparation followed; but at the close of it, when Violet was asleep for the night, Mrs. Temple beckoned Lettice into the parlour, with the evident intention of exchanging a few remarks.

"We shall hear if Violet wakes," she said. "You need not quite close the door. Are you glad to be going home to-morrow, Lettice?" She had lately dropped the "Miss Majendie."

"No," Lettice said involuntarily. "I am afraid I ought to be."

"For other people's sake, at all events."

Lettice lifted her eyes. "I am not ungrateful," she said in a low voice. "I am not, indeed. It is not my way to say much, but I *do* feel that we owe a great deal to you."

"I think I may say you owe something of it to my daughter. But for her ardent wish to come to you, I might not have thought of such a thing."

"She! Did she? Why?" faltered Lettice.

"You were in trouble. That was enough for Brena."

"And she wished to come——"

"Yes, to help you. I could not consent."

There was another glance, and then Lettice's head sank.

"I have learnt to understand you these three weeks better than before," said Mrs. Temple. "And I can believe now, Lettice, that you did not fully understand the nature of the step you took. Had you done so—deliberately and with full understanding of all that it implied——"

"Oh no, no, no, I think I was mad—I must have been mad," gasped Lettice, crimson and half-choked. "I don't know what came over me. I don't know how I could. Aunt Jeannie was so grieved. Oh, I can't think how I could."

"There had not been before a right spirit, perhaps," said Mrs. Temple. "My dear, there are some who say, and it may be rightly, that you need to learn more of the spirit of submission. It is a lesson which must be learnt. We cannot always have our own way in life."

"Miss Temple often says so of me. I suppose it is true. Am I learning it now?" asked Lettice suddenly.

"I see a difference. But don't learn it only outwardly."

Lettice sighed. "I feel as if I had put myself outside the pale of prayer and religion," she said.

"Never, never, in this life. Are you mad *now*, Lettice?" asked Mrs. Temple earnestly. "Will you dare to put a limit to God's mercy, where He has put none?"

"I know it is wrong, but I cannot help it," Lettice said in the same tone. "Some day I may see things differently. Mrs. Temple, please tell me, is Miss Temple very angry?"

"No, I may safely say she is not 'very angry.' She has been and is displeased, and it may be some time before she feels again as she felt for you before. Can you wonder? I doubt if she has been more displeased than I have been."

"You! Oh, you are so different. Selina Temple never did like me."

"Or you her?"

"No," Lettice replied at once.

"Did you ever give her any reason for liking you?"

"Why should I?"

Mrs. Temple smiled a little, and quoted, "'Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted,—'"

"Yes, of course—that—in a general way," said Lettice. "But one can't love everybody, or many people."

"You ought to be able to love many people,—in different modes and degrees, if you like. My dear, be honest with yourself. Were you in any sense, whether general or particular, kind and tenderhearted towards Selina Temple? Did you ever try to save her trouble, to give her pleasure, to fit in with her little fancies? Were you even grateful for all her real practical kindness to you? Think a minute. Was all the unlovableness on her side?"

"Oh no. I am not lovable at all."

"Perhaps you take a pride in not being so."

Lettice half exclaimed, "Oh no,"—and paused.

"Pride feeds upon strange food sometimes," said Mrs. Temple. "A good many people pride themselves on holding others aloof, and seem to find a positive merit in being misunderstood. It always seems to me that there is more room for shame than pride about anything in ourselves that makes us unlike our loving Lord."

"That was said so like Mrs. Canynge," murmured Lettice.

"She would probably agree with me. Think and pray it over, Lettice. And now I have something else to say,—something that will grieve you. I am going to put your spirit of submission to a severe test. I have been corresponding with Miss Temple, and it is decided that I shall take Violet home with me for a while."

Lettice's hands went together in a sudden clasp. She had not expected this. Colour and breath came and went sharply.

"I think it is desirable—not to say, needful," continued Mrs. Temple. "Several reasons have led to the decision. If you have looked the matter in the face, I hardly think you can seriously have expected that the result of what you did would be the giving up of the school-plan. You could not reasonably expect it."

Lettice's lips moved voicelessly. She had not ventured hitherto to face the question at all. A look of utter unhappiness came into her face.

"This, I know, is Miss Temple's feeling; and in principle I am inclined to agree with her. Neither for your sake nor Violet's is it to be wished that you should gain your own way by such a means. But Violet is hardly strong enough yet for school."

"Strong enough now!" Lettice said involuntarily. "Oh no—surely."

"If she went she could not do much at present in the way of lessons. But she stands in need of home tending for a time. I grant it fully, and I do not believe that Selina, if she saw her, would insist on school immediately."

"Then may not Violet——"

"No, my dear; she may not go home with you. For one reason, I think it is well to break her in gradually to separation from you, before she is sent among strangers. For another reason, Selina has suffered already a good deal of discomfort and trouble, and plainly dreads having you both back together. I think it is only right that we should pay some consideration to her feelings. If you have Violet there in her present state, the temptation will be almost irresistible to fall back into your former manner of life, and to indulge every fancy of Violet's. She is a sweet little girl, but you spoil her cruelly, Lettice. Yes,—it *is* cruel, though you look at me so reproachfully. And with regard to the Lodge, I think such a course of affairs would almost prevent any possibility of your settling down happily with Selina. I am very anxious that you should do so. Your home may be with her for many years, or even for a good part of your life-time, and much of future happiness or unhappiness depends upon the next few weeks. I want you to try and remember that however trying Selina may sometimes have seemed to you, you have greatly wronged her of late, and much is due from you to her—of sorrow, humility, reparation."

"I know I have wronged her," said Lettice sorrowfully. "I wish I could feel about her displeasure as I do about—about Aunt Jeannie's—and yours."

"Don't give way to wrong feelings. She is practically your best friend." And after a little break Mrs. Temple said gently, "It will not look so hard by-and-by. Violet will come back to you I hope a little before Easter,—and when she goes to school you will have the long summer holidays to look forward to."

Lettice turned suddenly round, facing Mrs. Temple. "Oh, if I could only keep my Violet," she cried passionately. "Oh, must I lose her? I have nothing else. If I could only keep her."

Mrs. Temple took the two clenched hands between her own, yielding not one iota, yet very pitying. "Poor child," she said. "Thank God that He has not taken her away from you altogether. But it *is* hard when the whole soul is wrapped round one little bit of earth."

Lettice was checked. "Must it be?" she asked more quietly.

"It is quite settled. Did you not notice to-day that I put Violet's things with my own, not with yours?

"No—yes—I don't know. I did not think about it."

"We shall leave you at the Lodge to-morrow, and Violet will drive straight on with me to the Hall. Better so, than if she settled down with you first, and had a second move after."

"And I may see her—how often?"

"That must depend upon yourself. I don't want to have her constantly excited and upset. We will tell her this plan towards the end of our journey to-morrow, not sooner."

Lettice made no further resistance, and Mrs. Temple was glad to see it, though grieved to have to put her to the pain. Little more passed between them, for Lettice seemed to have no more spirit to talk on this or any other subject.

Miss Temple was in a flutter next day. She did not quite know what to think of herself, or of affairs generally. Whether to act the *rôle* of injured and forgiving patroness, or whether to take her stand behind a shield of distant displeasure; or whether, as her brother suggested, to "let bygones be bygones" and receive Lettice cordially,—was a dire puzzle. She tried to solve the enigma by a mental reference to various acquaintances, with a supposition as to what each of the said acquaintances would expect of her in this matter. But imaginary answers given were necessarily various, and the process proved to be of small practical benefit. She decided at length to leave it an open question, and to be guided by impulse—a very bad plan, as a general rule, where principle is concerned.

"I do wish I knew beforehand what sort of a mood Lettice is in," she remarked to Lady Bartlett. "Anna Temple is very unsatisfactory in giving particulars. I expected much more from her. In fact I really thought she went for the purpose of letting me know the real state of affairs, but she certainly has not done so. Why, I can't even be sure whether Lettice will come alone, or whether Violet will come too."

"Can't you, my dear?" said Lady Bartlett, hearing enough to venture on a vaguely-couched question.

"Of course I can't. Anna wrote last night, to say she would take Violet home with her, as we had arranged, but then she had not spoken to Lettice. There is no knowing how Lettice may take it, or whether Anna Temple may be able to manage her, or whether Lettice will make Anna give way. Some people are so easily talked over. I don't know that Anna is, certainly, but Lettice is sure to do her best. Well, we shall see. They may arrive in a few minutes now."

And in not many minutes they came. The carriage drove up to the door, and Miss Temple went into the passage, drawn thither by an impulse of curiosity, proving stronger than the impulse of dignity which suggested rather that she should remain to welcome Lettice in the drawing-room. A solitary figure stepped out of the carriage, and then paused for a prolonged embrace of somebody or something within.

"Now, Lettice!" said Mrs. Temple distinctly; and Violet's voice, muffled in tone as if passing through layers of shawls, called out cheerily as the figure stepped back, "Good-bye, darling, good-bye. I am going to be so good and happy."

Was that what Lettice wished to hear? Miss Temple wondered somewhat, standing within the house-door, beside the little portmanteau just laid there by the coachman. The carriage drove off, and the figure outside remained motionless.

"Come in, Lettice. What are you waiting for?" cried Miss Temple, not unkindly. The wind was high, and nearly carried away her words, but Lettice heard and obeyed, shutting the door behind her.

"Susan, you can take the portmanteau upstairs," said Miss Temple.

Susan obeyed, and Miss Temple and Lettice were alone. It was one of those minutes on which much that comes after seems to depend. A word, a look, a tone, one way or the other, is fraught with consequences. Lettice again stood still, with downcast eyes, her white face drooping wearily. Had Miss Temple been a mother—nay, had she been a

woman of large heart and noble nature—she must have read the meaning of that white face; must have spoken the one tender and kind word, which was all that was needed to break down the last slight barriers of pride and reserve. For there were billows passionately heaving beneath the quiet exterior, and the bruised lonely heart was longing for a touch of comfort. Lettice could have responded freely at that moment to word or sign of lovingkindness,—could have sobbed out her shame and sorrow in the arms of Selina Temple herself, and begged anew for pardon.

But Miss Temple, alas, misread her utterly. She thought Lettice unsubdued.

"So Violet has gone on to the Hall?" were her first words.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Did she mind going?"

"No." Poor Lettice had seldom had a harder monosyllable to utter.

"Oh, then I suppose she has taken a fancy to Anna Temple. Children always do. She will be perfectly devoted to Brena in a week, you'll see."

There was a little venting of pique here. It took effect at once. The checked waves of feeling rolled back tumultuously, threatening no longer to overmaster the barrier. Pain at heart might be great, but self-control became easier.

"I dare say she will, Miss Temple."

"I suppose you are hungry after your journey."

"No, thank you."

"No? Well, you ought to be. You had better come in here for a moment before you go upstairs. Lady Bartlett expects to see you."

Lady Bartlett was sitting upright, and for a marvel was wide awake. She took Lettice's hand, and looked solicitously into her face.

"Yes, my dear,—I am glad to see you back. The house has looked quite odd without you both. And we shall miss little Violet, shan't we? But it is good for her, and people must not be selfish. Dear me, I can't think how you could do it; I really can't. And you look so quiet and good now, nobody would think it of you. It was very bad—very bad indeed—so different in my young days. But it is all over now, so you need not be so very unhappy and pale. There, there, give me a kiss, and begin to be yourself again."

The kiss was given—hurriedly, yet with warmth. Then Lettice pulled her veil down, and beat a retreat.

"Why, Selina, my dear, that poor girl was actually crying."

"Crying! Not a bit," said Miss Temple. "It is a most extraordinary thing about Lettice that she never does cry,—never, by any chance."

Lady Bartlett did not discuss the point; but, looking down on the large glittering drop which had fallen on her jet bracelet, she could not be quite so easily convinced.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

III.—HOW TO USE THE NEW VERSION. SOME TEXTUAL VARIATIONS.

'AND now, after long expectation and great desire, came forth the new translation of the Bible most beautifully printed) by a select and competent number of divines, appointed for that purpose; not being too many, lest one should trouble another; and yet many, lest, in any, things might haply escape them; who, neither coveting praise for expedition, nor fearing reproach from slackness (seeing, in a business of moment, none deserve blame for convenient slowness), had expended almost three years in the work, not only examining the channels by the fountain, translations with the original, which was absolutely necessary; but also comparing channels with channels, which was abundantly useful, in the Spanish, Italian, French, and Dutch (*i.e.* German) languages. So that their industry, skilfulness, piety, and discretion, have herein bound the Church unto them in a debt of special remembrance and thankfulness. These, with Jacob, 'rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well' of life—Genesis xxix. 10; so that now even Rachels, weak women, may freely come, both to drink themselves, and water the flocks of their families at the same."

So writes quaint, delightful Thomas Fuller, of our Authorised Version, as produced in 1611. His words are almost as applicable now, except that for *three* years we must read *ten*, or more;—the work having been laid upon busy men in a busy age; besides which, the innumerable questions raised by modern scholarship have required much time and long deliberation. The result, so far as regards the New Testament, is now before the world; and the first business of thoughtful Bible-readers will be how best to use the priceless gift.

Not, it is certain, with unquestioning deference. The appeal is in the first instance to intelligent criticism; and by the aid of the singularly able and lucid Preface of the Revisers, even the unlettered reader will be enabled in great measure to estimate the value of the work. Some points, undoubtedly, will raise animated and prolonged discussion among scholars, and most of us must be content to await the conclusion; assured, however, to begin with, that every alteration of the dear familiar words which has commended itself to two-thirds of such men as these Revisers must have strong *primâ facie* evidence in its favour.

I. One preliminary question will doubtless be asked with much anxiety by all. How far has the Revision affected the place of our New Testament as an *English book*? For to us and to the world the

Bible has become more than a translation. As we remarked in the first of these papers, it is the foremost among English classics.

We have all felt the indefinable difference between the best translation and a work in the writer's vernacular. For full literary effect it is necessary for an author to write in the language in which he thinks. It is a distinction which the English, and, we may add, the German, Bible share with but one or two translations besides in the whole range of literature, that as we read we forget that their thoughts came first to the world in other tongues. What Papal decree has done for Jerome's translation, popular apprehension has more effectually accomplished for the English Scriptures. The book is our "Vulgate," practically to us the authoritative and inspired medium of Divine teaching. We seem, like the multitudes of Pentecost, to hear "every man in our own tongue in which we were born." Now, there has been all through the present work a natural fear that the multitude of minute changes necessary to be introduced for the sake of the highest accuracy, might give to the book the air, the tone of a translation. Has this difficulty been met and mastered? If not, the New Revision, while valuable to the scholar and theologian, cannot become, for a generation at least, the Bible of the English people.

Again; the texts and phrases of our English Bible pervade our entire literature. We do not speak of works directly theological; all books that touch on moral or religious subjects at all repeat, whether clearly or faintly, the echoes of the Book of books. The essays of Macaulay, for instance, and the earlier writings of Carlyle, are full of Biblical allusions, with not a few direct quotations. Books like these will at least keep alive the remembrance of the Bible as our fathers have known it, and will prevent it from ever being obsolete, as the earlier versions have practically become. For the circumstances of 1611 were quite different from those of to-day. Then there was no widespread literature to preserve in a thousand ways the memory of the old translations. The field was far more open, and such changes as now would jar on the ear almost like an attempt to amend the prose of Hooker or Milton's solemn music, would be accepted without question.

It would be premature to affirm that the Revisers have in any respect failed on this important point. Certainly, some passages have as yet an unfamiliar sound; but it may be expected that every day they will grow more and more into the ear and heart, and that in the end we shall miss none of the olden charm. Such was the anticipation with which we first opened the book, and it gathers strength every day, as we read and ponder its transformed paragraphs. The New Testament in this more accurate form, will soon cease to "read like a translation," and both in form and spirit the old and the new will be felt to be combined with a rare felicity.

II. We hear the question asked on all sides, What steps had best be taken to familiarise the public with the Revised Version? Shall we read it in the pulpit, or introduce it into our Sunday-schools, or employ it first of all in a more private way? Without any claim to decide on appropriate methods of action, we would suggest that private and family use would be first of all chiefly desirable. For employment in public a *recognised* Bible seems essential. As controversies with regard to one and another rendering are sure to arise, nay, have already begun, it would be unwise to introduce the new volume into the lectionaries of our churches until these discussions have spent themselves. The very aim contemplated in the reading of the Scriptures to the congregation will be frustrated, if at every step untrained hearers are to risk being brought to the brink of a literary dispute. The preacher in his expositions will undoubtedly do well, as occasion may serve, to compare the old rendering or reading with the new; and wherever, as in well-taught Bible classes, or in intelligent Christian families, there is opportunity for free conversation on such topics, the Revised Version will be a most valuable boon to the teacher.

One other suggestion may be made. In public worship it may often be noticed that educated hearers will follow the reading of Scripture not only with the Greek original, but with some translation into a modern language, as French or German. Each language has its own shades of meaning or subtleties of thought; and by their combination the reader gains more than would be possible through any one translation. Now we would venture to advise all thoughtful students of Scripture to use the Revised Version in a similar way. Let its place be first of all in the pew, rather than in the reading-desk or the pulpit. It will soon be promoted thither also, if proved worthy by such experimental test.

The circumstances of 1611, and the history of the Authorised Version, furnish an apt parallel to what we thus anticipate and recommend. We have all noticed upon the title-page the words *Appointed to be read in Churches*, and the question as to the date and manner of such appointment has not infrequently arisen. Now it is very remarkable that no evidence on these points has ever been forthcoming. In previous years there had been orders, proclamations, injunctions to place in churches the Scriptures "in the vulgar tongue," and to use them in public service; but there is no such command, either in 1611 or afterwards, in reference to our present English Bible. The present Bishop of Durham, than whom no one has a better right to speak with authority on this topic, says expressly: "It seems now to be an established fact (so far as any fact in history which involves a comprehensive negative can be regarded as established) that our Received Version never received any final authorisation either from the ecclesiastical or from the civil powers; that it was not sanctioned either by the Houses of Parliament, or by the Houses of Convocation, or by the King in Council.* The Bishops' Bible still continued to be read in churches; the Geneva Bible was still the familiar volume of the fireside and the closet. Several years after the appearance of the Revised Version, Bishop Andrewes, though himself one of the

* "The printing of the Bishops' Bible was stopped as soon as the new revision was determined upon. The last edition of the former was published in 1606. The revised version states on its title-page (1611), that it is 'Appointed to be read in Churches,' but we are not told by whom or how it was appointed. As the copies of the Bishops' Bible used in the churches were worn out, they would probably be replaced by the Revised Version, but this seems to have been the only advantage which was accorded to it. On the other hand, the Geneva Bible continued to be printed by the king's printer some years after the appearance of the Revised Version, and was still marked 'Cum privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.'"

revisers, still continues to quote from an older Bible. Yet, notwithstanding all adverse circumstances, it overpowered both its rivals by the force of superior merit."*

We may anticipate a similar history for the great work now in everybody's hands. Any attempts to precipitate its public adoption would too probably defeat themselves. It must make its own way—not, we trust, by parliamentary enactment or royal proclamation, nor by the act of the Convocation from which it has sprung, nor, even, by its quasi-authoritative adoption at once by our great societies. Let the first appeal be to individual readers, whose silent acceptance of the book will commend it to the world far more than any endeavours to enforce it from without. To apply the words of Professor Westcott, "it will thus gain by its own internal character a vital authority which could never be secured by any edict of sovereign rulers."† Nor can we leave out of sight the possibility, at least, that the present may not be a final revision. It may have, even yet, to be retouched; and to decide respecting this, we must await the growth of public opinion and the course of years.

III. One most important distinction is hardly sufficiently marked in the Version as at present issued; and, in fact, we scarcely see how it could be made apparent to the English reader without the extension of some such apparatus as that contained in the "Variorum Bible." This is, the distinction between mere alterations of *rendering* and those which represent a change in the original *text*. At every point the reader who wishes fully to understand the book will need to ask, Is this only a more accurate way of translating the same words, or does it represent different words in the original? Without a settlement of this question, there can be no real progress. At present the two classes of alteration are indistinguishable to the English reader. A reference to two passages, the changes in which have already been much discussed, will explain our meaning. In the revised version of the Lord's Prayer as given in Matthew,‡ the latter clause of the closing petition reads, "Deliver us *from the Evil one*." Now, whether this is a justifiable rendering or not we do not here discuss; only it is necessary to remember that it is simply a new *translation:* the text is the same as that from which the current version was taken, and the question is one which the scholar may judge for himself. But, on the other hand, the words of "the heavenly host" at the birth of Jesus read, according to the Revision, "Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace *among men with whom He is well pleased*." Here the word *among* for the ordinary *toward* is again a simple alteration of rendering; but the more important change in the latter clause betokens a difference in the original. The variation, in fact, is very slight—the addition of a single letter. As the received Greek text has it, the words run literally, "Among (or, in) men, goodwill": the revised text turns the last word into a genitive: "among men *of* goodwill," which again has been paraphrased by our Revisers as above, understanding the word to refer to the *Divine* goodwill. Here, again, is a matter of translation, or rather of interpretation; as the simple phrase "in men of goodwill" might mean, "in men who themselves are well disposed," as in the Latin Vulgate, "hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—a view of the text which seems to have commended itself to the poet of the "Christian Year":

> "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
> And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

So various are the readings and interpretations of a very simple passage; and this mingling of textual with philological considerations adds to the difficulty. For the readers of the Greek Testament, the admirable edition prepared by Dr. Scrivener removes all ambiguity; the arrangement of the volume showing at a glance all the textual alterations, larger or smaller. The English reader will find nothing better than the "Variorum New Testament," which has the further advantage of giving the authorities for every change.

IV. There are certain passages to which readers familiar with questions of New Testament criticism will turn at once, to ascertain the decision of the Revisers. All will probably have already anticipated the omission of the following, which indeed was inevitable.

1. The Doxology of the Lord's Prayer: *For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. Amen.* These familiar words are absent from all the earliest manuscripts* and versions, and are unanimously regarded by the most competent editors as an ancient liturgical addition.

2. The angel in the pool, John v. 3, 4: *Waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.* This passage is accepted by some critics, though with hesitation, on the authority of one ancient manuscript,† but is rejected by the great majority, and is omitted from the Revised Version. It was added, no doubt, by some early transcriber to account for the healing virtues of the intermittent spring.

3. The baptismal confession of the Ethiopian treasurer, Acts viii. 37: *And Philip said: If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said: I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.* These words are found in one manuscript of the sixth century, but are absent from all others of first-class authority; and every editor of note omits it from the text. There is no doubt as to its spuriousness, and it is easy to account for its insertion—some transcriber having felt a difficulty in the record of baptism without confession.

4. The three heavenly Witnesses, 1 John v. 7: *in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One: and there are three that bear witness in earth.* A whole library has been written on this passage, and its genuineness is still occasionally

* "On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament," by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., 1871. See also Anderson's "Annals of the English Bible," vol. ii. p. 388, "'After this translation was published,' says one writer, 'the others all dropt off by degrees; that is, in about forty years, and this took the place of all, though I don't find that there was any canon, proclamation, or Act of Parliament, to enforce the use of it.'"

† "History of the English Bible," pp. 158, 160.

‡ The phrase in question is not contained in the Lord's Prayer (Revised Version), as given by Luke.

* It first occurs in a manuscript (E) of the eighth century.

† This is the Alexandrian MS. (A): where, however, the reading differs from the received text.

defended by theologians who shrink from surrendering a "proof-text." But every real critic omits the words, which are not found in a single first-class manuscript, nor in a single ancient version, except the Vulgate, from several early copies of which it is also absent. That the omission gives strength and coherence to the passage is a point in favour of the revised reading which can hardly fail to be noted by the candid interpreter.

These four texts, then, have vanished, we presume finally, from the accepted English Scriptures, nor will the wise reader feel that he has incurred any loss. The truth needs no doubtful buttress, and the removal of unauthorised accretions brings out more fully the harmonious beauty of that which remains.

V. We proceed to point out a few instances in which the change of text has proved a real gain to the devout student of the New Testament.

1. In the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 22) our Lord is reported as saying, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is liable to the judgment." The Revised Version follows the best authorities in omitting the words *without a cause*. And justly. To check the feeling of anger when there *is* a cause for it according to human estimate, is the true spirit of the Gospel.

2. When certain refugees from persecution in Jerusalem "went everywhere preaching the word," they for a long time confined their appeal to the Jews. This was natural, as they had not yet risen to the conception of a world-wide Gospel. But at length some of the travellers reached Antioch, the heathen and profligate metropolis of Syria. Here (Acts xi. 20) the received text has it, "they spake unto the Grecians—the Hellenists—preaching the Lord Jesus;" and this, the inspired historian goes on to show, was a new epoch in the Church's history. Yet, in the fact of preaching to the Hellenists, Greek-speaking Jews, there would have been nothing wonderful. From the very first there had been Grecians in the Church (Acts vi. 1). But the revised reading, *Greeks*, throws at once a flood of light upon the transaction. It was to the *Gentiles* of Antioch that these evangelists "of Cyprus and Cyrene" preached the Gospel. They came to the city, they found it "wholly given to idolatry," and their spirits were stirred within them. They *must* speak! It was against tradition, against their own prepossessions and former mode of action; they had, so far as they knew, no outward authority for their course; but the prompting of the Spirit within them was too mighty to resist. And so it came to pass that whereas it required a vision and a voice from heaven to convince an apostle that he might proclaim the glad tidings to the uncircumcised, these plain men from Jerusalem were doing an even greater thing, without any vision at all, and from the impulse of the voice within! Thus was gathered the first church called from Gentile heathendom, and, in a sense, the "mother of us all."

3. The Epistle to the Romans (v. 1, 2) draws a great practical inference from the doctrine of justification by faith: "*Let us have peace* with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. . . and *let us rejoice* in hope of the glory of God." This reading of the text may to some appear less fraught with comfort than the declaration as we have read it all our lives, "We have peace. . . and we rejoice;" but we are convinced that as Christian readers become familiar with the text as altered, they will feel it to be more deeply true to the spirit and purpose of the Apostle.

4. Another instance may be selected from the Second Epistle of Peter (i. 3): "Who hath called us to glory and virtue." Here the substituted reading brings out a thought of true grandeur. "*By his own* glory and virtue," or "energy;" that is God, by manifesting Himself (His "glory") and putting forth His power, calls men. And thus the text, which in the former reading was impressive, now becomes sublime.

5. A group of passages from the book of Revelation must conclude this miscellaneous review.

(1) The first is from the sixth chapter (vers. 1, 3, 5, 7,) where, according to the received text, the four living creatures successively address the prophet with the summons, "Come and see." The revised text, after the best authorities, omits the words *and see*, the fourfold cry thus becoming the appeal of the whole creation to its King: COME! It is in harmony with the whole spirit of the book—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly:" and every step in the great events heralded by these "living ones," is an advance in the manifestation of the Son of God.

(2) "And the nations of them that are saved shall walk by the light of it" (ch. xxi. 24). The revisers have, with unquestionable correctness, omitted the words, *of them that are saved*. For the whole point of the description arises from the fact that the Church is the light of the world. It is by the glory that shines from the New Jerusalem that all the nations walk, though, indeed, too often they know not whence it flows.

(3) Once more, in the great closing benediction of the book (ch. xxii. 14), they that *do His commandments* are pronounced "blessed," as they "shall have access to the tree of life, and shall enter in through the gates into the city." There can be little doubt that the true reading is, as the Revisers give it, "Blessed are they that *wash their robes*." That the latter reading, well sustained as it is by external authority, is the more in harmony with the spirit of the book can scarcely be questioned. See ch. vii. 14.

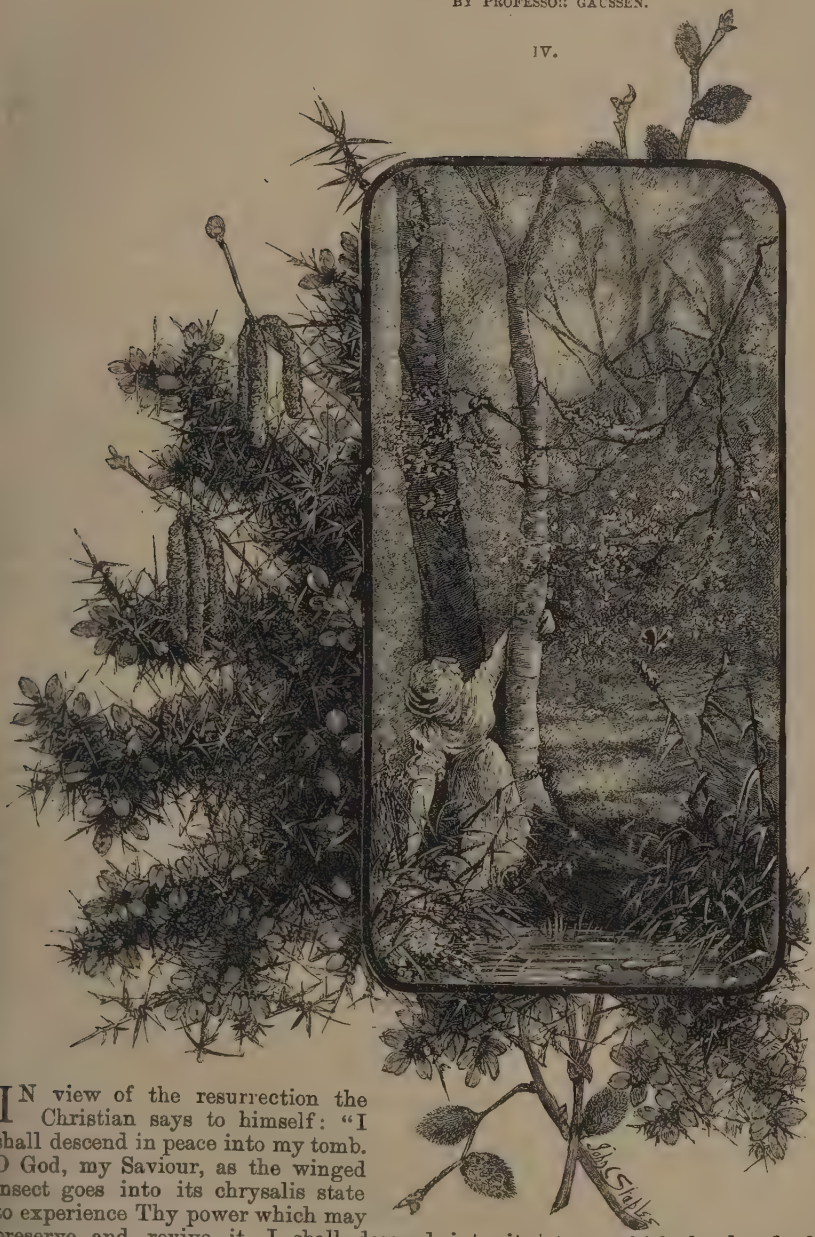
The foregoing examples will serve to show what suggestiveness and interest lie in the working out of the principles of textual criticism to the results now made accessible to the English people. In many more passages, it is true, the change is of less significance, yet there is scarcely a chapter in which there is not some added touch of expressiveness and beauty. For transcribers, in altering according to their wont "to make the reading easier," have generally lost or blurred some touch of perfection which the true reading restores.

Some questions, it is true, remain undetermined. The Revisers leave to us the controverted passage at the end of St Mark's Gospel (xvi. 9–20), although they fairly call attention in the margin to the fact that the paragraph is absent from the two oldest MSS. of the Gospels. The narrative of the woman taken in adultery, too, though instinct with the spirit of Christ, is bracketed as doubtful—so far as external authority goes, it must indeed be termed more than doubtful. The great difficulty is, supposing it non-authentic, to account for the origin of so divine a story.

PARABLES CONCERNING SPRING.

BY PROFESSOR GAUSSEN.

IV.



IN view of the resurrection the Christian says to himself: "I shall descend in peace into my tomb. O God, my Saviour, as the winged insect goes into its chrysalis state to experience Thy power which may preserve and revive it, I shall descend into it. Thence I, also, shall come forth at Thy voice, O my Maker and my Comforter, into the eternal spring-time of Thy blessed light, there to take wings like the angels, to fly away into Thy paradise on the banks of the river of delight, to go and repose by the tree of life, and there to enjoy the rays of the Sun of Righteousness in an eternal holiness, in an eternal happiness! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" Here, then, my brethren, let me address myself first to those of you who may be sickly, or who have some reason to believe that the time of your removal is near. Ah! if Jesus Christ dwells in your hearts by faith, take courage! See around you, in nature, the power of resurrection which surrounds you; observe all these prodigies which cry to you on all sides: "Resurrection! resurrection!" See this new birth in nature. Does it not tell you that you also will soon hear the voice of Him who raises the dead, and who died, Himself, for you? "Come, thou blessed of the Father," He will say to you, "enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

Fear not, then, the time is very near; He will soon fulfil all His promises. He will soon wipe away every tear from thy eyes. Do not, then, be over afflicted if age or disease have possessed this poor mortal body. Rather cast all thy regards on the day when the blessed resurrection shall adorn it with new beauty and imperishable grace. Yes, redeemed one, give up thy soul entirely, whilst awaiting that day, to God whose power surrounds thee with wonders, and makes thee already live on the earth in the midst of resurrections! Leave to Him all the future. Do not forget the Scriptures, nor the power of God, as our Saviour has said. Put off without regret this garment stained and now torn which burdened thee, this body wasted by disease and worn by time; for on awaking at the sound of the trumpet of the archangel, thou wilt find a garment whiter than snow, and brighter than the light. Thou wilt rise from the earth like the heliotrope and the trefoil, like the lily of the field and the rose of Sharon. Thou wilt see thyself transported into the garden of the latter Eden, into the bright abode of eternal happiness. Then thou wilt regard with awakened eyes the face of thy God, thou wilt hear with thy ears the melody of the angels, thou wilt sing with thy tongue the

songs of the resurrection and of purity, thou wilt take with thy hands the cup of salvation and the palms of the blessed! See, then, thy hopes realised, redeemed soul, who hast received Jesus by faith. And even if thy body were as sickly as that of Job, nothing ought to hinder thee from saying as he did, "I know that my Redeemer liveth . . . and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job xix. 25–27).

But I would wish to speak also, my brethren, to those of you who walk in mourning, on this passing scene of the earth, because you have already seen death reach friends in Christ, among whom you had hoped to pass all your course here below. The terrible winter of death has taken them off. Well do you also, O Christians, know how to look with eyes of intelligence upon what has passed upon the earth in spring-time. Is it not a parable that Jesus Christ explains apart to his faithful disciples? In order to well understand what is going to pass on the latter day, look upon your field of wheat everywhere waving, and think of the day of Jesus Christ. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope" (1 Thess. iv. 13). Those whom you have sown in the earth, Christ shall raise. The promise is sure, and it will soon come to pass. Oh, who can describe that great day, on which the earth shall everywhere restore its dead; when all the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of man, when we shall see them rise from their tombs as the newly-born insect comes forth already formed from the furrows of our fields?

O glorious day for the children of God! When Jesus shall appear on the clouds, they shall raise the turf that covers them; they shall arise from all our churchyards and cemeteries, and from all places where the dead are resting. They shall spring again like grass. They shall hear the piercing voice of the Lord, and the trumpet of God; for the trumpet shall sound. They shall all go forth together to the Lord in the air; and then they shall always be with the Lord;" "wherefore," says the Apostle St. Paul; "comfort yourselves with these words" (1 Thess. iv. 12–18). Thou wilt go forth then from thy tomb, to go into the presence of our common Saviour, oh, my brother, my husband, my son, my daughter, my father—if it is in Christ that thou hast slept; and thou also, dear little child, whom we brought up in his service!—no, no, God will not forget any one. The King of glory will not forget the poor beggar whom the rich man forgot at his door, where thou didst stay hungry and covered with sores! Thou wilt not be forgotten, humble publican, who didst turn with tears to thy God, and whose sincere conversion the world would not acknowledge. Nor thou, widow, ignored by men, but well-known by Jesus, who counted thy two mites. Nor thou, miserable thief on the cross, converted when enduring thy deserved punishment. You will go forth all of you from your tombs, you will grow again like grass, you will go into the presence of your Saviour, He will be your portion, your shepherd, and your eternal heritage; He will give rest to your souls, and He will wipe all tears from your eyes; He will clothe you in pure white robes washed in the blood of the Lamb, and then will He fulfil all his promises, and will give you life, and more than life! Oh day of resurrection, day of holiness, day of purity, day of indescribable consolations and eternal hopes.

But, my brethren, give, I pray you, all your attention to what remains to be told you. If I have seemed to you to build on analogy and on figurative language the truths of which I have spoken, be assured, however, that it is not my imagination that I have made speak; do not forget that all that I have recalled to you concerning this eternal future, so inevitable and so near at hand, I have drawn from the word of God. And be assured that what I have told you is still more certain, if it is possible, than the return of spring. The word which witnesses it is surer and more immovable than the order of the seasons, than the earth and the heavens. The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but the word of God shall not pass away.

Take heed also, I pray you, for I have spoken of these consolations, as if they belonged to you all, as if you were all believers, all elect and redeemed of the Lord Jesus. But now I must ask you, Do these hopes belong to you? do these consolations belong to you? Is it for you to rejoice at the thought of this certain, inevitable, and eternal future? There will be first a resurrection of the just, says the Scripture; but there will afterwards be a resurrection of the unjust. The one will go away unto eternal joy, but the others unto eternal suffering, unto outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Mark well that I have spoken to you hitherto only of the resurrection of the just. Is this to be your future, all of you who hear me? Everyone will rise again in his own order, it is written (1 Cor. xv. 23). First it is Jesus Christ, the first-begotten from the dead; then it will be those who are in Christ, at his second coming; afterwards will be the end, the final one, the resurrection of the unjust. What is then to be your future, poor mortals, so near the tomb, and so near eternity, unchangeable eternity? For, may it please God that we never preach to you these holy truths in such a manner as wrongly to leave you in a false security. May it please God that we lay no destructive snare for you, by saying to you, "Peace, peace," if there is not yet peace; and by not preaching to you the whole truth! No, corruption shall not inherit incorruption. The unbelieving, the profane, the adulterers, the hating, the cursing, shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven; and their lot, says our Saviour himself, will be in the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

When spring returns, my brethren, there are plants that do not revive. Yes, when all the earth is covered with verdure, there are some trees on our lands that remain dry and without life; there comes to them no fruit, there does not appear even a single leaf. And why? Because the principle of life is no longer in them. They have not even slept during the past winter. They have not been able to sleep; they were dead. Thus you see them remain inert in the midst of the universal revival of nature. Summer uselessly conveys to them its light; in vain the sunshine and the rain fall on them; they feel nothing, they are dead. They will be cut down and cast into the fire.

Well, my brethren, so it is with men in the

spring-time of "the resurrection of the just." On the great and terrible day only the men who have received the firstfruits of the Spirit, the spiritual and eternal life, already on this earth, during the days of their pilgrimage, will be seen entering into the kingdom of heaven; according as it is written: "He that believeth in Me hath eternal life abiding in him." We must, by faith in Jesus Christ, receive in our hearts the principle of a new life, and the witness of the Holy Spirit which St. Paul calls the firstfruits of the Spirit; and which he also calls the surety, and sometimes the earnest of the heritage; "that Spirit who witnesses to our spirit that we are children of God." For to have a part in the resurrection of the just (which the apostle calls the first resurrection) we must experience, here below, in the soul, that spiritual resurrection, that regeneration which the spring parables preached to us in the preceding discourse. "If the spirit of Him who has raised up Jesus Christ from among the dead dwelleth in you, He who has raised Christ from among the dead will also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit dwelling in you." Then of how much importance is it for you to examine to-day this great question, and to be assured that you have the surety, the signs, the earnest of the blessed resurrection.

Alas! we are all so near the great day when all these things will be decided. One of us, every instant, descends into the tomb. Life is so rapid, so short, so uncertain! Eternity, immense eternity, so solemn, so inevitable, so near! Only a short time ago we were reading the first of these spring-parables, and now we are in the latter hours of this wonderful and rapid season, that seemed then to be but commencing. Yet a few weeks, and autumn will bring on the decrepitude of nature; soon after the frosts will again strip the leaves from the trees which deck our lands; and death and winter will whiten our plains, our vineyards and our fields. Yet a few years and you also will feel more severe frosts, and will descend into the winter of the tomb. Then what will there be remaining of us any longer on this earth? Some buried and mixed bones, awaiting the certain and inevitable resurrection of the last day! Oh! let us hasten then—no illusion—no sleep—let us hasten. Are we in Christ? Who among us are the living trees? who are the dead? Where are those who will have life on the day of Jesus Christ? Are you in Him? Have you the life of faith, of hope, of love and of prayer?

Oh! my brethren, how dreadful not to be found worthy on that day, after having heard all that we have told you, after having received all that a God of love has given to draw us to Him!

Alas! on that great and terrible day, this earth will be like a field of battle, on which the warriors after the long efforts of the day, wearied with fatigue and sleep, sleep by the side of the dead. To-morrow at the rising of the sun, the trumpet of victory sounds; victory is gained, but what occurs? Alas! all do not arise. Whilst some awake, because life is still in them, some others do not arise: they are dead, dead for ever, the contest has been fatal for them; they have fallen.

Oh! frightful ruin, perdition without remedy, dreadful despair for those who shall not hear this voice of the Son of man, and that trumpet of the archangel calling the just and bringing them from the tomb, to make them go before the Saviour! Indescribable misery to die, like the captain of Samaria, at the gate of the city, beneath the feet of the crowd, on the day of the deliverance of the people of God,—at the hour when the redeemed, hungering for righteousness and eternal consolation, shall come forth, with transports of joy, to enter upon the plains of happiness and of eternity; and when on all sides, having come out of great tribulation, they will cry out: "Oh, eternity, eternity! blessed eternity with all the redeemed, with millions of angels, with Jesus, with my God! Oh! reunion with the children of God, day of refreshment, of untold consolations, of awaking, and of immortality!"

My brethren, may we all find mercy! And may the God of peace, who brought from among the dead "the Great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, by working in you what is pleasing to Him by Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory, world without end, Amen." May God grant us mercy in Jesus Christ; for there is no salvation by any other!

"It is I; be not afraid."

In every ill beneath the sun
Remember, Christian, there is One
To give thee aid;
Your Saviour, ever prompt and nigh,
Seems to assure you, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

In darkest trials, when the mind
Is almost fainting, you may find
His love displayed;
Eager to check your heavy sigh,
He gently whispers, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

When foes distress, or friends depart,
In lonely sadness let your heart
On Him be stayed;
Unfailing succour from on high
He brings, and tells you, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

Should pain or sickness be your guest
Forbear to mourn your broken rest,
Or strength decayed;
For Jesus, ready to apply
His healing balm, says, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

Remember when you bear His cross
That future joy for present loss
Shall be repaid;
Jesus would cheer your heart, and dry
Your tears by saying, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

And when the hour of death draws near,
Trusting in Christ you need not fear
The gloomy shade;
But with rejoicing hear Him cry,
In gracious accents, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

A LETTER FROM A WORKING MAN.

YEARS ago we received the following letter, with its singular postscript and enclosure. It was laid aside, partly in hope that the anonymous writer might make some further communication, but chiefly because there did not appear to be any practical way of carrying out his good intention. To find work for the unemployed, of both sexes and of all classes, is one of the greatest of our social problems. In spite of the many methods in use, as by advertisements, agency-offices, houses of call, and so on, there are always many persons in enforced idleness and poverty, for whom work could be obtained if adequate means existed for bringing together employers and workers. The subject is brought before us in a paragraph in the May number of the "Leisure Hour," where it is suggested that an Employment Agency should be connected with every church and chapel, as one of its institutions for doing good. Who first made the proposal we know not, but it is so simple and excellent a suggestion that we hope to see it tried in some of our leading congregations.

The idea is not wholly new, because at the offices of Christian Young Men's Associations, both here and in America, help is given to young men to obtain suitable situations. But the principle can be carried out in every form of work and of service, and it is quite as direct a mode of Christian usefulness as any of the charities connected with our churches. But, before saying more, let us read the letter of the working man.

To the Editor of the "Sunday at Home."

Sir,

I would beg space for a few lines on a subject which I consider of vast importance to the working classes, and I may say, without exaggeration, to the nation at large. It is this: there are great numbers of the working classes out of employment. How is this? God has said that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, yet there are many (far more than they who are out of the reach of poverty can appreciate) actually starving, not for want of bread to be given to them, but for want of employment. There is something wrong somewhere. I am young and inexperienced, but God can put it into the thoughts of older and wiser heads to find some remedy.

There are many institutions of a charitable kind; why should not more be done to alleviate the sufferings of the working classes by helping them to obtain employment, thereby conferring on them benefit, and rendering them independent at the same time? Ah, galling it must be, bitter indeed, to a man able and willing to work, to see his children eating the bread of charity.

I am aware that the introduction of machinery has thrown very many out of work, but this is a thing that cannot be avoided, and there are advantages as well as disadvantages to the working classes in the new state of things. There is still room for many of the products of manual labour, which, though more expensive, might be encouraged by the rich, for all are not so dead to feeling as not to be willing to help those sorts of industries, which supported so many before machinery displaced home labour. This would be thought about, if facts were more known.

I was at a lecture recently upon "The working classes, their ways and means." The lecturer was an able, sensible and well-disposed man. One of his statements I would quote. He had visited many of the poor places of London, of the wretchedness of which few of the upper classes had the slightest conception. One place he entered, there were four persons, mother and three children, one daughter old enough to assist the mother a little. The needlework they had would bring them fourpence halfpenny. It would take till the afternoon of the next day to finish. Here were four persons to live on threepence a day. No wonder they looked wan and careworn. It was the market price of labour for great shops! The shopkeeper makes money, while the workers starve. Could not more work be done directly for those who use the goods, and the poor workwomen get some of the profit of their toil?

What I am going to relate is from my personal experience. I was out of employ about eight weeks in the winter. Every day, Sundays and Christmas day excepted, I was out, wandering about, seeking employment, and at every place there was the same answer. It was disheartening to return home, after walking sometimes nearly twenty miles, tired out, and not the least better off than when I started. If this should meet the eye of any who may harshly or lightly have spurned a fellow-creature asking work, he may think twice before doing so again. One day I was in a tap-room to eat my dinner, and I got a pint of beer. Opposite me were several others, and one who sat apart from the rest. Something drew my attention to him. He looked respectable, but careworn and faint, and I imagined he was out of work. He had nothing before him. Having more to eat than I wanted, a very unusual thing for me, I would gladly have shared it with him, but feared the offer might hurt his feelings. Beer I could offer without drawing any attention, such being, I am sorry to say, the fashion. Just then I heard him say to the man next him at the table, "Could you give me a small piece of bread, mate?" The man, talking loud with his companions, did not hear the request, or I am sure he would have instantly responded, for never have I seen more sympathy than among the working classes. I quietly passed across the table what I had before me, and his grateful look thanked me more than any words could have done. My thought from this individual case was that many must be in like condition, which is a sad state of things. In time of dulness of trade and business, thousands on thousands are out of employment and struggling for bread to eat.

I do not speak for myself, for though I have had poverty and want with it, thank God it is now over, and may God grant me power to work, and to assist others all I can, though still only a humble workman, and your humble servant,

A. H. (W. M.)

P.S.—In taking my accustomed four-mile walk to my employment, at which I manage to get every morning by 6 A.M., I noticed a sign-board "Tailors' labour agency." Should it be anything like what I suppose, may God speed it for the benefit of that class of working men. But I trust that my letter may lead to some plan of a more general kind, to assist in the employment of labour. This may be done if the matter is introdueed in the "Sunday at Home." To prove my good-will I enclose a sovereign, about which I have a whim, that it be kept to be shown to the first men who may be employed through what I have written. It is the fruit of hard labour. Do not think me rash in sending a sovereign loose in a place like London, for I have put it under the guidance of One who is above all.

A. H. (W. M.)

Such is the letter of our anonymous correspondent, whose name, address, and occupation we would gladly have known. The "W.M." appended to his initials may denote "working mason," and we thought that here was a working man with the same

spirit and of the same calling as Hugh Miller. His letter and the enclosure we have kept among our curiosities of editorial correspondence, but the proposal referred to at the beginning of this article leads us to hope that the idea may now be carried to some practical use. The proposal is that in connection with churches and chapels, or other institutions, there should be an Employment Registry, under the care of an efficient secretary, or committee of management, to receive the names of those out of work, or seeking employment (male and female), and to advertise the names and addresses, and nature of employment, in a list upon the church or vestry door or some other conspicuous place. In many large congregations this would be a convenience to employers and employed alike, and would save the expense and loss too often incurred in newspaper advertisements and in fees to registry offices, money which is frequently wasted. The names should be placed on the list on the recommendation of two members of a church, or of two responsible householders, which would give better guarantee for character than is to be found in ordinary registry offices. The list would not be confined to domestic servants, but might include nurses, workwomen, teachers, and many others. There might be a fund also for the temporary relief, either by gift or loan, of those who are out of employment.

Of the propriety of connecting such an agency with churches and congregations there can be no question. If it is a Christian duty to bestow alms and to relieve distress, to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, much more is it a beneficent work to help those who are seeking to help themselves, and to labour to keep themselves in honest independence.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JUNE 19.

THE SAVIOUR'S LAST WORDS. LUKE XXIV. 36–53.

GOLDEN TEXT, MATT. XXVIII. 20.—*'And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'*

The paragraph now to be considered continues the account of the disciples' gathering on the evening of the day on which Christ arose from the dead. John xx. 19–23 should be read in connection with the narrative.

I. THE RISEN SAVIOUR APPEARS.—*Read vers.* 36–43. **And as they thus spake.** Who? what was their message? How was it received? With joy by some, perhaps with incredulity by others. The question, as to its truth, was soon solved: **Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them,** having evidently entered in some supernatural way. Else why are the closed doors so carefully mentioned? **Peace**—the customary greeting, and His own great gift, John xiv. 27. **Terrified and affrighted**—not eagerly credulous, their impulse being to fear rather than believe, even though they had themselves declared Him risen. Possibly they thought only of His having passed into the supernatural realm, so that His appearance on earth was associated with the dread of the spirit-world. Jesus stills their fears. **Why are ye troubled?** So had He spoken at the passover table, John xiv. 1. The word **thoughts** here in A. V. means *doubts* or 'discussions.' **My hands and my feet,** with the nail-prints still there! **Handle Me**—there may be a reference to this in 1 John i. 1. **A spirit hath not flesh and bones**—here is a glimpse into the mystery of the 'spiritual body.' It is in a sense *material*, yet different in its conditions from what we know of matter. Did they now believe? Their minds were calmed: it was **joy** now, not terror that bewildered them. All was too good to be true; compare Psa. cxxvi. 1. What other proof was then given? Note; Thomas required the *repetition* of this evidence, John xx. 25. **Meat** in A. V. stands for food generally, as in John xxi. 5. See Acts x. 41, for St. Peter's recollection of this wonderful scene. 'Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord' (*John*).

II. HIS INSTRUCTION AND COMMISSION.—*Read vers.* 44–49. Jesus now recalls the words which they had often heard from His lips, in citations from the Old Testament: **While I was yet with you;** implying that He was with them no longer, His abode was elsewhere (*Godet*). **It is written.** To the Eleven and their associates, He repeats in substance what He had already said to His two disciples in their walk to Emmaus. **All things must be fulfilled**—again 'the prophetic *ought*.' Observe here the threefold designation of Scripture; **the Law, the Prophets and the Psalms**—sometimes more briefly 'the Law and the Prophets,' sometimes, more briefly still, 'the Law.'

> **Law**; the Five Books of Moses: **Prophets**; Joshua, Judges, the Books of Samuel and Kings, the three greater* and twelve minor Prophets: **Psalms**; including not only the Psalter itself, but Job, Proverbs, Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations, Ruth, Esther, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Daniel. The 'Psalms' in this widest sense are also called *Hagiographa*, 'Holy Writings.' For 'Law and Prophets' as a name for the Old Testament, see Matt. xxii. 40, etc.; for 'Law' in the same general sense, John x. 34, xv. 25.

For the **Scriptures** in regard to which **He opened their understandings,** see last week's 'Study.' To their testimony concerning His death and resurrection, He adds the announcement, also on their authority, of a world-wide Gospel.† **All nations.** See Isa. xlix. 6, quoted by Simeon, Luke ii. 32. **Repentance and remission of sins,** man's part and God's. Repentance implies *faith:* for turning from sins means turning to God, in the belief that He in Christ will receive and pardon us. **Beginning at Jerusalem.** So in O. T. prophecy, Micah iv. 2. 'Unto you first,' Acts iii. 26; xiii. 46. For what reasons? (1) the place of Israel in God's purposes—His people were to be His witness and messengers to the world; 'Israel, whom I have chosen,' Isa. xliv. 2; xliii. 10. But (2) the very unfaithfulness of Israel to its high calling was overruled to show the mercy of God. The Gospel was to begin not only (as was natural) with those who were first in privilege, but (as was wonderful) with those who were first in guilt. 'Let those who crucified Me be the first to hear that I died for their salvation,'‡ see Acts ii. 36. Here is the warrant for preaching 'to all the world,' and also for putting forth special efforts to win the Jews, however unbelieving they still may be. Read the words of 'the Apostle to the Gentiles,' Romans xi. 25–29. The Eleven, and they that were with them, were **witnesses** not only of the facts in the history of Redemption (John xv. 27), but of God's whole gracious plan. That they might be prepared to give this testimony, fully and faithfully, a new **power from on high** was to be imparted to them—the gift of the

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* Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel.

† *Godet* suggests that the Evangelist here, by the words *and He said*, enters on a summary of His teachings during the forty days.

‡ The 'Jerusalem Sinner Saved' of John Bunyan works out this thought with great fulness and pathos.

Holy Spirit—here called **the promise of the Father.** With this they were to be **endued**; i.e., *clothed*, a complete investiture—and for this they were to **wait in the city of Jerusalem,** after Jesus had passed from their sight. At this point, according to *John*, Jesus 'breathed on them, and saith unto them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' a symbol and pledge of the great gift afterwards to be bestowed.

III. The Ascension.—*Read vers.* 50–53. Hitherto the words of Jesus, as reported by this Evangelist, were those spoken on the evening of His Resurrection-day. St. Luke now passes over a considerable interval, to which he himself refers, Acts i. 3. These 'forty days' were marked by manifestations of Himself and teachings, mostly unrecorded; but which embraced the appearance of Jesus to the apostles a week after the Resurrection (John xx. 26), that to seven of the disciples at the sea of Tiberias (John xxi.) and to five hundred brethren at once upon a mountain in Galilee (Matt. xxviii. 16–20; 1 Cor. xv. 6), also to James, 'the Lord's brother' (1 Cor. xv. 7), apparently alone, as in the interview with Simon Peter.

> In this appearance to James we have a suggestion of exceeding interest and beauty. Christ's brothers did not believe on Him during His earthly life (John vii. 5). But after His Ascension they are found among the number of His disciples, Acts i. 14. Is it not likely that *His resurrection was the fact which turned their unbelief to faith*, and that He appeared to James that He might work this great conviction. [We may assume that James the Lord's brother (Gal. i. 19) was a different person altogether from James the son of Alphæus, one of the twelve.]

The Forty Days having ended, He **led them out as far as to Bethany,** on 'the mount called Olivet,' not precisely to the village, but to some part of the hill overhanging the village, which was upon its eastward slope; not the traditional place of ascension on the summit, Acts i. 12. There He **blessed them,** and while still in the act of benediction He **was carried up into heaven.** His last words seem to be those reported by St. Matthew (the Golden Text), 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' or 'of the age.' Here the spiritual presence, the 'real presence' of the Saviour is pledged to His disciples, in fulfilment of His promise, so mysterious when first uttered, 'I go away and come unto you.' . . . 'Ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father,' John xiv. 28; xvi. 16. *Jesus has come to His Church, and is with it now.* 'The world' here literally means *the age;* the history of mankind being divided into periods of Divine manifestation, of which the last is that which the work of Christ introduced, Hebrews i. 2; ix. 26. How long the period may be we cannot tell, only that it is *the last*, the dispensation of the Gospel, and of the Spirit. With such words He passed from their sight: they **worshipped Him**; first stood gazing after Him as He ascended, then, at the angel's words announcing His return, fell prostrate before Him, beginning that adoration of an unseen but present Redeemer, which should continue in His Church through all time. Then from the Mount of Ascension they **returned to Jerusalem** with a **great joy** that fulfilled the Saviour's words in John xiv. 28; and **were continually in the Temple,** until the day of Pentecost (ten days), i.e. at the customary hours of prayer. So also afterwards, Acts ii. 46: iii. 1. The rest of this time for the most part was spent together in 'the upper room,' waiting for the fulfilment of the great promise; 'continuing,' as St. Luke says elsewhere, 'with one accord in prayer and supplication;' here, '**praising and blessing God.**'

Questions.

1. Give, with Scripture references, the recorded appearances of the risen Saviour, in order, during the Forty Days.

2. Enumerate the Old Testament passages which foretell the extension of God's saving mercy to the Gentiles.

3. On what grounds may we identify Christ's appearance 'to five hundred brethren at once' with that to the disciples on the 'Mountain in Galilee'?

4. Account for the fact that our Lord after His resurrection appeared only to His disciples (see Acts x. 41), 'Not to all the people.'*

5. How long did the Apostles remain in Jerusalem, before entering on their wider mission to mankind?

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* An answer to this question will be given in our 'Study' next week.

Sabbath Thoughts.

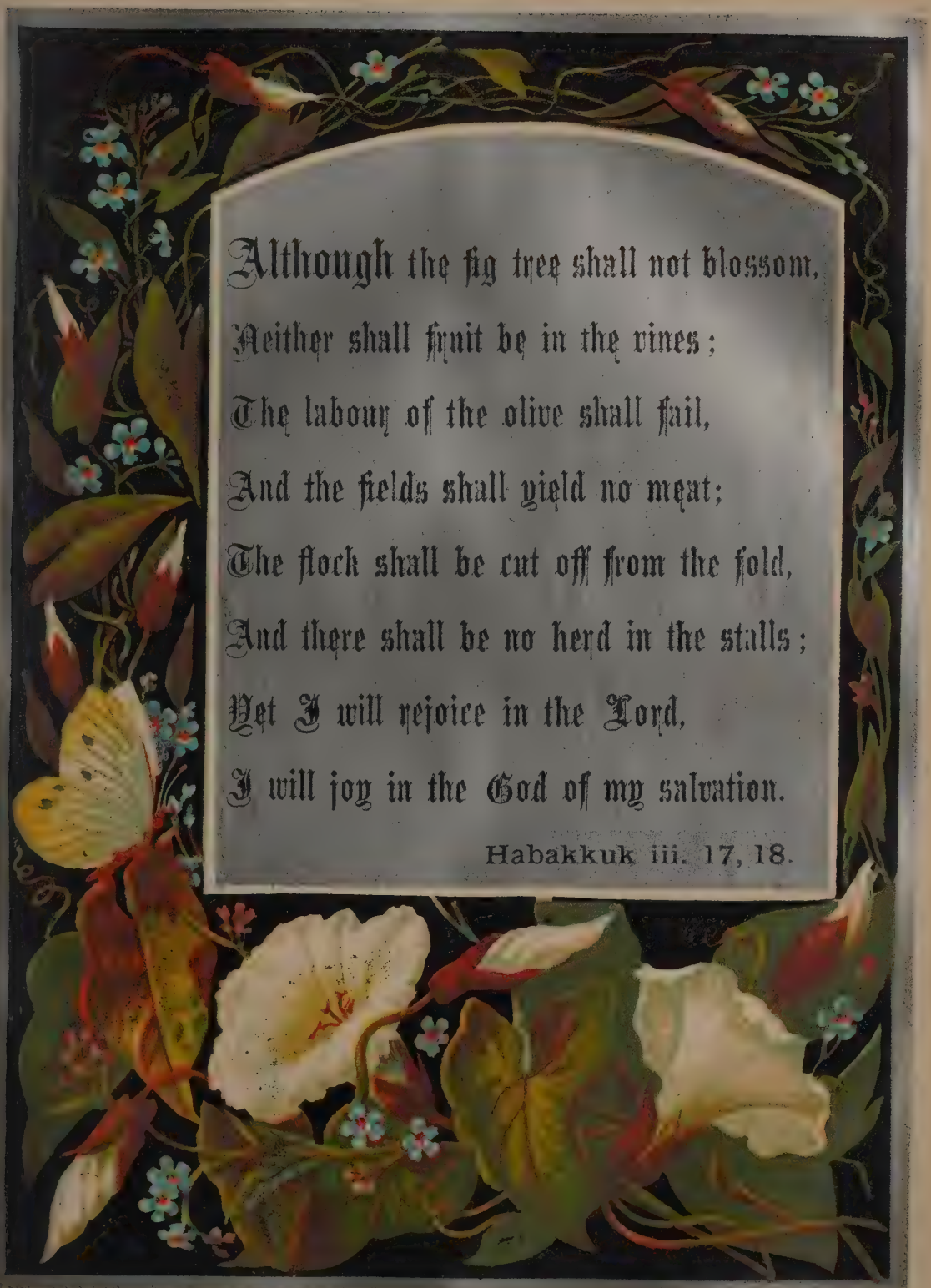
THE SUFFERER'S PSALM.

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble."—*Psalm* xxxi. 9.

THE Psalm of which these words form part is truly a cry out of the depths, and may be called the Psalm of the Sufferer. The Sufferer here, is, however, a man who can wonderfully help other sufferers; he has found a way to rise out of the depths; his anguish is not more apparent than is the faith by which he is enabled to overcome; therefore this Psalm has ever been a favourite with those who are in sorrow, and has soothed the sick bed of innumerable suffering ones. Some of the cries here recorded are deeply touching, and while we, in moments perhaps of ease and comfort, come upon them in our reading, and are thankful that they do not apply to our own case, it is well to remember that there is not an hour, not a moment, in which some son or daughter of sorrow is not in circumstances to echo too deeply the wail of the Psalmist: "My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing!" Would that even half of their number had the Psalmist's comfort, and could say with him, "but I trusted in Thee, O God"! He reveals his grief that he may reveal his source of true comfort in the midst of grief; and while afflicted in body and wounded in spirit, he is yet enabled so to realise the presence and love of his God that his complaint is changed into a song of gladness at last: "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee!" He ends by an exhortation to fellow-sufferers who are sharers in his faith: "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

The words of the Psalmist acquire new meaning when we look upon them as the words of his and our suffering Saviour. He was truly "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." This Psalm and many others have been hallowed and set apart by His own adoption of David's words; as when in departing He cried, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," words which at least closely resemble those of the fifth verse of this Psalm.

> "In every pang that rends the heart,
> The Man of Sorrows had a part;
> He sympathises with our grief,
> And to the sufferer sends relief."


Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labour of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON. Kronheim & Co.

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

II.

"Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun."

Lyra Germanica.

ZULEIKA had now been some weeks in her new home. At first everything had seemed dull and strange to the country-born child, for this new home was in the middle of one of the largest towns in India. Not that this made much difference to her or her female companions, as it is the custom for Mohammedan women and girls to be secluded within their own houses from a very early age, and never, excepting in a closed carriage or cart, to go outside their own homes. But the change was great to Zuleika, as hitherto she had been free to roam as she pleased; now the four bare walls enclosed the whole space where she was free to roam, and she felt the restraint keenly. But she was a cheerful, high-spirited little maiden; her heartfelt gratitude to Ibrahim for taking her to his home prevented her from even looking unhappy; indeed she tried bravely, little ignorant thing though she was, to repay him by her helpfulness for all the kindness and money that he had bestowed upon her. I said there was not much to be done in his little house; indeed the occupants were so poor that there was not much to do with, but still Zuleika had enough to do, rather more than enough for such a wee child.

Ibrahim's wife Fatma was a delicate and often-suffering woman, and his mother Mariam was old and feeble. Then his two daughters were but little older than Zuleika and did not like to do anything but play. The only others in the family were a son, called Selim, who attended a day-school, and one other boy, a little child of two; this last was Zuleika's pet and special charge. All of these I have just mentioned expected help in various ways from our little Zuleika, and willingly she gave it. All day long she worked and helped whoever wanted help, doing all in her power to be useful, and, as we are told, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Zuleika found it so, for being so busy she had not much time to brood over her great trouble in the loss of her parents. What would those parents have said if they could have seen their little daughter working away so busily? She whom they had guarded so tenderly, and whom they had thought little more than a baby, was now obliged to work hard, and was not always too kindly treated, for Mariam, the old grandmother, was harsh and rough to the little child, and the other children would often treat her unkindly. But He who had brought her thus far knew best what was good for her, and was leading her by a path that she knew not, teaching her the lesson that this is not our rest, and to stirring within her deep and earnest longings after the rest that remaineth. Not that she knew what it was she wanted—she did not know—but God knew, and in His own good time would more than satisfy all her longings.

Zuleika had been working all day. Now her work was nearly finished. "Zuleika!" called old Fatma, as she hobbled into the yard from making her purchases in the neighbouring bazaar, "Zuleika, is that rice not pounded yet? Look how low the sun's rays are; soon they will be gone altogether, and then the child will be home and no rice for his supper! A nice child you are not to be able to pound even a little rice for such a kind master. Where would you be now, I should like to know, if he had only thought of his own pleasure when he found you in the famine camp? But it is always so, no gratitude whatever," and the old woman closed her speech in low mutterings, according to her custom.

"The rice is finished now, Ammah," said Zuleika, quickly, "all finished. I am so glad. I would not like the sahib to be kept waiting for me. Shall I help you?" she continued quickly, seeing the old woman was unpacking her basket. "Let me help, please," and she proceeded to take the things out of the basket and lay them on the floor.

"Ammah," she went on to say ("Ammah" is the name by which old women are usually addressed in this part of India). "Ammah, no mutton again to-day! What will become of Fatma? She is very bad to-night, and the doctor said she was to have some soup."

"*Soup!*" repeated Mariam crossly; "what's the good of ordering us to get soup for her? Does he forget that it is famine time? Mutton is not for us poor folks in these times; rice and pepper-water, with a bit of vegetable sometimes, is all we can get, and hard enough it is to get even that."

Zuleika was silent. Sadly she took the few chillies and other ingredients brought by Mariam, and prepared to make the pepper-water which, eaten with rice, was to form the evening meal.

Let us watch her at her work. Taking a little red earthen pot of water, she hurries to a flat stone, and kneeling down beside it, she places upon it some green ginger. This, by means of another stone, she quickly rubs down to a paste, adding a little water from time to time. In the same manner she prepares a little cocoanut and a few chillies, and when they are all reduced to a smooth paste, she places them in a small pot over the fire, fills the pot up with water, and leaves it to boil. When it boils the concoction is ready for eating, and is poured over boiled rice, and a portion is served out to each member of the family.

Zuleika was not long over her cooking operations, and all was ready some time before the return of Ibrahim.

As soon as she had finished, she hurried gently to the shed in which Fatma was lying.

"Fatma," she whispered low, "are you sleeping?"

"No, the pain in my head is too severe for sleep. I am very weary, Zuleika, weary of my life."

"What must I do?" thought poor little Zuleika; "what can I do? Oh, if there were any means by which I could help Fatma, how glad I should be." She bent over the sick woman, and with her little childish hands smoothed and stroked the weary head, trying to soothe away the pain which made the poor creature's life such a burden to her. Presently the sick woman roused herself a little, and sitting up on her mat said, "You are a kind little child, Zuleika, and I believe you have done my head good. Run away now and see what the little Hassan is doing; surely he must be awake by this time."

Zuleika quickly obeyed her, and went to the spot where the baby Hassan was already trying to get up from the mat on which he had been sleeping. He was a dear little fellow, so bright and good; he laughed with pleasure to see his patient little nurse beside him. What a funny little baby he was, not one bit like the children we see in England. Dark brown skin, black eyes and hair, a sturdy little fellow enough, but what made him look so funny was his dress. A red cap fitting close to his head, all covered with spangles and a little pink net shirt of very scanty dimensions, being his entire clothing. Not that much clothing is desirable in India, and no doubt the little Hassan found pink net very cool and pleasant.

The baby had not been awake many minutes, and Zuleika was still occupied in playing merrily with him, when the curtain of rough sack-cloth which, hanging at an opening in the wall, formed a sort of door, was raised, and Ibrahim, the master of the house, entered the yard. He was a tall, well-formed man of about forty years of age, with a pleasing if some-

what a sad face. He wore the usual loose flowing robe of the Mussalmans made in their white muslin, loose white trousers, a turban of red cloth on his head. He was followed by his son Selim, who was dressed much like his father and resembled him greatly in appearance.

Ibrahim seated himself in silence on a small mat on the ground, while Mariam placed a bowl of rice and pepper-water before him and a similar one before Selim, who had seated himself near his father. Both pronounced the "Bismillah," that is, saying "In the name of God," without saying which no true Mussalman will do even the most trivial thing, and then began quickly to eat their food with their fingers, knives, forks and spoons not being used by the natives of India.

After Ibrahim and Selim had finished their meal they rose from their seats and went away to wash their hands, so making way for the females of the family, who at once placed themselves on the mats and quickly ate the portion of food reserved for them. This is the custom amongst the Mohammedans, men and women never take their meals together. The men of the family are served first by the women; when they have finished the women eat what is left.

Soon all traces of the evening meal were put away. Ibrahim and Selim returned, and the former sat down to enjoy his evening pipe, while the latter busily occupied himself with his next day's lessons. Mariam had gone to take some simple preparation of rice to the poor invalid Fatma, while her daughters Anser and Jamla played noiselessly with the baby.

Do not think these children were always as quiet as this, dear reader, or you will be much mistaken. They were often very noisy and very merry, but to-night, was not Ibrahim present? He was a kind, even an indulgent father, but for a Mussalman child to make a noise before its father; such a thing was never heard of. Why, for a child to speak to its father without permission is considered improper, and it is only of late years that a grown-up son has been allowed to sit down in the presence of his father. That, then, is the reason of the stillness, and possibly the thought of the father's presence has something to do with Selim's studiousness.

When Ibrahim's pipe was finished he rose, and after speaking a few words of sympathy to his suffering wife he went out and left the little family free to make as much noise as they liked.

Merrily they played with the baby and with each other, they had nothing else to play with, but they managed to make themselves very happy without any playthings. At last they were tired with their merry game, and Selim suggested that they should go and sit by their sick mother, and perhaps their old grandmother Mariam would tell them a story. She was fond of story-telling, and seldom refused the children when they asked her for one. She consented even more readily than usual on this occasion, for Fatma was unusually feeble to-night, and the children's noisy games tired her.

Soon they were all seated round their mother's bed, or rather mat, which was laid on the floor, the light from a small oil-lamp casting a fitful glare upon them. It shone on a strange group: on the old woman, with her long white hair hanging down and partly concealing her face, her bent form wrapped up in folds of white cloth, which also was partly drawn over her head; on the poor sick woman, as she lay on her hard bed; and, lastly, on the bright and eager faces of the children as they anxiously waited for the promised story.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXIV.

Single Acrostic.

1. May corn and wine renew our strength,
   May dews from heaven unstinted pour,
   That we like *thee*, though wrestling sore,
   In power of prayer prevail at length.

2. New reaped the field, the sheaves are bound,
   'Mong equals why this preference?
   What means *this lowly reverence?*
   This humble kissing of the ground?

3. A greater marvel next appears;
   In glittering circle meekly bowed,
   Round a new centre, lo! they crowd,
   Sun, moon, and *these once equal spheres.*

4. Oh! heaven-born charity, thy grace
   But one of all the brothers owns;
   This rottenness is in their bones,
   For love in them hath found no place.

5. Next pity dies where love is dead,
   And scarce from murder's self they shrink
   The child *herein* may hopeless sink
   Alone with grief and anguish dread.

6. And long within *yon fruitful vale,*
   Whence he his well-beloved had sent,
   A Father's tears are fruitless spent,
   While age creeps on and life grows pale.

   Thy long, long night of tears shall wane,
   When God His purpose high fulfils;
   Joy out of grief His love distills,
   And peace He bringeth out of pain.

   The waves on ocean's troubled breast
   But bear us to the farther shore.
   Thou wilt not count thy troubles o'er
   When in thy Father's arms at rest.

   No! truest type of Christ the Lord,
   Ungrudging thou thy griefs wilt give;
   "God sent me on that ye might live."
   Thus faith resolves life's tangled chord.

F. M. E.

NO. XXV.

The initials of the subjoined will give the subject of Jeremiah's lamentation, "The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord, was taken in their pits, of whom we said, Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen."

1. A king's son who was the keeper of a prison.
2. A virtue which God prefers to sacrifice.
3. The mother of the beloved disciple.
4. The father of Korah.
5. A prophet who foretold a universal famine.
6. The Mount of God.

ANSWER TO WORD PICTURE FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. I.—p. 336.—1 Kings xvi. 9–19.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIX.—p. 350.—DOVE—LAMB.—Matt. x. 16; iii. 16. Ex. xii. 5. Rev. xiv. 1.

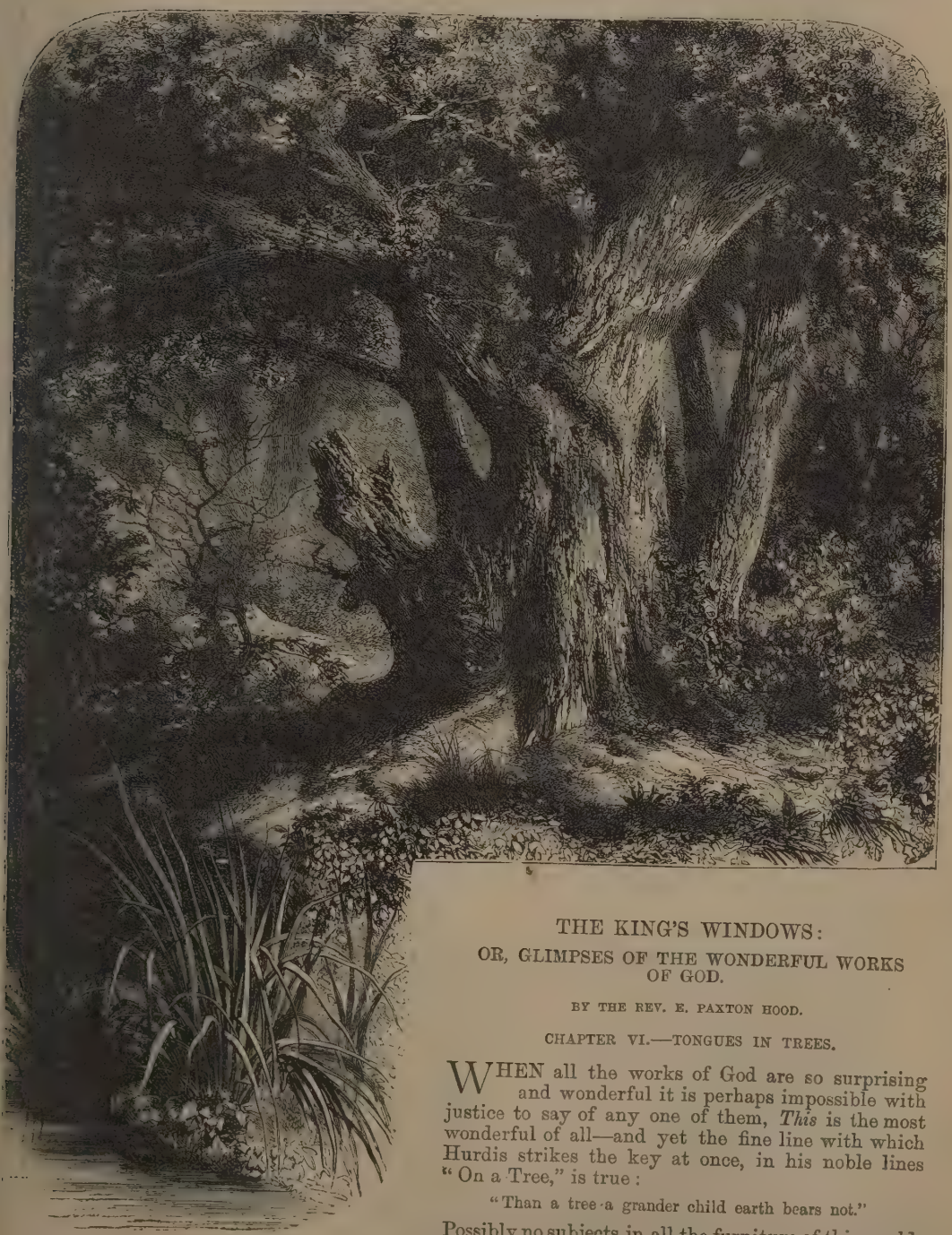
D-anie-*l*	Dan. vi. 16.
O-meg-*a*	Rev. xxii. 13.
V-eno-*m*	Deut. xxxii. 33.
E-liashi-*b*	Neh. iii. 1.

NO. XX.—p. 350.—EAR—EYE.—Psa. xciv. 9.

E-v-*e*	Gen. iii. 20.
A-bundanti-*y*	Isa. lv. 7.
R-eceiv-*e*	Prov. iv. 10.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



THE KING'S WINDOWS:

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

CHAPTER VI.—TONGUES IN TREES.

WHEN all the works of God are so surprising and wonderful it is perhaps impossible with justice to say of any one of them, *This* is the most wonderful of all—and yet the fine line with which Hurdis strikes the key at once, in his noble lines "On a Tree," is true:

"Than a tree a grander child earth bears not."

Possibly no subjects in all the furniture of this world, so prolific in forms of beauty, have received so many

PRICE ONE PENNY.

of the fine, beautiful, or graceful words of poets as trees, and it would be simply a great pleasure to group together all these lines and sketch their appropriate and individual illustrations. Thus we should have Cowper's "Yardley Oak."

"Time made thee what thou wast, King of the Woods;
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in.
Thine arms have left thee; winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them."

Then we should have Wordsworth's Yew-trees; some of the lines forming a wonderful subject for an artist—

"There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore.
This solitary tree, a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks, and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Upcoiling, and inveterately convolved;
Beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide: Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow!"

Then we should have the old Oak of Rogers—lines which seem quite to realise the desolate and blasted tree, without mention of which every dendrological catalogue would be incomplete—the old oak of Herne the Hunter in Windsor Forest:

"Round thee, alas, no shadows move,
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe;
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.
Thy singèd top and branches bare
Now struggle in the evening sky,
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the lone corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!"

Then we should include that most common, picturesque and human of our English trees, the Elm, and Thomas Hood's weird way of regarding it as our English sarcophagus:

"But haughty peer and mighty king
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm.
While he who never knew a home
Shall find it in the elm!

That mystic tree, which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmured overhead,
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady avenue
Where lofty elms abound."

But such illustrations might be carried to any length, and combine in art the mingling charms of the poet and the painter.

Trees must always have impressed the reverent imaginations of men. Bryant, in his magnificent "Forest Hymn," expresses the truth which all old history confirms, and especially the Bible annals:

"The groves were God's first temples!"

So it was with Abraham when he dwelt at Mamre, which was literally a village among the trees, the oaks apparently, in his case; so also with Deborah, the mighty mother in Israel, when she sat beneath the date-palm and poured forth her magnificent Hebrew melody. We have many illustrations from the old biographies of the Bible that the tree, or the grove of trees, formed the first temples of men; and from the same book we gather how soon trees became dangerously associated with idolatry. It was as if men confounded the glorious and magnificent window, through which glancing, they might see the King passing by, with the King Himself; it has been so usually the case that man has first adopted the symbol, and then transferred to the symbol the idea of inherent power residing in it; so trees were fabled to be the homes of dryads and wood-nymphs. Hence, in the historical books of the Bible, and in the words of the prophets, we are perpetually meeting with denunciations of the groves. Tree-worship is at once one of the oldest and the most prevalent forms of idolatry; nor is it wonderful that it should be so when we regard, not merely the manifold uses of trees, the extraordinary variety of ways in which they contribute to the necessities of man, but when we remember also, in many regions of the East, their vast proportions in bulk and height, the far-winding and mysterious avenues beneath the gorgeous architecture of the umbrageous boughs—when we remember how often in their remote, bewildering, and interlacing ambiguity they seem to be the retreat and receptacle of appropriate but inexplicable mysteries—all these circumstances, combined with many others we have not detailed, make trees to be singular objects through which faith and reverence learned their sometimes superstitious lessons.

Most nations have some tree especially dear because in so many ways providing for the necessities of the people. The author of the interesting "Sketches of Persia" describes his emotions when, in the midst of the desert and arid plains, he looked around him on the ignorant, half-naked, and swarthy men and women broiling under a burning sun; he says his bosom heaved with pity for their condition, which seemed to him so wretched. Yet they all seemed contented, and he regarded their contentment as derogatory to the dignity of human nature. He turned to an old Armenian, his companion in his travels, and said: "Surely these people cannot be so foolish as to be happy in this miserable and uninstructed state? They appear to be a lively, intelligent race. Can they be insensible to their wretched condition? Do they not hear of any other countries? Have they no envy; no desire for improvement?" The old Armenian smiled upon him, and said, "No, no! They are a very happy race of people, and so far from envying the condition of others, they would be more likely to pity them." The old man saw the surprise and incredulity of his companion, so he said, "I will give you an anecdote which will explain the ground of this feeling. Some time since, an Arab woman from this very neighbourhood

went to England with the children of Mr. B——. She remained in your country four years. When she returned, all gathered round her to gratify their curiosity about England. 'What did you find there?' 'Is it a fine country?' 'Are the people rich?' 'Are they happy?' She answered them: 'The country is like a garden. All the people seemed very rich; had fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and were said to be very wise and happy.' Those to whom she was speaking began to be filled with envy of the English, and a gloom began to spread itself over them, which showed discontent at their own condition, when the woman, accidentally it seemed, happened to say, 'England certainly wants one thing.' 'What is that?' said the Arabs eagerly. 'There is not a single date-tree in the whole country!' 'Are you sure?' was the general exclamation. 'Positive,' said the old nurse; 'I looked for nothing else all the time I was there; but I never saw a date-palm,' and this produced an instantaneous change of feeling among all her Arab listeners, and instead of envy, pity seemed to take possession of all, and they went away wondering how men could live in a country where there were no date-trees." Thus, indeed, it is most true that the lone date-tree is the friendly child of the dry saharas, and, very singularly to us, it seems that the drier and more sandy the region, the more prolific is the benevolence of the palm; and thus, while the vine hangs like an emerald or amethyst necklace round our hills, or the banks of the Rhine, or the slopes of the Alps, the date is the mother of bounties to the far Eastern world.

What an extraordinary illustration of the comprehensive and compendious benevolence of the Creating King we find in the cocoa-bearing palm! When the fruit is old it yields a species of oil which is used for light; of its juices is made arrack, a kind of toddy; the cabbage is used in cookery; its leaf in many mechanical services; its trunk is used for building; its fibres for cordage; and of its shell are made many domestic utensils. And so valuable is it in a nautical sense that one of the kings of the Maldive Islands sent an ambassador to Ceylon in a ship, not only built, but entirely rigged out of cocoa-nut trees. They are, too, so conspicuous as land-marks, and so little affected by the sea air or the sea spray, that Captain Flinders, a distinguished voyager, used to say that any navigator who should distribute ten thousand cocoa-nuts upon the numerous sandbanks of the Indian and Pacific Oceans would be amply entitled to the gratitude of all maritime nations. And all this of the cocoa-palm reminds us that dear old Du Bartas, in his wonderful old poem "The Days," says all that we have said above through his great translator Sylvester:

"The admirable Tree
Beareth a fruit (called Cocoa commonly),
The which, alone, far richer wonders yields
Than all our Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Fields.
What? Would'st thou drink? The wounded leaves drop wine.
Lack'st thou fine linen? Dress the tender rine,
Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weave it wel,
It shall the Cambrik and thy Lawn excel.
Long'st thou for Butter? Bite the poulpy part,
And never better came to any Mart.
Needest thou Oyl? Then boult it to and fro,
And passing Oyl it soon becometh so.
Or Vinegar, to whet thine appetite?
Then sun it wel, and it will sharply bite.
Or want'st thou Sugar? Steep the same a stound,
And sweeter sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would;
Should *Midas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold
And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes,
The earth with plenty, and His Name with praise,
Had done enough, if He had made no more
But this one plant, so full of wondrous store."

In the memory of all this—of the palm and its varieties—how significant is that text, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," tall, stately, and fruitful, and bearing its glories as a crown of triumph.

In the description of trees, forests, and woods, travellers give to us pictures as rich as the poets. These pages will not permit us to do more than mention, though very especially, Humboldt's descriptions of life in the forests of America, glowing at once with graphic reality and imagination; or the pages of Darwin, in his voyage of the "Beagle." What trees Mr. Yates found and described in his "Naturalist on the Amazons;" what varieties of forest life; and what must it be merely to attempt to conceive those mammoth trees he discovered! With what enthusiasm he speaks of what he calls the glorious forests. "There was," he says, "a cedar whose colossal trunk towered up for more than a hundred feet, straight as an arrow. I never saw its crown, which was lost to view from below beyond a crowd of lesser trees which surrounded it." Trees whose column-like stems were sixty feet in girth at the point where they become cylindrical, and their height a hundred feet from the ground to the lowest branch. Who planted all these mighty leagues of forest land? Probably in the same way were they planted as many of our English forests. A pleasing writer says, "While England may take pride in her oaks, it is not generally known that those which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed a most essential service to the English navy." And then he goes on to tell how, in the county of Monmouth, he came upon a squirrel sitting very composedly on the ground. Like lightning it darted to the top of a tree, and was presently back with an acorn in its mouth. It burrowed the earth with its hands, and in the tolerably deep hole which it made it deposited the acorn, darted up to the tree again, and presently returned with another, and continued in this employment so long as the amused and interested observer watched it. Thus the little creature was providing against want in winter, and as its memory was probably frequently defective, and as its industry and mental obliviousness were no doubt shared by innumerable brethren of the same tribe, we may form some idea of what we owe to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel, as he

"Leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty."

A clergyman, a student of natural history, tells how he was interested in watching a colony of rooks burying something in the ground, and he ascertained that they had planted acorns enough to make a grove of oaks; he lived to see a number of them spring up into something more than saplings, and most likely the planters lived to build their nests in

the branches. We have all heard of "the century-living crow." Our artist appears to have gone into one of the deep pine forests. The solitude and the silence, not less than the mysterious sound of a pine forest are wonderful; but more especially are they noticeable in the Canadas for the large parties of what are called lumberers who camp in their depths supplying the navies of the world with choicest masts.

Among the deep utterances of the Book of God concerning the creation, not one is more wonderful than that in Genesis ii. 5, that "the Lord God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew," the developed idea was in the mind of God before it was formed. He saw the end before the thought had a beginning in creation; then He gave to every kind its own body, answering to the germinating life within. This singular announcement of revelation in the story of creation has received remarkable illustration in one of the later chapters of botanical science—in what may be called now the law of Goethe. His announcement of it was mocked by the men of science as merely a gleam of poetic imagination; but he lived long enough to see his doctrine adopted by every scientific man of his day. The doctrine that not merely the life—the respiration of every tree—every flower—is in the leaf, but that the whole idea of the entire plant is in the leaf; this is the exposition of the text, "The Lord made every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb before it grew." Whether lifting a tower of spiral strength, or weaving the umbrageous roof over sylvan green arcades, twining into an arbour, or springing aloft crowned with flowery tops, so that, whether we climb the hills, or rove the woods, or walk by the stream, or pause by moss-grown wells, we may be sure that in each floral-vegetative creation, we find a thought of God. Each green thing ought to be a speaker of parables, an utterer forth of Nature's sweet gospel; for then only has Nature a sweet gospel to deliver, when interpreted and shone upon by the Divine word. For the kingdom of trees spreads everywhere before the eye an immense portrait of the Divine mind. Are we charmed by contriving skill? Does a lavish and profuse imagination delight us; conceptions which look like genius, or exquisite and faultless taste and grace? They are all here, conjoined to gracious benignity and benevolent munificence. If the thunder and the tempest awe and overwhelm us by the assurance of our helplessness beneath tremendous omnipotence, the world of trees, with all their glorious variety of flowers and fruits, assure us of our Father's unforgetting sympathy and condescending care.

Ezekiel, among the prophets of God, may be called pre-eminently the prophet of the trees. Trees were to him as the King's Windows. What a description of a vast empire in the thirty-first chapter: "Whom art thou like in thy greatness? a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature; the top among the thick boughs. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches: nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty, so that all the trees of Eden that were in the garden of God envied him"!

And in the same sublime prophet what a noble and distinctive prophecy is that concerning Christ the Cedar of God: "Thus saith the Lord God; I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon an high mountain and eminent: in the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken and have done it"!

The trees of England do not seem to possess the attractive romance of many foreign children of the forest; yet, we suppose, in beauty, in winning gracefulness, scarcely the trees of any other country could transcend our own, even the Lime, the linden-tree of Germany—if the latter name seem more romantic and historical—we doubt whether there could be found more graceful and lovable specimens than among our own English parks and groves. The lime is surely the lady among our English trees. Many an old English park boasts a fine avenue of lime-trees—like that of Brambridge in the New Forest. Our own more affectionate memories loiter beneath a stately and imposing line of limes in Buxted Park, in Sussex. The lime-tree is the sculptor's tree; carvers in wood prefer this as furnishing them with those attributes most needed to give at once effect and permanence to their creations. Many of the carvings of Grinling Gibbons are wrought from the lime. Is the Yew a peculiarly English tree? Perhaps not, but we suppose that in no country could such extraordinary illustrations of its weird, ghostly, and sombre magnificence be found—in no country—especially, if, somewhat in Irish fashion, we assimilate Ireland with our own, and make the little island a peninsula; for the most astonishing yew-tree of which we ever did hear is that at Crom Castle, at Fermanagh. Its appearance is that of an enormous dark-green mushroom; the branches spread out in great numbers horizontally from the trunk, and are supported by a number of wooden pillars, and cover a space about seventy feet in diameter; winding alleys stretch about beneath the tree, and two hundred persons have often dined beneath its branches. The yew-tree is usually called the churchyard-tree; perhaps its weird and sombre character, its winding, skeleton-like roots, and dark shady branches may be sufficient to account for this, though the more generally accepted reason is that it was the tree on which many ages since England's greatness was supposed to depend; for, long before we formed and founded our "hearts of oak," we fashioned our arms of yew. Poitiers, Agincourt, and other such fields, were won by the English bow; and the tree was so national and so important that the exportation of its wood was forbidden. This tree furnishes some of the most wonderful pieces of forest effect in our country; usually, we know, it stands solitary, but there are some spots where the effect of almost a forest of yew-trees is nearly as strange, weird, and ghastly as that through which Dante conducts us in the "Inferno." The most extraordinary we have

ever seen in this way, is that called the Kingly Vale, about four miles from Chichester. The trees are immemorial. What the place is, when, and by whom they were planted, is lost to all knowledge, only that tradition describes the place as the spot of burial of a number of old Danish sea-kings. It is a long dark grove, dense and dark, and if anything were wanting to supply sombreness and shadow to the valley, some of the finest specimens of juniper and holly lend their interlacing darkness to the scene. It is a long vale in which these strange giants are assembled—perfectly solitary, although a favourite retreat on summer afternoons for visitors from Brighton or Chichester. Nine hundred years this long, grand, irregular arena has been known to stand. We have mentioned it at this length because, while it is one of the grandest things we possess in England, it is so singularly unknown.

But what a beautiful variety, and how impossible to do more than mention such pleasant names as the beech, the birch, the walnut, the chestnut—have you not seen the stately avenue in Bushey Park in its coronation month?—the wych elm, the willow, and the ash, then the apple-tree, the pear and the cherry, these are all the windows of the King. And as every tree has its own distinctive character—character as distinct as any of the creatures of the forest or field, or as any members of the great human family, so, no doubt, every tree has its own distinctive purpose and affections and uses. A pleasing, but quite unknown poet, although an affluent writer, says,

> "Varied as sounds that speak of joy or grief
> Each tree had its own music with the wind,
> As many-toned as notes of birds. Each leaf
> Answers the breeze according to its kind,
> As human accidents in diverse mind
> Diverse affections move."

The varying language of trees, however unknown to dwellers in town, must have been noticed by those who have walked through woods or forests when the winds were up, or who have lain wakeful at night in some house in the neighbourhood of varying groves, plantations, or woods when tongues were busy talking in the trees.

It is quite remarkable to notice from the testimony of travellers what a change in forest vegetation has passed over the region of Palestine, what we call the Holy Land. In the ancient Bible days, in the times of David and from thence down to the time of our Lord and later still, Palestine must have been covered with vernal forests. We read of the forest, or wood, of Ephraim; the forest of Hareth; there were forests of oak amongst the mountains of Bashan; and what cedar forests there were, we know in Lebanon. The palm groves of Jericho must have been, according to Dean Stanley, eight miles long; these have all disappeared. This seems especially affecting as we think of the Cedar of Lebanon, the object of most intense veneration to the Jews; it was beyond all trees, *the* tree: what the oak is to England, the birch to Scotland, the pine to Norway, the orange to Spain, the olive to Italy. From the cedar of Lebanon inspired writers fetched some of their finest illustrations and allusions; the good man was to "grow like the cedar in Lebanon;" "the trees of the Lord were full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He planted." It is said now that the whole of Lebanon does not contain as many cedar-trees as are to be seen in the parks and lawns of England.

The prophecy has been literally fulfilled in a very remarkable manner, that "the remainder of the trees of the forest"—Lebanon—"shall be few, so that a child may write them," and the "remainder" of the ancient forests are not scattered about over the mountains, but there is one little grove over a Maronite village. No other tree is visible for miles, and this is guarded with intense reverence and superstitious awe. The trees are considered by the Maronites even to possess something of a saintly character. But how curious it is in connection with this that another prophecy should be literally fulfilled, "Upon the land of My people shall come up thorns and briars; yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city," so that the land of the cedar and the palm is now called by travellers "the land of thorns." Thorny and spinous plants strike every traveller's eye as the most prolific forms of vegetation, and are formidable barriers in travelling the country. This is not wonderful, regarded from a natural point of view. The extermination of magnificent forests, and stately and fruitful trees, would cause a degenerated but more hardy and intractable vegetation. Bonar and M'Cheyne say that, for hours together, they marched through extensive tracts of briars and thorns such as they had seen in no other part of the world. The once glorious plains of Esdraelon are covered with thickets of these dangerous plants; so are the once fair and flourishing hills of Judah; so is the whole country between Nazareth and the shores of the ever-memorable lake.

Dr. Clarke thought that from hence, more readily than from any other region, could be obtained a valuable collection of every variety of thistles; and it is curious that the most frequent and remarkable of all these prickly plants is that called the *Spina Christi*, Christ's Thorn, and its botanic appellation is derived from the tradition that it is the plant from which the Crown of Thorns was made. Its appearance is said to be very different from that thorn which we see in the representations of the art of great painters surrounding the brow of the Incarnate and Crucified One. It does not look so cruel; its branches are long, slender, and pliable, so as more easily to be plaited into any shape; also its leaves are like those of the ivy, a rich, glossy green, looking, when shaped like a crown, like the old classic crown of victory, so that it conveyed an insult while it produced the most exquisite pain; for nothing can be more treacherous than this innocent-looking shrub or trailing creeper; its beauty seems to contrast with the desolation of the places in which it is found. An unsuspecting traveller, at first, greatly admires it; but it conceals under every leaf a sharp thorn, often an inch in length, curved like a fish-hook, and it grasps and tears everything that it touches; it runs into the feet of men and animals; it is more troublesome than a military weapon. There is every probability that this was the thorn which was plaited as a crown for the Redeemer, and now all the hills round about Jerusalem, as well as the plains of Galilee, are crowned with the thorn. It is hardly possible to read these things—the testimony of all accomplished travellers—without seeming to hear a very significant tongue in the trees.

Such are one or two of the ten thousand sights which might meet us from these windows of the Great King!

MY SECOND CURACY.

II.

NOW with regard to the different charities, from which we were enabled to help the deserving poor. I must first mention our parochial school, an admirable institution, and well managed by a committee of ladies, and a board of governors. Here twenty-five girls, the daughters of respectable poor persons, were boarded, educated, lodged and taught thoroughly the duties of efficient domestic servants, which, under a very cleanly sharp, shrewd matron, they nearly invariably became. Indeed, in fact, as these girls arrived at sixteen, there were always good places ready to receive them. If they continued three years in their first place, and produced a good character from their employers, at the end of that period they received a reward of three guineas, and if they continued in the same situation seven years, then they received the further handsome sum of sixteen pounds. In addition to this parochial school for girls, there was one for boys, where fifty sons of deserving poor persons resident in the parish were clothed and educated free; these, as they left the school, if they conducted themselves properly, received an illuminated sheet of parchment, setting forth their good behaviour while in the school, signed by the governors. These certificates generally procured the holders of them a better class of situation than they would otherwise be able to obtain.

There existed in the parish a large district-visiting society, through which assistance was given to the sick and needy, mostly by means of orders for various articles upon different tradesmen, who presented the tickets received by them at the end of each month, when their account was settled. In connection with this society, though under the entire control of a ladies' committee, was a needlework association, which in the winter months gave employment at a remunerative price to a number of women in the district. No deposit was required, but merely a recommendation from one of the curates, and I am happy to say that we seldom experienced any loss. There was also a maternity society, which provided married women with boxes of linen. In order to obtain this aid, application was made to the curate of the district in which the applicant lived, and upon his recommendation, the landlord or a respectable householder being security for the safety of the contents of the box, it was left for a month; during that period, through the district-visitor, the sick woman was relieved with such things as were thought necessary.

Perhaps of all our associations for helping the poor, none was more beneficial or successful than the establishment of an invalid kitchen. This was designed to supply a want long felt among us, and to further the recovery of sick people, especially in cases which had been dismissed from the hospital as cured. To show how valuable it might prove, take the case of a man, the father of a family, taken to the hospital with a broken leg, or to have an operation performed there, laid up for six weeks, returning to his home weak and sickly: the question arises how can he get proper support and nourishment to fit him for his daily labour? During his enforced absence the means upon which his family have subsisted have become dissipated, and it may even be that it has been necessary to pawn several articles of furniture or clothing, or the rent has gone backward; what is the man to do? We step in and offer him three hot meat dinners a week, with a pint of porter, for the sum of twopence. There are certain rules to be observed, which may be briefly summed up: upon a ticket is stated the name, age, condition and cause of the applicant's sickness; this ticket is then taken to an eating-house (where we had engaged the first floor), with twopence, before ten o'clock in the morning, in order that we might know the number for which dinner should be provided. Those who were able to come and eat their dinner, in the cleanly, well-arranged room at two o'clock, were provided with a green ticket, and in order to make them punctual, they lost their porter if they were not present when grace was said. Those who were unable, through sickness, to come, sent a basin and jug at the same hour, in order that they might have their dinner at home, and for that purpose were furnished with a red ticket. We found these dinners, to which even children were admitted, of the greatest value in restoring the health of the sick, and in strengthening those recovering from their sicknesses or other complaints.

The saving fund was a most useful institution, and nearly a thousand depositors availed themselves yearly of its benefit. About twelve hundred pounds was yearly deposited. The interest allowed was simply a halfpenny in the shilling, and no person received more than 2*s.* 6*d.* on account of interest in the course of one year.

One of our most useful charities was the loan of blankets. We annually lent out to the deserving poor from four to five hundred blankets; these were given out on the first of November and returned the last week in April. The applicant required to be personally known and recommended by one of the parochial clergy. If she was approved of she received the blanket and a card with her name, address and number, a corresponding entry being made in a register kept for that purpose; if at the expiration of the time she neglected to bring her card and blanket, a cross was put against her name, and the longer she delayed the less chance she would have of receiving one the following winter. Notwithstanding all our precautions we lost a large number every year, either by the removal or death of the people to whom the blankets had been lent, and sometimes also by their dishonesty. I remember the case of one woman who, having been repeatedly asked for the blanket, it being overdue, at length exclaiming, "You want your blanket, do you? Come and I will show it you. I wanted some scouring flannel, so I cut it up." She then showed me the pieces. Yet this very woman had the effrontery, actually, when the time came round, to solicit the loan of another blanket. It is

needless to say that she did not succeed in robbing us a second time.

In connection with the Boys' National School we had a shoe-club limited to boys actually under tuition. Perhaps this was the least successful of our various charities. Shoe-clubs answer best in country parishes. We found that even the addition of twopence in the shilling was not sufficient inducement to make as many join as we might naturally expect. During the severe winter months, in connection with the invalid dinners, we opened soup-kitchens for those poor who were really in distress, but whose character might not perhaps bear strict investigation.

With regard to our schools, I should say our national ones ranked as high as any in the metropolis, the Government inspector always having awarded it the highest praise. I cannot say the same of our Sunday-school. It is in a languishing state. Why or wherefore, it is hard to determine, but a sorrowful fact is patent to the mind, that it does not flourish. It may be partly the teachers' fault, partly the parents', but fault there is somewhere. Still, we are not singular in this respect. In the southern half of England generally, the Sunday-schools are not so successful as they are in the northern part, especially among the manufacturing districts.

It is deeply to be deplored that Sunday-schools do not always produce the result for which they are intended, and it is a notorious fact that Sunday-scholars too often do not attend their church or chapel after they leave the school. Why is this? Partly, I believe, because the attention and faculties of the children are too severely taxed. They have to hurry from their breakfast to reach school by nine or half-past nine o'clock, and are there until half-past ten or eleven o'clock. Where there is no children's separate service, they are then marched into their places in church or chapel, their seats being generally hard, uncomfortable and badly arranged; they are expected not to move, fidget or play during a long service, with the addition of a long sermon, which might as well be delivered in Greek for all the good lasting impression it creates on their minds. How happy they look as they leave the building at the prospect of an hour's freedom from teachers and teaching. But the hour of school again approaches, and once more for a couple of hours have they to be lectured and read to, or, as is the case in the country where there is afternoon service, they have only one hour's teaching previous to attending service.

Now, I believe the practical effect is to make children dread the return of the Lord's Day. It is not a day of rest and delight to them, or they would not so habitually shun the place where they have been instructed.*

Another reason why Sunday-schools are a partial failure arises from the fact that the children feel that they are only sent by their parents to get them out of the way, that it is to serve a purpose, that they are not wanted at home, in order that the parents may go out and enjoy themselves. This operates badly on the minds of many children.

* The writer's ideas about Sunday-schools are widely different from those of many who have experience of their benefits. But we allow his statements to remain, as there are still schools not managed as they ought to be.

Another reason why Sunday-schools do not succeed, too often afforded: teachers get in a certain groove, out of which they cannot step, and this generally turns upon cramming the heads of their pupils while their hearts remain untouched. I am afraid this is a very common evil. But it is too important a matter to be discussed in a few sentences.

In addition to the day-schools, of course we had classes for evening instruction; but they were not so successful as we might have expected. The elder pupils, both male and female, had a great desire to learn French, two or three would persevere with arithmetic, and the younger portion would delight in writing. Still, taking everything into consideration, I found that night-schools were much more needed and successful in the country villages than in towns. Still, they are very valuable aids to a parochial minister, and bring him into far closer intercourse with one of the interesting portions of his charge than any other institution. Many an attendant at a night-school has learnt that the parson was his true friend, and ready to listen and sympathise with the tale of private sorrow, or the sense of wrongdoing pressing heavily upon his young friend's heart.

Among other useful institutions was one which by the kindness of some lay friends and the assistance of my fellow-curates, both instructed and amused our people. I allude to the different series of lectures we held each winter in our National-schools. They were originally intended for the young men of the parish, in order to create and foster a taste for reading among them, and also to keep them, for one evening a week at least, from the alluring temptations of the metropolis. But I am happy to say that others, also, took an interest in the success of our lectures, and that it was no unfrequent sight to see two or three of the wealthiest tradesmen of the district with their wives and families present. These lectures led to a larger circulation of the lending library and also brought us into contact with the most reserved and difficult class to get hold of, I mean young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

Another source of amusement, and perhaps more so of sound instruction, was our flourishing choral society. This, from the energy and musical taste of one of my fellow-curates, was a very valuable institution. The members took a great interest in their association, and not only was the number of members large, but their attendance most regular, even on wet and foggy nights. The plan pursued was to devote the first three-quarters of an hour to the trying over and practising of the different chants and hymn tunes, which were to be used in public worship on the following Sunday, the next three-quarters of an hour being taken up with some of the old part-songs, glees, madrigals and other choral music. Now we found many beneficial effects arise from our choral society. First, church music became more appreciated and improved, and the members formed themselves into a voluntary choir, which under the able direction and constant supervision of my fellow-curate, proved of immense value in the services on the Lord's Day. Next, a desire to renew acquaintance with the music of their earlier days was clearly apparent among the older members of the society, and their presence acted as a check upon the exuberance of spirit which might

show itself among the younger members. Thirdly, I believe that anything which brings different classes of society, ages, and conditions of life together, tends for good, narrow-minded prejudices are swept away, and much more love and good feeling generated.

In the district with which I was connected, there were a number of resident tradesmen, each of them employing assistants. Now, in my former country curacy I had educated a large number of young men and raised in them a thirst for larger experience and an increased sphere of labour than they would be able to obtain in their native village. Accordingly I drew them gradually after myself to the great world of London, and succeeded in obtaining for them good and in many instances permanent situations, varying from clerkships in the Government public offices to nominations for the metropolitan police force, according to their attainments and characters. During the three and a half years I succeeded in placing or partly placing one hundred and three young men in situations where, if they persevered in learning their various businesses and led moral lives themselves, they would be able to rise in life and maintain themselves with decency and even comfort. But this considerable number of young men were not so placed without an enormous expenditure of time, many hundreds of letters and constant expense. Indeed the labour undergone was perfectly exhausting. I could not continue it.

Perhaps the most valuable lesson it brought with its work was the insight it afforded of human character. Never before did I believe that promises could be so easily made and broken. I am now speaking of the employers, who would frequently promise, implicitly promise, to exert their utmost influence to obtain this or that situation for my protégé, and I would leave their office or shop cheered by the thought that another was off the list and so provided for. Having heard nothing further, I called again—the employer had never thought of the subject after I had left him.

Sometimes it was amusing, but at the same time grievous, to see the change in the countenance of the person I was addressing. How the face, the moment before wreathed with smiles, became hard, cold, and even stern, when the subject was mentioned to him. These were some few of the trials experienced; but what shall I say of those for whose benefit I was using such efforts? Were they grateful? As a whole, decidedly not. At last I got never to look for gratitude; if it came unexpectedly, as sometimes it did, it was doubly sweet. There were many exceptions to the rule I am laying down, namely, that the more you do for people, the more they expect, and the less you receive in return. And these exceptions enable us to go on in doing what we know must be for their benefit in future years, though they themselves fail to see it at the time. Still, even in the case of those who showed the least gratitude, there were moments in which the right feeling would creep out. For instance, one for whom I had done and suffered much, was out of employment for some time, so I invited him to stay at my lodgings. I observed each morning that if the loaf had been cut the evening before, he invariably cut for himself the top, or drier slice of bread. Upon remonstrating with him he looked up with tears in his eyes, and replied, "You know I do not pay for my board." The words may seem trivial, but if the reader had seen the expression of the speaker's countenance, and heard the soft tones of his voice, he would have been convinced the heart was right, at least for the time.

Another very pleasing instance I cannot help recording, as it shows forethought and real kindliness of disposition. I was one day giving a lesson to a young policeman, whom as a country ploughboy I had taught "a, b, c," qualifying him for the higher post of sergeant, when a bill came in, which I settled, and made the observation, "That completely empties my purse, and I shall have no money for some days." This was said not with emphasis, but in an ordinary tone. He made no remark, but next day he called and brought six sovereigns of his savings, and begged me to accept them from him. This, of course, I refused to do, but seeing that he was rather pained by the refusal, I consented to take two as a loan until my salary became due. Frequently too, when they received any country produce, as eggs, butter, or honey, they would bring me some as a small token of respect and esteem. Most of them, though scattered in different parts of London, would attend the services of the church in which I did duty, and it was a pleasing sight when, on mounting the pulpit, I recognised well-known faces on all sides.

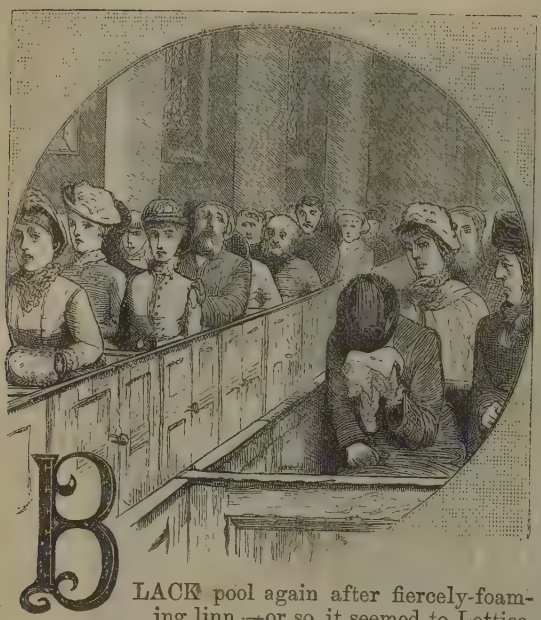
No one who has not ministered to a large congregation, composed of strangers to the preacher, can imagine the pleasure it is to light upon a face he knows, and meet after the conclusion of the service, the outstretched hand and hearty grasp of several young men. These were, of course, more unreserved than others in their manners and conversation when alone with myself, and many is the time they have come and asked advice in seasons of difficulty, temptations, and trials, perhaps in the most critical moment of their lives.

Those who are situated in the country little know the immense number of temptations which surround a young man at the commencement of his London career. All is so new, so strange, so free; there are no restrictions to his pleasures, except the state of his finances, no guardianship exercised over his actions in any way, unless his sense of right and wrong is so strong as to keep him straight. I cannot help feeling that if the numerous philanthropic gentlemen of the present day who devote so much time to the amelioration of the lower classes, would interest themselves more in obtaining situations for deserving young men, and by this means enlist their sympathies, and obtain their confidences, they would be not only doing a service to the young men themselves, but would also greatly improve the moral tone of society. A large field is thus opened, and there are but few—very few—workers in it. It may be considered no part of a minister's duties to prepare young men for secular employment; but surely if it draw them nearer to him (their minister)—and young men ordinarily fight shy of their clergy—the work will meet with its own reward. Page after page could I write upon this subject, and many interesting illustrations could I give of the result of a helping hand thus given; but, as the examples are living ones, it would not be right. I would, therefore, only beg others to enter upon this laborious, anxious, but useful work.

THE PROHIBITED BOOK.

THROUGH THE LINN.

CHAPTER XII.—LIGHT.



BLACK pool again after fiercely-foaming linn,—or so it seemed to Lettice. "How many times shall I have in my life to pass through it?" she questioned wearily with herself.

She did everything wearily in those days following her return,—and in fact she did very little of anything. For with Violet's departure the interest was gone out of life. As she had told Mrs. Temple, and had often said to others, Violet was her all. She only lived for Violet. Her heart's craving was that Violet should give her back, in mind and in degree, the same absorbing and exclusive devotion.

"Whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." That is the true Christian life. But Lettice could not say so. She lived to Violet; she was Violet's. That was all she wished or cared for.

From time to time she saw Violet, but always under constraint. She dreaded to show feeling, lest another early meeting should be forbidden; but the jealous suffering caused by seeing Violet so completely at home and so joyous among others, was enough to make her positively dread even while longing for the next time.

Violet did not abate one jot in her love for Lettice; nevertheless, Miss Temple's prediction came true. A week had not passed before her warm little heart was won by the sweet and unselfish Brena. When Lettice saw Violet, half the time was usually occupied by the child's eager talk about her new friends and her new occupations. She was improving rapidly in health and appearance. Lettice was glad to see this, but it was not with unmixed gladness.

Violet's absence certainly tended to make the course of life run more smoothly in Proserpine Lodge. Lettice submitted to Miss Temple on all points with the languor of utter indifference, and made no struggle for her own way. If told to walk she walked; and if told to read she sat with a book open before her, until desired to put it away. Miss Temple could not make her out. She gave up presently the "pride-and-temper" theory which satisfied her at first, and denominated it "a case of sullenness." That idea would not hold long. Not sullenness but complete lack of heart showed in the manner of Lettice's present obedience. She did not look cross. She simply seemed to have no wishes, no will, no tastes, remaining.

Miss Temple found herself uneasy. Was Lettice falling ill? She had made the most at first of Brentwood displeasure at Lettice's conduct, thinking Lettice needed to be impressed. Lettice fell in with the notion, and kept studiously out of everybody's way. Miss Temple began to think this had gone far enough, and she desired Lettice to remain in the drawing-room when visitors came,—nay, she even took her niece with her to pay some calls. Lettice submitted without protest, and exchanged listless nothings with people so far as was necessary. Friends were sorry for her, and showed kindness, but did not find her interesting.

"I believe the girl is going into a decline," Miss Temple at length announced lugubriously to her brother. "If not, she can't be right in the head. It is perfectly unnatural—she never laughs, never cries, never speaks unless she is spoken to, never does anything unless she is told. *I* don't understand her. She is a perfect mystification to me."

"A mystery I suppose you mean, sister," suggested Vandal.

"I suppose I mean what I say," retorted Miss Temple with tartness, objecting to be set right.

"Possibly she has been learning the lesson of submission which we all thought she stood in need of," said Vandal, not considering the symptoms to be precisely indicative of decline.

"Submission! But I don't want her turned into an automaton. I might as well have a wooden doll for a companion."

"Have you tried to draw her out,—to find interests for her? She seems to have lost all occupation in losing Violet."

"Why, I do try,—I am trying all day long, but she will not be interested. It is quite a kind of perverseness. I am half inclined to give her up. I only wish you would take her in hand."

"She looks to me as if she were frozen," said Vandal slowly. "You—a woman with a woman's heart—ought to be able to thaw her; yes, I should think so. Possibly she is suffering from the strain she has gone through."

"Strain! Oh you mean in Brighton. But that was all her own doing. It was not *my* fault," said Miss Temple.

"My dear Selina, I really do not think that makes any difference in the matter, except to have increased the strain. Besides, I did not refer to the time in Brighton only. The past year has been to her altogether one of great trial. Have patience,

and be gentle with the poor girl. If only you could win her heart."

"I do assure you, brother, I begin to doubt whether Lettice Majendie has any heart to be won," said Miss Temple with great emphasis.

But the heart was there, only frozen up within a thick casing of ice; as Vandal had conjectured.

Another Sunday came, and in the morning when Lettice went to church, she was startled to see Violet's little figure in the square Hall pew. Violet must have come in the carriage, she supposed, since the distance was too great for the child to walk. Lettice had seldom permitted her to go to church, for fear of fatigue or cold; but there she was, seated between Mrs. Temple and Brena, flushed and happy. Lettice felt sore and lonely, and could hardly return the smile which Violet sent her at the close of the service. She lingered so long in going out, that the Hall carriage drove away without any meeting between the sisters.

Evening came, and Lettice found herself again in her accustomed seat between Miss Temple and Vandal. Violet was not a second time in the square pew, neither was Brena. Lettice had heard little of service or sermon in the morning, but she gave now some measure of languid attention.

The singing of the second hymn over, Mr. Desborough gave out his text: "Isaiah liii. 3: 'A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'"

It is strange how sometimes familiar Bible words, conned and learned in childhood, read and repeated hundreds of times, will flash in one moment upon the mind with new and vivid power, scorching the very brain with their glow, and melting the heart, till then, it may be, hard as adamant.

So it was with Lettice. She knew the words, had learned them, conned them, read them, scores of times, and they had meant simply nothing to her. She had not in truth believed or understood them. And now—

"A MAN OF SORROWS AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF."

That one brief sentence shook her very being with its suddenly-revealed depths of awful meaning. For it was the King of Eternity, the Jehovah of Hosts, who had left His royal throne, had laid aside His Divine Majesty, had deliberately and voluntarily taken upon Him the weary yoke of humanity, had become "a Man of sorrows." Was ever rushing Linn-passage of human soul like to the straitened anguish which His pure spirit bore? Were ever dark pool shadows endured by a human soul worthy of comparison with the very midnight blackness through which He had to walk? And for what? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Lettice had not far to search for that clue. It dawned upon her as an old and long-known truth—only never before realised. For the world's sake,—for mankind's sake,—for the sake of His redeemed ones,—for the sake of Lettice Majendie! She saw that at last.

And He had been a Man of sorrows,—not alone with His own overwhelming weight of woe, His sorrows of rejection, coldness, contempt, of hardship, weariness, persecution, of buffeting, loneliness, anguish,—not with these alone, but with the whole flood-tide of all His people's woes heaped upon Him.

Lettice Majendie knew what sorrow was. A year before she had not known, but of late her cup had been full to overflowing. One grief had come upon another, some of God's sending, some of her own making, and under the great shadow of grief which had fallen upon her, ice had gathered thickly round her heart. It had resisted all softening influences. But now, under the touch of a sunbeam which was not earthly, there came a change. The ice did not vanish at once. It cracked and shivered, and the rushing torrent piled up the fragments higher and higher, till the flow of the pent-up waters grew too strong, and the mass was whirled away, and the hitherto frozen stream could pour freely onward, glistening in the light of that burning gleam from heaven.

There were some who watched Lettice's face in perplexity if not in wonderment, their own attention diverted from the sermon by the sight. She did not know it. She saw and heard nothing that went on. Church and congregation were swathed in a mist of abstraction, albeit she had not lost a dim consciousness of her whereabouts. But one distinct thought alone seemed to pervade the air, to fold her round, to keep her rigid and still in a pent-up hush of struggling emotion, to put for the time far from her all other things in life,—one thought alone,—"A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

For He had been such for her sake, and she had never given Him gratitude. He had paid so heavy a price for her, and she had never loved Him. All these years of her life she had turned from the gentle Master who would fain have made her His own. What of the heartache she endured, if Violet loved another even half as well as herself,—ah, what, in comparison with the heart-pain of Him who had died for her, and who could gain no look or word in return?

Not for herself came the wave of sorrow this hour. For herself the sense of loneliness was gone. Lettice Majendie was *not* alone. She had One to love her with a satisfying love. She knew it, believed it, felt it. Repentance, remorse, comfort, pardon, joy, realisation, all came to her, strangely commingled in that one hour. She passed through no set stages, one after another. It was a sudden burst of sunlight mingled still with shadows. Her very heart was racked with bitter shame and humiliation. "How often would I have gathered thee!" she seemed to hear in low and gentle accents, "and ye *would not!*" It was the passing of another linn,—the waters of heart and soul pouring passionately through a narrow channel, foaming as they went. But no black pool lay after here.

Her very breath grew short, and her head drooped, in the grasp of strong distress—indefinable in part. Months of silently endured pain came now to a climax. She had not wept for her parents after one short agony of tears. Now the old sorrow swept back, rolling in a tide over her head, softened by the new consciousness that she stood no longer alone. It was one of those hours in life when conventional restraint breaks down beneath the pressure put upon it, and the presence and opinions of other human beings become as nothing beside the great realities presented to the soul.

The waters foamed more wildly, and the pent-up masses of winter ice rose higher,—till the barrier broke and was hurled away.

Lettice could not help herself. Then and there, as she sat in the cushioned pew, she was seized in the grasp of convulsive weeping. She had no power to resist, and the muffled sobs could not be entirely kept down. Many turned to look at her compassionately, and Miss Temple tried the stilling effects of a frown, but it was not even seen. Lettice rose and went out of the church, and found her way home, shaken all the road by stormy weeping, which she could scarcely keep within needful bounds.

The sermon at an end, Miss Temple followed in haste, somewhat displeased. She found Lettice lying on her bed, spent and white, and with no voice for speech. But after one glance Miss Temple thought no more of fault-finding. She brought hot supper upstairs with her own hands, fed and tended Lettice as if she had been a little child, and did not even ask till later—

"My dear, what was it all about? Are you so very unhappy about Violet being away?"

"Oh no, no,—not that," was the answer. "The worst is over now. It can never be the same again."

"The same! The worst!" repeated puzzled Selina Temple.

Lettice attempted no explanation. She said, without preface though not without a falter,—

"Can you forgive me? I have been very wrong. Can you ever quite forgive me?"

"My dear——" Miss Temple began, half-touched, half-embarrassed. "My dear——" and then a better impulse seized her, and happily she yielded to it, putting her arm round Lettice, and kissing her cheek affectionately. "I do really think I have not been always quite right and kind to you myself," she said, half crying. "I really don't think I have. But I shall understand you better now. If you will only let people love you, Lettice!"

"I will try," was all Lettice could say. It was not possible for her to tell that evening's story, to go into the subject of the new joy which had come to her. She knew Selina Temple would not understand. So she only repeated,—"I will try. I am going to try."

"And about Violet," said Miss Temple impulsively,—"about Violet, you know—I don't want to seem unkind—I don't indeed, Lettice. If you cannot be happy without her, perhaps—perhaps—we must think it over—perhaps there might be some other arrangement."

Lettice spoke with trembling lips, after a little pause: "Don't tempt me. I can't decide. I do not deserve my own way, and Mrs. Temple says I spoil Violet. She has looked so much better lately,—perhaps it is best for her not to be always with me——"

"Well, I can only say, Lettice, if you are going to be like this we shall all be quite fond of you, and nobody will think of such a thing as wishing either you or Violet out of the house," said Miss Temple, with questionable tact, but with genuine satisfaction. "I wish you had been so from the first, and then we might all have got on together as comfortably as possible."

And Lettice made no attempt to halve the responsibility of past difficulties, though a looker-on might have considered a share of it to belong to Miss Temple herself.

During the next few days Lettice had a strange sensation of creeping quietly out of shade into sunshine,—a sensation of leaving behind her old life and entering upon a new life. She could not analyse either the sensation or the change. She only knew that the dull stagnation, the black pool darkness, the heavy rock shadows were gone, and that sunshine once more touched her heart. She only knew that her whole happiness was no longer centred exclusively in Violet.

"There never was a girl more altered in so short a time," declared Miss Temple. "She is not like the same individual. I don't understand it, for my part, and I never shall. Why, she has actually begun to smile, and to show some interest in other people's concerns. I asked her what made her so different, and she said something about a Sunday evening service! Of course she means that evening when she cried so in church. But I didn't notice anything particular in the sermon."

"I suppose the particular message in it was to Lettice and not to you, sister," responded Vandal quietly.

Six months passed away, and the sisters went again to pay a long-promised visit to their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Canynge. The school-plan had not been meantime hastily given up. Violet went for one term, and neither Lettice nor Miss Temple were in the end the less happy for a longer time of close intercourse and dependence on each other's company. Each learned more of the other's good points; and if, from natural incongruity of temperament, each was still and would ever be a trial to the other, there was the more room for the exercise of forbearance. The two were no longer separated by an icy chasm.

One term of schooling over, Violet had come home not to return again, but to be once more the joy—only not the exclusive joy—of Lettice's heart.

"So things are going better, Lettice," Mrs. Canynge said, the first time the two found themselves alone. "No need to ask one question of you. If I did not know the answer beforehand from your letters, I could read it in your face. No black pool here," and she touched Lettice's brow. "The river is singing again, I think, over its golden bed."

"Yes," Lettice said; "I have come again into the sunshine, as you said I should. I could not have thought it possible a few months ago—a year ago. The shadows lasted so long."

"Was none of the lasting by your own choice, my child?"

"May be so—only I did not know it then. I am happy again now," said Lettice gravely.

"And how about friends and interests? No one to love or be loved by you yet?"

"O Aunt Jeannie, you know better. Have I not told you in my letters? Even Selina Temple and I, though we don't suit, and though we do 'rub' one another, even she and I can love. It is not so hard as I once thought—or with poor old Lady Bartlett either. You cannot think how she delights in Violet. And Brena and I are friends—real downright friends, such as my father used to wish."

"I am not jealous. Go on, Lettice. How about Brena's mother, and her brothers?"

"I like them all. Mrs. Temple is increasingly kind.'

"And Sylvester Temple? I hear much in his favour."

"He is a good man," said Lettice, with downcast eyes. "I don't think he half liked Brena and me to be friends for a time—after what I did. But lately he seems—I think—getting over the feeling."

Mrs. Canynge watched her with a half-smile.

"Aunt Jeannie, are there likely to be no more linns than one in my life?" asked Lettice.

"I can't say, child. No two rivers were ever the same, and no two lives ever flow exactly alike. I know of no such second linn in either the Dee or the Quoich. But if it comes again, your Father's hand will guide the rush of the waters, and His sunshine will lighten your darkest pool. It will never, I hope, be with you as it has been. The thought seems to have been much in your mind."

"It haunted me for months," said Lettice. "I suppose because it was so true a picture of what I was going through,—and because I had no comfort."

"And would not have any?"

"No,—I see that plainly now," Lettice answered.

One touch more, and I have done. Another year passed away, and Lettice Majendie's life-river flowed on still in sunshine. She had her clouds and her showers of course, as who has not? Perpetual brightness is neither to be expected nor wished for in this world. She was quietly happy in her home and with her friends. And though it was not her way to open her heart to many; and though Lettice Majendie could never rival Brena Temple in depth and breadth of loving sympathy; yet she did honestly fight against her natural tendency to narrowness and absorption in a small circle.

A year passed, and there came an increase of sunshine,—not unlooked-for by others. Mrs. Canynge was scarcely surprised to hear that Sylvester Temple had asked Lettice to be his wife, and that Lettice had consented. She had a strong belief that but for Lettice's flight to Brighton, this event might have taken place much earlier.

So Lettice gained a mother and a sister; and when she went to live at Brentwood Hall as its young mistress, Violet found a home there also.

Upwards.

"All things strive to ascend, and ascend in striving."—*Coleridge.*

I'VE marked inside a crystal glass
A pearly particle of air;
Full long it struggled with the mass
Of liquid that detained it there.
At length its durance reached a close;
It might no longer pent remain,
But from the depth a victor rose,
And joined its proper clime again.
Thus genius, native of the skies,
Though long encumbered and kept down,
By its own energy will rise,
And conquer for itself renown.
Thus heavenly grace is ne'er inert,
But, aye with adverse powers contending,
Its source celestial will assert,
To its own element ascending.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JUNE 26.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

THE LESSONS of the past quarter cover the last six months of our Lord's earthly life, from the time when He began to speak fully to His disciples of His sufferings, and in the Transfiguration on Mount Hermon received His symbolic designation for the cross. From that time, **He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem.** Luke ix. 51.

The narrative as given by St. Luke falls into three divisions: The *Journeys*, the *Last Week*, the *Resurrection*. It is to the first of these that the present course has mainly directed attention, as here it is that this Evangelist chiefly supplements the other three.

I. THE JOURNEYS. *Towards Jerusalem*—the one resolute aim. Wherever the Saviour might be during these six months His own mind was steadily fixed upon the END. Note His exceeding *loneliness*. Those around Him knew not His own purpose, had no insight into His heart of love. They were absorbed in petty disputes or trivial cares, while His mind was calmly fixed on Gethsemane and the Cross, ch. ix. 46, etc.

> The other Evangelists say but little of this great series of journeys, from the time when Jesus finally 'departed from Galilee' (Matt. xix. 1; Mark x. 1) to His entry into Jerusalem by way of Jericho. A few incidents are given by *Matt.* and *Mark*, belonging to the latter part of the journey. St. John, on the other hand, describes the two visits paid by Jesus to Jerusalem during the six months, one to the feast of Tabernacles (Oct.), another to that of Dedication (Dec.), John vii. 10; x. 22; as well as the journey to Bethany, when He raised Lazarus from the grave. There is nothing of these visits in Luke; but it is remarkable that there are three distinct notes of Christ's journeys towards Jerusalem which fall in well with John's narrative. The first is ix. 51 already quoted; the second xiii. 22, **And He went through the villages, teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem**; the third xvii. 11, **And it came to pass, as He went to Jerusalem, that He passed through the midst of** (or *between*) **Samaria and Galilee.** This last passage evidently belongs to the final journey, and seems to indicate a circuitous route from Ephraim (John xi. 54) northward to the vale of Esdraelon, then down to Scythopolis, where He crossed the Jordan and descended on the eastern side, re-crossing the fords opposite Jericho. Had the three verses, ix. 51, xiii. 22, xvii. 11, been made the beginning of chapters, the order of these journeys would have been made plainer to the reader.

The First Journey (to the Feast of Tabernacles, *John*). To this belongs the lesson on *Following Jesus* and the parables of the *Good Samaritan* and the *Rich Fool*—parables peculiar to Luke. The latter is followed by words which show how intensely the mind of Jesus was occupied by thoughts of the coming woe—*I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I? Oh, that it were already kindled! But I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!* (xii. 49, 50). Meantime the designs of his enemies were gathering strength. Recall the lesson on *The Pharisees reproved* (Ap. 17). Their hostility had been occasionally and fitfully shown before, now it gathers in its full strength and becomes

implacable. This was, emphatically, the 'Year of Opposition' (*Stalker*).

The Second Journey (at the time of the Feast of Dedication, *John*). Our Lord spent this time in the cities and villages of Peræa, whither the Seventy had preceded Him, to prepare His way. Some of His greatest parables were now spoken—the *Lost Sheep*, the *Piece of Silver*, the *Prodigal Son*, the *Rich Man and Lazarus*, with others not included in these Lessons, the *Great Supper* (xiv. 16–24) and the *Unjust Steward* (xvi. 1–9). His appeals to heart and conscience are now more direct and thrilling than ever. See xiii. 23–30; 34, 35; xiv. 24, 27; xvii. 1, 2, 10. The **Pharisees** still dog His footsteps striving to terrify Him, xiii. 31; watching Him on the Sabbath day, xiv. 1; murmuring at His goodness to the lost, xv. 2, deriding His earnestness, xvi. 14. Thus the two converging lines, so to speak, continue—Christ's purpose and His enemies' machinations—to meet at Calvary!

The Third Journey (to the Passover). Two lessons only belong to this stage in our Lord's career, one on His *Parables concerning Prayer*, the other on the *Parable of the Pounds*. But all through the time His words were charged with yet deeper solemnity, while He repeatedly spoke of His own sufferings (xvii. 25; xviii. 31–33). The coming Kingdom was also His constant topic (xvii. 20, 21, 30; xviii. 8, 30); and His teachings on this point are summed up in the latter parable, spoken because He was **nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the Kingdom of God should immediately appear.** As a gleam of tender light amid the solemn warnings of these days, let it not be forgotten that now also He *blessed the little children* (*Matt.* and *Mark* here fall in with *Luke*). To this period also belong His strangely-affecting *interview with the young ruler*, and afterwards, at Jericho, the *healing of blind Bartimæus*. These acts and words all acquire a more solemn interest, viewed as wrought by Him while on the way to the Cross.

II. The Crucifixion.—One lesson only (June 5) belongs to this part of the History, dwelling, as we have seen, mainly upon those parts of the record which the other Evangelists omit. All of them relate the entry to Jerusalem, and the teachings of the first three days in that dread week. Luke alone omits the *Supper at Bethany* (Matt. xxvi. 1–16; Mark xiv. 1–11; John xii. 2–8). The fourth day of the week (Wednesday) seems to have been spent by Jesus quietly at Bethany, as if in silent preparation for this great sacrifice. All the Evangelists record the *Paschal Supper*:* all; but John the institution of the *Eucharist:* only John gives the great *farewell Discourse* of our Lord with His disciples and His *intercessory prayer*. The scene in *Gethsemane* is described by all: only John omits direct mention of the *Agony*.† Hence also the narrative of St. Luke contains some interesting particulars absent from the other histories; the *Angel that appeared to strengthen Him*, and the mention of the *bloody sweat*. All relate the *betrayal by Judas* (only Luke records the *healing of Malchus' ear*), the *trials* before Caiaphas and Pilate, and the *condemnation* to the Cross. From this point the comparison of the four Evangelists becomes more intensely interesting than ever. As a help to such a study, the *Seven Sayings from the Cross* may be taken in order,‡ not simply as dying words of the Man Christ Jesus, but as revelations of His character and work in its highest aspects—battle-cries of the Captain of our salvation.

Father, forgive them: the interceding Saviour here speaks, and declares the 'remission of sins.'

To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise—the mighty Redeemer—already Death's Conqueror—holding, even on the Cross, the keys of Hades and of Death; Rev. i. 18.

Woman, behold thy son: Behold thy mother: (only in *John*) the words declare His human tenderness, and carry us back to those early happy days at Nazareth—yet shadowed by Simeon's warning, ch. ii. 35.

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani! (*Matt.*, *Mark*); see Psa. xxii. 1) the voice of the Sin-bearer—a revelation of the weight of human transgression that lay upon His soul: a brief insight, as by a lightning-flash, into the heart of a great mystery.

I thirst (only *John*, but *Matt.* and *Mark* mention the response to this cry). Here we have a glimpse into our Lord's physical sufferings, on which the Evangelists say so little, and He says nothing more. The Scripture throughout concentrates attention on the travail of His *soul;* and we may wisely do the same. But this cry of agony was 'that the Scripture might be fulfilled.'

It is finished (only *John*), declaring the completion of His work. On this great word see 'Studies' for June 5.

Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit (only in *Luke*) the word with which He dismissed His life. Sovereign to the last. 'No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of My Father.'

And so He Died.

III. Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.—Here St. Luke omits many details; while adding others on which we have already commented (June 12, 19). What is lacking is supplied not only by the other Evangelists, but by the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. xv. 5–7) who mentions five out of the *Ten** *appearances*, and by Luke himself (in Acts i.) who relates our Lord's *last conversation* with the Apostles; His *commission* to testify to Him, first **in Jerusalem,** then **in Samaria,** then **to the uttermost parts of the earth;** and His *ascension* into heaven.

The lessons of these manifestations are manifold. First, they were to *convince;* and their great force was in the fact that those whom they convinced were doubters. That there was no eagerness, no predisposition to believe in His resurrection was shown throughout. Mary Magdalene herself, the two going to Emmaus, the seven on the lake, did not at first recognise Him. The apostles in their upper room, even after they had heard He was 'risen indeed,' were **terrified** when He came, and **thought that they beheld a spirit.** Thomas resolutely and despairingly disbelieved until absolutely convinced. Of the five hundred in Galilee 'some doubted.' That their doubts were successively, decisively overcome, is a confirmation for the Church to the end of time.

Not to all the people. Acts x. 41. Why did not Christ appear to His enemies? If He had visited Pilate or Caiaphas, would it not have settled the matter for ever? Or had He gone into the Temple and proclaimed Himself the risen Christ! It is enough to answer (1) His personal ministry to the world was over: He would henceforth 'work and teach' by other methods. (2) the witness of the apostles was sufficient, why offer more? and (3) men

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* On the questions raised respecting the identity of this feast with the true Jewish Passover, we cannot now enter.—*Outlines of the Life of Christ* (R. T. S.).

† *Direct* mention; for the allusion in John xviii. 11, contains an obvious allusion to the prayer just offered.

‡ See Dr. Stanford's *Voices from Calvary* (R. T. S.); also Green's *Lessons from the Gospel History* (S. S. U.).

* It may be convenient here to repeat them.

First Day,	Afterwards,
1. To Mary Magdalene.	6. To the Eleven Apostles.
2. To her companions.	7. To seven at Genesareth.
3. To Simon Peter.	8. To five hundred in Galilee.
4. To Cleopas and another.	9. To James the Lord's brother.
5. To the Apostles, except Thomas.	10. To the Apostles: the Ascension.

would not have been convinced (Luke xvi. 31). They would have denied the testimony of their own senses, and their denial would have always been quoted in disproof of the fact. A promiscuous manifestation would thus have become an obstacle to the Gospel, rather than help.

Secondly, these appearances of the risen Saviour were for the *instruction of His disciples*, their preparation for Pentecost, and especially for their commission as His ambassadors. See Acts i. 3–8; Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Thirdly, our Lord, by this partial and transient renewal of external communion with His disciples, would show them *what the real and abiding fellowship was to be.*¶ Thus He speaks to Mary, 'Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father,' i.e., 'Cling not to Me now; seek not to resume the former earthly fellowship; for the time of true fellowship has not yet come.' *Ascended to My Father*—'I shall be nearer to you because far away, more truly with you because unseen.' Spiritual fellowship with Christ was to be the Church's abiding joy. Then, fourthly, there was in all these appearances a *type* of that fellowship. Still He says, **Peace be unto you**: still He **opens the understanding** of those who love Him, **that they may understand the Scriptures.** To enter into all the applications of the Divine history would now be impossible: take the earliest section of it as an illustration.

'Oh joy to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er His shroud,
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still His own!

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued!
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That He may meet them on their way.

So is it still: to holy tears
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears:
In social hours, who Christ would see
Must turn all tasks to charity.'—(*Keble*).

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

III.

"WHAT am I to tell you about this time?" said Mariam; "will you hear about what happened to the beautiful princess; or shall I tell you about jins; or would you like best to hear of the hare who managed the lion so cleverly?"

"Tell us about the princess," said Anser eagerly. "I like best to hear about princesses."

"A story about jins would be much better," said Selim decidedly; "I am tired of hearing about princesses."

"Choose yourself, Nānhé (grandmother)," said Jamla earnestly; "you always choose best."

"Then I will tell you about a princess and a hermit; will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, yes, please begin," and the little eager faces were all turned upon the old woman as she slowly began her story, which was one of Oriental style and imagery.

"Once upon a time," said Mariam, "there was a mighty king who had seven daughters. One day, the king held a festival, and these seven daughters were standing before him beautifully dressed, each with sixteen jewels, twelve ornaments, and in every hair an elephant pearl. Something came into the king's mind and he said, 'If your father had not been a king, and you had been born in the house of some poor man, then who would have called you princesses? Praise God that you are called princesses: all your good fortune depends on me.'

"Six of his daughters being of one mind, replied, 'Whatever your Majesty says is true, and our happiness depends on you alone But the youngest was superior to her sisters in sense and judgment. She stood silent, and did not join her sisters in the reply they made; because she believed that to say so was wrong. The king looked towards her with anger and said, 'Well, my lady, you say nothing; what is the cause of this?'

"Then the princess bending her head humbly replied, 'If your Majesty will grant me safety, and pardon my presumption, then this humble slave will unfold the dictates of her heart.'

"The king said 'Speak what thou hast to say.'

"Then the princess said, 'Mighty king, you must have heard that the voice of truth is bitter, for which reason, disregarding my life at this moment I presume to remind your Majesty that the Almighty Ruler who has made you a king has also made me a princess; you are my sovereign and benefactor, but the destinies of every one are with God!'

"The king on hearing this became angry. The reply displeased him highly, and he said with wrath, 'What great words issue from a little mouth! Now let this be her punishment, that you strip off whatever ornaments are on her hands and feet, and let her be placed in a sedan-chair, and set down in a wilderness, where no human beings exist, and we shall see what is written in her destiny.'

"According to the king's commands, at the midnight hour, when it was very dark, the princess, who had been reared with such delicacy and tenderness, and had seen no other place except her own apartments, was carried by porters in a litter, and set down in a place where not even a bird ever flapped its wing, much less did human creatures exist; there they left her and returned.

"The poor princess was terrified and unhappy, but she offered up her prayers to God, and said, 'Thou art so mighty that what Thou hast wished Thou hast done; whilst life remains, I shall not be hopeless of Thy protection!'

"She then fell asleep.

"When the morning appeared, the princess opened her eyes, and called for water to perform her ablutions. Then at once the occurrences of the past night came to her recollection: 'Why should I call when there is no one to answer?' said the unhappy princess. Alas! that innocent and inexperienced heart, how it was torn with anguish!

"Three clear days passed away, during which a grain of food did not enter the princess's mouth; her flower-like frame became withered as a dry thorn; and her colour, which hitherto shone like gold, became yellow as turmeric; her mouth became rigid, and her eyes were petrified, but still a faint respiration remained, passing and re-passing. Whilst there is life there is hope. In the morning of the fourth day a hermit appeared. Seeing the princess in that state, he said, 'O daughter, though your father is a king, yet these sorrows were decreed in thy destiny. Now consider me your servant, and think day and night of your Maker. God will do what is right.' He laid food before the princess, and then went in search of water. At last he reached a well, but where were the wheel and bucket by means of which he might draw water? He pulled off some leaves from a tree, and made a cup, and taking off his sash he fastened the cup to it, and drew up some water, and gave it to the princess. At last she regained her senses. The holy man, seeing her helpless and solitary state, consoled and cheered her heart, and from that time continued to wait upon her.

"A few days had passed, when one morning, as the princess combed her hair, a round and brilliant pearl dropped out of one of the plaits. The princess gave it to the hermit, and told him to sell it in the city, and to bring her the amount. He sold it and

brought her the money. Then the princess desired that a habitation fit for her residence might be erected on the spot.

"The hermit replied, 'O daughter, do you dig the foundation for the walls, and collect some earth; I will bring water, make bricks, and build a room for you.'

"The princess accordingly began to dig the ground. When she had dug about a yard in depth, behold, under the soil a door appeared. With difficulty she managed to open the door and entered a large room filled with gold and jewels. The princess took out a little of the gold, and then closed the door, filled up the place with earth, and made level its surface.

"When the hermit returned, the princess desired him to bring good masons, and builders, and workmen of every kind, so that a grand palace might be erected on the spot, that a city, a fort, a garden, and a well, be built as soon as possible.

"The hermit brought clever, skilful, intelligent workmen, and soon the different buildings were begun according to the princess's directions, and clever and trusty servants for every office were chosen.

"The news of the erection of such princely buildings reached the king, the princess's father. On hearing it, he became greatly surprised, and asked everyone, 'Who is the person who has begun to erect such edifices?'

"No one knew. All put their hands on their ears, and said 'No one of your slaves knows who is the builder of them.'

"Then the king sent one of his nobles with this message, 'I wish to come and see those buildings, and to know also of what country you are the princess, and of what family.'

"When the princess got this message she was greatly pleased, and wrote the following letter: 'To the protector of the world, prosperity! On hearing the intelligence of your Majesty's visit to my humble mansion, I am infinitely rejoiced. How happy is the fate of that place where your Majesty's footsteps are impressed. This slave hopes that to-morrow your Majesty will come and partake of whatever this humble slave can provide; to say more would exceed the bounds of respect.' To the nobleman who brought the message she made some presents and dismissed him.

"The princess made great preparations for the entertainment, with the wish to please greatly the king, her father. In the evening, the king went to the princess's palace, seated on an uncovered throne. The princess with her ladies-in-waiting advanced to receive him, made the royal obeisance with proper respect, and attended him to the throne set with jewels that she had prepared for him.

"She then presented him with jewels and gold, shawls and brocades, two elephants and ten horses, with caparisons set with precious stones, and stood before him herself with folded arms.

"The king asked her, 'Of what country are you a princess; why are you here?'

"The princess replied,' I am that offender, who in consequence of the royal anger was sent to this wilderness.'

"On hearing this, the king rose up and pressed the princess fondly to his bosom, and ordered her to be seated on a chair near his throne. The king then sent for her mother and sisters, and when they arrived they embraced her with fondness, and wept over her. They then partook of the feast in company.

"As long as the king lived, he spent part of his time with the princess in her palace, and sometimes took the princess with him to his own palace.

"When he died the government of his kingdom descended to this princess, for except herself, no other person of her family was fit for the office of ruler."

Both Mariam and her hearers had been so much engrossed with their story-telling, that they were unconscious of the presence of Ibrahim. He had entered the apartment soon after the beginning of the story, and had sat silently listening. When it was concluded, he said, "Would it not be better to tell the children stories which would teach them something? I like them to be amused too, but they are getting old enough now to understand something better than tales of princesses and fairies. Listen, children, and I will tell you a story which will teach you to be kind to all around you, and to be patient with all."

He then proceeded to tell them, to their great delight, the ancient legend of Abraham and the old man.

"I have heard that once during a whole week, no traveller came to the hospitable dwelling of Abraham, the friend of God. From the benevolence of his disposition, he refrained from tasting his morning meal saying, 'Perchance some hungry person may arrive from his journey.' He went and looked in every direction, and behold, wending his weary way across the desert, a solitary man, bent down like a willow, whose head and beard were whitened with the hoar-frost of age. With kindness he welcomed him and said, 'O apple of mine eye, perform an act of courtesy, by becoming my guest.' The old man advanced and readily complied, for he knew the disposition of his host—on whom be peace! The associates of Abraham's table seated the old man with respect. The table was ordered to be spread, and the company placed themselves around. When the assembly began to utter 'Bismillah' (in the name of God), not a word of Him was heard to proceed from the old man.

"Then Abraham addressed him in such words as these: 'O elder, stricken in years, thou appearest not to me in faith and zeal like other men. Is it not right to invoke at the time of eating thy daily bread the Divine Providence from whence it is derived?'

"He replied, 'I practise no rite which I have not heard from my priest, who worshipped the fire.'

"Abraham discovered he was a gavar. When he saw that he was an alien to the true faith, he drove him away in miserable plight; the polluted being rejected by those who are pure.'

"A voice descended from the Most High God with this severe reproof, 'O Abraham, I have borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou bear with him one night? Go and call back the old man, stricken in years; from Me do thou convey to him greeting. To Me he unconsciously cries out and weeps, his head and face all covered with dust.'

"Then Abraham went after the aged man; with kindness he called him back from the wilderness. When he came nigh he addressed him: 'The true God hath given ear to thy complaints and hath sent me after thee.' When the old man heard these words he acknowledged the Almighty Creator, through the grace of Him who is adorable. That man became a convert to the true faith, and though poor he became more rich than any prince."

The children were tired by the time Ibrahim's story was finished and, thanking him with humble salaams for telling it to them they retired to rest. Soon sleep fell upon the entire household, a household in which not one knew the true faith of which Ibrahim had been speaking. For what is the true faith but to believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom He has sent? From the stories told by Mariam and Ibrahim we see plainly that the Mussalmans believe in the one true God,—oh, that the time may soon come when they will believe also in His Son—when they shall refuse to believe in all traditions, beautiful though they may be, like the one just related, and shall take the Bible for their guide, depending on what they find written in it, and that they may be able to say truly, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.—p. 350.—CARMEL—HERMON.

C-anna-*n*	Gen. xii. 5.
A-d-*o*	Mark v. 39.
R-ephidi-*m*	Ex. xvii. 1.
M-ange-*r*	Luke ii. 16.
E-v-*e*	Gen. iii. 20.
L-achis-*h*	2 Kings xviii. 14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

UP THE RIVER.

REGINALD'S REASONS.

I.

IT was a warm summer afternoon. Several of the clerks of a private banking-house at the west-end of London had just come in from their dinner hour, and there being yet a few minutes to spare before the hands of the clock would indicate that it was time to resume business, they had congregated together for a little chat.

But there was one, who, on entering the office, did not join with the rest, but went straight to his seat, where he kept aloof, and with his head resting on his hand, traced mechanically figures on the blotting-paper, until he became quite lost in his abstraction.

He was a young man who had joined the establishment about a twelvemonth before our story opens. His pale, thoughtful face was almost stern in its

seriousness and repose, but a physiognomist might have discovered in it much of what is termed character. Although there was at first sight something rather calculated to repel than to attract in the dark grave eyes that so rarely smiled; yet when they did light up—as occasionally they would—the sallow, impassive countenance glowed under their influence and became full of expression, as when a transient gleam of sunshine flits across the dull, leaden surface of a wintry sky.

Whilst he sat thus, silent and alone, the tongues of his colleagues rattled along briskly enough; the subject of conversation being a pleasure excursion which was on the *tapis* for the next bank holiday.

It had been proposed and seconded that they should have a pull up the river as far as Teddington, the programme being a social dinner, a country ramble and a return in the evening by moonlight.

"It will be a particularly jolly trip, I think," said Charles Eastlake, who was the prime mover in the affair, "especially as we go by boat instead of rail."

"But who are to be the rowers?" asked one of the number.

"Every one of us," answered Charles; "I suppose we all know something about handling an oar."

"Oh, of course," laughed Dick Dolland, "it's very much the same thing as handling a pen."

This remark led to some "chaffing;" and after some further talk Charles Eastlake said,

"Then I presume it's settled that we go to Teddington next Monday?"

"Yes, yes!" responded every one with enthusiasm.

"Carried *nem. con.*" exclaimed Charles with much satisfaction.

Suddenly his eyes travelled across to the desk where his pale-faced, dark-eyed, fellow-clerk still sat motionless and absorbed.

"Oh, there's Greville!" he said. "I'd forgotten him. We must ask him to join us, eh!"

"You may ask," returned Dick Dolland, shrugging his shoulders; "but you know beforehand what answer you'll get."

"You think he'll decline?"

"Sure to. I never knew him make one in a convivial party yet."

"Not he," joined in another of the listeners; "he's one of those morbid individuals who doesn't believe in enjoyment."

"What a miserable state of mental disorganisation must that be that forbids a fellow to unbend sometimes, mustn't it?"

"Fearful!" said Dick Dolland.

But, after all, his judges could only see what was on the surface.

And he went on after a moment, "I can't understand what it is that makes Greville mope away his existence as he does."

"I fancy he must have something on his mind," said Charles Eastlake in a deprecatory tone.

"A lady in the case; in love, perhaps," suggested Walter Burrowes.

"Ah, yes! it might be so certainly," assented Dick Dolland, throwing a very serio-comic expression into his countenance; "love does upset a fellow awfully while it lasts. I've been in that unhappy state myself, and speak from experience."

Once more his companions greeted the facetious speaker with a laugh. And Charles Eastlake rejoined, "I don't fancy it's a heart with Greville."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" chimed in several.

"I don't believe he has any heart," said another; "at least he has not the slightest taste for social enjoyment."

"And yet he is always courteous and gentlemanly, and I have invariably found him ready to oblige me," said Charles Eastlake.

"The fact is," joined in Harry Lockhart, who had not previously offered an opinion, "Reginald Greville is too ascetic."

"For my part," said Burrowes, in a lowered voice, "I believe the secret of his reserve and unsociableness is nothing but stinginess. If you want a proof, you've only to observe Greville at the dining-rooms; it's chop, steak—steak, chop—potatoes and bread, day after day, and water, which is included in the shillingsworth."

"Precisely! It would be a positive treat to see him venture upon a second course just for once."

"Second course!" echoed Harry Lockhart; "he'd faint at the idea of such reckless extravagance. Did any one ever see him venture even so far as to cheese and salad? But as to a glass of wine——"

"It isn't every one who cares for wine at dinner," quietly remarked Charles Eastlake, who thought his companions were becoming too severely critical.

"I tell you what," said Harry Lockhart, "Greville only wants a cowl and a cloister to make a first-rate monk."

"I quite agree with you," grinned Dick; "I think if anything would make him perfectly happy, it would be a diet of unsavoury herbs, and cold water from the spring."

There was another laugh at the expense of the gloomy ascetic.

"Talking of monks and cloisters, it has just struck me he may have a religious fit upon him."

"How do you mean—a religious fit?"

"I mean that he may be under what they call impressions, or convictions, or something of that sort."

This new light thrown upon the "Greville mystery" produced a momentary silence.

And presently some one inquired, "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I asked him one night to go with me to the theatre. He shook his head solemnly and answered, 'No.' It was such a decided negative that I took the liberty of requesting to know his motive for refusing. He gave me a homily about such amusements not being for his soul's welfare, or something to that effect."

At this there was a more intense silence than there had been before.

And then, after a moment, the enmity of the carnal mind burst forth in the scornful looks and muttered ejaculations of the listeners.

"Cant! Fanaticism!" they exclaimed.

"But Greville will attend a concert, for I've seen him there," said one.

"He must have had a free ticket presented to him then," remarked another, sneeringly.

"I think you are too hard upon Greville," said Charles Eastlake. "He may be reserved, but I have always found him a straightforward, gentlemanly fellow, and as such I respect him. I believe he has some good reason for the strict economy he practises."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," returned several; "but we don't want him with us on Monday."

"It would be a marked act of discourtesy to leave him out, and I am determined to ask him at least."

And with these words, uttered in a tone of generous warmth, Charles Eastlake went at once towards the desk where Reginald Greville was seated.

Reginald knew that he was coming; and he knew why; he had caught the sound of his own name, and had been an involuntary listener to some part of his companions' conversation. But he took no notice. He did not move or alter his position in the least. He was as a deaf man that heard not! The deep sigh that escaped from his lips alone bore witness to his inward feelings. It had hardly died away when Charles Eastlake's voice sounded in his ears.

"Are you waking or dreaming, old fellow?" asked the latter in a pleasant, friendly tone.

"I'm awake," replied Reginald, as he turned with a faint smile to his fellow-clerk—who was the only one whom he had reason to believe felt amicably disposed towards him.

"Ah, yes, I see you are; well, I've a word or two to say which won't detain you a moment. We've all of us made up our minds next Monday, our bank holiday, to have a country trip; will you join us?"

Reginald shook his head and traced a hieroglyphical figure on the blotting-paper before him as he answered in a low tone,

"I'm obliged to you for the offer, but——"

"Oh, don't say 'no,'" interrupted Charles entreatingly.

"I am sorry; but I must!"

"Come, think better of it! We shall have a glorious day! Up the river to Teddington; fresh air, lovely scenery, a dip in the stream if you like, a dinner, and home again by moonlight; I'm sure you'd enjoy it."

Reginald glanced from the window at the bright sky; and by a rapid transition of thought he pictured himself gliding along on the bosom of the willow-fringed Thames, and watching its rippling waters as they glitter like silver in the moonbeams; and the mental picture had a wondrous fascination for him, for it recalled the past to his memory. But it did not shake his determination. And he said again, "It is very kind of you to propose it, but I must decline."

"You are really in earnest then?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, of course there's no more to be said, though I confess I'm sorry, and can only hope you'll alter your mind."

Reginald merely shook his head in reply; and Charles Eastlake, seeing him resolved, returned to his companions, most of whom congratulated themselves on their happy escape from the company of such a "wet blanket" as the "stingy clerk" would inevitably have proved.

II.

The duties of the bank were resumed, the business of the day was over, and the clerks took their hats and prepared to depart.

But Reginald Greville was not permitted to escape without a little running fire of sarcasm from his colleagues, some of whom were assembled in a knot at the door.

"Is it really a fact that you decline making one at our boating trip?" asked Harry Lockhart as he approached.

"It is," answered Reginald quietly.

"It won't cost much, you know," continued the previous speaker pointedly; "a sovereign or thirty shillings a piece will cover everything."

Reginald made no reply. And Walter Burrowes remarked with a covert sneer, "Perhaps our friend objects on conscientious motives, and thinks a day's 'outing' savours too much of worldliness and frivolity."

"Not at all," said Reginald; "I am not so narrow-minded."

"Then why don't you join us?"

"We pledge ourselves to put on our very best behaviour for next Monday," joined in Dick Dolland, with the usual mirthful twinkle in his eyes, "so that our friend's conscience may not be ruffled in the slightest by any unseemly word or act of ours."

"Decidedly!" added Harry Lockhart; "no foolish talking or jesting, nor anything of that sort, you know."

"Come now, after that you can't have any scruples," said Dick with a broad grin on his face; "you'll come, won't you?"

"No, thank you," returned Reginald, quietly but firmly.

A murmur of something like contempt passed through the small assembly.

"It's a hopeless case, gentlemen," exclaimed Harry Lockhart as he shrugged his shoulders and adjusted his hat.

"Quite hopeless!" assented Dick Dolland; and then turning towards Reginald, he said to him in a seriously bantering manner,

"I tell you what it is, my boy; you're many degrees too good for this world."

Reginald fixed his dark eyes steadily upon the speaker and replied,

"If I were so, I should not be allowed to remain in it another moment."

And with these words he walked out, and bent his steps towards his lodgings.

If his spirit had been somewhat tried by the jests of his companions, it soon wore off, and he quickly recovered his usual calmness. Leaving him then to make his way through the busy streets to his solitary home, let us take a retrospective glance at his antecedents and his earlier life.

Reginald Greville was descended from a good family, but he had the misfortune to lose his parents at a very early age, so early that he was not conscious of the loss he sustained.

His bringing-up had devolved upon his godfather, his only living relative, who had also been appointed his guardian.

The young orphan could not be said to have been neglected, according to the usual acceptation of the word; since—so far as affection was concerned—no child could have had more care lavished upon him. He was the idol of Archibald Maddison, who, being an old bachelor, found his whole soul wrapped up in his young charge.

A wealthy, warm-hearted old gentleman was Archibald—one whom riches had not rendered proud or selfish—most certainly not as regarded young Reginald, for had he been his own flesh and

blood ten times over, he could not have loved him better. He watched over his education with zealous care. Every childish wish of his *protégé* was gratified, and as the latter grew to man's estate, his means were ever in advance of his desires.

But, alas! in the character of his benevolent guardian there was one thing lacking—the one thing of all things most important. Strictly honourable, moral, and amiable, these were in him merely natural gifts. He had never given his heart to God. As a point of duty, which no respectable member of society could ignore, he was regular in his attendance at church, but his religion stopped there. That he was a sinner in the sight of God, and needed washing in a Saviour's blood never once crossed his mind.

But the time was at hand when the day of grace, long extended, must end at last.

And so when Reginald Greville had reached his twenty-first year—on the very day following his birthday, after a sumptuous gala and dinner in honour of the joyous event, his godfather, Archibald Maddison, was seized with an apoplectic fit.

The generous commercial gentleman, who a few hours previously had been presiding at the splendid banquet, now lay prostrate in the darkened chamber. He whose genial smile had so lately beamed rays of welcome on his guests, whose round, full voice had proposed the health of his darling godson, and whose warm heart had throbbed with pride as he looked upon the handsome youth he loved with all a father's affection, was stricken down by the remorseless hand of the last enemy without note or warning. Unconscious he lay for two days, and then his "threescore years and ten" came to a mournful termination, and he died.

Reginald Greville stood beside the silent form scared, horror-stricken and quite broken-hearted at the awful suddenness of the sad event. He had returned the intense love of his guardian with an affection equally devoted, and the loss he had sustained bewildered and crushed him. At first he could not fully realise it.

Archibald Maddison was gone; and in the course of a few days the family vault received his remains. There was a splendid funeral, and numerous followers at the ceremony, but perhaps the only real mourner was Reginald Greville.

Time went on, and after a few passing comments on the virtues of the dead, he gradually faded from memory and became forgotten.

And did Reginald forget, too, like the rest?

No! For a time he was inconsolable. But as the weeks rolled on, he began once more to look upon the world as somewhat less of a desert than he had, in the first burst of his bereavement, been brought to regard it. He was in the dawn of manhood, and as he inherited all his godfather's wealth, in addition to that left him by his parents, he was rich.

A very pleasant prospect, most would think: but Reginald at this moment was in a position of extreme peril. He had been reared in an atmosphere of flattery and self-indulgence. As a boy he had been lauded to the skies by his over-fond relative for acts which, at the most, deserved little more than a passing word of commendation, and which often merited censure rather than praise. The results of the injudicious training of the youth manifested themselves in the pride and vanity of the man.

With all Archibald Maddison had endowed his *protégé* he had never instructed him in the first principles of true wisdom, never taught him the fear of God, never sought to lead his young heart to his Saviour. How could he, poor old man? He knew Him not himself—and now he was gone; and the boy he loved with all the warmth of his generous but misguided heart must soon reap the bitter consequences of this fatal neglect. Of course Reginald had not the least consciousness of his real condition in the sight of God; and as Time, the great healer of grief, softened down the acute sorrow he had felt at the death of his guardian, till it gradually subsided in a pleasant remembrance merely, his heart longed once more to go forth to meet the pleasures from which he had been exiled for a season, and which now seemed thronging on every side to greet him.

He longed to go, and he went, and the world received him with open arms; and the world smiled upon him with syren smiles; and the world flattered him with glaring flattery; and the flattery did not repel or disgust him, but was sweet as honey to his taste. Courted, admired, flattered; his path strewn with roses, the glamour of self-love shrouding him like a veil, through which he saw everything in its brightest, nothing in its true colours; he exulted, revelled in his capacity for enjoyment.

It was a new illustration of the ancient record, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes." "I will enjoy pleasure," was Reginald's purpose. He had yet to learn that "this also is vanity," nor did he even think of the solemn warning, "But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Truly, if his guardian had commenced by spoiling him, the world finished what his guardian had begun, and ruined him completely.

A few years rolled swiftly on, and Reginald Greville went on with them at a reckless, break-neck pace, which, they say, kills. But it killed not him; he still lived, nay, was still strong and well, his head as erect, his eye as bright, his feet as firm, his voice as clear as ever. To all outward appearance he was the same. But a change had taken place nevertheless. A change that none recked of but himself. He had begun to learn that there was such a thing as satiety; and he often was miserable and ashamed of his way of life. He had enough self-respect to avoid grosser forms of vice, nor did he, as many do, seek to drive away care by drink. Yet he knew well that he was living an unworthy life, and felt conscious of his need of some pursuit worthier than "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," "the devil's trinity," as the gods of the natural man have been called. A voice would often come wailing out of the dark void of his heart, like that of the royal penitent of old, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Yet, so far from relinquishing the course he had learnt to contemn, he sought other forms of excitement. The race-ground, the betting-ring, nay, the gambling saloon, were his chosen places of resort. The stimulus of fiercest pleasure had become a necessity to him, whilst, to give some colouring of earnestness to his life, he embarked in reckless speculations.

But all this was shortly to come to an end. His large fortune had been wasting away; and his last

hope was on a favourite racehorse, on which he recklessly staked every farthing he possessed in the world. The favourite lost; and Reginald Greville was a ruined man.

His dream was over, and he had a terrible awakening. There was no longer any glamour over his senses. Any one looking at him now would not have recognised him as the blooming youth of three years back. The inward change had worked its way to the surface; and the sallow features with their premature lines of care, and the dark, stern eyes, that now, from beneath contracted moody brows, flashed their resentment upon the world in which they could no longer find an answering glance of sympathy, all told the story of a man who had bought experience at a reckless price.

But there was one who, in the midst of his sad reverses, clung to him when all besides had forsaken him. This was a young man—an orphan like himself—whose affection he had won in the days of his prosperity by many acts of kindness.

On hearing of his ruin, his grateful friend came to him, not only with sympathy but assistance. He had just received a legacy of a thousand pounds, and the loan of this he offered to his benefactor.

Reginald was deeply affected, but he declined to avail himself of his friend's help.

But the other insisted. For a long time Reginald was steady in his refusal. But at length the thought flashed across him that with such a sum he might retrieve his losses and repay his confiding friend with interest. It was an evil thought, prompted by the Spirit of Evil, and Reginald yielded to the temptation, the dire infatuation of the gambler being yet strong upon him.

In a short time he had lost it all, and was once more penniless with—to add to his anguish—the tormenting thought that he had abused the generous confidence of his friend and scattered his money to the winds.

In his remorse and despair he knew not where to turn for help. It was one Sabbath evening, after a miserable day of self-reproach, that he stole forth from his lodging to seek a temporary relief in a walk. On his way he passed a church, into which the congregation was thronging. Many a long month had elapsed since he had visited the sanctuary, and with a sigh of mingled bitterness and compunction he entered with the rest. For some time he joined in the service listlessly. But he had no heart in it, nor did it afford him the slightest comfort.

At length the sermon commenced. The minister took for his subject the old yet ever-new parable of the Prodigal Son.

The minister was an earnest man, and applied the parable to the case of the sinner departing from his God and Father. In a vivid and powerful manner he descanted on the reckless wilfulness of the infatuated prodigal in leaving his parent's home to wander far away, where he might be free from the trammels of paternal restraint, and live unchecked a life of guilt and sensuality. He portrayed in affecting terms the first awakenings of remorse in the breast of the wretched wanderer, leading on to true repentance and the desire to return to the loving bosom of the kind father he had forsaken.

He then dwelt eloquently upon the tender love of God as illustrated in the character of the father in the parable; on His yearning solicitude for His guilty and rebellious children, and His readiness, not only to forgive but to forget all their sins and follies, and to welcome them back with all the yearning of a Father's love.

Reginald listened intently. His listlessness had departed, and as the preacher proceeded in his discourse he experienced emotions he had never known before. The story he knew, and its application was familiar, but to himself he had never till now applied it. The Spirit of God brought it home to his understanding and his conscience. Had he not lost all? wasted all? was he not in want? and, as if to make the resemblance more complete, was he not even literally faint with hunger?—having eaten nothing all day but a piece of bread—"and no man gave unto him!"

And then there arose in his aching heart the cry of the prodigal: "I will arise, and go to my Father." But where was he to find Him? how was he to go? Alas, he knew not the way as yet.

The service was over, and the congregation had left the church, but Reginald Greville still remained behind. At length the pew-opener, observing the pale, sorrowful-looking young man sitting moodily in his pew, asked him if he was ill. A deep, heart-drawn sigh, almost like a groan, was the only answer he returned.

The minister, who was passing at the moment on his way out, attracted by his appearance, stopped and spoke to him. A few words were sufficient to render Reginald's case plain; and being a true servant of Christ, with a deep sense of the value of precious souls, the minister invited the mourner to accompany him home, and Reginald, after a little hesitation, accepted the invitation.

That night was the turning-point in Reginald Greville's life; and ere he left the hospitable roof, he had a new hope springing up within his heart. When at length he took his departure—not without a promise that he would renew his visit—the outer world seemed to have undergone a change. The air seemed fresher; the very lights in the lamps seemed brighter; the faces of the people he passed wore a pleasanter aspect. But the change was in himself. His heart had been touched by Divine grace; he had been "born," and the light of heaven had begun to dawn in his soul.

* * * * *

When the Good Shepherd comes to reclaim a poor wandering sinner from the error of his ways, He finds him not only spiritually dead, but often in circumstances of great temporal difficulty. It was so with Reginald Greville. But he was not left to sink under the pressure. Through the interest of the minister who had first been the means of leading him to his Saviour, he obtained a good situation in a merchant's house; his position there being materially increased from his being able to conduct a correspondence in French and German.

With a grateful heart he entered upon his new duties, determined henceforth, by God's grace, to retrieve the past, and to live henceforth as a consistent Christian. It was then the thought of the thousand pounds he had so recklessly thrown away settled upon his mind. It was not that his friend had ever uttered a word of disappointment or reproach at his own loss, but his own conscience smote him bitterly. And not only so, but that

voice within him whispered constantly, "That thousand pounds must be repaid!"

Reginald knew the voice—knew it well. It was the same that had often spoken peace to his soul: and if its accents were now somewhat stern, he did not on that account disregard it or "faint" at the largeness of the demand. On the contrary, he said firmly in answer to the voice, "God helping me, it shall be paid."

A thousand pounds was no light sum to refund. But with the will to obey there came the power from on high, and Reginald solemnly pledged himself before his Saviour to deny himself everything short of the actual necessaries of life until every penny of the money was restored to its owner.

And he kept his word, though not without many a struggle, many an earnest wrestling in prayer for help. But he had now learnt to depend not on himself but on Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness, and in that strength he was enabled to triumph.

Many were the misconstructions, as the reader knows, put upon his conduct; many were the sneers and sarcasms he had to bear. Often the trial of cruel mockings from those who knew not the motive that actuated him, and which he never revealed, depressed his spirit. But still through "evil report, and good report" he held on his way like a good soldier, always keeping a bold front to the enemy, and holding before him the shield of faith, on which the fiery darts of temptation that assailed him from time to time, fell blunted and harmless.

Five years he remained in the merchant's house, bearing an irreproachable character, and so pleasing his employers that they not only raised his salary, but made him generous gifts at times. His spare hours at night were also devoted to laborious work, sometimes teaching, and at other times helping tradesmen with their accounts and books. As his savings increased, love of work increased, and his habits of self-restraint grew stronger. At length the offer was made him of a situation in the bank, in which we now find him still steadily pursuing the narrow path of duty, still misjudged by his companions, but every day drawing nearer to the time when his long term of self-denial should be over.

It was not strange that in this protracted struggle his character for firmness should become developed, or that his face should reflect something of the inward stedfastness, as it most assuredly did. But if his features were somewhat pale, it was not a sickly, but a thoughtful pallor; and if his eyes were grave, and sometimes even to sternness, there was nothing morose or bitter in their glances, to those who looked steadily into their depths.

* * * *

Another year passed; and then it was observed suddenly that Reginald Greville appeared much more cheerful than he was wont to be. He looked less careworn and thoughtful, and he was frequently seen to smile. Ten years and more seemed to have lifted from off his brow.

Summer had come round again, and it created quite a sensation at the bank when they observed the change in Reginald Greville; they saw that even at dinner he fared sumptuously every day! Every one wondered what had come to the "ascetic"—what spell was on him to produce such extraordinary effects; but no one could explain the cause. From never joining in their amusements he had become almost like a stranger to them, and was left to himself almost as much as if he had been one of the partners in the bank!

But the astonishment rose to its height when one day the "stingy clerk" invited the whole of his colleagues to a pull up the river and a dinner at Teddington, on the occasion of the next bank holiday, and himself to bear all the expense.

Such an event surpassed belief; and from first condemning him as "mean and methodistical," his companions now suggested that he had taken leave of his senses. But for the fun of the thing, if nothing else, every one accepted the invitation.

It was a lovely day. As if in honour of the occasion, Nature had put on her brightest smiles. The excursionists were all in the highest spirits; and when Reginald Greville appeared, in a costume entirely different from what he had ever been known to wear before—to wit, a light summer suit and a straw hat of nautical appearance, adorned with a "true blue" ribbon that fluttered in the breeze—the effect was so astounding that they gave him a ringing cheer on the spot.

He was accompanied by a young man, a friend of his—the reader knows who this was—and both evinced by their looks and manner that they were fully prepared to enjoy the forthcoming trip.

Off they started, Reginald volunteering to take an oar, and—another surprise—proving that he knew far more about the art of rowing than any one of his comrades. The voyage up the river was very agreeably performed, and at every stage of the journey the melancholy misanthrope became more and more animated and agreeable. The cloud had passed from his brow, the sternness from his eyes; his voice rang out in clear, cheerful tones, and his face glowed with a warm, healthy hue that lit it up into actual beauty.

What could it all mean? And when at length having reached Teddington and placed the boat in safe mooring, they started for a stroll in the country, none of the party seemed so thoroughly full of happiness as Reginald Greville.

He ran, and leaped hedges with untiring energy, and laughed with a zest that was perfectly incomprehensible. Instead of being mopish and dull, his astonished companions were compelled to acknowledge that the heartless man was all heart; that he who had no taste for social enjoyment was the life and soul of the party.

Cheerfulness, like gloom, is contagious, and the spirit which animated our hero spread like wildfire, till all had become inoculated with the same exhilaration.

By the time they had reached the hotel where they were to dine, there was not one that did not think Reginald Greville was the very prince of good fellows.

But the series of surprises was not over yet. On entering the dining-room there was one general burst of admiration. It was not often that a set of London clerks found themselves face to face with a table so elegantly appointed. This, too, had been arranged by the "stingy clerk," according to his own plan, and the bouquets of sweet flowers intermingled with the glass and plate, produced an effect at once delightful to the senses and charming to the sight. Dick Dolland sank into a chair electrified, and could only

gaze mutely at the scene before him and wonder in the depths of his heart what next was coming. In fact, he was prepared for anything, and would hardly have been astonished if he had been informed that the banquet was to be followed by a grand display of fireworks.

Reginald Greville stood quietly waiting till the first excitement had a little subsided. He was quite prepared for such a demonstration—in fact, he knew that he was going to give his colleagues a surprise, and he could not help being both gratified and amused to see how thoroughly he had succeeded in his intent.

On the announcement that dinner was ready, Reginald took his place at the head of the table with that genial *bonhomie* which had so greatly distinguished his deceased guardian, and which he had imbibed from him. All the guests experienced the charm of the subtle influence their host exercised upon them, making each one feel at his ease, and causing all to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

After the cloth was cleared, Reginald rose, and in a few appropriate sentences, that not only pleased, but touched the hearts of his listeners with some tinglings of self-reproach, expressed the joy it gave him to see his friends around him, and the fervent wish that their fellowship might be from this time cordial and pleasant, but profitable and helpful, as true friendship ought always to be. He had not hitherto had much companionship with them, for reasons which he would presently explain, but he had always had a warm feeling for those beside whom his lot was cast, and he wished them prosperity in this life, and with unfeigned earnestness he would add, the best blessings here and hereafter. His words went home to the hearts of all.

Dick Dolland, whose feelings were especially wrought upon, replied in the name of his companions to Reginald's speech, candidly confessing how greatly they had been deceived in their estimation of his character, and in good humour and good taste apologising for their want of perception, and earnestly entreating him to forget and forgive.

"My dear friends," Reginald replied earnestly, "as I never remember unkindness, I have nothing to forget; and as I have, in humble imitation of the one great Example, already forgiven all who may have wronged me, I have nothing to forgive. And now," he added, "I daresay I have been somewhat of a mystery to you all?"

There was a brief pause as the speaker looked along the table inquiringly; and then Charles Eastlake replied,

"Candidly speaking, you have."

"I felt sure of it," resumed Reginald; "I could see that you regarded me with dislike."

Dick Dolland was about to utter a deprecatory appeal, but Reginald checked him.

"Pray don't apologise, my dear fellow," he said; "you were justified to some extent in forming such an opinion. But I had a good reason for acting as I did, and I am now going to state what it was, and also the cause of the change you now perceive in me. Indeed, there were two reasons, which I shall be glad to explain, and which you will doubtless not be sorry to hear."

A murmur of applause ran round the table, followed by a dead silence, during which Reginald modestly related the principal incidents of his life.

"Yes, my dear friends," he said in conclusion, "when it pleased God to convince me of the folly and guilt of my past life, He taught me that I must bring forth works meet for repentance; and the repayment of my friend's debt was the first duty. It was to accomplish this that I, for nine years, lived a life of rigid self-denial; and I bless God I had strength to persevere in it. Now the debt is discharged, and the unusual exhilaration of my spirits is but the expression of the inward joy and peace I feel. It is in commemoration of this, to me, joyous event I invited you all to meet me here to-day, that I might make this explanation. I have done so; and I trust you are satisfied with my reasons, and that henceforth you will regard me as a friend whose heart is open to you all."

An enthusiastic burst of applause, mingled with a volley of affectionate protestations, greeted the generous speaker as he concluded. Order was broken up, and in an instant he was surrounded by the whole party, all of whom declared fervently as they shook him by the hand that his reasons, like himself, were so good that they could not possibly be better.

Reginald's heart rejoiced within him; how could it do otherwise? He had been true to his convictions, and God had rewarded him openly, according to his faithful promise, "Them that honour Me I will honour."

THEATRE-PREACHING IN NEW YORK.

RELIGIOUS services on Sunday evenings in theatres and other places of public amusement in London have been familiar and successful agencies of Christian usefulness for many years. Multitudes have been attracted to these services who never enter any regular church or chapel. Ministers of all denominations have taken part in this good work, and many instances have been recorded of true and lasting spiritual benefit resulting. The theatre services are still kept up, and in them it may be emphatically said that "to the poor the Gospel is preached."

It is proposed to establish similar services in the million-peopled city of New York. On the proposal being made, the Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime published in the "New York Observer," of which he has long been the editor-in-chief, "Recollections of a gospel campaign twenty-two years ago." These recollections are so full of interest, that our readers will be glad to have the substance of them reproduced. They confirm the estimate we have of the value of such services among ourselves, and we trust that they will encourage Christian ministers to recommence the good work in the great cities of the United States, where a vast and rapidly increasing population requires every possible agency for preventing the masses from lapsing into practical atheism.

In the autumn of 1858, says Dr. Prime, my brother and I undertook to manage a series of Sunday evening services in the largest theatre in the city that could be hired for the purpose.

The Academy of Music was then a much larger theatre than the present building. It was burned afterwards and rebuilt on a smaller scale. It was then supposed to seat about 4,500 persons. Dr. James W. Alexander, pastor of the congregation now fed by Dr. John Hall, encouraged the idea, and pastors of the churches of various Evangelical denominations promised their aid. The two brothers, R. L. and A. Stuart, became responsible for the expenses, which were very considerable: on an average more than two hundred dollars for each service. Ulman, a German manager, was then the lessee of the Academy, and I had some curious illustrations of the average idea of theatre men of the reliability of one another. Going to Ulman with a long, legally drawn lease of the premises for six months, on Sundays only, he took the pen to sign it, without reading a word.

"You have not read it," I said.

"But it is as we have agreed upon, is it not?"

"Certainly it is; but it is usual to read over a paper before you sign it."

"And so I would," said Ulman, "if I were dealing with one of these theatre people; but if you say it is as we agreed, I will not read it." And he put his name to three pages of paper without reading a word.

And his people were just as little disposed to rely on him as he on them. For the owners of the Academy, although they had leased the building to him, came every Monday morning, by their agent, to us and got the rent for the day before, though we were holden only to Ulman, and did not know them in the premises.

Dr. Alexander preached the first sermon in the series. The leading clergymen of the city, of the various denominations, were present on the stage. It was not as common then as it is now in some of the denominations to have evening services in the churches. We never heard that this theatre service diminished the attendance on the regular church service, except in the case of one or two churches in the vicinity.

On the first evening the house was crowded. Probably many came from curiosity to see the handsomest and largest theatre in America. Many came to see Dr. Alexander's first appearance on the stage. We had printed handbills of the coming service, with the hymns in full that were to be sung, and these we distributed in the highways if not in the hedges, in the shops, factories, and among all the working-people we could reach, on Saturday afternoons. If we saw any falling off on any Sunday evening, we increased that kind of invitation, and invariably with good effect. We always took up a collection. The odds and ends of money that came in showed the miscellaneous character of our congregation. A very large corps of young men, who cheerfully acted as ushers, at a given signal, each taking a small section, collected the alms in a very few minutes. We thought it pleasanter and better for all that they should feel their duty and privilege to bear a part of the expense of the service. One stalwart tenor was hired to lead the singing. He stood on the stage, and the voice of the multitude in song was as the sound of many waters.

The house was always well filled; on most of the evenings it was crowded to excess; sometimes thousands were turned away, unable to stand within the gates, so great was the desire to enter. The area in front of the Academy was sometimes crowded before the doors were opened. And when the house was filled to overflowing, the crowd was as large outside as it was before.

These were the externals of the services, or the accessories. What was their religious, spiritual character? We had no inquiry meetings, or meetings after preaching, but we made arrangements with the city missionaries to act as pastors and advisers to those who might seek instruction. And while we did not search for notable cases of conversion or sanctification, we did incidentally hear of them frequently. Some of the services were attended with that indefinable yet unmistakable influence which we who believe in it call the presence of the Holy Spirit. The sermons which appeared to be specially marked by such power, subduing the hearts and quickening the emotional nature, were delivered by Dr. Bethune, from the text, "Do thyself no harm;" young Hoge, on the Martyrdom of Stephen; Dr., now Bishop, Bedell, Dr. Potts and Drs. Durbin and McClintock of the Methodist Church.

A more solemn scene was never beheld in a theatre than when Dr. Bedell was kneeling on the stage, praying in the centre of a throng covering every foot of the platform. I do not know whether he used a Prayer-book or not, and nobody cared. He prayed. And we believe the Lord heard and answered. Dr. Durbin preached on the efficacy of the blood of Christ. It was said to be his great sermon. It told powerfully on one of the largest assemblies of the series.

There were twenty-seven preachers in all, Mr. Milburn preaching twice.

Of this number, although twenty-two full years have not passed since the series closed, nineteen have ceased from their labours; only eight are living; among these are, Bishop Bedell, Dr. Milburn and Dr. Mark Hopkins.

In the entire series of twenty-eight sermons, not one lacked the elements of gospel truth and power; not one incident was outlandish, extravagant, or sensational; not a mistake in adaptation to the occasion; not a sectarian or any other allusion that would offend the taste. Yet every preacher had the largest liberty, and held forth the Word of Life as the Holy Spirit gave him utterance. Strangers attended largely, and our handbills were always posted in the hotels to attract them. The preaching was designed, and each preacher was invited to preach, with special reference to the conversion of sinners to Christ. We tried to get the sermons for a volume, but some of them were unwritten and could not be recovered. Some spoke with notes and some without, and to the hearers it made no difference. They heard the Word gladly.

What was, on the whole, the effect? Good beyond all doubt. Would it be well to have such a service, in such a place, every Sabbath night in the year? Probably it would. If the regular church members would stay in their places of worship—if they have a service—and there pray for themselves and those at the theatre, and leave the seats to the irregular masses, not reached by stated means of grace, it would be good and only good. Thousands and tens of thousands would hear the invitation of the gospel who now do not go to any place of worship.

Sabbath Twilight.

WELCOME the sweet evening-tide!
While its peaceful moments glide,
Jesus, in the twilight dim,
Thou shalt hear my grateful hymn;
Let this quiet hour be given,
Lord, to thoughts of Thee and heaven.

In this stillness, Saviour dear,
Be Thou to my spirit near;
Shed Thy grace like heavenly balm,
This my care-chafed soul shall calm,
Though Thy form I may not see,
Let me draw fresh life from Thee.

RAY PALMER.

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

VI.—ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

ONE of the tenderest of the ties that bound me to the days of "my boyhood in the East" was broken on the 22nd of March, 1880. I stood on that day in a small group of affectionate mourners on the heights of the cemetery at Hastings, and committed to the grave the remains of one who had taken me into his arms soon after my birth, and been from before that date to the end of his long life (he died in his eighty-third year) the nearest and dearest of family friends. My island home was his chosen residence for the greater part of his life, and there had he mingled with us in all our household joys and sorrows. Noble and beautiful was the face, crowned with snowy locks, of the dear old man when I welcomed him back to England, with hearty embraces, in the year 1867; and never did we weary in talking over, whenever we met, the scenes and events of the times long past. He was specially remarkable for the mingling in himself of characteristics in contrast, and even antagonism, to one another. He was thrifty and yet very generous; humorous yet very devout; enthusiastic in his belief of a special Providence, but not the less always resolute and energetic in action; of imperious will and stern command, and yet as gentle as a child, tender as a woman, and loving like unto the angels.

Though during the latter period of his life in the East he lived on shore, and occupied magisterial offices, he was by early choice and for many long years afterwards, a sailor. Throughout these years and to the end of life, he profoundly believed himself to be in the direct and special keeping of God. He never hesitated about believing that no sparrow falls to the ground without something in its death of both the thought and act of God, nor in accepting as literal and absolute truth that the very hairs of our head are all numbered by Him. Similarly he was, by strong conviction and constant habit, a man of prayer. He admitted that there were serious difficulties in reconciling the efficacy of prayer with the laws of nature and the freedom of the human will; but not the less was he firmly assured that quite as much in secular as in spiritual things it will not be the same with us whether we pray or do not pray. The following were favourite passages of the Bible with him: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place." And so was the verse:

> "Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
> Bring relief in deepest straits;
> Prayer can force a passage through
> Iron bars and brazen gates."

With such faith in prayer and love of it, no wonder that the daily meeting for prayer in Hastings was to him one of the chief joys of life during the years of his retirement and leisure.

The faith and prayerfulness of this eminent servant of God were honoured by Him in a remarkable way. I do not wish to be understood as encouraging the expectation of miraculous interposition in answer to prayer, but I think we are warranted in believing that profound trust in God, constant and intimate fellowship with Him, and the habit of intense and confident devotion, may receive from Him signal tokens of His gracious favour. With no other comment I place among these records the following detailed statements from my saintly and revered friend. One of them was printed by him for private circulation.

"About fifty years ago I commanded an East India Country ship, of about 750 tons, bound from Penang to China with a cargo of tin, betel-nut and spices from the Straits of Malacca. Between Penang and Singapore we had some heavy squalls and rough weather, and the ship began to leak. I thought very little of it, but my officers, as I afterwards found, were afraid of going on in the ship. On arriving at Singapore the second officer came to me with a very demure countenance, and said he had just heard that a relative of his had died at Malacca, and he should feel very much obliged to me if I would allow him to leave the ship, and return thither. Not for a moment supposing he was deceiving me, I allowed him to leave. After breakfast the chief officer came to me saying there was a little business of some importance in the town that he would like to attend to if I would kindly allow him to go on shore for half-an-hour. I, being still quite unsuspicious, allowed him to go. I waited anxiously for him till four o'clock in the afternoon, and felt very angry when I found that I had been thus cruelly forsaken.

"After we had passed through the Straits of Singapore and got out into the China Sea, the ship began to leak fast, and from at first keeping one pump going I found two were necessary. After getting over towards the coast of Luzon the weather became stormy, with constant darkness and rain, so that we did not get a sight of the sun for several days, and I became very anxious, knowing we could not be far from coral reefs. I could get no sight for the chronometer longitude. I then thought how thankful I should be if I could only get the meridian altitude of the sun for the latitude, which might enable me to reach Manilla; but there was no break in the clouds, the whole heavens were of a dark leaden colour.

"One day, a little before noon, I went down into

my cabin, and prayed as those pray who are in dire need, that the sun might shine out, if only for ten minutes. Both pumps were going night and day, my crew were exhausted, and I knew that we could not be far from dangerous reefs. 'Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord,' and He heard me, for, lo! a rift in the clouds and the sun shone out, and just for ten minutes only. I thus obtained the latitude, and found that we were exactly opposite to the Bay of Manilla; it was then blowing very hard, and by putting a little more sail on, I got into the bay, and anchored the same evening.

"Whilst at anchor there, I found the ship leaked very little, which made me suppose the leak must be somewhere about the bends, or probably just above the load water-line. I employed caulkers from the shore, and had the ship caulked all round, which detained us in port six or eight days, during which time the crew were all well rested and refreshed. I put to sea again, hoping the ship would now leak very little; but when we got again into the China Sea, and the ship was labouring hard, I found her leak almost as much as before, which obliged us to pump her out with both pumps, every hour, day and night all the way to China, where we arrived safely about the latter end of November. I was thankful indeed that through the kind and merciful care of our prayer-hearing God, we did arrive in safety. Had we fallen in with a 'typhoon,' which in these months are frequent, it is more than probable that the ship would have foundered, and every one on board perished. 'So He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord, for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!'"

The second instance:

"Many years ago, when I was a young man, I commanded a brig, sailing out of Calcutta. She was laden with rice, and bound for the Straits of Malacca, was deep, and sailed very badly.

"I got down pretty well as far as the Seyer Islands; here the south-west monsoon had set in very strongly, with a heavy sea (it was about the latter end of May), and I found I could not weather the western point of the island, as the wind was blowing right on shore. We were beating about here for some days, trying to get off the land, but every day getting nearer to it. We could make no offing, generally standing to the north-west during the night, and tacking or wearing to the southward in the morning.

"There is no watch in country ships, as in the British merchant service, but all hands on deck day and night. The squalls were so frequent and severe, accompanied with heavy rain, that we had to take in all sail, and lower the topsails on the cap to each of them.

"The crew were in this way completely fagged out in making and shortening sail, with wet clothes on day and night, for as soon as the clothes were dried on their backs, another squall would come and drench them again. Consequently they had no sleep night or day, except the little they might catch whilst lying on the wet deck between the squalls.

"After knocking about in this manner for some days, gradually getting nearer and nearer to the shore and the rocks, and finding I was not able to beat off, the vessel making much lee-way, and the crew being now almost worn out, I thought I would give them a whole night's rest. In the evening, therefore, shortly after sunset, I ordered all sail to be taken in and furled, and the anchor let go. We were then probably six or seven miles off the rocks, in twenty fathoms of water. I veered out a good scope of chain-cable, and made everything, as I thought, snug and safe for the night, putting the deep-sea lead over the side, to ascertain that she was holding on. In the morning I was astonished to find we were still nearer to the rocks than we had been the evening before, although at anchor all night. I ordered the anchor to be hove up, put sail on the vessel, and laid her head off to the north-west. To my great surprise, when the anchor came up, I found the fluke that had been in the ground perfectly bright—something like polished steel (a thing I had never before seen, although I had been many years at sea).

"It appears the *sookanies* (steersmen) who had to keep the anchor-watch at night must have gone to sleep, and the vessel had, no doubt, dragged her anchor, in the squalls, through sand and gravel a great part of the night, and this had polished the fluke. From the nature of the ground it was evident I could not trust to the anchor.

"There appeared to me no chance of escaping wreck, unless by a change of wind to take us off the shore, which at this time of the year was the most improbable thing to occur—and there was not the least appearance of it. I called the chief mate, and desired him to look out a little while, as I was going below. I went down to my cabin, and there, on my knees, I prayed more fervently, I think, than I had ever before done in my life, begging of God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ—if it should please Him—to give us a change of wind that might enable us to get off the shore.

"Whilst I was still on my knees, the chief mate called out down the hatchway, 'Here's a fair wind, sir! The wind is blowing right off the land!'

"My feelings at that moment may be imagined, but cannot be expressed."

These reminiscences of my old friend remind me of the subject of my first chapter. He had, in virtue of his office, to be an agent in the ungracious treatment of the unfortunate kings of Kéddak. It was to him an unpleasant duty, for he sympathised with the residents generally, both European and native, in regretting the attitude assumed by the Government. Captain Sherard Osborne (afterwards Admiral) puts the case forcibly in his "Quedah; or, My Journal in Malayan Waters," showing how "British interests," which induced us when accepting territory from the King of Kéddak to regard him as an independent sovereign, caused us to declare and treat him as the vassal of Siam, when we had to seek favour from its king. The treaty indicated in Chapter I. does not, however, expressly stipulate for as much as is there stated, though it was generally so interpreted and understood. Readers interested in the subject are referred to Osborne's book, and to the treaties with Kéddak, and afterwards with Siam, which will be found in Hertslet's "Commercial Treaties."

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 3.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT. EXODUS I. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 14.—'*And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in morter, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.*'

THE LESSONS for the coming half-year are taken from the Pentateuch; according to the 'International' plan, by which, alternately, six months are assigned to the Old Testament and six to the New. For the present quarter, the 'Studies' are all in the book of Exodus.

Exodus, a Greek word for departure; found in N.T.: Heb. xi. 22, 'By faith Joseph . . . . made mention of the *departing* of the children of Israel'; and Luke ix. 31, 'spake of His *decease* which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.' So 2 Peter i. 15. This name is given to the second book of Moses by the Greek translators; hence, through the Latin, it passes to ourselves. The Hebrews call it *Elleh Shemoth*, 'These (are) the words;' from its initial phrase. It begins with the conjunction 'and':— in English Bible, **now**, showing it to have been regarded as a continuation of Genesis.

I. REFERENCE TO THE EARLIER HISTORY.—*Read vers.* 1-6. This paragraph sums up the well-known story. The enumeration of the **seventy souls** is given in detail, Genesis xlvi. 8-27.

The enumeration is thus made:

	Jacob himself and his twelve sons	13
Of Leah:	Reuben, 4 sons; Simeon, 6; Levi, 3; Judah, 3 + 2 grandchildren	18
	Issachar, 4; Zebulon, 3; Dinah, 1	8
Of Zilpah:	Gad, 7; Asher, 5 + 2 grandchildren	14
Of Rachel:	Joseph, 2; Benjamin, 10	12
Of Bilhah:	Dan, 1; Naphtali, 4	5
		70

The Septuagint adds a son and grandson of Manasseh, with two sons and a grandson of Ephraim, bringing the number up to 75. From this version Stephen quotes, Acts vii. 14, 'threescore and fifteen souls.' Compare Deuteronomy x. 22.

Joseph died: where is his death recorded? what was his age; how did his dying words show faith?

II. RISE OF A NEW DYNASTY IN EGYPT.—*Read vers.* 7-10. **After the death of Joseph** the prosperity and peace which he had secured to his people continued. For how long? This question introduces us to a difficult point of Bible chronology. Joseph was 17 when carried down into Egypt, and 30 when he 'stood before Pharaoh,' Gen. xxxvii. 2; xli. 46. Nine years afterwards (7 years of plenty and 2 of famine) he sent for his father, whose arrival, therefore, was 22 years after that of Joseph. At the age of 110 Joseph died, i.e. when the household of Israel had lived in Egypt 71 years. Thus far all is plain; but what was the total 'sojourning in Egypt'? From xii. 40 we should answer, 430 years, so that the Exodus would have taken place 359 years after the death of Joseph. But the Apostle Paul (Galatians iii. 17) makes the 430 years cover the whole period between the call of Abraham and the giving of the Law; exactly half of which period (215 years) intervened between Abraham's call and Jacob's entering Egypt.* According to this showing, the Exodus followed the death of Joseph at an interval of 144 years, and as Moses was 80 years old when he led the people out, his birth was 64 years after Joseph's death. Thus Ussher fixes the death of Joseph, B.C. 1635, the birth of Moses 1571; the dates, according to Hales, being 1792 and 1728.

How, then, are we to understand ch. xii. 40? The reading of the Septuagint, if adopted, clears up the difficulty. 'Now the sojourning of the children of Israel *and their fathers*, who dwelt in Egypt *and in Canaan* was four hundred and thirty years.' This harmonises also with Gen. xv. 16; Israel remaining in Egypt for four generations.

The land was filled with them; i.e. the land of Goshen, which had been assigned to the Israelites (Gen. xlvii. 6). This territory, the modern *es-Shurkiyeh*, lying between the eastern branch of the Nile and the Red Sea, is to this day the richest and most productive part of the land. In ancient times its fertility is reported as extraordinary. The Israelites dwelt here interspersed with the native Egyptians (ch. iii. 22). That the people **increased abundantly** in so comparatively short a time was by the special blessing of God, Deut. i. 10; x. 22; Acts vii. 17. The **new king** who **arose and who knew not Joseph**—had no respect for his memory, cared not for the traditions of his greatness and wisdom—was undoubtedly the head of a new dynasty. 'The crown had now come into another family,' *Josephus*. The Pharaohs who had befriended the Israelites were (in accordance with ancient opinion, to which, after much discussion, the best modern authorities have again come round) the Hyksos, or 'Shepherd Kings,' a nomadic race, who had invaded Egypt from the north-east, and had made themselves masters of the northern part of the land.† They were hated as oppressors by the native races (Gen. xlvi. 34), and recognised the descendants of Jacob as a clan kindred with their own. This fact, as well as the services of Joseph to the state, may account for the extraordinary favour shown to the Israelites through successive generations. But the Hyksos were finally dispossessed by the king who founded the eighteenth dynasty (Amosis I.), and the shepherd-race from Palestine would fall into corresponding disfavour. This king, being of the old Egyptian race, appealed **unto his people** to join against the obnoxious settlers, who on account of their number and strength could not be forcibly dispossessed. **More and mightier than we**: i.e. in the north of Egypt, or the north-east; not in the country generally. An approximate estimate of the number of Israel may be made from xii. 37 (more than a century afterwards). To **deal wisely**, or craftily (Luke xvi. 8) with them, would plainly appear the better policy. Yet this 'wisdom of Egypt' ended in the Red Sea! Learn that the craftiest policy is often really the greatest folly. The reason given? **War** was likely enough with the tribes on the broad frontier of Egypt toward the desert, who, moreover, were likely to claim the Israelites as their natural allies. At the same time observe the anxiety of the king to retain them in **the land**. Too useful to be let go, too powerful to be allowed to continue unchecked, they must be reduced to serfdom, as the only plan.

III. METHODS OF OPPRESSION.—*Read vers.* 11-14. **Task-masters**, superintendents of the public works. **Treasure-cities**, arsenals.

'Amosis had special need of such labourers. He restored the temples and other buildings destroyed by the Shepherds,

* See Eyre and Spottiswoode's 'Aids' (Handy Book for Bible Readers, R.T.S.), art. *Bases of Christian Chronology*.

† It is not agreed among Egyptologists whether the Hyksos were in power at the time of Jacob's arrival, or whether their dynasty began later. For the former we may quote the high authority of Mr. A. H. Sayce. See Eyre and Spottiswoode's 'Aids,' art. *The Bible and the Monuments*.

employing foreigners, either as subjects or mercenaries, for the transport of materials. This is proved by an inscription dated in his twenty-second year.' 'Speaker's Commentary.'

The site of **Pithom** ('House of the Sun-god') and **Raamses** (called Rameses, xii. 37) cannot be accurately determined. They belonged to a series of forts placed along the eastern frontier, and along the line of a great canal, from the eastern branch of the Nile by the Bitter Lakes to the Red Sea, traces of which still exist.

It is an impression with some, derived from Josephus, that the Israelites were employed in building the Pyramids. But this is a mistake. The chief Pyramids were in existence long before the days of Joseph; besides, they are in another part of the land.

But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied. Of this fact the key is given by Stephen, Acts vii. 17, 'The time of the promise drew nigh, which God had sworn to Abraham:' in the providence of God the discipline of sorrow was sent to train and harden the nation for its high calling, and He who permitted the trial gave also strength to endure and power to grow. Hard work and plain living do not kill people half so much as idleness and luxury. Compare the extension of the Church in times of persecution, Acts vi. 7; xii. 1-24; xix. 20. They, the Egyptians, **were grieved,** with loathing and a kind of consternation (the same word is used of Moab, Num. xxii. 3). Compare Acts x. 28. **Rigour,** literally, *crushing.* To the **burdens** of the public works their oppressors now added the bitterness of private slavery, employing them in building and in field labour of the hardest kind, as in digging canals, constructing dams, watering the ground; Deut. iv. 20; xi. 10; Psa. lxxxi. 6. **Morter** was unwrought, crude clay: the **bricks** were of the wrought clay hardened in the sun.

The details of such labour are abundantly given on the Egyptian monuments. See Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' art. *Brick,* vol. i. p. 229, for a copy of a drawing from a tomb near Thebes, representing a party of foreign captives making bricks. Some are digging and mixing the clay and mud, others carrying the material to the place where it is being shaped in wooden moulds, others laying the bricks out to harden in the sun, others lifting and carrying heavy loads of the finished bricks, etc., while taskmasters armed with sticks look on and appear to stimulate exertion.

QUESTIONS.

1. Draw a sketch-map of the 'land of Goshen,' indicating its relation to the rest of Egypt.
2. What was the probable number of the Israelitish people at the beginning of the period of oppression?
3. State some of the ways in which Egyptian oppression trained and fitted the Israelites for their destiny.
4. Quote passages from the prophets which refer to this period of Israel's history.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Double Acrostic.

NO. XXVI.

1. Who was put in an ark of bulrushes?
2. A mount from which the Lord rose.
3. Another name for Joshua.
4. What did David want to do to the people?

The *initials* give the name of the light which God made to rule the night. The *finals* give the name of the light that shone over Bethlehem.

M. A. B.

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

III.

So the time went on.

The famine, which for months had been devastating the outlying villages, now began to make itself felt with equal fierceness in the towns. Food had all risen to famine prices, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Ibrahim was able to buy rice for his hungry family. Poor little Zuleika felt ashamed of eating any food at all; how could she take it when there was so little for the rest of the family? And yet they did not grudge it her, for the Mohammedans are a generous people, and are always ready to help to the utmost of their ability any who need that help. One day when Zuleika had been some weeks in her new home, Ibrahim came home earlier than usual and seemed much excited. He went at once to his wife, who was lying down on her mat.

"Fatma," he exclaimed, "what do you think of this? The Christians have opened a school for Mohammedan girls. They say they will send for them in carts, with curtains round them, so that they will be no more seen than if they were in their own homes. They will send a woman, too, with each cart, to take care that the child is not seen as she gets into the cart. But best of all, they promise to give each child a little brown loaf as soon as it gets to school each morning, and, more than that, they will give a meal in the middle of the day as well, rice and curry—some days they will even give mutton curry! And every day it will be good food, enough to keep the children strong and well."

"But will they take our children?" said Fatma eagerly. "There are so many poor children, perhaps there will not be room for ours."

"Yes, they will," said Ibrahim; "the English lady who is going to begin the school asked me this morning if I had any little girls I would like to send, and I said yes I had, but I was not quite sure whether I could send them or not."

"Oh, Ibrahim," said Fatma reproachfully, "why did you say that? Now she will get other children, and ours are so hungry, so very hungry," and she began to weep piteously, for she was sadly disappointed.

"It is not too late yet, Fatma," responded her husband, "the lady said, 'Well, I hope you will decide to send them; I shall be glad to have them whenever you like to let them come.' But I have not told you all. It is a *Christian school*; they will teach the children the *Bible*."

"The *Bible*," repeated Fatma in a sad voice, "oh, we must not send them, but perhaps, Ibrahim, it would not be so very wrong to send them. Will you not ask the elders at the mosque. Only think of the rice and bread for our poor little children."

"I have been thinking of it, and I will do as you say, and consult the elders, and then if they consent our children shall go to the Christians' school."

For the Mussalmans generally consult the elders or priests on most important occasions, and are much influenced by their opinions. Zuleika had been standing by Fatma and had heard the conversation. How her heart beat with excitement. She wondered if *she* would be allowed to go. If she were, she would try and bring home the little loaf she had heard of to little Hassan, and, who knows, perhaps she might be able to carry home a little of the good food she had been listening about to poor, sick Fatma.

The children could talk of nothing but the school all the time Ibrahim was out consulting the elders. Jamla and Anser

were not at all sure that they would like to go; they did not like the idea of sitting still all day learning to read, or perhaps sewing a little. But the thought of the good food they so sadly needed decided them in the opinion that they should like to go once just to see what it was like.

"Oh, Anser! oh, Jamla," whispered Zuleika excitedly, "do you think the elders will say we may go to the Christian school?"

"We!" exclaimed Jamla indignantly. "I should think not. Perhaps they will say Anser and I may go, but who would take care of Hassan if you went to school?" and the girl turned carelessly away.

Poor Zuleika; she had so wanted to get the little loaf for Hassan, and had pictured so vividly his delight on obtaining it; now her hopes were dashed to the ground, and she could not help the tears from trickling down her dusky little face, but she tried to check them bravely as she took the baby in her arms and sat down with him beside Fatma.

It was not long before Ibrahim returned. He had consulted the elders, and they had advised him to let his children go to the school, telling him at the same time to teach them himself the true faith of Mohammed and warn them against the religion they would be taught in their school. Great was Fatma's joy on hearing their decision, and she called the children to her to tell them of it.

"So," said Ibrahim, "it is decided for Jamla and Anser to go to-morrow to school. I will go myself at once to tell the lady and then she will send for them."

"But," said Mariam, "is not our little Zuleika to go to the school? she will then get her rice given and cost you nothing, Ibrahim."

Zuleika's eyes danced with pleasure at this unlooked-for help, and eagerly she listened for the reply.

"Why, who will take care of Hassan?" responded Ibrahim; "he wants a great deal of care now that he can walk a little, and his mother is too weak to take charge of him."

"Oh, leave him to me," said Mariam. "I'll manage some way; it's the rice we must think about now; we cannot afford to lose any, I'm sure."

So Ibrahim's consent was given, and it was decided that he was to tell the English lady that three little girls from his house would be ready on the morrow if the cart were sent for them.

You may be sure that the children did not sleep long the next morning. Early dawn saw them preparing for their first day of school life, greatly to Selim's amusement, who did not think school at all an amusing place, not half so nice a place as home, even if they did give you good food.

The children were a long time dressing, and with Mariam's help succeeded in making themselves look very tidy and clean.

As some of my readers have probably never seen a Mussalman girl, I will tell them how these little girls were dressed on this occasion. They wore long petticoats reaching to the feet, of bright red and yellow striped printed calico, the stripes going round the petticoat, for the stripes to go down would be considered very incorrect. Over the shoulders and wound very gracefully round the body, they wore a long piece of purple muslin; one end of the muslin being left loose was drawn lightly over the head, and formed a very pretty and picturesque upper garment. Their shiny black hair was carefully smoothed back from their faces, and neatly plaited in a long tail hanging down the back. Many earrings adorned their ears. It is the custom for Mohammedan girls to have as many as eleven holes pierced in each ear; they also wear jewelled nose-rings. Their eyebrows were clearly marked with some black preparation used for the purpose, and their fingers tipped with henna and pink dye, much admired in the East. Such was the dress of the two daughters of Ibrahim. Little Zuleika wore a similar petticoat to theirs, but instead of the purple cloth worn by them, she wore a neat little red jacket, and on her smooth black hair she wore a round, close-fitting red cap, which was very pretty, and suited her sweet little round face perfectly.

Now they were ready and waiting for the cart to come. It was a long time coming they thought, and they began to feel rather nervous, but before very long they hear "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," and they know that is the sound of the little bell hung round the neck of the bullock which is bringing the cart for them. Then the sound stops at their house, and the curtain is raised by a woman wrapped up from head to feet, in a long white garment. She peeps into the house, saying at the same time, "Is this Ibrahim's house?"

"Yes," responded Mariam, "and here are the three little children all ready for the school. You must take great care of them, and bring them back safely this afternoon."

So the little ones hurry out one by one, and are lifted by the woman into the cart, and slowly jolted along to school. They were not alone in the cart, already six other little children were in it, all very shy and frightened, and no doubt heartily wishing themselves home again with their mothers. But it was too late now for them to change their minds; the cart went steadily on, drawn by its patient bullock, and the old woman plodded alone behind, wrapped up closely in her white cloth.

It was not long before the children began to try and find a little chink from which they could look out and see where they were going, and what kind of places they were passing through. Zuleika managed by opening the curtain a little wee bit to see out without being seen, and she was now busily engaged in looking about her. She saw a long uneven street filled with people of various nations, that is, Hindoos, Mussalmans, and English people, all busy, and many of them very noisy. On they went up this long street, and then past a large heathen temple, with its large tank of water, in which many people were washing, washing because they think, poor deluded heathen, as they are, that by so washing in that water by the temple that they consider holy, they will wash away their sins, for they do not know that it is the blood of Christ alone that cleanses us from all sin.

But what pleased Zuleika most was seeing the funny little brown monkeys running on the temple walls, and peeping over the top of the pillars at the passers-by, while lovely green parrots flew about in the temple gateways. But the cart had not far to go, and soon it turned into the enclosure in which the little schoolhouse stood. Zuleika and her companions sat very still now, and held each other's hands in trembling awe: were they not going to see strangers, and English strangers? Why Jamla and Anser had never seen an English lady, though Zuleika remembered having seen one or two in the famine camp.

But now the cart stopped. The curtain was once more raised, and the children were lifted on to the ground, and told to run quickly up the steps into the schoolhouse.

Shyly they entered the place, and found themselves amongst a group of little children all nearly as shy as themselves.

Amongst them was a Mohammedan woman, who was to be their teacher, and she quickly and kindly got them all seated on little mats round the room. A bright-looking little company in their gay-coloured dresses, but many sad little faces were there, faces which told sad tales of hunger and want.

They had not been long seated, when the English lady came in. The children all rose to their feet, and resting their heads on their hands, at the same time bending their bodies gracefully they all said "Salaam!" (peace), which is the usual form of salutation amongst Mohammedans. Then when they looked up they saw the promised loaves were being brought in, and soon one was given to each little child. They had had no breakfast, for they had waited for the bread, and so were very hungry after their unaccustomed drive in the bullock-cart. Soon they were busy eating, all but one. Little Zuleika slipped her little loaf under her jacket when she thought no one was looking, ready for Hassan to eat when she went home. She found it a hard matter not to eat it when she was so hungry, but she was an unselfish child, and comforted herself with picturing the baby's pleasure on her return with the loaf.

As soon as the bread was eaten, lessons began. Little books

were given to each child, in which they were to learn to read. The alphabet was placed in front of every little learner, and the teacher, seating herself on a mat, began to teach, and soon all the children were reading, in a loud sing-song voice, the aleph, bé, pé, etc., of the Hindustani alphabet. This was not very lively, and more than one little face turned away from its book and stole shy glances out of the windows of the schoolhouse, to see what was to be seen from them.

They saw lovely trees growing all round them, pretty flowers, and happy little birds hopping all about. Though the want of rain made the grass and trees brown and withered, yet they looked beautiful to the eyes of the little children, most of whom had come from homes similar to the one we described as being the home of Ibrahim, where there were no trees or flowers at all, not even a green leaf. Great was the delight, too, of the children on seeing the little grey squirrels, funny little creatures with striped bodies and long bushy tails; they skipped happily round the house, and in at the windows, looking about eagerly for any crumbs of bread dropped by the children.

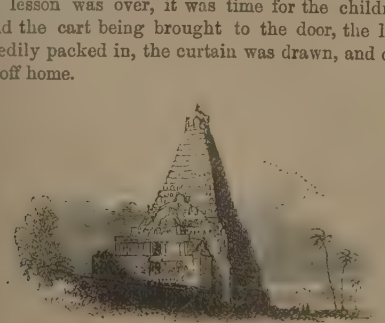
After the children had been learning for some time—a very long time it seemed to them—they were told to put away their books, as the mid-day meal was just going to be served.

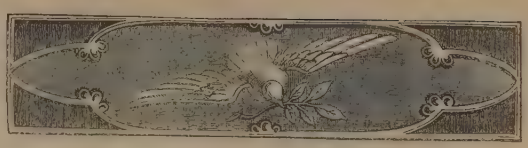
This was joyful news. And now see the children once more seated in eager expectation! They have not long to wait. A red bowl is handed to each filled with rice; on the top of the rice at one side is some hot fish curry, and pepper-water is poured over the whole. Very delicious the children find this meal, but you, my readers, would, I think, find it rather too peppery to be pleasant.

Soon the meal was concluded, the children washed their hands and sat down in anticipation for the next thing, for they knew that now the English lady was coming to teach them a little herself.

At first she told them little but what they already knew; she spoke of the creation of the world by the one true God, of Adam and Eve, and of the sad story of man's first sin and its consequences. How by Adam's sin death came upon all men, even upon her little listeners. And not death only, but sin and misery. But having got so far in the sorrowful story, she paused to tell them what they had never heard before. To tell them the joyful Gospel and good news, how that God sent His Son to die in their place, to bear their sins, and the sins of the whole world, "that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." How that God wills not the death of a sinner, but would have all repent and turn to Him, that He is ready to receive all who come to Him and acknowledge Christ as their Saviour. That He is not only *ready* to receive them, but *waiting* to receive any little child if she would only turn to Him.

Zuleika, with her eyes fixed on the lady, heard all she said; she heard and remembered that the son of God was waiting for her, wanting her to come to Him just then, and she believed what she heard. She did not know where He was, nor how she was to come to Him, but she decided to find out, if she could, more about Him and then go to Him at once. Soon after the lesson was over, it was time for the children to go home, and the cart being brought to the door, the little ones were speedily packed in, the curtain was drawn, and once more they set off home.





Monthly Religious Record.

CLOSE upon the Exeter Hall jubilee celebration, which we recorded last month (p. 351), comes another notable commemoration, equally gratifying. On the 28th of April last, the Earl of Shaftesbury completed his eightieth year. The teachers, scholars and friends of the London ragged-schools, desirous of doing honour to so memorable an anniversary, requested the Lord Mayor, through the Ragged School Union Committee, to grant the use of the Mansion House for the occasion, and that he would also himself preside over the proceedings. To this his lordship (the Right Hon. W. McArthur) readily consented. So numerous, however, were applications from persons desirous of being present, that it was necessary to hold the meeting in the spacious Guildhall. The principal feature in the celebration was the presentation to the noble earl of the portrait of his lordship, lately painted by Mr. B. S. Marks. Though the ragged-school teachers and their friends were foremost on the scene, many another good cause, philanthropic and religious, was also represented in the persons of some of those who have long laboured on their behalf in association with the Earl of Shaftesbury. The Earl of Aberdeen and the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster were the chief speakers, besides the Lord Mayor. To one great cause only, in addition to the ragged-school movement, do we here advert. It was in the year 1833, four years before the accession to the throne of her present Majesty, that Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, commenced in Parliament his long battle for the Ten Hours Factory Act. For a long time previously (it is said from his fourteenth year) Lord Ashley had interested himself in schemes of philanthropy, and had dedicated himself to the work of his life, his early labours being only interrupted by his studies at Oxford University, where he took a first class in classics. It is calculated that altogether something like fourteen hundred thousand women and children now come under the operation of the Factory Acts.

AT another meeting, held the preceding evening, the Earl of Shaftesbury's birthday commemoration was not forgotten. This was the annual meeting of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, held, under the presidency of his lordship, at Exeter Hall. The report stated that during the year, 1,619 boys entered the various brigades, and 1,584 had left. Reformatories have been found for cases sentenced by the magistrates in all parts of England, and ships for those lads who were too old for reformatories. The total income of the society for the year has been 8,447*l*. An interesting address to the children was delivered by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, Mr. E. Clarke, M.P., and the Rev. R. C. Billing having addressed the meeting, the Earl of Shaftesbury was presented with a birthday present, consisting of an easy-reading-chair, and a stationery case made at a London home, and fitted with paper and envelopes stamped at the Crippled Boys' Home. In acknowledging the presentation, the chairman touchingly referred to the many and varied proofs of regard he had received from all classes, not the least of which was the gift of six nightshirts, made and presented by two little girls; and, said the speaker, "I never had a better fit in my life."

ON Sunday, May 1st, two hundred and twenty sermons were preached in various churches in and around the metropolis on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. On the following evening the annual festival service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bedford. A distinguishing feature of this society is that it admits to membership those who are not total abstainers, as well as those who are pledged to entire abstinence from all intoxicating drink.

ANOTHER institution which, we are glad to learn, is extending its operations, is the "Navvy Mission Society," instituted to

promote the spiritual welfare of navvies. The third annual report gives details of the society's work in various parts of the country, where kindly efforts are being put forth for the welfare of navvies. In London—where there is always a large number of them, numbering probably not fewer than 4,000 men—they themselves have originated and carry on a capital Temperance Society and Temperance Sick Club. Most interesting meetings, "with a free platform," are held in the Great Northern Temperance Hall, Edmund Street, King's Cross, and Burdett Road Hall, every Saturday evening.

THE Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England was held, this year, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, a citizen of that town, and a well-known antiquary, being elected Moderator. Dr. Bruce, although licensed for the ministry more than half a century ago, has never entered upon a settled pastorate. Hence the election to the office of Moderator of one who had never held a charge, is virtually, and in actual status, a layman, was regarded by some members of the Church as an innovation. The entire income of the Church for the year was reported as having been 205,486*l.* The Church is composed of 273 congregations united together in ten presbyteries. Taking each communicant to represent three individuals the total number of Presbyterians was set down at 165,000. The ministers all receive from a Central Sustentation Fund a stipend of 200*l.* a year. The average stipend is above 300*l.*

THE case of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn, so well known as a leader in the practice of illegal ritual, has, after years of suspense, protracted litigation, and appeals from court to court, been finally decided; and the House of Lords, giving its judgment through the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, Lord Blackburn, and Lord Watson, has at length, without a dissentient voice, confirmed the sentence of three years' suspension already pronounced on the offender. There is no higher court to which Mr. Mackonochie can carry his appeal, and it now remains to be seen whether he will submit to an authority the validity of which he is in no condition to dispute. The importance of this judgment can hardly be overrated, since it virtually disposes of all the objections so persistently urged by the Ritualists against the legitimacy of the tribunal presided over by Lord Penzance. Judgment by the Court of Appeal has also been given in the case of the Rev. S. F. Green, of Miles Platting, who had applied for his discharge under a writ of habeas corpus. The Lords Justices James, Brett, and Cotton, unanimously refused the application, and Mr. Green, therefore, for his contumacy, remains a prisoner in Lancaster Castle gaol.

THE annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Female Welfare was held at the residence of Colonel Pinney and Lady Smith, 30, Berkeley-square. The chair was taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The report was read by the Rev. William Fleming, of Chislehurst. The Society originated about fifteen years ago in a suggestion of the late Dean Goode. The report announced the addition of five new homes as joining in affiliation with the Society during the past year, and the establishment of a monthly Bible-reading at the central office, 47, Weymouth Street, in connection with the Society.

AT the last annual meeting of the Peterborough Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Dean of Peterborough presided, and made some interesting references to the pending Bible revision. The Very Rev. gentleman said: "As a member of the Old Testament Committee, I can speak confidently of the spirit which has animated us throughout. An alteration has never been made with the desire of making an alteration. We have always said, 'What is the real meaning of these words?' We have felt our task to be a responsible one—a responsibility to God and to the great English-speaking people, who for so many years have been accustomed to another form of the Bible. Therefore we felt that we were not to alter and give a modern form to the Bible and change expressions more than necessary. Of course there are words here and there almost unintelligible to the present generation, which really require some alteration, but our object has been to keep the grand rhythm, the magnificent diction, and the pure and noble style which has made the English version of the Bible not only a treasure, but a model of all that is pure and noble in our language."

WE regret to learn that a renewal of the persecutions in Connemara is reported. On one night four different families in the parish of Errislannan were attacked by a body of disguised men. Several of the poor people were dragged out of their beds, beaten, and threatened with instant death unless they promised to renounce their faith and openly to confess themselves to be Roman Catholics on the following Sunday. One old man about sixty years of age, who declared he was ready to die for his God, was dragged from his bed, kicked in several parts of the body, fired at, and the contents lodged in his left arm, which the doctor considered dangerous to extract. The result of these persecutions has been a still more severe testing of the faith of converts in the west of Ireland. They are standing firm, and ask the earnest prayers of all who love the Word of God, that they may have grace to witness for Christ in spite of persecutions.

THERE died recently at Preston Mr. E. H. Harris, one of the Prothonotaries of Lancashire. He left a sum of over 200,000*l.* to be applied to charitable purposes. Certain points in the will have to be settled by Chancery proceedings, and it was only within the past three weeks that the trustees were able to do anything definite. It has been resolved to build and endow an orphan home, and this will take a large sum. The Preston and County of Lancaster Royal Infirmary will, it is expected, benefit considerably. The Preston Town Council next submitted the draft scheme for a free public library. It was approved and ordered to be at once presented to the Master of the Rolls for confirmation. It grants for various purposes in connection with the proposed building 90,000*l.* In acquiring the site, the Preston Corporation have purchased large blocks of the most valuable property in the town—that in the market-place. The total cost cannot be less than 150,000*l.* In addition to this, the trustees it is said, intend endowing a technological school in connection with the Institution for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and this will absorb not less than 25,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*

WE regret to record that the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D. died lately at Brighton, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mr. Burgess was for some time English chaplain in Rome, and in 1836 was appointed to the rectory of Upper Chelsea. Here he laboured for a period of thirty-three years, and during that period he was appointed to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral and was also made rural dean of Chelsea. In 1869 he was presented to the valuable Crown living of Homingsworth with Ekworth, near Bury St. Edmunds, which he resigned some time before his death. Prebendary Burgess took great interest in antiquarian and archæological studies, and also in the question of education. For many years the reports of the Foreign Aid Society were from his pen. Long its efficient honorary secretary, he promoted, as no other Englishman in the present generation, or that immediately preceding it, has done, the interests of continental Protestantism, more especially in connection with members of the Church of England. Among many of the Evangelical churches of France he was long regarded as a spiritual father; and once across the Channel he had no hesitation in donning the robe of a pastor of the Reformed Church and conducting Divine service in a Presbyterian pulpit. The good work he thus did deserves to be long remembered.

WE have to record the lamented death of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., the eminent Wesleyan minister, of whom fuller notice will appear; and of Dr. Wichern, the veteran of home mission work in Germany. The "Rough House" at Hamburg was started by him as a small home for destitute boys, when he was yet a young student for the ministry. From this came a great impulse for Christian activity throughout Germany. During his membership of the Suprême Consistory in Berlin, to which he was summoned by Frederick William IV., he was able to secure for home mission work a warm and large-hearted support from the Prussian Church authorities, at a time when other German Church Governments distrusted these new modes of action.

WE mentioned last month the closing services held before the demolition of Surrey Chapel. Since we wrote, early one morning the remains of the late Rev. Rowland Hill were taken from the vault in that building, and an hour afterwards were placed in a grave which had been prepared for them, under the written authority of the Home Secretary, within the precincts of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, the new home of the church and congregation which the great preacher founded. The spot selected for the reinterment is at the base of the Lincoln Tower, which was built to commemorate the abolition of American slavery. The tombstone which was also removed, and which covers the body still, is surmounted by the arms of the Hill family, with their motto, "Avancez." The inscription reads: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M. Obiit 11th April, 1833, in his 89th year."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

"THE LADIES ARE COME, UNCLE!"

GWEN BEVERLY.

BY MRS. PROSSER, AUTHOR OF 'THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS,' 'THE DOOR WITHOUT A KNOCKER,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I, GWEN BEVERLY, was born in Yorkshire. My father and mother died in my infancy, and I was brought up by my uncle, a good, kind man, who did his best to fulfil his charge well and wisely. But the best was not always up to the mark required. He was a bookworm, spending most of his time in his study, and much of the remainder in striding over the moors with his face skyward, and his arms crossed behind his back, showing by his knitted brow that he might as well have had the study ceiling over his head as the blue æther, for any good the latter did him. And seeing this was the case, it cannot be justly wondered at if he took less thought for me than I needed, and left me too much to my own ways and the management of his housekeeper, Joan Galt.

There were times when he would seem to awake quite suddenly to something like a just view of his responsibility, but, before his eyes were fully opened, thoughts of another kind sent him back into his dream life, and no good came of the arousing.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

On one point, however, he was conscientiously alert; he taught me the letter of Scripture and the meaning of it too, so far as I could receive it, and, for my age, I had a better knowledge of the main doctrines of Christianity than many far older. If this good instruction had not been mixed up with the false, fabulous teaching of Joan, it would have been well for me. Such as it was, weeds and flowers growing together side by side, I certainly had a large stock of knowledge, and my mind was much occupied with thoughts that rarely trouble the heads of the young.

My uncle, from the nature of his life, had an abstracted air, and often answered with an abrupt and sharp or querulous tone any question that broke the thread of his meditations. This made me shy of being alone with him, and of confiding to him any of my little speculations as to Joan's stories of witches and of fairies. When I sat at his feet on the old stool which my mother had worked when a child, I listened with the deepest attention while he taught me, so that he was often struck (as I learned afterwards) by the intelligence and earnestness of my countenance. Many of the things he said I would gladly have had explained, for he had not the art of "child language," and so mystified things that would otherwise have been simple enough. But I dared not ask questions, partly from my natural shyness, partly from the fear inspired by his seeming austerity.

On these occasions I used to apply to Joan to solve my difficulties, which she always did with perfect satisfaction to herself, but in a manner so unorthodox that I got most confused views of some of the simplest points of truth.

A change came over my life when I was about twelve years old; but before I describe it, I will tell the reader something of the manner of child I was up to that time.

I was exceedingly sensitive, especially on the subject of ridicule. I must have been intensely proud, for the very suspicion of being laughed at was torment indescribable. On this account it seemed a most unhappy circumstance that I was what is often in children called "thick-headed"—that is dull in taking things in, and slow in comprehending them aright. The truth is I was slow more from thought than from anything else, for I wanted thoroughly to know the rights of a thing before I could arrange it in my mind and store it in my memory. I was not satisfied, as many children are who would be deemed far sharper than I was, with catching the words and getting just a glimpse of the meaning. I wanted the whole thing, in letter and in spirit, before I could be satisfied. This was well; but it gave me the habit of hesitating, which was censured, sometimes as obstinacy, sometimes as stupidity, and the censure always had the effect of "snuffing out" my thoughts altogether, and making me a dark blank.

I could get on well enough when I was not hurried, but when I had not time then all my thoughts got jumbled together, just like a stirred-up pool, where mud and weeds come up and hide the water. So, with an understanding above the average, I did not shine in comparison with those of my inferiors who were gifted with quick parts and a glib tongue. I was inclined to be very affectionate; but there was nothing in my good uncle to call forth from me more than profound veneration and gratitude. As to Joan, she was incapable of inspiring or receiving any tender emotion. Kind in intent, honest as the day, and firm as the stone walls that surrounded our dwelling; all this she was, but as to loving anybody, or understanding that any one loved her, that was out of the reach of her capabilities. She had so strong an attachment to my uncle that her very existence seemed bound up in his; as to leaving him and living anywhere else, such a thought would have been treated by her with scorn, "how could him do without her, or her without him?" But she might better be compared to the limpet that sticks to the rock than to the tender little flowers that creep over and climb up the bank, making it gay with their growth.

I shall have much to say of Joan in the course of my story, so I will leave her now, only adding that her implicit faith in such fables as "the Man in the Moon," "the Seven Sleepers," and others, made her a dangerous guide for me in the tender years during which she had much to do with my culture. With reference to myself, I was not "a limpet" like her, nor had I any appearance of being "a loving wild flower," for I had no bank to climb up and caress, none to call out affection, none to show or excite sympathy.

And now about the change I was to tell of. I was eleven years old when Joan, after an audience with my uncle, told me we were going to have company. A friend of the master's and her three daughters were coming to stay with us.

Four ladies! Joan didn't know if the daughters were old or young. My uncle didn't know; he had seemed less joyous at the prospect of the visit than I felt, and Joan was more with him than with me in her sentiments on the occasion. I was charmed. I was certain one of the daughters would be my age, and if the other two were a little older it would not matter; they would not be above my games and amusements. Joan left me much to myself while she was busy making sausages, ginger-bread, and other good things, not forgetting what she prided herself most of all upon, a huge Yorkshire pie. I was almost surprised at myself when I discovered the effect that "our company" in prospect had on me; I was perpetually occupied during the day in arranging and beautifying all my little belongings in the way of playthings. Of "toys" I had but few; a fine doll, something the worse for time and wear (for it had been my mother's, and had it not been of durable wood, I question if it would ever have lived to descend to me); one shelf of a small cupboard containing a few articles of toy-furniture, which I dignified with the title of "doll's-house," and two or three very old-fashioned things which had come down to me with the doll, constituted my stock of "toys." I had a dissected map of England, and another of the world, sent to me by a gentleman of whom the reader will hear by-and-bye. These I looked on as a suitable diversion for my two elder visitors, and I pleased myself with the thought that they would admire the ease with which I could put them together. But I had another object of attraction to display, a splendid patchwork quilt, all my own work. I had worked hard at it throughout the winter, and during the spring and summer, and felt as much interest and excitement

in its progress as ever Palissy, the potter, did over his enamel. Joan would occasionally unfold it for me to see what the general effect would be, when the middle, composed of small patches, was put in, and the border of squares was added. She thought as seriously about this quilt as if my good name in life depended on it, and declared when I had finished it, it was well worth showing in London, at the place where such things were sent. My little garden was getting shabby. The hen-and-chicken daisies were out of flower now, so were my pinks. I had a favourite walk in the wood, where I could take my companions to find nuts and watch the squirrels at play. These were my resources for the entertainment of my guests, and I went over them with a serious conviction that they were quite sufficient. I had one other; but I was doubtful about that; I did not feel sure that they would be old enough to enter into Joan's legends and fairy tales; nor did I know if their mamma would suffer them to listen to things which I was sure my uncle would have counted heterodox, though Joan always spoke of them as being "as good as in the Bible."

I had counted the days, now I counted the hours, when that happy day had arrived on which we expected our guests. Joan was putting a finishing touch or two to the best bedroom, its three tall narrow windows were furnished with short muslin blinds, and long crimson moreen curtains, which were not intended to be drawn, but merely for ornament to hang by the sides. She was perfectly satisfied with her work, and remarked as she stroked down the quilt so that it might lie quite flat and even on the bed, that the lady ought to say she had not slept on a softer or sweeter bed anywhere. The feathers and down were from our own geese, and the bedclothes had been lying in lavender since their last occupation. When my uncle, who suddenly awoke to a remembrance that certain preparations were needful on the occasion, asked her if she was ready for the visitors, she answered with a triumphant nod and sarcastic smile, which said as plainly as any words could have done, "Don't you know me by this time? Am I likely not to be ready?"

"Mrs. Frizelle, as I recollect her, is rather particular; that was my reason for asking," said my uncle in a tone of apology.

Joan was a believer in her own infallibility, and looked on Mrs. Frizelle's "being particular" as a satisfactory fact, as it promised her ability to appreciate all that had been done for her.

I had finished my task of knitting and sewing, had written my copy and done my sum; my chapter I had said as usual to my uncle before breakfast. And now, after having exerted myself to speed through all, I had the discomfort of being idle. I had nothing to occupy my thoughts and make the lagging minutes move on. How anxiously had I stood on one of the old low red ottomans that fitted into the parlour-window recesses, peeping over the high Venetian blinds, watching for the chaise! None who had not lived my solitary uneventful life could imagine my excitement. I did not dare to show it to Joan, for she would have laughed at me; now that her preparations were completed, she was, apparently, quite indifferent to the coming of those for whom she had busied herself.

My uncle, I thought, had forgotten all about his friends, for he went off for his evening walk just at the hour when the arrival was due, to my great surprise and discomfort, for who was to receive them in his absence? I flew to Joan when I saw him pass down the gravel path, with his arms crossed behind his back and his stick between them, and begged her to follow and remind him of the hour; but she said "What! hinder him in his walk? What for? They can come in and be comfortable as well when he is out as when he's in, and I warrant he'll have had enough of 'em before they go."

Feeling that some of the reception duty must devolve on me, I asked her, timidly, if I had not better take off my brown holland pinafore, which was high and had long sleeves; that being the only way of "readying" for them, as Joan expressed it, which seemed open to me; but she cried sharply, "What! catch cold? No, you are as well with it on as off for looks, and what'll it signify to them whether you are in or out of a pinny?"

I was very sorry I had not taken the law into my own hands; but it was too late, I should as soon have thought of disobeying my uncle as Joan, in the matters within her province, so I returned to my watch-tower, hoping that he would make his appearance before the chaise came.

It was strange, I felt, that while I had been dwelling with such delight on the coming of these people, at the last moment, when I expected at every rustling of the trees, to see the heads of the horses advancing up the avenue, that my heart which had been beating with wild exaltation, sank lower than it had risen, and I felt an anxious foreboding of disappointment which took the colour from my cheeks and nearly brought tears to my eyes.

While I was still staring hopelessly on the gravel path, Joan suddenly startled me by opening the door and crying "They're come! they've drove in back'ards, the man didn't know the front gate." This announcement was followed by the entrance of the party, which consisted of a very tall grand-looking lady, and three others, nearly as tall, and to my unpractised eye, nearly as grand. I had a choking in my throat that prevented my saying a word. I had prepared a little speech, such as I thought would be fit and proper for the occasion; but not a syllable could I breathe. I could only stand and gaze, turning very red, and looking very much discomposed. However, as the lady in front and the three behind took no more notice of me than if I had been a fly on the window-pane, but turned to Joan for all they wished to hear and say, I had time to recover a little, and thankful I was when they followed her to the bedrooms, leaving me still perched on the ottoman. What was my delight when I saw my uncle coming slowly up the avenue, in his old attitude, looking so serene and superior to all outward things that I became reassured as being under his protection. I rejoiced in the conviction that as I had been to the tall fine lady and the train that followed her but as "a fly on the window-pane," so she and her train were intrinsically but flies to him.

"They are come, uncle!" I cried out in a tone of unwonted excitement, inspired by the relief his appearance had occasioned.

"Come!" he echoed; "who, child; who are come?"

"The ladies," I replied, abashed at my own eagerness.

Here Joan came in and said, "I think Gwen had best go to bed; it's past her supper-time, and by then she's had it and got her hymn, it'll be full late for her."

While I prepared to follow her, hardly knowing whether relief at escaping, or disappointment in not seeing "the ladies" in my uncle's presence, predominated, she gave a brief description of the arrival I had so vehemently announced. My uncle answered by stooping to kiss my forehead, and went to his study without any question or remark concerning the ladies. I augured from his behaviour that he had no great pleasure in their coming; for I had heard Joan say that when Mr. Pennygold, my godfather, came, he was always full of delight, and became quite another man. He would not have waited an hour before he saw *him*, no, nor a minute if he could help it; but I could not help thinking that when he closed his study-door, he shut out the very memory of "the ladies." This view of things gave me much satisfaction, and I went to bed somewhat comforted under my chagrin, and slept without one dream, till Joan's shake awoke me in the morning.

Sleep is a grand restorer; when I opened my eyes my spirits rose with expectation of a new sort of day, but as the events of the previous evening came back to me I became less radiant. An unpleasant thought of my utter insignificance in the eyes of "the ladies" through Joan's sending me to bed, vexed and tormented me, and by the time I was dressed and ready to go down I had come to the conclusion that what light my home had hitherto possessed would be pretty nearly quenched for the present.

It was my uncle's wish that I should read a chapter in the Bible every morning before leaving my room, of which after I had given an account, he explained it to me and turned it into a prayer, when I went into the study to him. I tried in vain this morning to fix my mind on what I read; I could not think of a word in the chapter, till it occurred to me that if I gave a very clear and sensible account of it, it would materially raise me in the opinions of "the ladies." This will seem very shocking to the reader, and I blush to confess it; but I was a poor, vain child, and it was true; and my motives, though sometimes higher, were too often quite as low; for I had not the fear of God in my heart, but was wholly subject to the fear of censure or ridicule and the desire of praise and approbation. I worked now with so good a will that I got the chapter nearly by heart, and went down with some degree of confidence and composure. I did not find my uncle in the study. Joan called out to me on her way to the kitchen from the parlour, where breakfast was laid, "You needn't go there to look for master; he's out with the company. I doubt you'll have a bit to wait for your breakfast this morning. But I'll see to you; you shan't wait," and with a kindness which I was far from feeling grateful for, she brought in my bowl of bread and milk, saying, "Let them fast as will, there's no need to famish you!"

Here was a humiliation at first starting! I hoped to be able to swallow my meal before any one arrived; alas, such was not to be, one of the three ladies came in alone; she glanced at me, and then threw herself into an arm-chair, which she soon left to try another, and then a third, reminding me of the round of "the three bears," till Joan coming in with some addition to the breakfast, she asked her if there were no easy-chairs in the house. Joan, with some pique, replied that the chairs she had tried were counted easy, and all as had sat on them had found them so. Upon which the lady, with a half groan and half grumble, said that they might be "easy" for Yorkshire people, but to delicate people such seats were nothing short of misery. Joan promptly answered, being nettled at the tone of the complaint, and the sneer which was given to "Yorkshire," that it was a pity as delicate folks should come into Yorkshire, for there was a deal as they might chance to find hard there as well as "chairs."

The lady was amused at this, not offended, as I feared she would be, and turned languidly to look at me, as if I had, like a far-distant star, just become visible, and said in the middle of a yawn, "I suppose you are the child—Pen—or Ven—or something?"

"Gwen," I replied, my colour rising.

"Ay—'Gwen'—what a name! I suppose it is Yorkshire. That woman, is she the only servant?"

"Do you mean Joan Galt?" I asked, as much on fire for her dignity as I had been for my own.

"I mean that long woman who has just been in," she replied languidly, arranging her bracelet at the same time.

"Joan," I answered with as much indifference as I could assume, "is our housekeeper; Mary Cross is the young servant who waits on her."

The bracelet seemed to be a far more important subject than our domestic arrangements, for she kept snapping and unsnapping it and twisting it round and round with a serious look that betokened something wrong in it.

Meantime I had nearly finished my bread and milk, when voices in the hall, as our long narrow stone passage was called, announced the return of the party, and I sat waiting for their entrance, doubtful as to what I ought to do.

A variety of styles in which it would be proper to receive them rushed into my mind. One was to get up and salute my uncle and then to make a reverence to the ladies; another was to attend to the ladies first and my uncle afterwards. I can't think how, after the teaching I had received as to my nonentity, I allowed myself to plan anything, or fancied it would make the slightest difference to them what I did, I must have had an unconquerable spirit of vanity and self-conceit, or I could not have debated one moment on the matter. My uncle did not notice me when first he came in, for the lady in chief advanced before him and hid me from his view. She did not see me, it was evident, for she went up to the lady on the uneasy chair, and asked how she felt, and whether she had not wanted her breakfast.

The two other ladies looked at the table (not at me) and telegraphed to each other by their eyes, that it was not as yet supplied to their satisfaction, although the noble pie stood in the middle flanked with much good fare.

My uncle at last noticed me; he seemed, I thought, a little disturbed, as if the breaking up of the usual routine of the house had rather bewildered him. He said to "the lady,"

"Our rule is to begin the day with family prayer;

but as it is late, and Miss Agatha is an invalid, and will not bear to wait longer, we will defer the duty till afterwards."

"Gwen, my child," he added to me, as "the lady" assented to the proposal; "I see you have finished; you can take out your porridge-cup and tell Joan we are ready for what she has to bring in."

How very humbling to be told to take out "my porridge-cup!" I knew nothing unkind was intended; he frequently made me fetch and carry things at meal times, in order to save Joan, who never would suffer Mary Cross to appear in the room except at prayers. He always, likewise, called my bread and milk "porridge," after Joan's fashion, but what was of no importance when we were alone and unnoticed deeply affected me in the presence of company—and such company! As if to complete my mortification, he added, while I was making my undignified retreat, "porridge-cup" in hand,

"You need not return, my child. Go and get a run on the drive before your lessons; Joan will call you when we are ready for our morning prayer."

Scalding tears were in my eyes, ready to fall, as I went into the kitchen to deliver my message; but pride would not let them fall, and pride enabled me to speak without betraying my feelings.

My thoughts were somewhat diverted by Joan's manner; she was much excited, quite off her balance. A marvel for her, who was usually so self-contained and imperturbable.

"Bring in! I don't know what they'd have me bring in!" she exclaimed, snatching the cup from me. "They've got more than they can eat, and better than they deserve. Have they opened the pie?" I told her that no one had eaten anything yet. "Then let 'em eat the pie!" she cried with energy, as she seized the tray with the coffee and boiled milk and stalked into the room.

I stole after her to hear how things would go on, quite forgetting, for the moment, my own grievances. I saw her, through the crack of the door, put the tray down before my uncle, and, nodding expressively at the pie, heard her say, "Yon's for breakfast!"

My uncle looked rather nervous. "We pride ourselves on our pies," he said to the lady, adding to Joan; "but have you nothing else?"

"There's cold mutton, and I can hot a hog's pudding," answered Joan in her hardest, most impracticable tone.

The ladies sat mute, staring at her. Uncle, as a last effort, pointed to the "easy-chair," lady, and said, "Miss Frizelle is ill—something warm—couldn't you get something delicate and warm?" Joan, with fixed mouth and dauntless eye, that said plainly "no surrender," answered, "She can have milk porridge if she's minded to have it." A scornful laugh came forth from all the ladies, and Joan, taking it as a signal that "porridge" was declined, left them to the alternative of "pie" and stalked out of the room as she had stalked in. I had run to the kitchen by the time she got there. Mary Cross was standing in the middle of the kitchen, looking very much like one of the hens, when the cock is making trouble in the yard.

"Take them curtains," cried Joan "(curtains as was good enough for the dear young mistress) and fold 'em up. To think of *them* serving of 'em so!"

Mary Cross immediately obeyed, folding up the curtains which I had seen Joan hang in the best bedroom the day before.

I found out, from her ejaculatory remarks, that Mrs. Frizelle had herself pulled them down, and ordered them away, directing that the head of her bed should be placed against the window, in order that she might not be disturbed by the morning sun, which, she declared, "blazed in through those dreadful red things (she had drawn them before the windows, contrary to Joan's intentions) and roused her from sleep at an unearthly hour, with the terrible conviction that the house was on fire."

This contempt of her arrangements, and indignity towards the vacated best bedroom, had stirred up all Joan's bitterness, and no words could express her wrath. From the first glimpses of the party she had augured ill of them, and every new stage of experience had confirmed her in these unfavourable impressions, but this morning's affront had brought them to a climax. To go through the history of this visit would make the readers as weary as were the visitors, and this is saying a great deal, though I question if Joan's state of unrest didn't exceed theirs.

I will, however, relate a few incidents concerning my part in events which, though I now think of them with amusement, at the time they occurred, plunged me in the burning fiery furnace of wounded pride.

BOGATZKY AND THE "GOLDEN TREASURY."

I.

THE name of Bogatzky is a household word to the Christian public of England. The one book by which he is chiefly known to them—the "Golden Treasury"—has exercised a deep, widespread influence on our religious life—an influence which is still potent, if we may judge by the new editions of it which appear from time to time. It is still used in family and private worship in many Christian homes. Little, however, is generally known of his life, and the extent of his work in his own day and his own country. The notices of him that are to be found in popular English books are very brief. His life and work occupy a considerable space in the religious history of Germany in the eighteenth century.

Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky was born in the year 1690, on the 7th of September, at Jankowe in the lordship of Militsch in Lower Silesia, and was baptized in the Roman Catholic church, as there was no Protestant church in Militsch. By both sides of his family he was of noble birth. His father was an officer in the Imperial service, who ultimately rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. By his father's side he was of Hungarian descent. His grandfather fled from Hungary in a time of persecution when many of his Lutheran co-religionists were beheaded on account of their faith. He settled first in Upper Silesia, but after the death of his first wife, he bought the estate of Jankowe, in Lower Silesia, and married a second time. This second wife was the grandmother of the author of the "Golden Treasury." She was a

godly woman, and to her influence her gifted and devoted grandson attributed much of the blessing that rested on himself.

By his maternal grandmother he was descended from Dr. John Hess, Canon of Breslau Cathedral, the first Protestant preacher and reformer of that city, the friend and frequent correspondent of Luther. Concerning his descent from Dr. Hess he writes, "I have always believed that among all his descendants a special blessing rested upon me, in that the Lord hath counted me worthy to bear testimony to evangelical truth by word of mouth as well as by pen."

As a child Bogatzky was waited on by a pious nurse, who used to pray for him every day, and continued to pray for him till the end of his life. In after years he delighted to recall her prayers; the remembrance of them comforted him. When he was about five or six years old, his father was called out into active service in the army, and Karl was left alone with his mother at Jankowe. She had always been delicate, and lived a very secluded life. She was devout, prayerful, loved the Scriptures, and was fond of reading Arnd's "True Christianity"—a book much prized by religious people in Germany. The education of her son was carried on under the great disadvantage of very frequent changes of residence, teachers, and schools.

He had much to put up with in all the places to which he was sent, but his trials led him to earnest prayer. At the first place to which he went when he was only eight years old—the house of an aunt, where he was taught along with her children—he first began to pray from the heart in his own words, and for things which he really wanted, instead of repeating the rhymed petitions which he had been taught at home. Again, at a place to which he was sent when his mother went to join her husband in Bohemia, he prayed for her return. At a later period still when disappointed in obtaining an expected appointment as page at the court of Merseburg, he prayed that he might be sent to a Christian Court. He was sent to the Court of Weissenfels, one of the most frivolous, but was completely shielded from temptation there by a series of circumstances in which he traced the hand of God, and recognised an answer to his prayers. While at this court he experienced a remarkable providential deliverance.

Saxony was invaded by the Swedes. The Duke of Weissenfels had raised a regiment for the King of Poland, and fearing the displeasure of the King of Sweden, he retired towards Freiburg. Young Bogatzky went after the duke. Had he left Weissenfels half an hour later than he did, he would have been shot by the Swedish irregulars who were in the neighbourhood, and who spared none who wore ducal livery.

He was promoted at last to be page in personal attendance on the Duchess. His residence at Weissenfels was soon after brought to an end. His father, who intended to make him a soldier, paid him a visit at Weissenfels, and finding that his son was not learning riding, ordered him to seek his dismissal from court, and repair to Breslau at once. On arriving at Breslau, whither his mother had gone before him, he was taken ill. During this illness he clearly perceived the peril of the soldier's calling, and became convinced that he ought not to enter it. When his father arrived in Breslau he had been much worried by regimental matters, and allowed his son to take his own course. Recognising the hand of God in his father's change of purpose, he felt persuaded that the Lord would provide though he knew not how, and he was not disappointed. Just at that time Count Henry the Twenty-fourth of Reuss Köstritz, came to Breslau, with his wife. He heard of young Bogatzky's circumstances and state of mind, and sent for him, and proposed that he should remain for some years in Breslau to prepare for going to the University, offering at the same time to provide, with others, the means.

At the Count's table one evening, he met a Christian doctor who, after the meal was over, was asked to pray. This, he tells us, was the first time that he learnt that Christians were in the habit of praying together as well as alone. It was a new and strange experience to him. Shortly before he met Count Reuss he read a sermon on Joy in the Holy Ghost, from which he learnt the difference between mere morality and the graces of the Spirit. Hitherto there had been much self-righteousness mingled with his religious feelings. Now, however, his eyes were opened to see his true condition, and he became poor in spirit.

In 1714 he went to the University of Jena. The student life there at this time was rough and dissipated. Duelling and brawling were of daily occurrence. He sought refuge in prayer and found solace and support also in the society of like-minded friends who were raised up for him. The preaching of Buddæus was very useful to him.

He paid a visit to Halle at Whitsuntide in 1714, at the instance of Count Reuss. He then heard and met Francke for the first time.

He dined with the Count's party every day. One or other of the professors was always there. The conversation was always edifying. When dinner was over, a hymn was sung and one of the teachers prayed. These parties made a deep impression on his mind and convinced him that it was possible to live a truly Christian life in every position in life. "What is possible to these distinguished officers and gentlemen, must, by the grace of God, be possible to me," he said. "I resolved therefore to devote myself wholly to the Lord, to follow Christ, and keep myself unspotted from the world."

At Easter 1715, he came to reside in Halle and continue his studies there. He attended the lectures of Anton, Breithaupt and Francke, and greatly profited by them. At Christmas an incident occurred which seems to have some connection with the title of the book by which he is most widely known in England. One afternoon he joined some Christian friends, who had a little chest containing texts of Scripture written on slips of paper. Each of the friends drew out a text and made comments upon it. "At that time," he says, significantly, in his autobiography, "there was no printed text or little treasure-chest."*

A sermon of Francke's on the glory of faith, also deeply impressed him at this time. He was in much spiritual distress and opened his mind to Francke, who advised him to keep a diary, and note down everything remarkable. He did so and found the

* The literal meaning of the German words for "Golden Treasury."

greatest advantage from it for thirty years, until the pressure of work prevented him from continuing the practice. He was in the habit of recommending it to others. About this time he heard of his mother's death, and went to Silesia. While there he received a summons from his father to join him in Hungary, as he had obtained a cornet's commission for him, and the standard already bore his name. He replied in a becoming spirit, requesting to be permitted to continue his studies. His father was so enraged that he disowned his son. "I was concerned on his account," writes Bogatzky in his autobiography, "not on my own, for I believed that God would take care of me; for I could now say with David, 'My father and mother forsake me, but the Lord takes me up.'"

When he began to study in Breslau he wished to devote himself to theology, but his friend and patron Count Reuss persuaded him to study jurisprudence, on the ground that there were many pious pastors but few upright and Christian statesmen, and that they could do more good among the upper classes than the preachers. He took this advice and studied jurisprudence for two years in Jena, and one year in Halle, but amid so many temptations that he was unable to fix his mind on the subject in hand, whereas, whenever he attended a theological lecture he was refreshed and strengthened. He therefore, after taking counsel with his friends, resolved to devote himself exclusively to theological studies.

It was at this time that he began what afterwards became his celebrated "Golden Treasury."

The origin of it was on this wise. He was in the habit on the high festivals of writing texts of Scripture appropriate to the occasion on slips of paper, with select verses of hymns, and distributing them among Christian friends. These papers were collected together in the house of Count Henry the Twenty-third of Reuss, who desired Bogatzky to seek out more of such texts and verses, and have them printed as a "little text-chest," deriving the designation, it may be, from the chest above referred to. He undertook the work, collected texts that he had found quickening, and whenever he could not find suitable verses in any hymn, he wrote some himself. The collection was not published until after the break-down of his health, the consequent abandonment of his theological studies, and his departure from Halle.

"The Treasury" was published in Breslau in 1718, in quite small size, under his own superintendence, without any title, because the leaves—two hundred in number—were cut so that they could be cast into a little chest. He sent fifty copies to friends in Halle, and it was issued there twice in succession without his knowledge, under the title "Golden Treasury" (literally, "Little Golden Treasure-chest"). "I would never," he writes in his autobiography, "have given such a beautiful title to my little book. Yet the little book contains glorious testimonies and texts of Holy Scripture, and they are more precious than all the gold and silver in the world." During a visit to Halle in the years 1721 and 1722, he increased the "Treasury" to three hundred numbers, at the request of the publisher, and fixed the title and preface as they now stand. In the fifty-sixth German edition, issued last year (*cum privilegiis*), from the Orphan-house at Halle, the title stands, "Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky's Golden Treasury for the children of God, whose treasure is in heaven, consisting of select texts of Scripture, with edifying observations and rhymes annexed."

In the year 1734, yielding to the persistent solicitations of several friends, he added an appendix of sixty numbers, bringing up the whole to the number of days in the year, and put the day of the month over each meditation. This had been previously done by one of his friends, the Duke of Saalfeld, on his own copy. In this appendix he put all the texts and materials which had been specially comforting to himself in all the sufferings and temptations through which he had passed during the twelve years since the first increase of the "Treasury" in 1822. Hitherto it had always been printed on writing-paper and on one side only, but now a great number were issued on ordinary paper, printed on both sides at a cheaper rate for the benefit of the poor.

In a new edition published in 1739 he added some fresh remarks, designed to counteract what he considered the paradoxical and exaggerated principles of the Moravians. This edition was large in size, and vacant space was left, which was filled up with fresh matter, in order to satisfy the readers, in the next edition, issued in 1746. Something was added to every number, and the whole was increased in bulk by one-third. After this it received no material increase. He lived to see the issue of the twenty-ninth edition in Germany and the translation of it into many foreign languages.

Psalm cxlviii.

A PARAPHRASE.

O PRAISE ye the Lord in the heavenly height!
Praise Him, all his angels, ye hosts of his might!
Praise Him, sun and moon—praise Him, all ye stars
That circle his throne in your light-bearing cars;
Praise Him, all ye heavens and ethers between,
Where millions of worlds in set order are seen:
Let them praise the life-giving Name of the Lord,
The name that reveals Him, the Christ in the word,
For all were created because God had spoken,
Eternal they stand by one law never broken!

Praise Him on this earth, ye firstlings of time,
Ye dragons that dwelt in primordial slime;
Praise Him, ye volcanoes and glaciers of old,
Fulfilling his will in the rocks and the mould,
Ye mountains upbursting, sharp-crested in air,
Ye ice-rounded hills, so smooth and so fair,
Ye forests primeval, ye cedars and pines,
With our coals and our peat, our salt and our mines!
Praise Him, all ye cattle and beasts without name,
Made ready for man, long, long ere he came,
Ye strange creeping things, and ye fowls of the sky,
All heralding man, your King from on high!
For, lo! we are kings of the earth, and are found
Its princes and judges, and reigning around
With young men and maidens, and childhood and age,
Through all generations of history's page!
Let each praise the excellent name of the Lord,
Through earth and the heaven of heavens adored,
Who lifteth the horn of his people on high,
And is praised by his saints to the hosts of the sky,
And loveth his Israël serving Him here,
The children so near Him, his children so dear!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VII.—BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS.

IT would be impossible, even in an ample volume, to gather more than a very few of the wonderful, sweetly-solemn, or pensively-refreshing things which men of all ages, and almost all countries, have said about brooks and rivers. The melodious and chattering stream of the meadow or the woodland, and the grand and winding watercourse of many leagues, have both alike ministered to profoundest reflection. Most likely the words we have taken as a sweet human text from our great poet are suggestive of the forest solitude, the deep embowerment of shady trees, where the cowslip-strewn margin of the shallow but cheerful little rivulet invites the meditative wanderer to sit down and rest; indeed, a few pages farther on, in the same piece, we have just such a picture presented, where the moralising Jaques is seen

> "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

It reminds us of what a Persian poet has said: "Seat yourself by the margin of a stream, and see how time glides away; this memento of the passing of time is enough for me." This possession of the quiet solitude of the tree and the stream seems better than the advice of the Latin moralist, Seneca, that "where the spring rises, or the river flows, there men should build their temples, and offer their services." Probably the worst man living in London at the close of the last century was the Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q," as he was called then, and has been called ever since, to distinguish him from any other of the same title. He was a very old man, and he had spent his entire life in a far worse than a merely unprofitable manner. His mansion was in a charming situation on the banks of the Thames. His life had been extended far beyond life's usual term; he was eighty-five; he had few possibilities of enjoyment left to him, although one of the wealthiest men of his age; but for years his ordinary seat when in the country was in a balcony of his magnificent abode, overlooking the Thames, as he sat on the balcony in Piccadilly when in town. He would say to his friends, when they admired the lovely and rejoicing river, in the mournful tones of a thoroughly tired-out old man, "Ah! I can see nothing in it; nothing in it! It flows, and it flows, and it flows!" To him there was no sunlight on the water, and no suggestion save that of monotonous endlessness, life and time going on, and no song in the stream.

But it is interesting to notice how the same human sentiment—the analogy of time and life to the running river—appears again and again in the poets and the moralists. Wordsworth kept company with the Duddon, one of the loveliest of northern streams, rising upon Wrynose Fell, on the borders of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. It runs along for twenty-five miles, and then enters the Irish Sea. The poet wrote twenty-four sonnets as he walked along by its banks, among the most beautiful he ever wrote, and sent them to his brother, the rector of Buxted, in Sussex; and in his farewell to the river, which he calls his partner and his guide, the afterthought at the close seems to gather up in fine words of Christian philosophy the axiomatic sentiments we have quoted above. To him the flowing river said things never heard by the poor old duke.

> "Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;
> The form remains, the function never dies;
> While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
> We men, who in our morn of youth defied
> The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
> Enough, if something from our hands have power
> To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
> And if, as towards the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know."

Perhaps a river never gave to the thoughtful wanderer a more profound sentiment than that which is conveyed in the last line:

> "We feel that we are greater than we know."

The murmur, the music, and the motion of the waters had sung into the soul of the listener songs of a great destiny, borne along upon the waves, but with a purpose and an end which he could contemplate with cheerfulness; bringing the spirit into communion with Him of whom it is said, "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," or, as in that other text so beautifully rendered in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms, "All my fresh springs are in Thee."

Among the impressive objects of nature, is there a more solemn and tender teacher than a river, looked at anywhere: in its birthplace among the mountains, in its cheerful pathway among the villages, the old farms, and the ancient churches, or in its solemn march through the great cities? There is no exaggeration in the suggestive musings of the late Lord Lytton on the banks of the Thames: "Look at night along the course of that stately river. How gloriously it seems to mock the passions of them that dwell beside it. Unchanged, unchanging; all around it quick death and troubled life; itself smiling up to the grey stars, and singing from its deep heart as it bounds along. Beside it is the Senate, proud of its solemn triflers; and there the cloistered tomb, in which, as the loftiest honour, some handful of dust of the fiercest strugglers may gain forgetfulness and a grave! There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls." And this reflection, "There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls," is amplified

in a strange, graphic, and powerful chapter by the unknown author of "The Modern Minister." In a weird kind of fashion he makes the Thames "give up its dead" of every order and of every age, down below London Bridge, "recalling the shades whom the waters had blotted out from the scroll of life"—a strong piece of suggestive painting, in which the ooze and mud of the Thames disclosed strange revelations to the imagination of the minister standing and meditating by its banks—visions more than "a circle of lanterns," however lighting up tower, or church, or bridge, or ship, could reveal.

These little brooks, what vast and wonderful things they become! Our noble Thames, bearing its forests of masts—hast thou seen it, reader, where it rises, a little cupful of water in the meadows among the Cotswold Hills, just beyond Cirencester? Or, perhaps, in crossing the great St. Gothard Pass, stepping a little from the diligence track, you have sought the highest point to watch, in the little rivulet dancing down from its high environment of tall alpine peaks, the babyhood, of what certainly Germans are fond of speaking of as Europe's grandest, stateliest stream. But it has a long way to travel and to tumble down among the crags before we begin to realise what its youth and manhood are to be. Forming at Dissentis, rushing through the Lake of Constance, roaring and boiling away by Schaffhausen, flowing along its hundreds of miles by vine-clad heights, castle-crowned crags, great cities like Cologne, and then, with a sedate step, as if conscious that its end were nearing, through the fruitful fields of Holland, until, like life, when near to its "threescore years and ten," it "hears the roaring of the sea" into which it is presently to be lost. It is a wonderful poem, the journeyings of a great river! And this sentiment was perhaps never at once more sweetly, simply, and, at the same time, forcibly expressed than in the well-known lines of Mrs. Southey (Caroline Bowles):

"River! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad and deep, and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
Swiftly now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that voyage hath never rounded,
Like Eternity!"

"Books in the running brooks" indeed there are! And there is another point at the foot of the Alps where we have thought so. It is but a short gentle walk outside Geneva to the little narrow neck of land—nothing about it that seems very particularly impressive, only you have walked out there to see the junction, the marriage of two great rivers. On your right bears down the blue and royal Rhone, most exultingly cheerful and resounding river, and there, to the left, comes along the Arve. Poor river! what with its journeys through rock, and dirty snow, and lowland impurities it has contracted taints from which the Rhone seems hitherto to have kept herself quite free; but here they join, and you can see how immediately the evil communication has robbed the Rhone of its purity. They go dancing on together, leaping along from force to force, but so far as we have followed its course the royal river has never recovered its purity; and so, from the "book" in the "running brook" we read a graphic commentary of the Apostle's word, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers," reminding us also of George MacDonald's pathetic and tender lines:

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again!"

That is what reflection says; but we may not forget that the impurities which the rivers contract in their altogether wonderful and subterranean process, by the cliff, and through the cave, give to springs, brooks, and wells, those marvellous mineral and medicinal qualities which constitute the fortunes of neighbourhoods whither invalids travel, to find how the brook in its journeyings, having passed through one of Nature's chemical laboratories, issued from the rock as a medicine, its impurity having constituted it a power. One of the most pleasant of these impurities with which we have ever made acquaintance is in the drinking *salle* of the Paracelsus Quelle at St. Moritz in the Engadine, where pleasant, fresh, and sparkling from the rock, you may draw and drink such a draught of effervescing water as no manufacturer could supply. But this is only one feature of these wells; the same causes lead to those thermal springs in which you, perhaps, reader, have recreated yourself as if bathing in soda water, watching with interest the globules and sparks of carbonic acid floating about on the wave of your bath. Our paper is too short to describe the various ways in which water from the pure rain-cloud among the highest peaks, or from its bed of pure gravel or sand is curiously transmuted by the rocks through which it passes, until it becomes iron and arsenic at Wiesbaden, or Kissingen, a chalybeate at Tunbridge or Harrogate, and a saline at Leamington, or Cheltenham.

There are "Books"—immense libraries—out of sight. What eyes have ransacked all the Bodleian, the British Museum, or the Bibliothèque of Paris? And so, how many of these "running brooks" have to be taken, as we take the stores of those libraries, on trust. We have said nothing, and intend to say nothing, of the "deep and dark blue ocean" not staying to inquire into the mystery of its saltness, and only pausing to say that it also has its immense rivers, currents, independent of itself, which exist in the bosom of the ocean. How wonderful! A world of waters in the sea, and independent of it!

But, nearer to ourselves, how wonderful is the world of subterranean waters; rivers which disappear on one side of a hill, or chain of mountains, and as mysteriously reappear on the other; deep caverns, and cavities traversed by rivers, streams, and water-courses which pass away out of sight into these unexplored recesses, and abysses, and then reappear. How deep the waters travel. Reader, hast thou ever studied the wonders of an artesian well? Space does not permit the present writer to assist thee, but from the silence of those sombre galleries through which the bore goes down, and those dripping calcareous spars through which thou hast passed in some of the highways of the Alps, thou hast seen the force with which subterranean waters can make their way.

And even the technically impure, which may be described as the unnatural forces, of water, compel us in looking through every pellucid drop, to see in it a window of the Great King; for what is water? A question very easily answered; for the chemical composition of the water holds in proportion, eight parts of oxygen to one of hydrogen; a blessed and benevolent composition. Thus we have the refreshing liquid substance, concerning which the prophet Ezekiel says more than once, "All they that drink water shall be comforted in the nethermost parts of the earth." Surely, as in the atmosphere we breathe, so in the water we drink, a wonderful—may we not say an Infinite?—chemist has arranged the exact proportions. But what if these proportions were but slightly disturbed? A well-known writer has, we venture to think without irreverence, conceived a state of things in which the balance of the gases, either in the atmosphere, or in water, had been but slightly disturbed; for just as the words *loaf* and *foal* are composed of exactly the same letters, only their arrangement makes all the difference in the meaning of the words, so also the arrangement of the same gases makes all the difference between pleasure and agony, either in drinking, or breathing. Change the proportions of oxygen in the atmosphere but slightly, and you are breathing nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas—a kind of aerial champagne—and the writer to whom we have referred imagines Mephistopheles, or some such demon, sitting astride upon a mountain, clapping his hands and screaming with laughter, to find, instead of a decorous assemblage of human beings, a whole population of harlequins and clowns all gaseously intoxicated; or, changing the proportion a little more, giving oxygen a little more the upper hand in the atmosphere, and the bland influence of nitrogen a little less felt, and there is a much more calamitous state of things; nitric oxide is created; the whole atmosphere is turned into a ferocious fluid, a virulent liquid, blistering all flesh, and blighting all vegetation. Now apply the same test to the world of waters; how easy to conceive an entire re-composition of the waves—seas of nocuous or of perilous properties; and is it not very noteworthy to remember that water, the uncompromising enemy of fire, is quite remarkable for its fiery composition. Attempt to rearrange its elements, and you unloose chained giants from their chemical affinities, so that, if "the earth and all that therein is" were to be burned up, the slightest alteration would change the ocean into a sea of fire, and, in an instant of time, comparatively, all that would be left of our planet would be a blackened cinder in space. Professor Tyndall, in his great work on heat, says that three days would be sufficient to consume the earth and all that therein is! Surely the benevolent composition of water must compel us, with the Psalmist, to adore, as in the presence of the Great King who has sent everywhere rivers and brooks, like the veins and arteries of this beautiful earth, "going up by the mountains, and down by the valleys," setting for them a bound, in their composition, as well as in their course, which they must not pass over, "Sending springs into the valleys which run among the hills," "Watering the hills from his chambers." Perhaps, of all the creatures of God, water is the most inclusive type of the Divine benignity and beneficence; food satisfies in hunger, but water satisfies, purifies, refreshes, and heals. There is more said about water in the word of God, as the type of all Divine things, than of any other object of creation—it is indeed a window of the King! In how many ways it is true that "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand!" And that is a good story of the old sailor, who, when setting sail for a long voyage, and someone said to him, "Suppose you should go to the bottom?" answered, "Then I should find myself in the hands of God, for the sea is in the hollow of His hand!"

And to think of a drop of water—a single drop of dew! Faraday has shown many years since, that there is electricity enough in a drop of dew to rend a rock asunder. We prefer rather to think of its almost infinite divisibility. A single drop of water may be "spread abroad as in the heavens like a curtain, and stretched out as a tent to dwell in!" We know not what extended surface a single dewdrop may cover in its attenuation; and it is something like this, we suppose, which Wordsworth meant when he speaks of "The Unbounded Might of Prayer;" nor ought it to be very wonderful to us to feel, if science teach us that a single drop of water may spread out so high and far, and touch fields and forests so remote, by its compass, that prayers also may have power to "rend the heavens" so that they come down in blessing; or to touch, by their refreshment, hearts and lives that are far away from their voice.

How pleasant are those "running brooks," and our country is full of them, up in the weird solitude of Dartmoor—and England holds no more solitary, grand, or suggestive spot, where its lone villages, strange tors, and magnificent banners of cloud commingle with the mind in communion. Hence spring all the loveliest of Devonshire streams, the Dart, the Teign, the Tamar, and the Teivy, and many another whose names we forget. We have walked by some of them, and heard them sing the laureate's song.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I clatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

How is it that we have no adequate book, worthy of the subject, on the rivers of England? England is full of such delicious and romantic streams; we have made a pilgrimage to Plinlimmon, the urn from whence is poured the Severn and the Wye; then we have the Ribble, the Lune, the Wharfe, the Nid, the Ouse, and the Dove. Our childhood was passed within the murmur of a pretty and romantic river, the Ravensbourne, concerning which tradition tells a story which it appropriates to Cæsar; but which, in that connection, must certainly be untrue, though it may likely have a truth in some Saxon army encamped there. Near Hayes, in Kent, some soldiers were in want of water; they noticed a raven coming to a particular spot from day to day. At length they went to look, and found there a spring, and so it came to be called by one of the most beautiful names, we think, of English rivers, the Ravensbourne. London has dried it up, or nearly so; fifty years ago the Ravensbourne, a sweet transparent stream, ran, cheerily chattering all the way, through Lewisham; and very beautiful was the old Lady Well, at the foot of what were called the Hilly Fields; all that is altered. But most rivers have their traditional memories! We have not permitted ourselves to linger by any of the larger ones of the world; but the Ravensbourne puts us in mind of a far mightier stream, one of the great American rivers, of which it is said that, in ancient days, a band of Indians, driven forth from their encampment by one of those wild prairie fires which set all the forests around in a blaze, and flying for life from the red storm of flame, frightened and fatigued, they hurried on until they reached the banks of a magnificent river; they forded it, crossed it, and safe upon the other side, they pitched their new dwelling there, and on the cool turf throwing themselves down, they exclaimed, "Alabama!" that is, "Here is rest!" The march of the races, and the progress of civilisation have shown that there is no more rest really to be found on the broad banks of the Alabama than on the insignificant shores of the Ravensbourne.

How many topics have yet been left untouched; how many "books" suggested by the "running brooks" left unread. Waterfalls from their headlong height, cleaving their way through the wave-worn precipice, keeping up their eternal thunder and perpetual foam, like Trollhatten, and Schaffhausen, to which we have nothing in Europe to compare. Magazines of mighty floods, which it is a delicious memory to the writer to have seen; or, sometimes, graceful, like the flashing hues of loosened silver, as at Stanley Ghyll, or the more passionate beauty of Dungeon Ghyll; or, returning to our first meditations under the ancient tree by the forest brook, and throwing the angling line into the stream, and noting how circle sweeps beyond circle on the wavelet, to realise Parnel's image of the distraction which may so soon disturb the mind from outward things.

"So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow.
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in quick succession run."

The Prophet Ezekiel, of whom we spoke in a preceding paper, as the prophet of the trees, is scarcely less the prophet of the rivers; and there are some fine words in the forty-seventh chapter, the vision of the holy waters, "And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: because those waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And by the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side, and on that side shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

And there is a river! Many of our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with Archbishop Trench's poem "Sabbation;" but, perhaps, they are not aware of the strange Hebrew legend upon which it is founded, nor can we say how old the legend is, only that the most curious Talmuds, and ancient Rabbins profess to give an account of the existence of a far-off river; but where it may be they none of them tell us, only that it is the "river Sabbation." It rolls entirely round the country, wherever that may be, whither the ten lost tribes had been carried; it is within tall, dark, and distant mountains; during the entire six days of the week the river rolls with such tremendous vehemence as to be absolutely impassable, but upon the seventh day it rests, and is perfectly still. Many of the legends of the Talmud are strange enough; this one is singular, and certainly not unbeautiful. The existence of such a river has no foundation in nature, neither evidence in the testimony of any traveller; Josephus, indeed, says in the seventh Book of Antiquities, that the Emperor Titus saw a river running with a full strong current, yet, after a rapidity of six days together it ceased; but as soon as the seventh day was over, it flowed again as rapidly and forcibly as before, and therefore was called the Sabbath river, because it retired on the holy Sabbath. Pliny, also, makes mention of his having heard of such a river; but says that it was in the land of Judea. It is a singular myth; one of those dreams in which the heart can believe, although the mind is quite sceptical as to its having any earthly locality—a remote country where the tribes rest, beyond the walls of the iron mountain, and round which the Sabbath river rolls. It seems, then, as though, like the first who dreamed the dream, we may take up, and give a pleasant emphasis to the Psalmist's word, and turn the legend into an assurance, as we repeat after him, "*There is a river* the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, the Holy Place of the tabernacles of the Most High!" Is it not one of the latest utterances of the revelation *here*, to encourage us with the prospect of the great book of life which will be opened *there*? "He showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb!"

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

VI.

"Increase our faith."—*Luke* xvii. 5.

WE have here a very short prayer, but one that is recorded in God's holy word for our instruction. Who was it that prayed thus? We are told that "the apostles" came to their Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, with this petition, "Increase our faith." The first way in which the prayer was answered was by the Lord's describing to them what great things faith can do. The smallest faith, faith "as a grain of mustard seed," can work wonders.

Reader, have you any faith? I am sure you will reply yes to this question. No doubt you believe in a general way all the facts alluded to in the Apostles' Creed. You say the Lord's Prayer and you believe there is a God in heaven whom you there address as "our Father."

Let me ask you, Has your faith ever enabled you to work wonders? Can you show your faith by your works? or is it a "dead faith" that stands alone, and cannot be called living and fruitful?

Faith, you know, means belief. Now we cannot be said really to believe a thing if we act as if the thing were not true. If I am told the house is on fire, and I sit still and do not even go out of it: if I am told that a dearly-loved friend is close at hand and is asking for me, and I stir not a step to meet or to seek him, can I be thought really to believe what is told me, though I may profess to do so?

Apply this test to your professed faith in spiritual things. Let us take one article of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Do you really believe in the forgiveness of your sins? Can you say, "Yes, I humbly thank God that I believe his words on this subject, and I live in the assurance that my sins are forgiven me for Jesus Christ's sake." Perhaps you only have a faint hope that it be so, but you dare not say it is so. Then I would urge you to take this very matter in prayer to the Lord, and ask Him to "increase" your faith in the promises of forgiveness.

Or again, you are in perplexity as to some line of conduct that lies before you. You read: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God," with the promise that follows (James i. 5); or you find the promise of direction in Proverbs iii. 6, you kneel down and ask wisdom and direction; but do you really expect to receive a clear and unmistakable answer? Do you rise from your knees calm and confident that your path will be made clear?

If not, if you feel as much perplexed as ever, and feel no rest to your mind in the assurance that the Lord will direct your path, then kneel down and plead once more his own promise, but add also this petition: "Lord, increase my faith in Thy word. Help me so truly to believe Thy promise as to look out for and expect that clear direction which I am now wanting for my guidance."

Once more, I would speak to parents. Perhaps there is no longing in the human heart so deep and earnest, amounting, in some cases, to an agony of desire, as the longing that believing parents feel for the salvation of the souls of their children.

In many places there are now established prayer-meetings where parents assemble to join in pleading for their sons and daughters.

Parents! when you thus meet and plead some of God's own promises for your children, do you feel a calm assurance that God *will* do what He promises? Even though no immediate and visible change appears in your children, yet can you trust, and expect that in God's own time and way, He will answer your prayers? You will find it a great help to begin all prayers for your children with this one for yourself, "Lord, increase my faith."

Remember, that we are told that "faith is the gift of God." Be very thankful if you have any measure of it, but ask continually that you may "increase more and more." If "faith as a grain of mustard seed" can remove "a mountain" (Matt. xvii. 20), must it not be want of faith that keeps many of us so low in the spiritual life; and should we not grow more in grace if we more frequently and earnestly besought the Lord to "increase our faith"?

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 10.

THE COMING DELIVERER. EXODUS II. 1–15.

GOLDEN TEXT, HEBREWS XI. 24.—'*By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.*'

CONNECTION.—To the acts of oppression noticed last week was now added an edict to destroy all the male children, ch. i. 22. That this cruel enactment was only temporary, or was not strictly observed, seems proved by the vast number of adults that eighty years afterwards were led out into the wilderness, ch. xii. 37. For the time it was intended to weaken the nation, but it was made, in the wonderful Providence of God, the direct means of raising up a strong deliverer.

I. BIRTH AND EXPOSURE OF THE BABE.—*Read vers.* 1–4. This **man of the house of Levi** was Amram, a descendant of Levi's son Kohath, ch. vi. 18, 20, Num. xxvi. 59. The name of his wife was Jochebed. From these passages it would appear at first sight that Amram was Kohath's son, Jochebed Kohath's sister, and therefore aunt to Amram. But from the difficulty in the chronology, it seems necessary to suppose some unrecorded links between Kohath and Amram. *Son* and *daughter* are often used to denote *descendant*, and steps in a genealogy are very commonly omitted.

> It is possible that 'Amram,' in ch. vi. 18 and 20 may denote two different persons. It is almost impossible to suppose that Jochebed was Levi's own daughter and Kohath's sister; seeing that at the Exodus the Kohathites amounted to 8,600 males, in four families or clans, one of which sprang from the first Amram.

Jochebed (and Amram, Heb. xi. 23) acted 'by faith,' in concealing their child. The Jews say that they acted by special Divine direction. They had already a daughter, Miriam, and a

son, Aaron (now three years old, see ch. vii. 7), both probably born before the edict. Something in the exceeding beauty of the babe—**goodly**—'fair before God,' Acts vii. 20, 'proper' (i.e. *comely*), the same word, Heb. xi. 23, seems to have given them a presentiment of an extraordinary destiny, and in this anticipation they did not 'fear the king's commandment,' i.e. (1) did not so reverence it as to submit, nor (2) dread its fulfilment in their case: they believed that in some way the babe would escape. It was, however, impossible long to conceal a growing child from inquisitive neighbours (the Egyptians were interspersed with Israelites in Goshen) or from Pharaoh's spies; and the mother's ingenuity, directed by God Himself, devised a plan. **An ark**, or small boat, was fashioned of the papyrus plant—a common material for vessels, Isa. xviii. 2—made watertight by an outer coating of bitumen, or **pitch**, the inside being plastered with Nile-mud or **slime**. This was placed among **the flags**, or rushes—a generic name for the papyrus and similar aquatic plants—on the **brink** probably of one of the canals leading to the great **river**. The place is unknown. It may be that Jochebed knew of the spot as a bathing-place of the princess, and laid her plan accordingly; or she may have acted simply in the confidence that somehow God would provide a means of rescue. Any place was safer than her own home! But she could not bear to stay to see the end! The child's **sister**—no doubt Miriam, as we read of no other (see Micah vi. 4)—was left on the watch.

> Information about the **bulrush**, or papyrus plant and its uses, is easily accessible in Biblical Dictionaries, Teachers' Aids and other Handbooks. The papyrus is now extinct in Lower Egypt. It was believed that crocodiles would not touch a vessel made of this plant. And it may be added that these monsters did not enter the Nile-canals. The idea therefore of the babe being in danger from their ravenous jaws may be rejected, as may also the picture drawn by Josephus of the ark floating down the Nile while Miriam walked along the bank. The ark lay among the rushes, and Miriam **stood afar off**, to watch.

II. THE CHILD RESCUED, ADOPTED AND NAMED.—*Read vers.* 5-10. The scene is one of primitive simplicity. We need not suppose with some that this visit of **the daughter of Pharaoh** was for some great religious or anniversary celebration. No doubt it was her ordinary practice thus **to wash**, or bathe, attended by **her maidens**, somewhere near her father's northern capital at Tanis, or Zoan. But Divine Providence guided her to the place at that time, and so touched the springs of curiosity and pity within her soul, as to lead to the great result. **The babe wept**—literally, 'behold, a boy weeping!' This moved the **compassion** of the princess—she at once comprehended the situation—remembered her father's decree: the circumstances of the case were quite sufficient for her conclusion;—**this is one of the Hebrews' children.** How much depended on the decision of the next moment! Might not a daughter of Pharaoh have been expected coldly to say, 'Fling the child in the river'? She might perhaps, but for those infant tears! 'Never,' says *Matthew Henry*, 'did poor child cry so seasonably, so happily as this!'

> Of this daughter of Pharaoh we know nothing from history. Josephus gives her name as Thermuthis.

Miriam (whose age is not mentioned here or elsewhere, but who was probably about ten or twelve) seizes the favourable moment. Hastening to the princess, she proposes, with ingenious simplicity, what was precisely the right thing. An Egyptian **nurse** might have ill-treated the babe, or given it up to Pharaoh; or perhaps might have been prevented by religious scruples from taking charge of it at all. So **the child's mother**, after the suspense of those terribly anxious hours, regained her own child, the king's daughter providing his maintenance! Well may we imagine the loving care and pride with which the babe would now be tended; the only thought of sorrow being, that the parting time must come by-and-by! **The child grew** to the age of weaning; stated by the Rabbis to be two years (though some say three, see 2 Maccabees vii. 27). Not too early for the first and simplest lessons of truth to find a way into that marvellous young mind! Then came the parting with Jochebed and Amram, with Miriam and Aaron, with formal adoption by **Pharaoh's daughter**, so that this Hebrew child became as a **son** in the palaces of Egypt. His **name** (orig. Heb. *Mosheh*) would certainly be Egyptian, though the word has in Hebrew a similar meaning ('drawing' or 'one who draws forth'). Josephus says it comes from the Egyptian words MO, *water*, and USES, *saved:* hence the Greek form Moüses—"saved from water."

III. THE PART OF MOSES TAKEN.—*Read vers.* 11-15. The education and early history of Moses are entirely passed over by the historian. 'His object was not to write his own biography, but to describe God's dealings with His people. Late tradition would have been full of details.' His training would be suitable to the condition to which he had been raised. See Acts vii. 22. He 'was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.' The priests would be his instructors; and all the treasures of science, art, and philosophy, as then understood, would be made accessible to him. His place of training would be the great 'university' at On, afterwards Heliopolis, whither the highborn youth of the land, and those who were intended for the priesthood, repaired to acquire their lore. In his position, also, he would learn the arts of rule, being familiar with every form of power as exercised among men. Egypt was, at this time, at the very summit of the world's civilisation. How all this fitted Moses for his future career will be evident. Josephus tells stories of his wisdom, also of his prowess in war, as shown in an expedition against the Ethiopians, and of the jealousies kindled against him by the magicians.* These records may or may not be true; it is best for us to keep to the plain Scripture narrative. From this it appears that he had never become in heart an Egyptian. Probably he would learn in early life to what race he belonged: he was true to his people, and we cannot doubt also to their God, only waiting the fit time to take his stand. **When Moses was grown**—'come to years,' Heb. xi. 24, 'full forty years old,' Acts vii. 23, **he went out unto his brethren**—making a deliberate choice, refusing 'to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter'—**and looked on their burdens**, with declared sympathy. Already he had formed the purpose of effecting their deliverance. Even in Pharaoh's courts there had come to him the secret summons, bidding him to attempt great things for God. That voice he must heed, though as yet he understood its promptings but imperfectly. To abandon the studies that had made him intellectually so great, to surrender position, rank, wealth, and power, to break asunder the affectionate ties that bound him to the friends of his childhood and youth, required strong and stern determination; and this at first displayed itself in an unguarded and blameworthy form. He would strike a blow for liberation at once: and this he did by slaying **an Egyptian**, no doubt a taskmaster who was inflicting the bastinado upon **a Hebrew**. Moses **hid** this man's **body in the sand**, not because he was ashamed of the deed, but because it would be sure to bring down vengeance on him as soon as it was known.

> That Moses was naturally of a hasty temper appears from ch. xi. 8, and xxxii. 19, also from Num. xvi. 15, and Psa. cvi. 33. The meekness by which he was distinguished (Num. xii. 3) was the result of discipline, experience and Divine grace.

* There is a story preserved by Josephus that when the infant Moses was first brought by the princess to Pharaoh the King playfully put his crown upon the head of the babe, who, however, flung it on the ground and trampled on it with his foot. This, as an evil omen, aroused the terror of the king's chief minister, standing by at the time; and he earnestly counselled that the boy should be put to death. Thermuthis, however, snatched her darling away, and Pharaoh passed the matter lightly over.

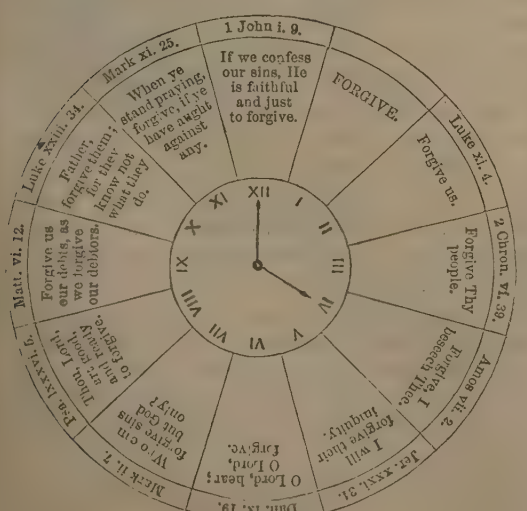
There was no witness of the act: the Hebrew himself, so unexpectedly rescued from his oppressor, must have told the tale. By the morrow it was known, as Moses learned from a quarrel in which he was vainly striving to reconcile the combatants. He had moved too fast; he had struck a blow, but in the wrong spirit, and had calculated too soon on gaining a response from an oppressed race. See Acts vii. 25. 'They understood not.' Slavery had degraded their minds and crushed their hopes; they had no heart to resist their tyrants. This scorn of those whom he had sacrificed everything to save must have been more bitter to Moses than even the scorn of Egypt. Had he then given up all, to win nothing in return—thrown away his prospects in life for a delusion? And, as the king now heard of the deed, there was nothing for it but to flee. Moses could not escape in the direction of Palestine, the southern part of which was now vassal to Egypt: so he sought the wild region of **Midian**—in the peninsula of Sinai, probably on the eastern side; and there he sat down by the well (not a well simply)—some famous fountain of the district. Here for the present we must leave him. What must have been his thoughts? On the one side, how much had he surrendered? What had been his reasons, his plans, his hopes? And what, so far, had he gained by it?—Only, it seemed, the lot of an exile, in a strange land—powerless, unknown! Might not the thought have arisen, *Why could I not have remained as I was? What opportunities of usefulness might I have had! I could have served my brethren to some purpose, like Joseph, if I had been content to retain my power! But I must needs go out and fight for them, and now I have lost both them and Egypt!* It was the supreme trial of faith. But faith and patience conquered, as we shall see.

QUESTIONS.

1. What other references are made to Midian in the Bible?
2. Shew the points in the early training of Moses that specially fitted him to become the leader of Israel.
3. May the conduct of Moses in slaying the Egyptian be in any measure justified?
4. In what respects did Moses bear 'the reproach of the Christ'? Heb. xi. 26.

BIBLE CLOCK.

THE following are the texts for the exercise on p. 334.


1 John i. 9.
If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive.
FORGIVE.
Luke xi. 4.
Forgive us.
2 Chron. vi. 39.
Forgive Thy people.
Amos vii. 2.
Forgive, I beseech Thee.
Jer. xxxi. 34.
I will forgive their iniquity.
Dan. ix. 19.
O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive.
Ps. lxxxvi. 5.
Thou, Lord, art ready to forgive.
Micah vii. 7.
Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?
Matt. vi. 12.
Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
Luke xxiii. 34.
Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.
Mark xi. 25.
When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any.

Our readers may take the word RETURN for next month.

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

V.

MARIAM kept her promise made to Ibrahim and took great care of Hassan, so Zuleika was able to go to school every day with Anser and Jamla. Sometimes the two latter would have been very glad to stay at home, but the food was a great consideration to their parents, so they went regularly every day. Now the children's food was provided for, it was easier to get better sustenance for Fatma, and before long she began to get a little stronger and was able to move about the house sometimes instead of lying all day on her mat. Still she was weak and feeble and unable to do much, but sometimes she was able to take charge of her baby Hassan while Mariam went to the bazaar to buy food. The market in India is called a bazaar. Hassan was delighted to have his mother once more to take care of him, and things began to look much brighter in the poor little home.

And how was Zuleika getting on in her new life? Let us look at her as she stands in her class listening to her kind friend's teaching. The weary look has gone from her face. Good, regular food has made the little cheeks round and chubby once more; and a bright face it is which she raises, as she looks shyly at the lady. She rarely answered questions in her class unless called upon to do so by name, but she listened to every word uttered, and drank deeply of the water of life. She knew now where the Lord Jesus was, that He was present *there* to help her, although she could not see Him, that He had promised never to leave her or forsake her. And she clung to His promise. She did not know much about Him yet, but what she did know made her very happy, and she formed in her mind the resolution never to do anything to grieve so kind a friend. "I am afraid," said Zuleika to herself, "I shall often grieve Him, but I will try—oh, so very hard—not to do anything He would not like to have done!" and we may be sure that the Lord Jesus would not fail to help His little follower.

For some months the children attended school regularly. Every day the cart rumbled up to the door of their poor home and took them away, to bring them back in the evening. But now ten days' holiday was to be given at the request of the parents of the children, for it was the month of Moharrem, or the sacred month of the Mohammedans, and the parents wanted to have their children at home with them that together they might weep and lament for the death of Hossein, the grandson of their false prophet Mohammed, who many hundred years ago was killed in a sad manner. Ever since Hossein's death great lamentation and weeping has been made for him during the month of Moharrem, and for ten days an account of his sad and cruel end is read to the people, while on the tenth and last day of the Moharrem an ornamented bier is carried in procession through the town and then cast into the river or sea, as the case may be.

The children were delighted to have a holiday, and looked forward with pleasure to the excitement of the coming fast, or Fātihā as it is called.

During the Moharrem it is customary for the rich Mohammedans to invite their poorer relations and dependents to their houses, and as Ibrahim was a poor man, he and his family were invited by a rich uncle of his to spend the ten days of the Moharrem at his house.

Great excitement prevailed amongst the children at the prospect of this visit, and they were very happy when they were all safely placed in the carriage which was to take them to the rich man's house, and happier still when they arrived at their destination, and were warmly welcomed by their relations.

"Come in, come in," exclaimed their uncle; "are you all well? Peace be with you all," and he raised the curtain from in front of the door, and brought them into his house.

Here they were met by their aunt and cousins, all of whom were pleased to see them, and made them feel at home at once. Hassan received a very warm welcome, and was handed from one to another to be embraced and made much of, though no one praised his appearance. To say a child looks strong or handsome is considered to be very unlucky amongst the Mohammedans. So Ibrahim and his family prepared themselves to spend a pleasant time with their relations.

"What a lovely house!" whispered Jamla to Anser; "look at the white pillars."

"Yes, and do you see the lamps?" exclaimed Anser; "do you think all those beautiful lamps will be lighted at once?"

"I hope so," responded Jamla; "won't it be beautiful?" and she smiled with pleasure at the thought.

The house was all prepared for keeping the fast of the Moharrem. At all times it was a pleasant and pretty house, but now it was decorated more than usual. In the middle of the house was a large square courtyard, surrounded by large rooms. The rooms were raised two steps higher than the courtyard, and were separated from it by white pillars. At one side of the courtyard the rooms were specially prepared for the fast, the floors of these rooms being covered with crimson carpets, the ceiling hung with innumerable lamps of all colours and sizes, and at one end of the rooms was placed a crimson banner, on which were represented two hands in gold; this is an imitation of Hossein's banner, and is looked upon with great reverence.

No food was given to Ibrahim and his family on their arrival, for was it not the fast? Unlike the Roman Catholics, who only abstain from eating meat during fasts, the Mohammedans touch no food from sunrise to sunset, nor will they touch one drop of water. Think what a severe fast that must be, dear readers, under a burning sky, where the terrible hot winds blow, not to drink one drop of water during the whole day, and not for one day only, but day after day, for a whole month at a time—only during the night food and water may be taken. As soon as the first glimmer of light is seen in the sky, all water must be put away, not to be touched again till dark once more brings the hour of relief. Sick people and very little children are not expected to keep the fast, but children of eight years old, as a rule, fast with their elders.

Mariam, Fatma and the children were only allowed to stay in the courtyard and principal rooms for a little while each day; there were smaller rooms for them with the rest of the women of the house, the principal rooms being reserved for the men and boys.

Every day the story of Hossein's death was repeated, first to the men and then to the women.

Let us go once with the women as they come into the courtyard and listen to this sad story.

The men have gone out and left the house to their wives and children. All are merry and lively, talking and playing, but the clock strikes five. One tall, old woman of imposing aspect, stands up; all are silent and rise to their feet while she in a loud but mournful voice exclaims, "Iatiha!" which means literally "to begin," but is used only in respect to prayer for the dead.

She then slowly walks into the room which contains the banner, seats herself on the ground, and opens her book to read. All the women and children seat themselves near her on the floor and listen with rapt attention to the oft-told tale. As she proceeds, low weeping is heard, but before the tale has proceeded far the weeping increases; she herself is overcome with grief as if she were telling the story of her truest and dearest friend, and all her listeners beat their breasts in the abandonment of their grief. From the middle of the tale to the conclusion, the sound of the weeping is heard mingled with the monotonous beating with which they keep time to the voice of the reader.

She reads how that Hossein, the grandson of the false prophet Mohammed, was invited by 140,000 Moslems to make himself caliph, or emperor, and they promised that if he would come to Cufa they would help him. Contrary to the advice of his friends he resolved to trust himself to these unknown people. And taking with him his wife and children, as in peace time, he set out to meet them on the banks of the river Euphrates.

As he advanced he was alarmed by the deserted appearance of the country, and his alarm was just. The governor of Cufa had contrived to extinguish the first sparks of insurrection, and when he reached Kerbela he found himself surrounded by five thousand horsemen, so that he could neither enter the city nor re-cross the river. He might have escaped to a fort in the desert and a faithful and dutiful tribe of Arabs would have armed in his defence. But he scorned to endanger their lives. The governor would enter into no treaty with him, but ordered him to surrender on pain of death.

"Think you," he replied, "to terrify me with death?"

During the night he prepared himself to meet with resignation whatever might be his fate, and checked the lamentations of his sister, and begged his friends to secure their safety by flight, but they refused to leave him.

At day-break he mounted his horse, his sword in one hand, the "Koran" (sacred book of the Moslems) in the other. His devoted band of followers drew up behind him, no more than thirty-two horse and fifty foot. Behind them and at their sides they had dug trenches and filled them with lighted faggots. The enemy advanced upon them reluctantly, and one chief deserted to him with his followers, determined to die with him. The despair of this little band was invincible in close fight, but their opponents galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and both horses and men successively perished. A truce was granted for the hour of prayer, and the battle at last ceased with the life of the last of the followers of Hossein.

Alone and wounded he was seated at the opening of his tent, and was pierced in the mouth with a dart as he was refreshing himself with a cup of water. His son and nephew, two beautiful boys, were killed in his arms; he then raised towards heaven his bloody hands, and uttered a prayer. His sister, in a transport of despair, issued from the tent and besought the general not to suffer her brother to be murdered before her eyes. A tear trickled down his beard, and the boldest of his soldiers fell back, as Hossein threw himself in the midst of them. But the remorseless governor reproached them with cowardice, and Hossein was slain with thirty-three strokes of swords and lances.

They trampled on his body, cut off his head and carried it to Cufa, where the savage governor struck the mouth with his cane. His sister was taken to Damascus in chains.

This is the sad story that is so wept over every year, as the month of Moharrem comes round, and it was for the death of Hossein that the women lamented and beat themselves so bitterly.

As the old woman finished reading she rose from her seat, and slowly left the apartment, followed by her fellow-mourners. Soon all traces of weeping left their faces, and they were as merry as ever.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

HE SEATED HIMSELF ON THE KITCHEN SETTLE.

GWEN BEVERLY.

CHAPTER II.

THE Frizelle family had not as yet seen me out of my long brown holland pinafore, with sleeves to the wrists and tied up to my throat; I felt quite daunted at my appearance as I skulked about the room in which they lounged, displaying their flaunting robes of gay colours and gorgeous materials.

One day Mrs. Frizelle remarked to her daughters that I looked "very much like a pillow in a case." This was merely a witticism on her part, and not intended to offend me. I had often felt their entire neglect of me, but this "notice" was such a blow to my dignity, that I made my escape to Joan and told her what had happened. Joan reddened with scorn and anger as she declared, "I had gowns as good as theirs, any day, and they should see that I had."

Her spirit was up, and I followed her with a beating, swelling heart to the wardrobe where my clothes were kept. She looked thoughtfully at the slide on which lay my frocks, then she drew out one on which I greatly prided myself, thinking it was very rich-looking and also *womanly*. It had been made under Joan's directions from an old dress of my poor mother's: it was a stiff stuff, the ground was of a dingy indigo, shaded off in stripes to a pale blue, and over these stripes flourished, or I should say, sprawled, most wonderful yellow botanical forms, leaves, tendrils and flowers, graduating in tint to deep orange.

I felt unqualified delight as this came forth, and when it was put on me I exulted in the effect I should produce. Yet an indefinite feeling of misgiving was

mingled with my satisfaction. I could not be certain that it would impress the critics in the parlour favourably; I had never seen them wear anything like it; but then Joan assured me that "such like wasn't to be had for love or money in these days." She had not one dishonouring doubt. "There, child," she said, when she had tied my sash and twisted me round for a final look, "now you can go and show 'em as you're not a pillow in a case."

My self-consciousness made me very awkward when I returned to the parlour; I stood for half a minute with my hand on the door before I could muster courage to open it; when I did, and made my entrance, one lady was sitting at an embroidery frame, and the others were engaged with newspapers and novels, so that I walked to my seat unnoticed.

Presently, Mrs. Frizelle, who was at the frame, cried out, "What an odious smell of musk! Girls, have you any about you?"

Whereupon they all looked up, answering "No;" and, as if by sympathy, turned their eyes on me.

A chorus of laughter followed, in which Mrs. Frizelle joined; but, calling me to her, she just lightly touched my shoulder, holding me from her at arm's length, exclaiming, "It's this little figure of fun! Poor child, you have surely been poking in Noah's ark for this most wonderful covering!"

I was overwhelmed with confusion, and gladly went off to Joan to beg her to find me another frock, for the ladies couldn't bear *musk!*

"Then here's wishing 'em joy!" cried Joan with grim exultation. "They wasn't content with the wardrobe in their room, so I put the things they didn't want till winter, they said, into yours, as is musked from top to bottom."

I had to return to my "pillow-case" again, for Joan did not consider the ladies worthy of another experiment.

There was another incident which I must tell; it gave me a name which perfectly described me at that time; the name of "Miss Wretched."

One day I was busy sewing a seam in a shirt for my uncle; Joan had placed it for me, and I prided myself on showing such womanly work. I secretly hoped to have an opportunity of announcing in a careless way, that I was making a shirt for uncle! I can fancy that what was passing in my mind was betrayed by my conscious manner and look and the very upright posture in which I sat.

My uncle seldom came into the parlour between breakfast and dinner; probably he thought, as the ladies meant to make a long stay, he was at liberty to leave them to their own resources without being inhospitable or wanting in courtesy. But this morning, to my great delight, he walked in with a book in his hand, apologising for the intrusion; but adding that he had just met with an eastern anecdote, that bore on their last evening's conversation, which he thought would amuse them. They all looked very willing to be amused, and he was just going to begin, when, suddenly, he turned to me, saying, "Gwen, read this for me; my throat is a little rough," adding to the ladies; "She is a very fair reader for her years."

Now if I had been blessed with that humility which aims at deserving praise far more than obtaining it, and, consequently, delivers from that craving for it which is dear payment for the highest applause, I should have taken the book and read with ease, just as I always did in the study; but "I myself I" was in the way, and I felt sure, before I began, that I should make a mess of it.

"Here, child, here!" said my uncle, thinking I could not find the place, and pointing to it, while I was almost suffocated with heart-beating. Of course I started with the precipitation of one running down a hill, reflection was gone, and I dashed into the anecdote, thinking not of that but of the ladies and what they would say of my reading.

It began, "That remarkable man, Reschid Pacha," etc. etc. What cruel destiny threw such a name in my way at such a moment? I pronounced it "Retched."

My uncle smiled and corrected me; this added to my confusion, and I went on blundering over other Arabian names and titles, and making false stops and other mistakes, till, seeing tears in my eyes, he kindly took the book out of my hand, saying, "You are not used to this sort of thing, my dear; I will read it myself."

Here one of the young ladies interposed and begged to be allowed to save his throat. To complete my defeat, she read it off to the perfect satisfaction of everybody.

"Poor little Miss 'Wretched,'" said Miss Frizelle, "she is crying, positively!" and so I was. What they found so amusing in my tears I don't know; but they all laughed and joined in crying "Poor little Wretched!" Even my uncle smiled; he said he feared I was beginning to feel the want of my regular lessons; but I should soon recover lost ground, and a holiday now and then was a good thing. How I loved him for his true pity! I got up, and followed him out of the room to go and tell Joan my troubles. She did her best to comfort me; she could not comprehend their being able to read better than I did; I could say all the words one after another, as they came, as fast as I could talk, and what could they do more? She knew there was a difference between her reading and mine, for she halted over many difficulties that were none to me, but she would not allow that I was inferior to any (but my uncle of course), 'specially to *them*—"They'll be gone soon, I hope—good job when they are; they spoil the very weather, they do! making everything so uncomfortable that there's no peace in doors nor out."

No wonder she was discontented; she could never now get out for a walk, nor have a leisure hour to sew; they kept her and Mary Cross constantly at work for them, "cooking up fads," and waiting on them in every conceivable way.

"I can't think what brought 'em here," she would say, "but I'd bless anything as 'd take em away; I warrant they won't never come again. They're for ever a-grumbling—they've had enow o' Yorkshire, and Yorkshire have had enow o' them!"

Joan's prophecy of their speedy departure was soothing; how I longed for the day to come.

From the time that I got the name of "Miss Wretched," which they afterwards constantly called me, I avoided them as much as I possibly could; nothing could induce me to remain in the room when my uncle was not there. I took my work to the deep window in the best kitchen, and solaced myself with the thought of uncle's approbation when I should take the shirt to him quite finished, all my own achievement.

I was safe, thus employed, I forgot the enemy; I was happy; I was not in a hubbub of anxiety as to "myself" and the effect I could produce; all that had, for the present, subsided. Joan's nod of approval when I showed her my first stitched wristband was honestly earned, and while content with such legitimate praise, my spirit was unruffled.

I had begun my button-holes, at which I had been for some time practising, and I was sitting with my eyes fixed on my work, when I was startled by a tap on the window-pane. It made me prick my finger; I looked up, and saw a dark-faced gentleman, with long black whiskers and beard and a most kind countenance, standing outside. He tried, but in vain, to open the window; like nearly all in the house, it was a casement. Finding he could not succeed from the outside, he rattled on it with his knuckles for me to open it from within. I opened it quickly, and he said in a voice the pleasantest, I thought, I had ever heard, "Who's at home?" I hardly knew how to answer; but I said, "Uncle and I and Joan."

"And who are you?" he asked with a pleasant smile.

"I am Gwen Beverly," I replied, losing my little heart at once to the kind, confidential voice and face.

"Then, my good Gwen, let me in and take me to your uncle. I was frightened away from the front of the house by some tall ladies, and hunted out the back door to escape; but the door I couldn't open, so tried my fortune at the window. I have walked far, and you must be quick, for I want a glass of milk."

I was at the back door like lightning, and he lost no time in seating himself on the kitchen settle, as if he were tired indeed. Joan came downstairs just as I was going to Mary Cross for some milk. She stood bolt upright in her usual attitude of surprise for a moment, but very soon dropped a very low curtsey and heartily grasped the hand extended to her, asking however he could have come in that way.

"All I wanted was to get in, Joan; back or front made little difference to me. How is my dear old friend? And what has come to pass all these long years past? You seem to have stood still; you are not in the least altered. Oh, good!" he cried, having drunk the milk, "Now I am a giant again. Gwen, take me to your uncle; he will hear us talk all along the old passage, and that will prepare him for me."

Joan told him that master was "out for a ramble," but added in a tone of supplication, "Sure, sir, you've come to stay? Oh, dear, this is the best day I've seen since the ladies came!"

I had slidden to the side of our visitor, who was evidently well known and most welcome to Joan, and he had taken my hand in his, and every now and then looked in my face with a kind little laugh that made me very happy.

Joan, finding that he preferred the kitchen and our company to the empty study, told him all the news, finishing up with a brief account of the "invasion of the ladies."

During this narrative of the past she recounted many things in which I was deeply interested in fact, though not in feeling, such as my mother's death in my infancy, and my father's, which soon followed.

The dear gentleman drew me nearer to him as she touched on these topics, and put his arm quite round my waist with an expression of concern on his face, so that I felt as if I ought, for propriety's sake, to be concerned too, though never having had the least knowledge of either of my parents, it would have been unreasonable to expect that I should show emotion. However, the old trick of "making an effect" came upon me, and I was just beginning to get up a screw of a sorrowful face, when Joan, who was admonished by a cautionary glance from our companion, said:

"Oh you needn't look like that, Gwen! She never knowed naught of 'em—so don't make that sour face! You've heard me tell of it plenty of times, and never heeded it a bit."

She little knew how she tortured me by this plain dealing, which, of course, I well deserved. I crimsoned up to the roots of my hair and was quite in an agony to think how much I must have lost in the dear stranger's esteem.

I did not see the meeting between my uncle and Mr. Pennygold (Joan said that he was my godfather). She ushered him into the study when she saw my uncle coming up the drive, and in the expectation of seeing an old friend, he forgot me and left me in the kitchen, to my sad disappointment.

From this day a change as great as that which the Frizelles had wrought, came over our household and my experiences. I no longer feared them, nor valued their opinion enough to be unhappy about their contempt.

Happy as the alteration made me, it was far from agreeable to them; their conversations, when I was in the room, had been wholly or partially carried on in French, of course to prevent my becoming acquainted with their private sentiments as to my uncle and his establishment and affairs. This was now at an end, for Mr. Penn—so he was always called for short—who had had a long talk with my uncle about them, insisted pertinaciously, on the want of gallantry in leaving so many ladies to themselves, and the parlour was now quite lively with his entertaining conversation.

The ladies affected to be amused, and were profuse in their compliments as to the entertainment afforded by him; but, by accident, I became aware of their true sentiments.

My work had gone on but slowly from the day of his arrival, for he had such a habit of taking one of my hands in his, that I often sat idle for a long time together, listening with delight to his tales of travel. One day he announced that he was going with my uncle to call on an old friend in the neighbourhood, and must apologise, with regret, for leaving their society. The ladies were vociferous in lamentations at losing him; but begged that he would not consider them so as to put off his engagement. When he was gone I stood on the window-seat from which I had watched for our expected visitors, hidden by the long thick curtain from the rest of the room. I was looking intently on him and my uncle as they walked down the drive. My intention was, when they had disappeared, to decamp to Joan and make a good morning's work of it, when I was fixed to the spot by amazement at hearing Mrs. Frizelle say, not in French, but plain English, "Pest that he is—I wish he was gone for good!"

This was echoed by the daughters. One of them, however, perhaps in a spirit of contradiction said, that he was very amusing, and she rather liked him.

"Amusing! The old bore!" exclaimed the mother. "About as amusing as the old man himself. As to liking him, you have no reason to do that, when you know he has knocked all my plans on the head, as I am sure he has done; and made our burying ourselves in this Yorkshire hole perfectly useless."

"What! Won't you be able to borrow the money?" asked the invalid lady; "I thought you felt sure of it."

"I hoped strongly at one time; but since that chattering old Penn came, the silly fellow has got colder and colder on the subject."

"Then what is the use of our staying here?" asked the other two young ladies.

"Only that it's convenient to keep quiet till I can raise the money we want," replied Mrs. Frizelle.

What a revelation! I could not take in the full meaning of it all, but I could understand that they were terrible hypocrites, engaged in some plot that good Mr. Penn was hindering.

How uncomfortable I felt! I could not bear to be a listener, and yet I was afraid, by showing myself in retreating, to make it known that I had been hidden and heard their conversation. I trembled so with emotions of indignation and fright, that I dropped my reel of cotton on the oak floor where the carpet did not cover it. Of course, according to the rule "misfortunes never come alone" my housewife followed, letting out of it, scissors and bodkin and wax and more reels, each to make its individual rattle on the hard boards.

There was a sudden hush of voices. Some one then called out, "What's that?" Another answered "The cat," but I revealed the truth by getting off the window-seat and picking up my things, intending to escape. But Mrs. Frizelle was before me; she stood with her back to the door, and in a tone of anger, asked me how long I had been in the room, I told her the truth.

My desperate condition gave me courage. I lost my usual confusion, and looked her steadily in the face.

Certainly I was on the right side of the difficulty. She had too much discretion to say anything more, especially as her daughter remonstrated with her in French, in a way that seemed to calm and satisfy her. Very likely she told her that a dull little thing like "Miss Wretched" could not understand her remarks, especially as she had not spoken in a loud voice. I was sure they would not allow me to go to Joan, fearful of my telling her what I had heard, little or much. They began to say I ought to do a little wool-work for a treat, and showed me patterns of easy stitches and beautiful coloured wools. But I was not taken in, dull as I was; and when uncle and Mr. Penn came in, which they very soon did, having failed to find their friend, I looked first at them, to see how they would receive "the old bores." I could scarcely help exclaiming, when I heard them all declare that they were "charmed to see them back so soon!"

I was so perplexed about what had happened, that I could not make up my mind to tell Joan anything about it; I could not clear the thing up sufficiently to give her an exact account, and I was unwilling, too, to admit that I had been—though involuntarily—a listener.

From that day, however, I never would go near the ladies except at meal-times, or when I had the protection of uncle or Mr. Penn. They often made attempts to allure me into a chat, but I was like a frightened bird, and escaped them. No doubt they wished to discover if I had chattered and betrayed them, but finding that nothing seemed to come of it, they got reassured and left me alone.

At last they went! Happy day for me and for Joan! Uncle and Mr. Penn did not seem to mind about it much; they were very kind and civil to them to the last; but I did not think Mrs. Frizelle had got the money she wanted, for she had grown crosser and crosser every day. There was very loud French talk going on all the while they packed; I was made useful in running up and down stairs on messages and errands, and I hopped about like a cricket, I was so happy.

"I think 'Miss Wretched' must change her name," said the pleasantest of the three daughters, struck by my joyous appearance. Mrs. Frizelle only looked scornful and disgusted, as if she thought any name was good enough for me, or any one in Yorkshire.

The chaise came to the door, the luggage was piled on it, and uncle and Mr. Penn were in the hall waiting to see the ladies comfortably seated. Just before getting into the chaise, Mrs. Frizelle said to uncle, "If anything—any expedient—should strike you, you will let me know." "Certainly—without fail," he answered. I thought I saw a slight chuckle on Mr. Penn's face as he stooped down to pat my head; but it was gone in a moment.

They left, as they had come, without honouring me with the slightest notice. The daughters all looked well pleased to go, but there was an expression of disappointment and vexation on their mother's face. She did not grieve to leave us, nor Yorkshire, of that I was quite sure—no, it was because she had lost the chance of securing my simple-minded uncle's money that she fretted.

Not a word was uttered concerning them after their departure, except by Joan, who frequently exclaimed on their wastefulness, the trouble they gave, and the havoc they had made in the furniture.

I have heard that it is often the case when one change takes place in life, others are sure to follow. I found it so. I had expected when the company had left to return to the pursuits of the quiet days they had broken up; but those days never returned. They had not seemed so very charming to me while they lasted. I had often thought mine was a dull life; no one to speak to but uncle and Joan; no one to show off before but Mary Cross; but the visit of the ladies had taught me the value of what I had slighted. I longed while that lasted to have my lessons—to sit again on my mother's old footstool at my uncle's feet and tell him about my chapter—I longed, too, for a quiet time with Joan to hear her stories, and for a walk with her and Mary Cross to hunt for mushrooms or nuts.

When my uncle called me into the study the next morning, after the old custom, I thought of course it was to recommence the regular work; but, instead of that, he told me he had been thinking how far I was behind girls of my age in many important things, which neither he nor Joan could teach me; he added that Mr. Penn had been advising him to send me to school, where I could mix with girls of

my own condition in life, which would free me from the manner and habits of a little rustic, and give me something of a polish.

There was a choking sensation in my throat. Tears came into my eyes. My uncle, supposing, as he well might, that I was grieving at the thought of leaving him, said kindly, "You will come home at the holidays, you know, and as soon as you have got all the good you need, you will come, never to return—you will be my grown-up Gwen, able to take care of me, write my letters, and be my dear companion!"

I could not, for shame, confess that my sorrow arose from a cause he little suspected. The idea of going as a Yorkshire rustic among "polished" young ladies perfectly dismayed me—I could expect nothing less than a repetition of the contempt I had endured from "the ladies."

By degrees, the idea of returning in an improved style, and the effect I should produce on Joan and Mary Cross, together with the prospect of arriving at such dignity as my uncle had described, restored my serenity.

Joan had her misgivings about my going. She had heard strange tales told about boarding-schools; but she hoped the best, and began to prepare my wardrobe. I implored her not to put into my box the frock which Mrs. Frizelle said I had poked out of the ark; but she was inexorable, and it was packed as *my best*.

Mary Cross was much surprised at my not wishing for it; she said quietly, "Oh, Miss Gwen, if it ever could be (only I know it couldn't) that I could have a frock like that, I should think I was as fine as the Queen—it *is* handsome!" Instead of being reassured by this tribute, my misgivings increased; the insight into the view taken by "the world" of such things, which had been afforded to me by my slight intercourse with "the ladies," had put the approval of such as Joan and Mary Cross into the shade. Happy in my ignorance of "right and wrong" in the matters of toilette, before the Frizelle advent had enlightened me, I had placed implicit confidence in Joan's verdict, and been quite satisfied with the innocent, unaffected admiration with which Mary had always done homage to any change in my dress; but those days of bliss had gone; I disliked, and, up to my power I despised, "the ladies," but there was no doubt in my mind that they were genuine authorities on the subject, and quite right where they condemned.

So I resolved, secretly, that my "handsome frock," which would make Mary Cross as fine as the "Queen" should never see daylight if I could keep the key of the box that held it, while I was among the young ladies whose society, my uncle thought, would "free me from the manners of a little rustic, and give me something of a polish." My poor uncle little suspected the source of all or most, of my "rusticity," my awkwardness and shyness. If he had been able to read my heart he would have discovered that my abounding "love of approbation" destroyed my happiness and spoiled my manners. I did not know this to be the root of the bitterness that so often troubled my life, but I could not help thinking that poor Mary Cross was much happier than I was, though Joan was sometimes very sharp with her, and no one else seemed to remember her existence. She always appeared perfectly satisfied, regarded Joan with profound awe, and as to my uncle, I remember now, how her eyes were riveted on him when he read the Scriptures at prayer-time; and how at all times her face beamed with pleasure when she had any little office to perform for him. She, without my being aware of it, made a strong impression on my mind, and I afterwards thought her "head must be well balanced." I had heard my godfather remark to my uncle when they were talking of character, that a well-balanced character was greatly owing to "self-esteem and love of approbation" being both well developed. I did not understand them then, but I have looked at the cast my uncle has in his study, marked with all the organs, and felt sure there must be truth in the science of phrenology, and that my case (I had scarcely any bump of self-esteem) was a proof of it.

ANNALS OF PRISON LIFE IN INDIA.

BY A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

II.

IT was customary when any new criminal arrived, for the prison authorities to send me an official notification of the fact, stating his name, age, and also to what religious denomination, if any, he professed to belong.

One day as I was returning from my visit to the Military Hospital, where I had been holding my ordinary weekly service for the convalescents, I was met by the gaol "chuprassee" (messenger), who put into my hands the usual documents announcing the expected arrival on that evening of another inmate, forwarded from the capital on a sentence of ten years, for having robbed one of the great benevolent societies of two thousand five hundred pounds whilst occupying a post of trust under the secretary of that society.

The history of this man had been one of repeated crime, and of sin against light and knowledge. A resident of Mauritius at one time he committed a similar offence, for which he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in that island. No sooner, however, had he completed his term there, than he had the hardihood to come to Calcutta and seek the above appointment, which he unfortunately obtained.

In the evening, driving up to the gaol, which was

about two miles from the military station, in the centre of which I lived, I happened to reach it just at the moment of the arrival of this my new charge under escort of an European constable and four or five native guards.

"Here, yer riverence," exclaimed the constable—a facetious Irishman—introducing his charge to my notice and giving me the customary salute, "I've brought ye a man this time, who knows the Bible by heart, and if yer riverence should be in want of any help on Sundays, he can preach for ye."

The constable was right in one of his statements at any rate, he *did know the Bible by heart*, in that sense of the phrase. He was a man who had evidently been well brought up; he, moreover, proved of great use to me subsequently, though not exactly in the manner indicated. But more of him anon.

The hour at which I held Divine Service at the gaol on Sundays, varied according to the time of year. In the hot season, when it would have been prejudicial to the health of the soldiers to muster them after the sun was high in the heavens, the "Parade Service," as it is called—for which the troops are marched to church in full uniform, accompanied by their officers and the band of the regiment—took place at seven A.M. and the service at the gaol afterwards. In the cold season, on the contrary, the "Parade Service" was at eleven o'clock, and I had then to hold the gaol service sufficiently early in the morning to enable it to be over and get back to the station myself in time for the other service.

One of the first things that struck me on taking over spiritual charge of the prisoners of the Mofussil gaol was the utterly listless way in which they regarded the service on the Lord's Day.

Scarcely any of them knelt during the prayers, but either lounged across the rough forms, or remained sullenly in their places, their heads buried in their hands; whilst I have seen not a few sitting with their fingers in their ears, to shut out all sound of the gracious message of pardon and of peace. Most of them indeed seemed to regard the whole service as a wearisome form.

Nor could this be greatly wondered at. No hymns were sung to enliven the service—and there was not a man in the whole prison who possessed a hymn-book. Here and there one might be seen holding in his hand a Book of Common Prayer; this, however, was so rare an instance that the exception but proved the rule. No one responded to any portion of the service, and in the repeated prayer for mercy in the responses of our beautiful Litany, the voices of the officials alone were audible, those of the prisoners themselves being hushed in dogged silence.

Besides the service on Sunday above referred to, I held a short one every Thursday evening with an extempore address, at which the attendance of the men was optional; they might be present or not as they pleased. This was, I rejoice to say, well attended, and I seldom missed one man from his accustomed place—a fact, however, which I believe was mainly due to their attendance being voluntary; the Sunday service, on the contrary, being compulsory, they regarded it as a portion of that gaol discipline under which they always chafed.

The foregoing, however, refers to the early part of my ministrations amongst them, for soon after I was established there I sent to the Lieutenant-Governor an official requisition, informing his Excellency of the great need that existed for books of each kind, namely, Bibles, Prayer-books, and hymn-books.

The "paternal government" is not prone to feel any very overweening interest in the souls of its prisoners, and I consequently received in reply a grant of the magnificent sum of thirty rupees (3*l.*) for this object. However, I tried to feel thankful for small mercies, and to an appeal to the Society for the "Promotion of Christian Knowledge" I met with a more generous response, and obtained for my thirty rupees a sufficient number of books of each kind to meet all my wants.

At this time too, Divine Service was held on the ground floor under a portico, benches being brought there each time for the purpose; but on ascertaining that the basement story of the building containing the infirmary was unused, I obtained from the superintendent—an excellent Christian man, ever ready to further any scheme that had for its object the welfare of the prisoners—the permission to turn one of the empty rooms into a chapel; whilst in the work of rendering the place fit for its sacred uses, I found not only the superintendent, but the prisoners themselves, ready helpers.

With the acquisition of a room for Divine worship, the next thing to be thought of was its cleanliness and adornment. In this I found the Italian prisoner of real use, and whom I trust I had taught ere this to comprehend that the murder of "a Jew" was no less a sin in the sight of God than that of a Christian. He painted under my direction the walls of the room very beautifully and appropriately in fresco, particularly the side where the communion-table was to be placed.

The benches, which were to have backs and ledges for kneeling, were being made in the gaol workshop, together with the communion rails, for nothing was to be omitted that *could* be accomplished to make our little sanctuary as like a real church as possible. My belief being that by thus reminding them of former days, before they became prisoners, when they met together on the Lord's Day, as most of them *had* done, it would have a refining and softening influence upon them above all other.

In a year's time from the commencement of the work, under God's blessing the once unsightly room was finished, and now presented quite an ecclesiastical appearance, looking like a little church indeed. One thing, however, was still wanting. What should we do for the music? For we intended that the *praises* of God should also ascend from these prison enclosures, and mingle with the prayers for pardon and grace.

I had long felt the need of some instrument, for although, since the arrival of the books, we had sung hymns, yet the singing was not so hearty and well-sustained as I could wish. Moreover, it was always a difficulty to find a man who could start the tunes, although many had good voices and were fairly good musicians. Poor fellows, what they lacked was courage. I liked to see their diffidence, it was—in their sad position—so very natural, and arose partly from an innate sense of unworthiness. At last, to our great joy, came the gift of a harmonium. Then followed that of a small, but real silver, set of communion plate.

To three men who were true and consistent penitents I had administered for a long time the Holy

Communion regularly once a month. So far as I know it had never been administered in the gaol before, but it seemed wrong to deny these poor, weak, but repentant brethren so rich a means of grace, and I had every reason to believe that several more would desire to become communicants ere long. I had held latterly a Bible-class, and there were by this time, amongst those who availed themselves of it, many earnest seekers after holiness. The three I allude to as having been the first to receive the Holy Communion were helping me greatly, and I trusted that by their means, under God's blessing, without whom no work begun can prosper, they might one day "leaven the whole lump."

So soon as the harmonium had arrived, the kind superintendent allowed such of the men as were about to form the choir an hour's exemption from work in each week, so that they might practise for Sunday. One whom for the sake of concealment I shall call Smith, and whom the reader will remember having been ushered in by the constable as a man who not only knew the Bible by heart, but who could even preach for me if I required help—had been a good organist in his day. To him, therefore, I delegated the playing of the harmonium and conduct of the choir generally, a task he was most willing to undertake.

At length came to our little chapel the gift of a crimson altar-cloth, bearing on its frontal the monogram "I.H.S." which, by getting a better one from England, we were enabled to transfer from the big station church. In this I was largely indebted to the parishioners, both civil and military, who, by contributing handsomely to the new one, were really the means of the other being placed at the service of the gaol.

In all these arrangements, which were now rendered complete, the prisoners took the greatest interest. It was like the dawning of a new life to them. Indeed, from the beginning it was wonderful to see with what anxiety they watched the progress of each section of the work, as it now was to witness the eagerness with which they practised the chants and hymns, and the singing at our services became henceforth hearty, and, I trust, sincere.

From the commencement, the hymns had had a very humanising effect upon them. Never can I forget the first Sunday they were introduced, or many a one after, for some of them were sung with a tenderness and pathos that drew our hearts together in one common brotherhood. Those familiar strains uttered by the lips of these poor criminals, amid all their sad surroundings, touched a chord within us—a link in the chain that binds humanity together, which made us all akin, and I doubt whether, amongst the whole assembly, chaplain and flock, a dry eye could have been found.

A PLEASANT SUNDAY RETREAT IN SAVOY.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

IN a journey of about four hours by rail or road, the tourist may make his way from Geneva to another city and another lake, presenting a miniature resemblance of the famous resort in Southern Switzerland. If they do not exhibit the grandeur and majesty of the latter, as to artistic or natural aspects, they are well adapted to attract, by their seclusion and limited extent, those who are tired of crowded streets, or wearied with long drives and tedious steamboat excursions. Annecy is becoming more and more known, and every year enjoys an increasing number of visitors: no one who has ever been there but will wish again to see its quaint buildings and its quiet mountain-girdled waters.

There is a village to the north of the lake, which bears the name of Annecy le Vieux, where interesting Roman remains have been found. It was succeeded by the present city, which was called, in the twelfth century, Anneciacum Novum, and formed the capital of the Duchy of Geneva. Its history is full of vicissitude and romance from that period down to the French Revolution. Changes in government and religion have occurred. It has been Ducal and Republican, Protestant and Roman Catholic; its edifices tell of destruction and decay, also of renovation and modern improvement. The château of the Genevois Nemours family, crowning an eminence on the south side, is now used for barracks. A venerable belfry, of Roman Byzantine architecture, adorns the church of Notre Dame. The cathedral of Sainte-Croix, built at the time of the Reformation, now unites a modern tower to its original Gothic architecture, near which are episcopal buildings erected in 1784, upon the site of a convent of the Cordeliers. A large white Hôtel de Ville, a Public Library and Hospital and Grand Seminary, are objects of which the present citizens are very proud. But those who are in search of the picturesque will be more interested in the winding, straggling thoroughfares, the clumsy Italian-looking colonnades here and there, the old-fashioned houses, and the little bridges crossing canals which intersect the place, reminding one of Venice on a small scale. Rambles at eventide through the narrow streets afford not only diversion, but suggest dreamy and pensive memories of days gone by.

There are two names above all others associated with Annecy: St. François de Sales, and Ste. Jeanne Françoise de Chantal. St. François de Sales was Bishop of Geneva from 1602 to 1622, when Geneva was connected with Annecy; there he had his cathedral and his episcopal home. The latter, which is a little distance from the present episcopal palace, we visited with much curiosity. It stands in the Rue Ste. Claire, and now consists of a mean-looking house, with an interior court, such as are

found in the French hotels of the sixteenth century, with a little *portail* on the left-hand corner, built in the Renaissance style, opening upon a winding staircase, which the feet of St. Francis probably often trod. He was a remarkable man, full of simplicity and self-denial, animated by a most devout spirit, with which were blended intense Roman Catholic prejudices. He was bent on the conversion of heretics, and it is said that he succeeded in this respect to a large extent. "If you would have the heretics convinced, bring them to me," said Cardinal du Perron; "if you would have them converted, send them to the Bishop of Geneva." He was not a cruel persecutor, but he sought, with unconquerable zeal, to proselytise people to his own church. His gentleness in dealing with abandoned characters with a view to their moral reformation, was very beautiful: "All I ask of you," he would say, "is not to despair." And, when remonstrated with for excessive charity, he replied, "Had Saul been rejected, should we have had St. Paul?" His personal influence must have been greatly helped by his personal appearance; for it is said "he was so remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the angelic expression of his regular and delicate features, that painting could hardly idealise him."

But, though famed for his gentleness, he looked on the Edict of Nantes as a great evil, and trembled lest any act of toleration like that should be repeated in his diocese by the Duke of Savoy. There is a life of him now lying before us, written by M. le Curé de Saint-Sulpice, in which his virtues and achievements are described with admiring sympathy, and his zeal for the recovery of Protestants to the Church of Rome is one of the special themes of biographical eulogy. He died at Lyons, uttering pious exclamations: "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning." "Lord, if I am needful to Thy people, I refuse not labour, but I am a useless servant, useless, useless, useless." "Have pity on me, O Lord." "Wash me from mine iniquity; cleanse me from my sin." "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God." "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord." "Show me, Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest Thy flock, and makest them lie down at noon." "Holy, holy, holy, the whole earth is full of Thy glory." And so François de Sales passed away to another world. He was canonised in 1661; his remains, having been removed to Annecy, now rest in the modern church of St. Francis.

Ste. Jeanne Françoise de Chantal was a lady who entertained an absorbing reverence and affection for the bishop, and early indicated her antipathy to heretics. We learn from the biographers of St. Francis, that as a child, she could not bear the touch of heretics, nor would she receive any acts of kindness at their hands. From the narratives given by certain Roman Catholic writers, we receive a more unfavourable impression of some of the later saints than we receive from the writings of candid and sympathising Protestants, like Mrs. Jameson.

LAKE OF ANNECY.

The curé of St. Sulpice points out the intolerance of his hero and heroine, with manifest admiration; and it is sadly plain what a state of society it was when such a quality was exhibited as virtuous. Public opinion is somewhat changed since then. Mutual charity is praised and enforced; but there is still much to be practically learned in this respect; and it is a relief to think of the "all-reconciling world," where the prejudices of this life will be totally effaced, and purified professors of a religion of love will marvel at their alienation from each other whilst here below. Manifestations of bigotry strangely crossed the devotional ardour of Ste. Jeanne Françoise, yet it is to be candidly and gratefully acknowledged, that to her horror of Protest-

antism she united the utmost tenderness in the treatment of all human misery wherever she found it, so that her ministries of mercy have become renowned, not only in Annecy, but throughout the Roman Catholic world. When left a widow, having made arrangements for her family, she assisted St. Francis in instituting the order of visitations, as it was called, and took the name of La Mère Chantal. Her son, the father of Madame de Sévigné, threw himself at her feet, as she crossed the threshold of her old home, to fulfil her new vow; when she paused, burst into tears, stepped over him and went on her way, a remarkable instance of perverted heroism, of natural affection sacrificed to misconceptions of religious duty.

There is a third celebrity connected with Annecy, of a very different character. Jean J. Rousseau sojourned in the town, with Madame de Warens, and he in his "Confessions" says the bishop of the

OLD PRISON AT ANNECY.

town at that period, De Rossillon de Berner, resembled St. Francis in many points, but had less spirit. A story is told of the house, where the philosopher and the lady lived, being in flames, and of his energy in seeking to save the furniture. When he descended to the garden, it is added he joined his friend in prayer, being at the time a sincere Catholic, upon which the wind shifted and the tenement was saved from further injury. He excuses himself in his "Confessions" for having regarded the occurrence as a miracle. The house, it may be added, stood opposite the cathedral.

We spent a quiet Sunday at Annecy, and worshipped at the French Church, when the pastor preached an admirable sermon to a small congregation. A few soldiers dropped in during the service, but the whole appearance of things indicated the low ebb which Protestantism had reached in a district where once it had such a strong hold on the population. In this instance the depression certainly could not be owing to rationalism in the pulpit, for the discourse was thoroughly evangelical, and the preacher had evidently prepared with care what he delivered without notes. A walk by the lake at eventide, when fashionable throngs—who had paraded up and down the promenade to the music of a military band—had retired to their homes, and all was peaceful, formed a pleasant close to a continental Sunday; hallowed in the morning by the simple, touching worship of the French Protestant communion. The sun had set, dark shadows from the mountains lay along the waters, the stars were beginning to light up, and the whole scene was adapted to lift the soul into realms of holy meditation, where man through faith in Divine revelation can unite what is spiritual with what is natural, and hold fellowship with the Father of all, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

We made a charming excursion round the lake next day. Starting from the Quay of Annecy, we found ourselves in front of a fine range of mountains to the east, with sloping fertile upland scenery to the north. A house is pointed out, a little way from the town, on the opposite side, called La Tour, where Eugène Sue wrote some of his works, and not far from it is a house at Chavoires, according to tradition once inhabited by Rousseau, though he says nothing about it in his "Confessions." It commands a charming view of the neighbouring hills, fields, and villages, and is just the sort of home to delight a poet and philosopher. The mountain of Veyrier, crowned with gigantic rocks, and mantled with green vines, appears soon afterwards, in picturesque beauty; and then the boat, in about ten minutes, touches at Menthon, a little village situated in a delicious valley. On the heights above stands a château, which we were anxious to visit, though to scale

the winding road to the castle gate was no slight task on a hot summer afternoon. However, we accomplished the feat, passing a few cottages, and threading some vineyard paths by the way. Knocking at a little door within a courtyard reminding us of days long, long ago, we found from a servant that the house was not open to the public, but on application to the owner we were permitted to enter, and were well rewarded for our venture. The history of the castle runs back to the thirteenth century, but with well preserved and restored mediæval remains, are combined modern apartments full of elegance, luxury and comforts. The architecture, without and within, is very diverse; but amidst objects old and new, all very interesting, we were chiefly engaged in examining the apartments connected with St. Bernard, the Apostle of the Alps, whose name induced us to stop at Menthon. Here he was born, here he lived as a youth, and here is shown his chamber, now transformed into a chapel. The window looks on a glorious prospect of hill and valley, wood and water, fields and vineyards, and with it is associated a tradition to the effect that when pressed by his family to marry a young lady in the neighbourhood, he made his escape from home by leaping out of the window, that he might spend his time as a recluse, and devote himself to a celibate life of religion.

There are some curious remains of Roman baths at Menthon; and, moreover, the place is remarkable as the scene of St. François de Sales' labours. The village had been Protestant for some time, when he visited it for the purpose of proselytising the inhabitants. Born not-far off, and living as he did at Annecy, he naturally turned his thoughts to such a neighbourhood: his labours there, how he preached and conversed with the people; his self-denial, how he travelled on foot at the peril of his life, which was threatened by enemies, and spent one wintry night in a wood; and his wonderful achievements, including the restoration to life of a dead child, for the sake of accomplishing the conversion of the mother—these, and many other things, are duly recorded by the Curé of Saint-Sulpice. Now, whatever may be thought of some of the details given in the volume, this is plain enough, that if the like zeal, diligence, and self-denial were devoted by us to the works of genuine evangelisation, it would soon change the aspect of our country. All mere proselytism from church to church, under whatever name it may be veiled, is not true Catholicism, but real, though disguised, sectarianism; and no lesson needs to be more intelligently and earnestly enforced than this—that to convert a bad man into a good man, through the Gospel of Christ, is a very different thing from bringing any one over from one denomination to another.

It is curious, after reading in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," that until 1597 St. Francis was for four years without any great fruit of his labours, to find the words, "In 1598 the public exercise of the Catholic religion was restored, and Calvinism banished by the Duke's orders over all Chablais and the two bailiwicks of Terni and Gaillard." Something very different, then, from moral persuasion was employed to further the object St. Francis had in view.

With these thoughts in our mind, we pass from the village of Menthon to the village of Talloires, where in the public place, near the parish church, people in the fifteenth century were put to death for heresy. Persecution, wherever it obtains, must come under the condemnation of every enlightened Christian, but nobody can deny that Romanists have established this iniquity both by principle and by practice as no other class of persons have ever done. Antoine de Charrière in 1446; François Duport and Jean Marin de Verel, in 1456; and Perronnette in 1485, expired in the flames, as a penalty for their opposition to the tenets of the predominant party in Christendom. Certainly we did not expect to meet with these traces of early Protestantism on the shores of the lake of Annecy. Not far from the water-side are the remains of an old abbey, now turned into an hotel, where the tourist may find comfortable accommodation in rooms once occupied by monks, and eat wholesome food cooked in a kitchen which once served up dinners in the refectory, and take a retired stroll in dilapidated cloisters once catching the shadows of the cowled brotherhood as they walked in the sunshine. Some of the Gothic rooms are fitted up in the style of the seventeenth century; and the apartments of the prior retain traces of luxury, subjects connected with the chase and with fishing being intermixed in the decorations with figures of the apostles. Over one of the doorways in the abbey may be seen the word "Silentium," but if report, not of English Protestants, but of the French guide-book in our hand, be true, the monks must at one time have been very uproarious, for all sorts of excesses prevailed, and the inmates thought much more of their wine-cellars than of fasting and prayer. At the back of Talloires is a little chapel built on a rock, bearing the name of St. Germain, a Belgian monk of the abbey who became a hermit, and lived in a grotto, a short distance from the chapel. When Savoy was united to France, after the Revolution, the remains of the hermit were preserved, and in 1831 were translated to a church which bears his name, and is now a place for the resort of pilgrims in the neighbourhood.

The most beautiful part of the lake is the south-east end. The sides between Menthon and Talloires shelve down perpendicularly to the water's edge, without road or pathway; and above, at the greatest height, the jagged rock protrudes, so as to resemble a castle wall, with a slope of green sod lying at the basement. Beyond, to the south, are magnificent mountains, of diversified shape, running in the direction of Mont Blanc, with rounded and jagged peaks, some bare, some dotted with pines. There are spurs in front covered with vineyards and villages, and churches are seen nestled amidst trees. Trellised vines project into the lake on the south-west bank, and poplars line the well-engineered road close to the water.

St. Francis loved to wander about amidst this scenery, indulging in such religious thoughts as the following, and indicating a love for animals like his namesake of Assisi:

"I also met God," writes he to Madame de Chantal, "full of sweetness amongst the loftiest mountains, where many simple souls worship Him in all truth and sincerity, where the deer and the chamois run and announce his praises amidst the terrible glaciers. Failing in devotion, I only understood some words of their language, but it seemed to me they said

beautiful things. St. Augustine would have well understood them had he seen them."

Like Anselm and Luther, he also found in the simple incidents of mountain life subjects to suggest spiritual lessons. Reflecting on a story he heard of a mountaineer who had risked his life to save a sheep and also to save a friend, he says:

"Oh God, if such was the earnestness of this shepherd in seeking for a mean animal, which had probably been frozen on the glacier, how is it that I am so indifferent in seeking my sheep? What a lesson for me, in this shepherd who exposed himself to such perils, and whose zeal was so great that it made him forget himself in thinking of the animal which he feared to lose; and in the love of his neighbour who descended into the abyss to rescue his friend. Ah! these glaciers ought to make me either freeze with fear or burn with love. No sun was ever powerful enough to melt the ice which chills my spirit."

We have mentioned the Castle of Menthon high up on the hill, now we have to notice another castle on the opposite side, built close to the margin of the lake, called Le Château de Duingt, flanked by an old cylindrical tower, and unfortunately crowned with a modern belvedere. The interior, which we did not visit, is described as fitted up in the style of Louis XV. It is constructed on the ruins of a building which belonged to a very ancient family, and had gathered round it romantic fairy tales.

Returning to Annecy, on the south-west side of the lake, we pass a little island called Roselet, where may be traced relics of lake-dwellings of the prehistoric period, of which there were several in Switzerland, especially on the lake of Zurich, and views are caught of an old hexagon-shaped tower, somewhat after the Scotch eleventh-century fashion, seen just behind the Castle of Duingt. There is nothing particular to arrest attention on the way back, besides what has been noticed already.

Altogether, the water-cruise that day was most delightful, and the recollection of it we shall ever cherish with thankfulness; nor can a reader bent on a trip to that part of the world, do better than to arrange for a Sunday and Monday at Annecy, attending the French service one day, and exploring the town and lake on another. There are divers excursions in the neighbourhood, commended by the hotel-keepers, and extolled in the guide-book, but we had time only for one, on Tuesday morning. That was to the Gorge du Fier, ten minutes from the Lovagny Station on the Aix-les-Bains railway. We preferred to reach it by carriage, along a road replete with beautiful scenery from beginning to end. Arrived at our destination, we saw, close by, the Château of Montrotier, well worth a visit, it is said, but we had time to do no more than examine the gorge. Through a limestone fissure of enormous depth, the sides of which almost touch, there rushes at the bottom, in a torrent, the river Fier, winding, roaring, gurgling and foaming, in a most mysterious manner. For 300 yards along one side, following the sinuosities of the rock, there is constructed of wood and iron, a light, but strong gallery, about fifty feet above the stream, with festoons of clematis and ivy hanging overhead; an old Roman, and a new railway bridge, span the cavern farther on, and near at hand is a strangely indented surface of rock, below which, as Murray says, "the river may be detected silently streaming through a network of channels and holes similar to those of the Porte du Rhône at Bellegrade."

Those who are fond of mountain climbing may scale Tournette 7,756 feet, from Talloires; and Semnoz, 5,572 feet, and Parmelan, 6,007 feet, by Ste. Claire and Val de Dingy. On this last mountain are ice-caverns, of which the Glacière de Grand Anu is said to be the best.

"LARGE LIGHT."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* iii. 16.

WHEN this text was once read by a missionary for the first time, one of the audience said, "Read that again. Is that true? God love us! God give His Son for us! Oh, that is large light!"

This poor heathen had been living in the darkness, and this great Gospel text came to him as a revelation from heaven—as indeed it is a revelation, the revelation of all revelations. Not one of the sons of men would have known what this text declares had Jesus Christ not come into the world and spoken these words.

Here is "large light" upon *the character of God.* How do we know God? By His works. Look abroad over the wide world, on its hills and plains, on its mountains and valleys, on its rivers and seas, on its living landscapes clothed with verdure and adorned with flowers. Look above, on the broad expanse of sky, gemmed by night with a thousand stars, glorious by day with the brilliance of a million sunbeams. This must all have had a maker, and "He who made all things is"—must be—"God!" Supreme! Almighty! And we may learn something of God from these his works. These are all His own sublime conceptions, His own wonderful creations. Rich beyond all human conception must His mind be. Vast His power—giving form to His creative ideas by a word! Wonderful His skill—"hanging the earth upon nothing," adjusting all the parts of the vast machinery so that there is no clashing, but all "works together for good." Great His goodness in making a world like this for man. All this may be learned of God from contemplating the work of His hands.

But here is something that cannot be learned from them.

I am a sinner, and it is against this great God I sin. What is to become of me? Conscience says it is right that I should suffer, and conscience is the voice of a Divine law within me. But can God forgive? Can He save me from perishing? Will He if He can? How can I get such questions as these answered, questions that concern me so much to get answered? Nowhere from Nature. Nor is there a voice within me that can give a reply! But the answer is given in this text, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him *should not perish*, but have everlasting life." What light flashes from this word upon the character of God. It says, He

is Love. He loves a world of men that are perishing, and perishing because of their sin. "Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of a heathen. "Our gods never think of loving us," was the cold and cheerless reply.

No such idea attaches to any idol god. Nor is it possible that it should, for the heathen can attach to their divinities only such ideas as arise in their own minds, and these ideas are those of physical power, anger, wrath. Man could have no conception of God's loving him had it not been revealed from heaven. Men may talk glibly of God being love now, even while they reject the Gospel by which alone they gained the knowledge of it. But the sublimest revelation of God is in the old familiar text, the "large light" is here.

And it casts "large light" on *the work of Christ.* Suppose words like these had never been spoken to men, and yet, the love being in the Divine heart, Jesus Christ had come to our world, and lived the perfect life He did, and then had been put to death by wicked hands, as He was. What meaning would it all have had to us? A perfect being in a world of sin! Whence came He? What did He come to such a world for? Why should a perfect being suffer? Why should He be put to death? What would all this have meant to us? Strange! Inexplicable! But by uttering these words Christ explained it all beforehand. They throw "large light" on the work of Christ, and show it to have been the manifestation of the Divine love. It says nothing of the work of Christ being necessary to appease the Divine wrath. That idea is in the very teeth of this text, which speaks of the love of God as the cause and not as the consequence of Christ offering Himself as a sacrifice. It was because the great Father loved us that He "gave"—devoted to death—his only begotten Son. It was to make amends to the law man had broken, and so to make it possible to forgive sinners in a way honourable to the Divine righteousness. Through the love of God we have now received the atonement, and so, on account of it, whosoever believeth in Him, the dying, living Saviour, will not perish, but have everlasting life.

And here is "large light" also on *the condition and destiny of man.* For this great fact of God giving his Son to the world bears on human life in a wonderful way. Here are we born into a world of sin—born of a sinful race. Sin is here, and there is a disposition, more or less strong, in every human heart to commit sin. We could not help being born into such a world, nor with such moral tendencies. What a terrible disadvantage then are we at, to be brought into a world of sin, with a nature prone to sin, and with the judgment of God pronounced against sinners. Our doom is fixed beforehand. Ah! so it would, but for what the great text says, that because God gave his Son, those who believe in Him will not perish. Though we were born into a world of sin it is a world in which the Son of man had been "lifted up" before us that all men might be drawn unto Him and be saved. Oh, this rolls off the dark clouds from human life. It is true, that if a man sin he will suffer even now: sin will have its revenge upon a man, agonies of soul are the fruits of sin. Yet the sinner need not perish. Here is the way of escape. Though a man must suffer so far as he sins, yet, repenting of sin, believing in Jesus, the great Sin-bearer, he will not perish. He may rise out of his sin, and escape its penalty by the help of the redeeming Son of God.

And more than this, he may attain unto everlasting life, which is something more than not perishing. It is a great thing for a sinner not to perish, yet it is but a negative good. There is a poor wretch condemned to die. The just sentence is, by powerful interposition commuted—he is not to perish. But what *is* to become of him? Is he to be restored to his place in society, and treated as though he had done no wrong? That cannot be, but, wonder of wonders, this Divine word says that the believing soul, who was nigh unto perishing, is to be dealt with as though it had done no wrong, and is to find his place among the sons of God. He is to have everlasting life, and that is not only life unending, but life crowned with blessings, life crowned with glory, honour, and joy. "Large light" this, light which falls on the darkness of human life and makes it glorious.

It is on the strength of this text I go to the sinner writhing under the sense of guilt with all the agonies of a stricken conscience, and I say to him, "Cheer up, brother, thy sins be forgiven thee."

On the strength of the same word I go to the man who dreads eternity, fearing what it may bring him of anguish and horror, and I tell that man that if his outlook is full of horrors it is his own fault, for he need not perish but live and be happy for ever. If he believe, eternal life is certainly his. So is it also on the strength of this Divine announcement I go to the dying man in his struggles with the last enemy, and to say, "Brother, by faith you may conquer death, and death shall not conquer you." To die is not to perish. It is to begin to live. This is true for you if you believe in Christ. When you have "shuffled off this mortal coil," you will find yourself alive for evermore.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

J. B. F.

BOGATZKY AND THE "GOLDEN TREASURY."

II.

IN 1747, at the desire of many friends, Bogatzky prepared a series of meditations on the texts contained in the "Golden Treasury," writing one each day, and completing the whole within the year. Prayers also were added to each day's portion. This work was issued in two thick quarto volumes. The title was "Daily Housebook for the Children of God." In 1760 he prepared a second series of the "Treasury" itself. He also issued a series for the young.

The first appearance of the "Golden Treasury" in an English dress took place in the year 1775. It was issued without any printer's or publisher's name. It is not a translation pure and simple. We are told on the title-page that it is "with some alterations and improvements by various hands."

The alterations are considerable. Great freedom is used in translation. Bogatzky's verses, when

reproduced at all, are rendered into prose and incorporated in the meditation, new texts and meditations are frequently substituted for Bogatzky's own, verses of English hymns are substituted for the German verses selected or written by Bogatzky himself. The editor of the English edition was the Rev. Roger Bentley, who was vicar of Camberwell in 1795. The English preface was written by him, not without suggestions from Bogatzky's. Among those who contributed to the "improvement" of the original "Golden Treasury," or whose writings were used for the purpose, were Bentley, Owen, Romaine, Bishop Hall, Horne, Newton, Law and others.* There will be differences of taste among readers on this subject, but not a few doubtless would prefer to have the original "Golden Treasury," pure and simple, rendered into a corresponding English style, with its greater brevity, and with the prose and verse separated and reproduced each in its proper form. It is only right, however, fully to acknowledge the great service rendered by Mr. Bentley to English Christians by the preparation of the book. The adaptation of it which he deemed necessary at the time to fit it for English readers has not, at least, hindered—very possibly it has helped its popularity. The current English "Bogatzky" is based only on the first part of the German one. A translation of the second part was issued as an "Evening Treasury," with Bogatzky's own preface, with a very scanty sketch of his life by Mr. Steinkopf, one of the secretaries of the Bible Society.

The years after he left Halle, from 1718 to 1740, were spent by Bogatzky almost exclusively in Silesia. During these years he lost his father, travelled about much, acting as the spiritual counsellor and guide of many of the upper classes—holding meetings and writing hymns, working from time to time, as we have seen, at his "Treasury," made his headquarters at Glauchau, and co-operated with Pastor Mischka in the work of the Orphan-house which that devoted minister established there till the break-up of the establishment by the Imperial authority. In 1726 he married his cousin, whom he had been the means of converting, and who with her mother had been attracted to Glauchau, as Bogatzky himself had been, by the ministry and work of Mischka. Their means were slender, their privations many, but their married life was very happy. They had two sons, who were educated first by himself, but were sent afterwards to school by the assistance of benevolent ladies. They had also a daughter, who lived only six months. The morning prayers of the household were conducted by his wife—who had a remarkable gift of prayer—as he was not strong enough to undertake these; he took the evening worship. He held a weekly meeting for edification attended by all the noble families in the neighbourhood, and was in the habit of visiting the sick and the dying. After the break-up of the Orphan-house he used to put down many occasional thoughts that occurred to him, which were afterwards collected in a little book, the title of which it is difficult to render by any apt equivalent; literally, it is "Concise little Sighs." This book also contained rhymed prayers for parents and children, which he used daily with his own children. Whenever he had any special anxiety about temporal or spiritual things, or was stirred up to praise God, he wrote a hymn. He was the author in all of 411 hymns. Of all his writings, the production by which he is most widely known to his fellow-countrymen is the Missionary Hymn, of which we have already given a translation (p. 332).

In 1734, Bogatzky lost his wife—she was at Menze at the time. Her end was a bright and peaceful one. He felt her loss very deeply. He never married again, though at one time, for the sake of his children, he seriously thought of doing so.

In 1740, he went to Saalfeld, proposing to remain only four or five weeks there; but, as it turned out, he lived there for six years. Very soon after his arrival, he was invited to take up his residence in the ducal castle, where he lived till after the death both of the Duke and Duchess. He wrote much, but published very little during his residence at Saalfeld. It was not till he was settled finally in Halle, in the Orphan-house, that the great mass of his very numerous writings was published. Even to enumerate the titles of them would occupy more space than could be given to them in these pages. In a list before us contained in the third edition of the second volume of his "House-book" mentioned above, are the titles of over forty separate works, one of which, the most important that has not been named in this sketch, is "Meditations on the New Testament" in seven volumes.

His works are all of a spiritual, edifying and practical character, and all of them were the outcome of his inner life, or were called for by the needs of others, and the exigencies of his work. They are of much more than historical interest. Others of them, besides his "Golden Treasury," are from time to time republished in his own country. We have before us recent Berlin republications of two. Several of his hymns are found in all collections. He was exposed in his last days to bitter attacks. His views on the subject of the necessity of a truly converted ministry were much controverted. He experienced heavy losses. He lost indeed his all by the disasters that overtook his brother, in whose estate his money was invested. His inward experience too was much clouded at times. At the end of 1768, the Duke of Mecklenburg invited him to come and end his days with him; his advancing years and infirmities forbade his accepting the invitation.

In the year 1764, he began to write his autobiography, which he continued till 1772. After his death in 1774, at the advanced age of eighty-four, the MS. was lost sight of, and was not found till February, 1801, when it was published by Knapp, in Halle. It has been since republished in Berlin (1872), and translated into English. It seems, however, to have attracted little attention in England.

There are few instances in our literature in which so little is generally known of the author of a book which has exercised so deep and enduring an influence on our religious life, as has Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury."

In Germany the importance of Bogatzky's life and work is fully recognised, and they have met with their due recognition in the best histories of the time.

JOHN KELLY (*translator of Paul Gerhardt's "Spiritual Songs."*)

* These particulars as to the English contributors to the "Treasury" were kindly communicated by Mr. Bridgewater, the trustee of Mr. Bentley's daughter and executor of her husband, both of whom died at an advanced age, over thirty-five years ago.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 17.

THE CALL OF MOSES. EXODUS III. 1–14.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 12.—'*And He said, Certainly I will be with thee.*'

CONNECTION.—The life of Moses was divided into three periods of forty years each: the first of TRAINING in Egypt, the second of WAITING in Midian, the third of RULING Israel. The last of our 'Studies' left him at the beginning of the second period, seated by the well, whence he was soon called to partake of Arab hospitality, and to find a comparatively quiet and retired home. Here he married Zipporah, the 'little bird,' daughter of the priest-chieftain Raguel (Reuel), or Jethro. Hobab (Num. x. 29) was probably Jethro's son, and therefore brother-in-law to Moses. The names which the future leader of Israel gave to his sons are an index to his feelings in Midian, Gershom, 'a stranger there,' and Eliezer, 'My God is a help,' Exod. xviii. 4. He felt the bitterness of exile, yet trusted in God, and learned many a lesson of humility and patient waiting. We may suppose also, that amid the quiet leisure of Midian, the beginnings of SCRIPTURE were prepared, through that Divine teaching which has often blessed retired and solitary hours.

At length the long reign of the Pharaoh from whom Moses had fled came to an end, and in the purpose of God the time of deliverance arrived. It was to be heralded by a manifestation of HIMSELF.

I. GOD MANIFESTED.—*Read vers.* 1–6. After the forty years Moses still holds a subordinate position in the household of his father-in-law—**Jethro** here, Reuel, ii. 18. One of the names may have been a title of office (Jethro, 'preeminence,' Reuel, or Raguel, 'shepherd of God'). **Priest of Midian.** The Midianites, descendants of Abraham through Keturah, Gen. xxv. 2, retained the worship of one God. Priest, 'emir,' and ruler, 'sheikh,' were constantly one in early times. In **the desert** (not then so utterly arid as now) flocks had often to be led very far in search of pasture—so now they reached the **back** or western **side** ('east' being in Hebrew always 'front') in **Horeb**, the 'dry' or 'waste,' a name of the whole region, including Sinai, **the mountain of God**; given not then, but afterwards; through the Divine revelations there. The first of these revelations was now to be made. **A bush**—a small prickly species of acacia abounding in that region—appeared lit up with flames, yet **not consumed.** This was a *wonder*, or **great sight**; it was also a *sign* of the Church, unharmed, indestructible in the fire of persecution. But this Moses could not yet know; he thought only of the marvel, **to see** which he **turned aside.** When lo, from **the midst of the bush** a VOICE. Who was the speaker? **The Angel of the Lord**—God Himself revealed—the Divine Mediator, the Messenger of the Covenant (Mal. iii. 1), the WORD, who had appeared to Abraham with words of promise (Gen. xviii., xxii. 15, etc.) and who now comes forth again to confirm His own purposes; **I am the God of thy father,** etc. The very place of this revelation becomes a sanctuary, to be approached barefooted (the ancient Oriental custom: in the East people remove their **shoes**, in the West their hats) and with holy awe.

Moses hid his face, in reverence like the angels, Isa. vi. 2, and with a sense of unworthiness like Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 13. **Afraid:** compare Isa. vi. 5 (Judges xiii. 22).

It may be noted in passing that the words in which God declares His lasting relationship to the fathers of the Hebrew race are applied by our Lord to the proof of the life after death—**I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham,** etc.: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," Matt. xxii. 32; Mark xii. 26; Luke xx. 37.

II. THE DELIVERER COMMISSIONED.—*Read vers.* 7–10. The God of Israel first declares His own deep compassion for His people. **I have surely seen . . .** (Neh. ix. 9; Psa. cvi. 44), emphatic: *I have seen, I have seen,* Acts vii. 34: **and have heard their cry,** Zech. ii. 8. **I know their sorrows**; See Psa. ciii. 13, 14: a foreshadowing of the perfect sympathy to be revealed in Christ the Incarnate one. The assurance was for a people who in long bondage might be ready to imagine themselves forgotten. Hence the repeated declaration, ch. ii. 24; vi. 5. **I am come down:** special manifestations of God's presence with men are so described, also by the term *visit*, as Gen. l. 24. The **good land** to which the Israelites were to be led is depicted in an aspect fascinating to a shepherd-race: **large**—of ample spaces for their flocks to feed and roam: **flowing**—spontaneously, in contrast with the rainless land of artificial irrigation, **with milk and honey,** suggesting rich pastures and innumerable flowers. The six nations that were to be driven out are also enumerated as elsewhere; a seventh, the Girgashites, being added in Deut. vii. 1, etc.

For these tribes and their respective territories, see map 'Canaan in the Patriarchal Ages' in the *Handy Book for Bible Readers*, or Map III. in the *Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer.*

Such being the position—**the cry of Israel** in Egypt, and the **good land** awaiting them, the one thing needed to complete the Divine purpose is the appointment of a leader—**Come now therefore and I will send thee.** Such was the call of Moses—given under circumstances of unequalled impressiveness—the silence of the desert—the grim, arid hills around—the mysterious splendour in the bush, above the radiance of an Eastern day—the Voice summoning the lonely shepherd to go forth again to the haunts of men, and to conduct an enterprise unparalleled in the history of the world!

III. THE REVELATION OF THE DIVINE NATURE.—*Read vers.* 11–14. Moses falters at the greatness of the task. **Who am I?** It is the first thought with God's true servants when called to attempt great things for God. Compare the language of Isaiah, vi. 5, of Jeremiah, i. 6, of the Apostle Paul, 2 Cor. ii. 16. Forty years before it had been the one hope of Moses to deliver Israel; then he failed; and now that he has lost his high position in Egypt, that he is an unknown, unbefriended exile, is it possible that he can succeed? Two great difficulties seem inseparable—that of successfully appealing **unto Pharaoh,** and that of actually leading **the children of Israel.** In view of both these the promise is given: **Certainly I will be with thee:** to give wisdom and fortitude in dealing with the king: to inspire with courage and sagacity as the leader of Israel. Nor only thus: the promise was for every time of need: the strength of God's servants in all their work for Him, Gen. xxvi. 24, xxxi. 3; Deut. xxxi. 6; Joshua i. 5; Acts xviii. 10; Isa. xliii. 2; Heb. xiii. 5; Matt. xxviii. 20;—a truly Golden Text! The sign, or **token** given that Canaan should be attained would be the gathering of the people for worship in Horeb after their departure from Egypt (50 days after; see ch. xix). The fulfilment of the one promise would be to Israel a pledge that the other would be brought to pass.

A great question was now asked by Moses; the answer to which was to impress itself on the religious history of the world for ever. It was the cry of a yearning soul for clearer knowledge. He knew and worshipped God already; but he longed to know yet more, to approach nearer to the central truth of God's eternal being; as afterwards in the tabernacle he cried,

'I beeseeh Thee, show me Thy glory,' ch. xxxiii. 18. This also he desired for the sake of his mission to Israel. 'If I am to *tell* of Thee, I must *know* Thee.' So he asks the **Name** of God—that which shall express His nature, reveal His character, distinguish Him from every false or idol deity. That name is given with sublime simplicity—**I am that I am,** in other words: **I am I who am**; or, more simply, I AM. Such is God's word concerning Himself; man's response must be HE IS, or, in one Hebrew word, JEHOVAH. The assertion is that of eternal and unchangeable being; it is well paraphrased in the book of Revelation (i. 4; iv. 8; xi. 17; xvi. 5) by the words, '*which is, and was, and is to come.*' As declared to Israel, it was a ground of confidence that He whose being was thus unchangeable would never fail in any of His purposes or promises of His grace. It thus became the *Covenant Name*, the distinguishing name of God as the God of Israel. So it is *incommunicable*. Other words, such as *Elohim*, may be used of heathen gods as well as of the Supreme Deity, and *Adonai* of the 'lords many' as well as of the Lord of heaven and earth, but JEHOVAH never. Throughout the Old Testament Scriptures (occasionally in the form JAH) it stands alone, never varied in meaning and application, always denoting the revealed God, the God of the Covenant, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Every careful reader of the English Bible, it may be supposed, knows how to recognise this great Name by the capital letters with which the word LORD is printed wherever it corresponds to JEHOVAH in the original. But inasmuch as this distinguishes it to the eye alone, it is much to be wished that some clearer method could be adopted in the forthcoming revision. The French reads 'The Eternal,' 'L'Eternel.'

The substitution of LORD for JEHOVAH is due to the mistaken reverence of the Jews, who would never pronounce the incommunicable Name, always using the word *Adonai* instead, in reading the Scriptures. Hence Jehovah, or more strictly JHVH—early Hebrew writing being without vowels—was *written* but not *read*. What is the true pronunciation is even yet matter of controversy. The form *Jehovah* is perhaps too deeply rooted in association ever to be displaced: but the vowels of the word are almost certainly wrong, being taken from the name pronounced, not the name written. To go into the question now would be out of place: suffice it to say that the general opinion among scholars is in favour of the form Jahveh, or Yahveh, remembering that the J in Hebrew words should properly be pronounced as Y.

In studying the subject further reference should be made to ch. vi. 2, 3, where the assertion that God was not known to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, by the name of Jehovah, must be understood as meaning that this name was not revealed to the patriarchs as *His one chosen name*, nor in its *depth of significance*. As an appellation of the Supreme, it was known before the days of Moses, Gen. xv. 7, 8: and appears in some few proper names, as in *Jochebed*, 'Jehovah is Glory,' but now it became the 'great Name' of Israel's God for ever, Psa. lxxxiii. 18: and of God Incarnate. JESUS is the Lord. See John viii. 58; Heb. xiii. 8; Rev. i. 8, comp. with xxii. 13.

QUESTIONS.

1. To what tribe or clan of the Midianites did the family of Jethro belong, and what is known of its subsequent history?

2. Show the special effect of the sojourn in Midian in preparing Moses for his work.

3. Describe the position of the several tribes that were to be expelled from the Land of Promise.

4. By what names is the Supreme Deity known in the Old Testament?

5. Illustrate the existence and the use of the appellation JEHOVAH in pre-Mosaic times.

6. Show that the 'incommunicable Name' is distinctly claimed by the Son of God.

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE; THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

VI.

GREAT preparations were made for the evening meal, which was to be eaten as soon as the last of the sun's rays had disappeared. All the women were busy, even Jamla and Anser were able to help, and Zuleika, you may be sure, was not idle. Rice was boiled in large red earthen pots over little fires of sticks, curry stuff was ground, sweetmeats of various kinds were prepared, and sherbet, that is the juice of lemons or other fruits mixed with water and sweetened with sugar, was made in large quantities. Zuleika was employed in keeping the fire burning under one of the large pots of rice, and Jamla helped her. Very quickly the sticks burnt away, and then their places had to be supplied with new ones, and all the time, to make the fire burn brightly, it was necessary to fan it with a large light fan made from a palm leaf.

While work was going on, conversation went on merrily too. Who, to see these women at their work, so happy and light-hearted, would have thought that only half an hour before they had been weeping so bitterly?

"Now, Jamla," said Mariam, coming up to the children, "let me see if that rice is boiled enough."

So saying, she raised the lid and peered anxiously into the pot. Finding it sufficiently cooked, she proceeded to pour off the water, and when that was done she put the pot once more on the fire that the rice might dry. By the time the rice was cooked all the rest of the meal was prepared, and the lady of the house, who was Ibrahim's aunt, proceeded to put equal portions into each basin, a basin being provided for each member of the household, and for each guest.

This being done, the women, taking up each a basin of food, left the courtyard, and went to the rooms set apart for them, while the men came back to the courtyard, where their share of the feast was placed ready for them.

The women having reached their own room, sat down upon the floor and began quickly to eat their supper, for they were very hungry after their long day's fast.

The children were seated with the women, and were very glad to get the good food so generously provided for them by their kind entertainer. It was not often they had such good food, even at the school, and to-night, besides the usual curry and rice, sweetmeats in great quantities were distributed amongst them, as well as most delicious fruit of various kinds, such as plantains, oranges, guavas, &c.

For some time all were too busy eating to talk, but before long their hunger being appeased, they began to talk with great animation.

"Well, Fatma," said her aunt; "what is this I hear about the new school? Are you not afraid to send the children there?"

"Oh, no," responded Fatma eagerly; "for, you see, I took great care before I sent them to school to have good and safe charms hung round their necks; nothing can hurt them now?"

"What charms did you get?" asked the aunt.

"Well, I sent to the fakeer who lives near us, a very holy man, and he sent me charms. I told him I wanted charms to keep children safe from accidents in carts, from smallpox, and from listening to the Bible when it was read to them!"

"And did he send them?" asked all the women eagerly.

"Oh yes! He sent me little bundles sewn up in cloth. He said they were verses from the Koran, and must be worn round the neck. See!" and she drew Jamla to her, and showed a string tied round the child's throat, to which were attached three little print bundles about one inch square.

The women pressed forward eagerly to see the charms which were supposed to have such magic power, and were greatly interested in seeing them round the necks of all three of the children.

"Well, Fatma," continued her aunt, "it is a great risk. What if the children should be bewitched by the Christians! I have heard that they use strong charms to draw away people from the true faith; what would you do if such a dreadful thing were to happen to one of your children; the charm you have hung upon them may not be strong enough?"

Fatma shuddered at the thought, but she answered calmly:

"I have done all I could to keep the children safe, and I trust to the fakeer's charms."

All the same she looked anxiously at her two children, and calling Anser to her she said in a low voice:

"You do not listen much to the Bible, Anser, do you?"

"No," responded the child quickly, "not more than I can help. I must answer questions sometimes, and so listen a little; but don't fear for me, mother; I am quite safe."

"But, mother," said Jamla; "tell us what would happen if we did become Christians?"

"Hush, Jamla!" said her mother nervously; "do not say such dreadful things. I do not know what would become of you. It is too awful to think of. Your father would not let you stay in his house, I know. Never say such a thing again, child."

"I did not mean to grieve you, mother," responded Jamla; "have no fear; I am a true Moslem," and the child drew herself up proudly.

No one looked at Zuleika, and it was well for her they did not, such a tell-tale little face as hers was. Not listen to the Bible! why she had listened to every word from the very first day of her going to school. She had quite forgotten the warning she had received about it. And what was more, she knew she could not give up listening to it. She, too, shuddered as the thought crept into her mind, perhaps the charm had not been strong enough for her, and she was bewitched; but only for an instant. The remembrance of what it was she had heard flashed upon her, and she knew it was no witchcraft that had made her listen to the Bible, but that it had been the Holy Spirit of God calling her to listen and to believe in the Son of God, that it was the charm of the love of God which would keep her safe from all evil, and not a little bag hung round her neck, whatever it might contain. Zuleika felt unspeakably happy as she thought of the loving Lord Jesus, whose follower she had quite decided to be. But soon the remembrance of Fatma's horror when the possibility of any of her children becoming Christians was mentioned to her made the poor child tremble. What dreadful thing would be done to her when Ibrahim knew her love of Christ, she wondered, and the thought made her very miserable and unhappy. She would be so very sorry to grieve her kind friends, but she could not give up listening to the Bible, or loving the Lord Jesus, and she bowed her head, and whispered low, "Oh, Lord Jesus, help me to do what is right."

By this time the conversation had turned to other things, and soon preparations were made for sleeping, for as they must not eat after sunrise, it would be necessary to be up very early to prepare the morning meal before daybreak. So the children, with their mother and aunts, soon fell asleep.

Selim accompanied his father to the mosque, where every evening during the Moharrem prayers were recited, and the weeping and lamenting for Hossein were kept up till a late hour.

The mosque was not far off. It stood some distance back from the street in an enclosure. On entering the enclosure, they found themselves opposite the mosque, which, in common with all similar buildings, was open on one side, so that all that passed inside the building could be plainly seen from the outside.

Not all the worshippers were allowed inside the building; some were only permitted to sit in the courtyard of the mosque. The mosque itself was brilliantly lighted with lamps suspended from the ceiling, and, with the exception of a tomb representing that of Hossein, was entirely empty.

Ibrahim and Selim seated themselves on the ground just inside the mosque in the midst of a great number of other worshippers. Not long after their arrival, the Imaum, or priest, began to read the account of Hossein, and soon the weeping commenced. The same scene was enacted that had taken place in the afternoon amongst the women, and again the mournful tones were heard.

It was a picturesque scene to see the Mussalmans wrapped up in their long cloaks, sitting listening in the bright moonlight to the monotonous reading of the Imaum—but what a sad scene! So many, so very many, immortal beings spending their time in vain lamentations, praying to a dead man who had no power to help them, ignorant of, or else ignoring the only One who was really able to save them, the One who was dead, but who is risen again, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. Should we not pray for these poor deluded Moslems, that they may be led to believe not only in the true God but to believe also that "there is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus?" Let us pray earnestly in the words of the Collect for Good Friday, "Oh merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; have mercy upon all Jews, Turks (Mohammedans), infidels and hereticks, and take them from all ignorance, hardness of heart and contempt of the Word, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved amongst the remnant of the true Israelites, and may be made one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord!"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVII.

Double Acrostic.

1. A brother of King Solomon.
2. A brother of Uzzah, who drove the ark to Nachon's threshing-floor.
3. The brother of Alexander the Cyrenian.
4. The first tree that appeared after the Flood.
5. One who had a "church in his house."

The *initials* give the name of the brother of the prophet whose rod turned into a serpent. The *finals* give the name of the brother of the priest whose rod blossomed. S. B.

ANSWER TO SINGLE ACROSTIC.

NO. XXII.—p. 350.—The father of Moses—AMRAM.—Ex. vi. 20.

1.	A-aron	Ex. xl. 13.
2.	M-anoah	Judges xiii.
3.	R-echab	Jer. xxxv. 6.
4.	A-haz	2 Kings xvi. 20.
5.	M-ethuselah	Gen. v. 26.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN.

GWEN BEVERLY.

CHAPTER III.

I PASS over the parting from my uncle, which was very sad to me. My godfather had kindly undertaken to see me safe in my new home, and this enabled me to start with something like composure.

I was very sorry to leave Joan; and even Mary Cross brought the tears into my eyes, when she begged me, with a rueful face, to accept as a "keep-in-mind" of her, a little wooden box in the form of a shoe to hold my pins. This had been bought by her, under Joan's superintendence, from the old pedlar, our monthly visitor and only connecting link with the "world of art."

The school to which I was sent had till now been conducted by two ladies, who had grown old in the service of youth. They were just resigning their charges into the hands of a friend of Mr. Pennygold, a lady fully qualified, he assured my uncle, for the duties of the post.

My first impression of the house when the chaise arrived at the iron gates was not calculated to stop the violent beating of my heart. I grew pale as they opened and we drove up a broad gravel path, on each side of which was a row of small stiff-cropped yew-trees, looking like a procession of funeral mutes.

No. 1420.—JULY 16, 1881.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

At the sides of the turf were formal flower-beds, bordered with high box hedges. The flowers did not, to my mind, enliven the scene, as flowers should do; I thought they felt the influence of "school" and bloomed by constraint.

In the drawing-room, to which we were led, we found the two ex-superiors and their successor. I am sorry to say that when I had the courage to look at the old ladies, I was mournfully reminded of some of Joan's grim fairies, who never forgave an affront, and had an ugly trick of punishing those who provoked their wrath, with pricking pains and other tortures.

However, they were as polite as possible to my godfather, and looked at me through their spectacles very approvingly; they said with much condescension that they had not seen a more promising pupil, in appearance, for a long time, and that my dress, and manners, so modest and correct, and suited to my age, were quite refreshing to behold, in contrast with the forward, self-possessed, womanish, girls that had, to their great annoyance, sprung up of late years.

This was addressed to Mrs. Howard, their successor and my godfather's friend, as well as to him. She smiled in acquiescence of their praise, but I did not think she was altogether of their way of thinking. The smile, however, made her naturally pleasant face so bright, that I thought she looked like one of Joan's good fairies, and felt much encouraged in spirit.

But as I stood by the window watching my godfather depart, my heart died within me to see the chaise drive back down the avenue between the solemn yew-trees and through the grim gates. I was now alone, and oh, so desolate I felt!

Never shall I forget that day. But occupation is a famous thing for restoring the spirits; I worked with all diligence at my various studies, and oh, my delight when, at the close of the term, my good fairy, Mrs. Howard, awarded the prize for "industry and steady application" to Gwen Beverly.

If my first hours at school were the most mournful I ever experienced, my last there were the most delightful: I look back with fond remembrance to the packing up, dressing for the journey, watching for the chaise, from the same window that had, a few months before, reflected my rueful face, and the drive home.

Yes, my last hours at school; for I never returned. I will tell the reason why.

I found my godfather in the study with my uncle. After the first loving greeting, I went off to exhibit my prize to Joan and Mary, leaving them to discuss the account I had given of school. My godfather maintained that it was an excellent school, and that Mrs. Howard was an excellent conductress; but he allowed that my uncle was right in his conclusion, that my shy, retiring character rendered me unfit for any school, and that instead of such evils being removed by it, they would be aggravated.

I was little aware when I chattered away, in the first flow of spirits arising from being "at home" once more, that I was laying the foundation for a new life; but so it was.

During my absence from home, a change had taken place in the village. For some years past, the church, which was very small, but large enough for the small population, had been served by the curate of an adjoining parish, our vicar being absent on account of ill-health. On his death, the living fell into other hands; a gentleman of high repute for piety and learning accepted it, to the surprise of his friends, who thought a more important post fitter for him. My uncle liked him much, and so did my godfather; altogether I found that he was looked on as a great acquisition. Joan told me that "the reverend" had been to the house several times, and that "miss" his daughter, had invited Mary Cross to attend Bible-class. Strongly as she resented anything like innovation, I could see that she was well-disposed towards this young lady; she told me confidentially that she was "a very different sort from them as called theirselves ladies and wasn't nothing like it," jerking her head towards the road which Mrs. Frizelle and her family had taken, to indicate who were in her mind.

She was not wholly satisfied, I must add, about Mary being invited to the class: "It's all very well for girls as have had no chance, to go," she remarked, "but Mary has been three years in a gentleman's house who is as particular for duty as any parson could be; keeping Sunday as strict and straight as a line and having prayers by the clock, every night and morning." Notwithstanding her scruples, however, she was induced by Miss Dale's courteous winning ways to consent, and Mary rejoiced in her privilege. My uncle knew nothing of the arrangement; Joan was rather dubious about the view he might take of it, and having herself consented, she would not run the risk of being "let down" by his disapproval.

I had better mention that my good godfather had taken up his abode with us altogether. His only tie in the way of relationship had been a sister, whose delicate health had made it requisite for her to live in a warmer and more certain climate, so that for many years he had been banished from England. Her death had occurred not long before the visit I have described, and his first thought when thus left alone was to seek his earliest and dearest friend, to whom he was unspeakably welcome.

He was a boon, indeed, to our family party. Joan, who had known him in old times, when I was a baby, and even before I was born, had a reverence for him second only to that with which she regarded my uncle. Added to reverence was real affection. He had a way of getting at her inner mind to which my uncle was a stranger. He would broach subjects which my uncle would not, could not, have entered on with her, any more than a page of the Greek lexicon. She never suspected him of lecturing or spying or quizzing when he gravely asked her opinion of something of which he perfectly well knew she was strangely ignorant, though she ought not to have been so. He was so masterly in his management, that by dint of apparently casual talk, he made considerable way towards convincing her that her high privileges in having lived so long with a master as "particular as any parson," and being made to keep Sunday as straight as a line, and "attending prayers by the clock," morning and evening, hadn't done quite so much for her as they might have done. One day I found her in a state of great excitement. She was so restless, so agitated, that I was almost afraid of asking her what had happened. I ventured, however, to inquire if her bad tooth had been troubling her.

"Oh, no more, I s'pose, than I deserve!" she said with a gesture of scorn and impatience.

"Deserve the toothache!" I exclaimed. "Why, you haven't been eating sweets, surely! You told me I deserved it when I got such a fit of it after eating raspberry jam."

"There's a deal to be learnt, child, that you don't know—and as to me—well—but there—I s'pose it's all right, for he put it straight out of the Bible."

"What?" I involuntarily asked.

"Oh, as we're all sinners! Not only them as knows they're no better than they should be, thieves and murderers and lazy folks, and the like, but—but—even master, and me!"

"Oh Joan!" I cried. "Did he tell you so?" amazed that he had had the courage and the power to make her understand the doctrine so as to show her that she was in the category.

Her eyes began to fill with tears, as she replied, banging down the iron on my uncle's shirt, which she was just finishing: "Ay, he did tell me so, and when I told him I know'd it, he said he'd got his doubts about that, and then he read bit by bit out of Mary's Bible as lay on the table (I wish she'd mind to put her things away) all to show me as I was no better than them as has been hanged, or had ought to be," here her tears fell. "And, when it came to his saying master must be saved the same as Will Jarvis, as died on the gallows tree, I couldn't stand it. I said, 'What! Him as never harmed chick nor child, but was always ready to do good to any one—even to such as them ladies—*him* a big sinner like that? And prayers so regular, and church—and never said a bad word in his life, I'd be bound for it.' He wouldn't give in, but said the Bible must be true. And then I told him nothing would make me believe it of master—nothing. As to me, I know'd I was a sinner; but for all that, I wasn't what he wanted to make me out. Why, my poor father was killed in a mine, as you've often heard me tell—a good-living man he was, and he was put into a *track* (tract), and was it likely I should be the same as Will Jarvis, me as had a father as was put in a track? No, no! I knowed better than that!"

Here the iron came down with tremendous force on the other wristband, and Mary Cross coming in, got a sharp lecture for not putting away her "things" (referring by a nod to the Bible) and a summary dismissal to the mangle, and see she minded to finish before tea-time.

"That girl's a-getting too big for her clothes; they won't hold her, in a little time, if miss, up yonder, goes on a-puffin' of her up," she exclaimed.

I ventured to remind her that she had said she thought Mary was improved by the teaching she got.

"Oh, it was all pretty level at first," she answered, "but she's on the go, I seen it, the last twice as she's been—wanting to tell me what miss had been a teaching her! As if it were any odds to me what a girl like her was put to learn! I'll wager it she'll be for telling me I'm a sinner as bad as Will Jarvis before long."

It was of no use to argue with her, nor to try to explain things while she was in that excited state, I could see that, and indeed, if she had been in a better mind for hearing, I should not have known what to say. I understood, in a mystified way, the doctrine of human corruption; I had learnt by rote many Scriptures to prove that, and other articles of the Christian faith. But I was almost as much startled as Joan herself to hear them in so uncompromising a manner. Finding I was silent, which she took for a good sign of my agreeing with her, she added, "She shan't go no more—conceit's the ruination of any one—and ruinated she'll be if she keeps class any longer."

I slunk off, not being able to meet a storm which outdid that raised by Mrs. Frizelle and the curtains; but I could not detect anything of "conceit" to justify the charge against Mary, and I hoped it would blow over, and she would be allowed to "keep class" still.

CHAPTER IV.

My uncle and godfather were closeted very long one morning; it was growing near the time for my return to school, and I wondered that Joan had not begun to pack up my things. I was in no hurry for the holidays to close; I loved the freedom of my country strolls, and home with its liberty had become indescribably dear to me as the hour for leaving it drew nearer; so I made no inquiries on the subject, being quite willing that it should be, if possible—forgotten.

"Gwen," said my uncle, coming out of the study, in which he left my godfather writing; "I am going to call at the vicarage. I think you have never seen Mr. Dale, nor any of his family, except in church; I will take you with me."

I think I was more shy than before I had gone to school. I had the most painful shrinking from strangers, and though all I had heard of the vicar and his wife and children was most favourable to them, I felt extreme reluctance to go to the vicarage.

My uncle was not in the habit of watching countenances, nor of suspecting feelings that he did not experience. He merely added that I had better get my hat, and we would go at once.

As we were getting over a stile in the way, he paused, and resting on it, looked at me in his usual kind, grave manner, with less absence than usual, saying: "Your holidays are nearly over." Then he added, "But I am not going to send you back to school." I nearly exclaimed with delight. He did not seem to notice this; he only remarked that the school I had been sent to having proved a failure, he had come to the conclusion that no school would answer, for he believed it would not be possible to improve on that one. "And so," he said, "your godfather is writing to tell Mrs. Howard you will not return."

Then he got over the stile, and we walked on in silence. He evidently was thinking of something in connection with me, for now and then his eyes were turned towards me. But he made no remark, and at length we reached the vicarage.

We found the whole family in the garden. This very much broke the formality of an introduction. To my surprise Mrs. Dale took my hand, and began to talk about the flowers as familiarly and easily as if she had known me all my life. I had had no time for making up a speech, as I had done for Mrs. Frizelle and her daughters, and if I had, there was a deathblow to any concerted behaviour in the air and manner of the whole party. My uncle was soon engaged in conversation with the vicar, and I could see that occasionally they looked at me. Mrs. Dale set me to work to tie up some carnations, while she obeyed the vicar's summons to join him

and uncle in a pretty little arbour where they could have a private talk. While I was busy, doing my cleverest and best, Miss Dale came up to me and saved me from strangling the poor things by tying them up too tight. I was like Mary Cross—I fell in love with her at first sight. So kind, so easy, so unpretending, I thought it was no wonder Mary found "class-keeping" pleasant. She had in her train two little sisters, who stood by, waiting to fetch tools, carry weeds away, or do anything their elder sister proposed. They talked to me just as if I were an old acquaintance, and I felt at home with them at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale and uncle all came out of the arbour together. They looked very pleasant, I thought, and I was struck with the different effect the vicarage family had on my uncle from that of the Frizelle ladies. He seemed quite easy and satisfied with them; no doubt, no discomfort wrinkling his forehead as was often the case in the days of "our company."

He came up to me and said, "Gwen, you are to thank Mr. and Mrs. Dale. They have consented to let you become one of Miss Dale's schoolroom party. This has delivered me from much perplexity, and I am sure your godfather, who recommended me to ask the favour, will be as glad as I am that it is granted."

I was very much comforted. I didn't understand what "schoolroom party" meant. Was I to live at the vicarage? The little girls clapped their hands for joy, and Miss Dale, with a lively look, invited me to go in and see the "schoolroom." Finding that notwithstanding my uncle's charge to me to thank the vicar and his wife, they took no notice of me, but continued walking and talking with him, I followed her into the house.

The schoolroom was charming; so different from that to which I had of late been accustomed. The backboards and steel collars and stocks and other old-fashioned "torments," had indeed vanished with the two grim old "fairies." But Mrs. Howard could not bring about all the reform she meant to accomplish at once. She had to overcome prejudice, and deal cautiously in introducing a new *régime*, so that I had no experience of the pleasant home-like feeling she succeeded at last in establishing. When I next heard of the place, I found, among other alterations, that the garden wore a new face, the yew-trees had been cut down, the box hedges removed, and the flowers bloomed among beautiful turf as if they really knew they were flowers, and enjoyed it.

But Miss Dale's schoolroom! It was the cosiest little place. Not a bit prim or stiff, but quite neat and orderly. I was too nervous, supposing she would question me in my book knowledge, to observe anything narrowly, and began, in much hurry of mind, to muster my forces of grammar, arithmetic, history and geography to be ready for her attack, when one of the little ones, to my great relief, cried out, "Oh, Helen, do show her the dolls on the piano!"

She went directly to the piano, opened it, lifting up the top, and placed on the sounding-board six small wax-headed dolls, dressed in muslin, which, as soon as she began to play a lively air, danced in the prettiest way imaginable, to the delight of the children, who vociferously explained to me that they were made of cork with wire for legs, which accounted for their nimble movements.

I was in a new world altogether, and could hardly realise that anyone could be so anxious about a Bible-class (as Mary Cross's description showed, evidently, that Miss Dale was) and at the same time occupy her attention with six little dancing dolls!

I had plenty to tell Joan on my return home; I found her in a more comfortable state of mind. Mrs. Dale had asked my uncle if he would allow "Mrs. Galt" to go to the vicarage and instruct her in the art of making a "Yorkshire pie," such as he had caused to be made and sent shortly before.

"Of course I don't blame her not knowing how to do it—how should she and her never in Yorkshire before? It shows she ain't a stuck-up thing, to humble herself to ask to be taught, and I'll do my best for her—so I will!"

I think this proof of humility in Mrs. Dale went far towards reconciling Joan to much that had hitherto offended her. She had listened to the sermons, of late (since my godfather's wholesale sentence of human depravity) with jealous ears, and twisted everything that she could into a personal attack, almost expecting to hear herself and Will Jarvis produced as examples of equal iniquity; but "sure," she thought, "Mrs. Dale wouldn't speak so friendly to her if she counted her such a bad 'un, and as to Mr. Dale, he was as kind to her every bit as he could have been if she had never done a bit of wickedness all her life."

My godfather did not renew the subject, excepting indirectly; he left her to conscience, which he trusted would, by God's Spirit helping, apply the true gospel teaching she got now at church.

The plan for my education was in every way charming to me; I was to spend the morning of every day in the week at the vicarage and pursue my studies with two cousins of Miss Dale, who were expected immediately, and when the winter came so as to prevent my walking, I was to take up my quarters there from Monday till Saturday, always spending Sunday with my uncle and godfather. Thus I had all the pleasures and advantages of school united with the blessings of home, and I counted myself the happiest of happy girls.

THE CERTAINTY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

[This article is translated from a prize essay published by the Paris Tract Society. Its arguments and appeals meet the materialistic opinions now too prevalent in England as well as in France.]

THERE is a well-known story of two men, one of whom is complacently enumerating many fine and vast projects, while the other, at each fresh disclosure made by his companion, puts to him this question: "What then?" The builder of castles in the air, at the end of the vista which he has adorned with the most pleasing creations of his fancy, must see at last looming before him the image of death. Whatever the number, the duration, and the pleasure of the successive stages of life, and in all of them there is uncertainty, the last stage must be reached, and death is the one thing certain. But the restless and inquisitive mind of man does not stop there; it still asks "What then?" Is there nothing for us after death? I mean, is there nothing of which we may be quite certain? What can that concern me of which I shall not have consciousness?

This question, "What then?" which thrusts itself upon us all when near the tomb, is of all other questions the most important, and men have answered it in two different ways.

Some have said, "No, there is nothing after death but the dissolution of all our organic parts, and by this dissolution, the human frame is destroyed, and the personal man annihilated." This is the opinion expressed in the common saying, "When we are dead, everything is dead."

Others have said, "Yes, there is something to be expected for us after death. The body perishes; the mind survives, that better part of ourselves."

By the side of these two answers there is a third, which is not in reality an answer, but which consists in suspending the judgment, saying neither yes nor no, but only this, "I do not know." This attitude of reserve, or we may say scepticism, which has adopted the names also of agnosticism and positivism, may seem wise and right to some of the learned, to some philosophers, and even to many who are neither philosophers nor learned, but to whom the present times are not hard, and the future is smiling. But human nature in the mass, humanity that works, struggles, suffers, and dies—does not judge in this manner. Incapable of divesting itself of its destiny, and often of the only hope that remains in life, it feels the force of the words of a modern poet, "In the presence of heaven we must either believe or deny:

"En présence du ciel, il faut croire ou nier."

You, yourself, my reader, confirm this. Even suppose that a disdainful, "I do not know," in face of the question concerning our destiny beyond the tomb, could suffice now, while you are in health and satisfied with the world, it would not suffice when you come to be disenchanted, ill, miserable, and when you see death as a terrible reality drawing nigh. Let us avoid then, as contrary to the lasting tendencies and the gravest requirements of human nature, that opinion which confines itself to mere doubt. In the prospect of death, doubt, which a complacent sceptic has described as "an easy pillow for a well-formed head," is, for an awakened heart, and an uneasy conscience, changed into a pillow of thorns.

There remain, then, only two opinions, that which denies the existence of a life beyond the grave, and that which asserts it.

It is useless to dissemble the fact that a strong current of opinion at the present time urges the minds of men towards the negation of a life to come. In former times it was sufficient to let oneself be carried on in some manner by the stream, in the belief in a future life. If we believe in it now, we must rather struggle against the stream.

Our age has made great advances in the conquest of the material world. It has marvellously accomplished the Divine command which desired man to subdue the earth. But absorbed in this work we have too often lost sight of our origin, and of our Divine and eternal calling. The material world subdued has been avenged by subjugating us in turn, and has too much succeeded in hiding from us the world of spirit. The care of the body has caused us to neglect that of the soul, and the pursuit of our material interest that of moral and religious truths. We have too much forgotten the word of Christ, "Man cannot live by bread alone." The grass has grown on the way that led to where the soul rests itself, and satisfies itself, with prayer and communion with God the eternal Spirit. What wonder that the soul has too often lost the consciousness of its requirements and even of its existence.

Strange weakness of the human spirit! Luther compared it to a drunken man on horseback. Raise him on one side and he falls on the other. Is it, then, necessary, according to this fanciful simile of the great reformer, that material progress should be followed, as if inevitably, by moral decay? For ourselves, we cannot believe it. We are witnessing only a temporary eclipse of the immortal aspirations of the soul. The obscuration of faith will soon pass away. Soon, from the bosom of his parent earth, now better known and better understood, man will again raise his head. He will remember that if he has subjugated matter, it has been done by the mind, and that the mind is immortal. It is, then, in this firm hope that we submit to our readers the reasons that convince us of a future life and make it to us a certainty.

In order to believe in a life beyond the grave, we must first of all believe in a soul, and in its existence distinct from that of the body. If we have no soul, or if the soul is only an annex to the body, if it partakes of material nature, it is too clear that all life ceases with that of the body, and that we are altogether buried in the tomb. Let us quote what a distinguished writer, M. Secrétan, says on this question: "'It is matter that feels; it is matter that thinks; it is matter that wills'—such is the doctrine of materialism . . . . Matter thinks. I do not say that a stone thinks, or that matter always thinks, by a necessary attribute of its nature; I mean to say that it thinks sometimes, and under certain conditions. One arrives thus at the well-known saying: 'Thought

is a secretion of the brain;' forgetting that a thought and a secretion are phenomena undoubtedly irreducible the one to the other."

This identity of matter and of mind, of body and soul, which materialists assert but have not proved, can never be proved by them. It is merely an assertion; we might rather say, it is absolutely an error, and is refuted by careful and complete observation of facts, in accordance with the inward sentiment and common belief of man, who has always thought himself something more than "a mammiferous biped, much spread over the earth," as the German materialist, M. Haeckel, describes him. The great voice of humanity, always and everywhere, has affirmed that man is composed of a body and a soul, and that the soul is distinct from its body.

I find in the work of M. Secrétan, to which I have already referred, an original and conclusive refutation of the thesis which reduces everything in man to modifications of matter.

If this last-mentioned thesis were true, the discussion which seeks to modify or reform so many opinions would have no object or motive. It would become ridiculous and absurd. "How," says M. Secrétan, "could the words of Peter change the opinion of Paul, if the ideas of the latter are simply the effect of a chemical action, of which all the factors are to be sought in the combinations in the brain? The words of Peter, being only the expression of molecular movements which have taken place in his brain, by virtue of what mechanism could his language displace an atom of phosphorus, of carbon, or of hydrogen, in the brain of Paul, in order to cause a new direction to his thoughts?" M. Secrétan sarcastically adds: "If materialism is true, it would be useless to try to convince; but it does try, and the very attempt gives the theory a fresh refutation."

It is evident in fact, that all the modifications of matter belong to the domain of necessity. If my mind is under the domain of matter, my ideas are necessarily what they are, and cannot be modified by the ideas of another. How could they be so?

Let us be permitted to add some facts which establish the distinction between the body and the mind.

How often does the mind, although united to the body here below, by ties as intimate as they are inexplicable, act in opposition to it, against its resistances, and succeed in overcoming them! How often a strong mind communicates to a weak body somewhat of its energy! How often the mind triumphs and rejoices, although the body is oppressed by weakness and tormented by suffering! At the commencement of a battle which was the prelude of many great struggles, Henry IV. apostrophised himself with a soldierly frankness in these terms: "Thou tremblest, my carcass, but if thou knewest whither I shall conduct thee to-morrow, thou wouldest tremble much more."

Who is this *I*, who will conduct the body whither it does not wish to go? Is it the body itself? It would be absurd to assert it. Here, as in so many other cases, the mind affirms itself to be distinct from the body, and superior to it. It is thus that Bossuet must be understood when he relates that on the plains of Rocroy the brave Count de Fontanes was seated on a chair, and, notwithstanding his infirmities, showed that a martial spirit is always master of the body which it animates. We shall always expect the same result until some one has proved to us that we are wrong.

Besides, may I not here appeal to the inward testimony of my readers? When you are indignant at some injustice; when you have taken, notwithstanding the pain and the expense which it must cost you, an energetic resolution, because you see that it is a duty; when you are raised in thought towards God, the Infinite and Eternal One; when you have prayed to Him, what is it that is indignant in you? what is it that has ackowledged the duty even against your interest? what is it that has prayed? Is it the body? Is it the brain? Is it matter—matter, even in its most subtle modification, "force," as it is called? No, you know very well that it is the spirit, the conscience, in a word, the soul.

The body and the soul have each their sphere of action, their qualities, their different functions. The body changes, it has extension, it can be felt, it is visible, and divisible. The soul goes on through the years with the consciousness of its unity and its identity. It occupies no place in space; it can be neither seen nor touched, and therefore it is not divisible. Its domain is the sentiment, reflection, activity, the true and the beautiful, the just, and even the infinite, into which it darts itself with an incomparable rapidity. It thence follows that the soul, distinct and different from the body, does not of necessity partake of the same destiny. It does not inevitably perish with it. It may survive it. It even seems that it must. How can the soul be dissolved like the body? How can it be so, if it is not composed like the body of divisible and corruptible parts, but is one and immaterial? It does not seem possible.

The possibility and even the probability of the soul surviving the death of the body is thus the first point established for us. But this is not sufficient. We desire more than this. We seek certainty.

A powerful consideration in favour of a life to come is the universal belief of men in all countries, in all ages, in all religions, and in all degrees of civilisation.

The Germans, the Gauls, who expected beyond the grave a place for battles and for feasting; the Chinese, who have a belief in departed spirits, and consequently, according to the remark of the learned Max Müller, admit the principle of immortality; the Turk, who braves death in battles against infidels in order to gain the paradise promised by Mohammed; the savages of Africa and of the Pacific, who astonish our missionaries by their strange imaginations on the subject of a future life; the Hindoo Buddhist, who before reaching the annihilation of the Nirvana, the blessed end of his desires, expects to go through a series of existences, and consequently anticipates the survival of the soul beyond the grave; and all that line of great, noble, and illustrious minds, which from Socrates to Plato and to Cicero, from Descartes to Pascal and to Leibnitz, from Kant to M. Cousin and M. Saisset, have asserted the immortality of the soul: all these men, so different in origin, in race, in education, in tendency and in time, but who agree in believing in a life to come, do not all these show us that this belief is implanted by nature in the heart of humanity, if I may so say, and that it has indestructible roots in it?

But I hasten to arrive at more convincing proofs, because they are nearer ourselves. It is our reason,

our heart, our conscience, our whole spirit, which claim, beyond some transient and short years of this life, a better and more perfect existence.

I have already said that our reason claims a life to come. What do we see in the circle of our actual existence? There is in the mind of man a thirst that is never satisfied, and that cannot be satisfied here below.

The philosopher thirsts to know the secrets of the universe; he perceives only the brink of the great ocean of truth and knowledge. An artist desires an ideal and perfect beauty, and this he never obtains to the extent of his wishes. The man of equity desires justice for himself and for the world; he is always pleading and contending for it, and he sees the world continually more or less the prey of injustice. The generous man desires the good of his brethren, he suffers by their misery, and with difficulty succeeds in relieving it, and scarcely ever in removing it. The religious man desires the knowledge of Divine things, and the contemplation of their glory without any restraint; he is compelled to walk by faith and not by sight. Every soul of man desires happiness, and in the midst of all his felicity, of all the honours of this world, the soul finds a void that makes it sigh, against its will and even without its knowledge, for greater joys.

In the organisation of the physical world, the great naturalists Lamarck and Darwin form this theory, the result of their observations: "That there is no desire without a corresponding function, and no function without organisation." The thirst supposes the possibility of quenching it, and has organs appropriated for this end. Can it be otherwise in the soul's world? Can God be deceptive and cruel? Has He given to man sublime desires never to be satisfied? And can it be that only the lower inclinations of our nature are to be satisfied? In the name of order and of unity which reign everywhere; in the name of wisdom and of beauty which are evident in the details of the universe; in the name of analogy which we see in all parts of the creation; in the name of reason, we assert that if the longing of our souls cannot be satisfied here below, it must and will be satisfied in a better world.

Our heart as well as our reason has need of desiring a future life. In the face of so many noble hearts broken by sorrow, bruised by the brutal shock of circumstances as by a millstone; in the face of youthful talents full of promise but quenched by disease before having flourished; in the face of so many young minds that have desired to live, to love, to devote themselves to fulfil nobly a career of honest and useful exertion, and whom destruction with ruthless hand has suddenly taken from the world; in the face of that mother who weeps at the tomb of her daughter; in the face of those little children who are in mourning for their mother, even before they have been able to know what a treasure she was for them; in the face of disappointed affections, and hands seeking each other or grasping each other, and violently and for ever separated by death; in the face of all those calamities which we call life, what is the cry of the heart? Does the heart take its part in the mourning by repeating at the tomb of those whom it weeps for, "It is all over! They are dead; dead entirely, and for ever?" No; you know well that it claims beyond the tomb another life, in order to reunite those whom death has taken away with those who have survived them, and who have not ceased to love them; to give a full enjoyment to those who have appeared here below only to excite disappointed expectations, to appear in their flower and to die; to console those who have not tasted of consolation on the earth, and were worthy to receive it; to explain the enigmas that death causes but does not solve.

By reasons and arguments, less touching perhaps than those of the heart, but with an incomparable clearness, and with an authority over all of us, the conscience also demands a life to come.

The ancients represented justice as being lame. Yes, justice is lame here below, imperfect and incomplete. Not only does it sometimes not reach the guilty, but even strikes the innocent with its rudest blows.

If man has no soul, or if the soul perishes with his body, the innocent and the guilty, the obscure observer of duty and the voluptuous egotist, the poor Lazarus and the wicked Dives, the martyr and his executioner, St. Paul and Nero, the oppressed of all times and their oppressors, will always remain side by side in the common tomb of annihilation, and this will be all! So much the worse for the oppressed; so much the worse for the victims; so much the worse for the martyrs! And let no one say that there is the estimation of posterity for them! What can it do for them if they no longer exist? There is no recompense for the victims of injustice with that cynical maxim, "When one is dead, everything is dead."

No recompense; no justice! This is what the conscience does not admit, and will never admit! Its law is justice, perfect justice, universal and eternal justice. Let nothing be contrary to this law. Justice is not rendered in this life. Well, then, conscience being judge, in the majesty of its supreme right, proclaims a decree without appeal, by virtue of which there must be another world in which justice is done.

After having thus divided the soul in some manner into its different faculties, let us take it and consider it in its existing unity. In its better moments, when it is most itself, most disengaged from the cares of the flesh, the soul perceives immortality. How often have we not seen it? This man has allowed the sun of his immortal expectations to be obscured. He did not, perhaps, deny formally these expectations, but certainly they became for him thwarted, they passed beneath his low, worldly, and darkened horizon. Disease comes on him. The tumults of the world are silenced. He is separated from the material joys on which he formerly lived. A void is made around him. Now, in this silence and isolation he begins to perceive those spiritual realities to which he so long had been blind. In a body wasted, ruined, and feeble, his soul trembles, awakes, revives, strengthens, reclaims with increasing energy its element, its vital air, and finds this in the hope, and afterwards in the certainty, of a life beyond the tomb, and a better life than this. Everything announces the approaching dissolution of the corporeal organs, and the soul, like a boatman who approaches the bank, seems to hear the voices on the eternal shore, that welcome to it an invisible friend. Is there not in all this a re-

markable assurance, we may rather say a deep feeling of immortality, which possesses the soul, often even at the moment when the body is about to die and become dust?

To these assurances, to these arguments, to these witnesses and prophetic instincts, what will those who deny the existence of a future life oppose? Visible phenomena. True. The immortality of the soul is not perceived, nor touched, any more than the soul itself. This great silence, this stillness of death, and of the tomb, may seem to defy and to mock our expectations. But as death is no other than the separation of the body from the soul, and as the soul is essentially imperceptible by our mortal senses, is it not natural that it ceases to give us manifestations of itself, as soon as it leaves this body and this world? Is there any serious difficulty in this? We think not.

Will it be objected to all this that if many desire immortality others desire only annihilation? We acknowledge it; but men desire annihilation for two reasons only. Some because they fear to find in another life the award of their wickedness, of their vices, or of their crimes; others because they perceive nothing beyond their sphere and the blind laws of matter. As to the former a distinguished philosopher of this age shall answer for us. "Yes," says Theodore Jouffroy, "it would be pleasant to die entirely when a man has lived badly, and fears hell; but this is only a wicked desire, and not at all a conviction." As to the latter, their mistake arises from an imperfect and false view of things, which we have proved by showing the distinction between the soul and the body.

From all this it now remains certain, that the soul aspires, with all its might and with all its faculties, to a future life; it expects it, it even demands it.

I will venture to say, that it demands it now, in our day, with more eagerness than ever. In fact, children of the nineteenth century, we have all at heart a sacred idea of justice, of truth, of love, which is come into the world, and which nothing can take away. We ought indeed to seek the realisation of this idea in the present world, no doubt. This realisation will always be incomplete here below; it is our conviction, our hope, our joy, though it is incomplete; but it will remain always, and its necessary imperfection will be ever our regret. Sickness, death, error, selfishness, the abuse of power, these moral disorders will always have too large a share in the things of this world, and do not permit us to expect by natural means the supreme reign of truth and of justice. Therefore the soul now more than ever demands the development of this present life in a greater life to come. This life appears only a commencement, a sketch. This sketch requires a completion. It is a prologue. If it were a complete piece, it would be a tragedy, "the last scene being always sanguinary," according to the remark of the great Pascal. We require something to follow the prologue here below.

Arrived at this part of our demonstration, we must make a step forward, from fear of incompleteness. The arguments which we have made use of hitherto are very well as arguments; they have their own value; they have persuaded at all times many men of noble minds that there is a reality in a life to come. Witness the magnificent words of Plato, and of Cicero on the immortality of the soul. Witness this declaration of Goethe, the great German writer: "I have the firm conviction that our mind is an absolutely indestructible essence; it continues to act from eternity to eternity." Witness those radiant words of Victor Hugo: "Let us not forget to teach all that there would be no dignity in life, and that it would not be worth our trouble, if we must die entirely. What lightens labour, what consecrates work, what renders man strong, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, at once humble and great, worthy of intelligence and of liberty, is the having in view the perpetual vision of a better world beaming across the darkness of this life. As for me, I thoroughly believe in the better world. It is for me much more real than the miserable chimera which we call life; it is continually before my eyes, and after many struggles, much study, and many trials, it is the supreme decision of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul." Certainly these are fine words, and their tone is convincing, but do all those who most admire Victor Hugo partake of these convictions about a life to come? Certainly it must be acknowledged that the arguments drawn from the soul and its aspirations, notwithstanding their high and incontestable value, constitute but an incomplete proof in favour of the reality of a life to come. Sufficient for some elevated minds, they are not so for the most of men. If we were confined to these arguments, immortality would be only a sublime expectation, with which we may, according to Plato, enchant ourselves, but a certainty inaccessible to all who have neither the inclination nor leisure to think and speculate about the ideal. To speak again with Plato, we must have a safe bark to pass through the tempests of this life, and we should trust to it our hopes. We should require a solid basis, a divine word which should place us out of uncertainty.

In fact, the question we are considering is especially a religious one. Faith in immortality depends on faith in God, to whom it belongs to respond to the desires of our souls, as He responds here below to the necessities of our bodies. In truth, is not a simple faith in an almighty God, a living, true, just and gracious God, a promise here below of immortality? God can reply to the cry of our souls, He can satisfy this desire of justice, of perfection, of purity, of truth, of love, which He has kindled in our hearts. Then He will do it. God would not be God, the All-good and All-powerful, if He left to perish those in whose hearts He has implanted the idea and the necessity of an infinite goodness, and who trust in Him to be satisfied. It was in virtue of this truth, that David, three thousand years ago, said to his God, in a glowing lyric, "Thou shalt deliver my soul from the abode of the dead. Thou shalt make me know the path of life."

Alas! faith in a living God is obscured and extinct in the minds of a great number of our contemporaries, and therefore, of necessity, faith in immortality.

Without God, without hope beyond this deceptive world, it is not astonishing that life becomes even a burden to many a mind, that, with mere negations, desires not immortality which it thinks impossible, but seeks only the end, the destruction of life here below, of its bitter irony, and its deceptions. Alas!

the multitude draw only too soon the practical conclusion of their ideas of annihilation. Witness in proof of it the epidemic of suicide which has come upon us for many years, and appears even now to be far from decreasing, and those increasing criminal attempts against the persons who represent authority, notwithstanding the improvements in the times, and the progress of enlightenment.

Where will all this end? We cannot ask this question without dread, and yet, when a system brings forth such results, when it arrives at this desperate and dreadful conclusion, when it passes over society like a wind of demoralisation and of death, it is not far from thwarting itself by its effects, and a remedy is not far off for the excess of evil.

Now, I ask you, my readers, can you believe that life is an evil, that humanity is the result of an ill-contrived chance, that hope is an illusion, that death is the last expression of our destiny? I appeal to all that is most noble, most profound, and most sacred in your souls, and I await the response with confidence.

Moreover, we are here not reduced to invoke the cry of the heart alone. In appealing for a life to come, which may complete and repair the present life, we appeal to the intervention of God, the supreme assurance of immortality. From the great heart of humanity there ascends a cry to the Unseen Power to withdraw the veil of mystery, and to reveal himself as God just and good. God has not willed that this cry be lost in empty space. He has revealed himself, and by revealing himself, He has made eternal life to be evident. He has done it by Jesus Christ.

St. John, the beloved apostle of Jesus, has written a very deep word of truth: "We have seen the life." Yes, Jesus is The Life, in the truest sense of the word, and this assertion is not an abstract dogma, it is the simple expression of a fact. This justice, this word, this purity, this sacred and burning love, this vivid sentiment of the Eternal and of the Divine, this Divine and human soul together in the person of Jesus Christ, and whose light shines upon us through eighteen centuries, is "the life," or as the apostle we have just cited, says, "the light of life," and is the celestial and resplendent brightness which shines into our darkness and dissipates it.

This brightness cannot die. Death, the tomb, dissolution, all which consumes and transforms matter, can do nothing to a life which shows itself in its perfection in Jesus, which by Him takes its place in history and in human tradition.

This life is of a different kind to matter, and of a superior kind. It is the contrary of death, and the negation of it. Death and Jesus, like darkness and light, are irreconcilable. We cannot imagine Jesus overcome and annihilated by death. Thus the humanity of Jesus Christ is a living demonstration of the immortality of our spiritual life, the real response to the aspirations for an imperishable life.

In University College Hall.] [*Flaxman.*

Jesus does more than prove immortality, He gives it. By bringing pardon for us sinners, by giving to our souls the spirit of holiness and of love, by accomplishing the work of moral regeneration and reconciliation with God, which is his great work, Jesus dissipates the thickest cloud that hides from us eternal life.

The more delicate our conscience is, the more we think ourselves unworthy, and incapable by ourselves of entering into communion with the holy God, and consequently of possessing life beyond the grave, which, we well know, is a life in God.

If we are not mistaken, it is this sentiment which hinders many minds in believing in a world to come:

they do not believe in it, because they do not desire it; they fear to encounter the justice of God, not knowing his love. We have not said too much in asserting that Jesus gives eternal life. He gives it by removing the great obstacle which separates us from it, the sin of our hearts; by being our brother, by making our destiny sure, by making us see in God our Father, and heaven our home.

As to the resurrection of Jesus Christ, an act of the creative power of God, this fact so surely attested by the apostles and the martyrs of the early Christian church; it is but the Divine seal set to the life that Jesus brought into the world. An assurance of our own resurrection, it gives to faith immortality, its definite form, and this form is in harmony with the laws of science as well as with our aspirations. Man, say the learned, is an intelligence; his soul is served by organisation, and we can scarcely imagine that a mind has life complete without organs to serve it. Well, according to the Christian doctrine, the soul will enjoy a complete life in the future economy, with organs more subtle, and when a glorious spiritual and incorruptible body shall take the place of our weak and corruptible body.

Sometimes in the latter days of autumn an early mist casts a thick and unwelcome veil over the brilliantly adorned meadows. A vague whiteness traverses the clouds of cotton-like appearance that float over the hills. Suddenly the sun draws away the mist, absorbs it in a few moments, and shines radiant, shedding floods of light over nature and joy in all our hearts.

So Jesus Christ appears to the soul weeping and ardently desiring immortality. He shows to it its desires realised; He changes hope into certainty. Will you see the power of Jesus Christ banish from your soul the last vestige of doubt in the immortality of the soul? Go to the death-bed of a Christian. After a life enlightened by reflections of Christian hope, he contemplates more closely with the eyes of faith the most brilliant perspective of eternal realities. His pale face is illumined by it. His soul ready to fly off towards celestial abodes, casts a more vidid light; his language has strange boldness. Some months ago, a man yet young saw his death approaching. A happy husband, a happy father, a learned and beloved teacher, a writer of merit, it seemed that everything must attach him to this world. But the Master called him, and everything gave way to this last appeal. After some touching words to his family, seeing the shades of this world disappearing, "How beautiful heaven is," said he; "how near it is!" These were his last words. If you want facts, this is one.

He who believes in Christ here below is assured of eternal life. This faith ennobles him, elevates him, consoles his life, and transforms his death.

The Crusader Spirit.

By THE EDITOR.

Lines written to accompany frontispiece of "Sunday at Home" for July: "Halt of the Crusaders," by C. F. Lessing.

FIRED with a noble zeal they wend their way
To the far distant land of Palestine;
Home, country, all that men most love, they leave,
Nor count they life itself to them as dear,
If haply they may help to raise the Cross,
The symbol of a better, purer faith,
Above the place profaned by infidels,
The Sepulchre of Christ who died for them!

Yes! 'twas a noble though misguided zeal!
They knew not that the triumphs of the Cross
Are not by strength nor carnal weapons won;
Nor had they learned the art of conquering self,
And in the heart proclaiming Jesus, King.
Yet be the old crusader spirit mine!
Courage, endurance, self-denial, love,
With readiness to do and suffer all
For the dear Lord, who lived and died for me!

From the Painting]

HALT OF THE CRUSADERS.

[By C. F. Lessing.

EIGHT DAYS AND NIGHTS IN A CYCLONE.

FOR many years I was a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Madagascar, and it was during a voyage from that island to the island of Mauritius, that I experienced what I am now about to relate. My companion's name was Maundrell, who is now a missionary in Japan.

The vessel in which we sailed was a large French barque called the "*Souvenir*." She belonged to a class of vessel named "bullockers" in Mauritius—I had better tell what that means.

Madagascar, for so large an island, several times larger than England, is very thinly populated. Perhaps there are not more than three or four millions of people scattered over that vast country; Mauritius, on the contrary, is a very small island, not half the size of some of our English counties, but it is densely populated, and thickly planted with the sugar-cane. There is, therefore, no room in it to breed cattle; so, for nine months in the year, vessels go from Mauritius to Madagascar for cattle, and these vessels are called "Bullockers;" they are generally rickety old things, and during the other three months, called hurricane months, they are not allowed to leave the harbour of Port Louis.

We set sail from Vohimare, on the north-east coast of Madagascar, with a cargo of two hundred and forty-one fat bullocks for Mauritius. Half of these were down below, and the other half on the deck above. Besides these, we had about a thousand head of poultry, fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, and when these were being fed, the music from their thousand throats would have driven a Handel mad.

We sailed along very nicely for about a fortnight, though the heat from the sun and the breath of the bullocks made our "berths" uncomfortably hot. I used occasionally to spread my mattress on the "cuddy" floor, in order to get a little cool air at night.

One Friday evening I stood on the quarter-deck, leaning against the mizzen-mast, watching the sun set behind a very red and angry-looking sky. The captain, a Frenchman, shook his head and said, "I don't like that; we shall have bad weather." A heavy sea was rolling from the east, towards which we were sailing, and a strong breeze was blowing from the south-west. It soon turned to the south-south-west, and blew a strong gale.

As it continued to blow the captain took in sail, and in an hour or two I heard it said that the wind had ceased. It was a false lull, for in a short time it recommenced to blow harder and fiercer than before; the rain at the same time came down in torrents, as it *can* do in the tropics.

It now became quite evident from the wind, the sea, and the waves, that we were encountering a hurricane, when human skill or exertion could avail little for safety.

The storm increased during the night, and on Saturday morning veered to the west. At two o'clock on this day, the sea gave the ship two or three tremendous bumps, which caused the captain and all in the cabin to start. In a short time one of the men came down and said, "Sir, the helm is broken!" A strange feeling came over me at this announcement; I felt my heart sink. Mr. Maundrell and I went straight to our cabin; we kneeled down and committed ourselves and all on board to the protection of Almighty God.

When it was almost dark, we got a chain all round the upright pole of the helm, between the cuddy and the upper deck, and thought it would bear us through. To our dismay the wheel broke above, and our hopes were dashed to the ground.

Two strong sticks were then put through the scuttle holes on either side, to which pulleys and ropes were attached. This was to check the helm, which was dashing from side to side, as if it would knock in the stern of the vessel.

During the night the ropes and chains snapped several times, and when the cry was raised I jumped out of bed, and pulled and hauled along with the sailors till they were joined again.

While the helm was being mended, one of the sailors, with a mournful face, came and told the mate that the foretopmast was broken! As soon as possible the captain had the ropes cut, and let it fall into the sea.

The next morning everything on board looked as miserable as could possibly be imagined; the cuddy table had gone adrift, and things were lying scattered and rolling about the floor. On deck it was pitiful to see the poor bullocks. Many were lying heaped one upon the top of the other, jumbled together by the pitching and rolling of the ship. Some were dead, others dying, and many more were cut and swollen. Those below were battened down, lest the sea washing over us should go into the hold and sink us.

After a dreadful night of sleeplessness and anxiety we rose on Sunday morning, the wind still blowing and the helm dashing from side to side with fearful violence. Oh, how I longed for the morning, and how pleased I was to see the light of another day. What a comfort it was to remember that prayers were being offered up that morning by millions in all parts of the world for "all that travel by water."

As I lay or sat in my "bunk," being unable to move about, in consequence of the violent motion of the ship, I thought and read and prayed much. It is marvellous how a sense of the Divine presence can keep one calm in the midst of danger and peril. The waves were appalling, and, joined to the roar of the wind among the rigging, made the situation truly terrific! Still how precious were the promises of God, and how comforting in that trying season! I felt that "the Lord of hosts was with us," and that therefore there was no cause for despair, since our Father "holds the winds in his fists," and "the waters in the hollow of his hand." "The waves of the sea are mighty. ..... but the Lord on high is mightier than the mighty waves of the sea." I felt it to be a very solemn thing to be so near death, but the comforts of God's word and presence sustained me.

Sunday night came, bringing with it uneasiness and anxiety, and the wind seemed rather to increase than otherwise. At about two o'clock A.M. the ship was labouring heavily, and I thought she might be going down. I heard the captain and mate shouting above the roar of the wind, "Cut, cut, cut away

everything!" while the water was coming into the ship by the lee side. I heard them cutting and hacking, but could not see for the darkness. In a few moments I heard a crash, and away went the mizzen-mast over the side, carrying one of our boats along with it; this appeared to relieve her a little, though the wind blew as fiercely as ever.

About six A.M. it increased, and to my mind the ship was going down. The captain ordered the mainmast to be cut, but none of the men seemed willing to do it, the Creole and Lascar sailors being nearly dead with fear. At last our Malagasy servant, who had been a sailor on board an American whaler, took a hatchet and led the way. The stay-ropes were cut, and the mast hacked. The immense spar staggered to and fro for a short time, making one quake to see it, until a tremendous blast came, which threw the ship nearly on her beam-ends, and so strained it, that the mast went over the side with a crash, carrying away part of her lee bulwarks. The relief which this gave to the ship was visible and sensible.

On this day, and Tuesday, the wind, which was blowing north, did not seem to abate, though several times we had hopes that it had exhausted itself. The helm, which was almost, if not altogether useless, jumped out of the pins, stuck fast, and was ultimately carried away. Henceforth we had not the semblance of a helm, and went wherever the winds and waves chose to carry us.

On Wednesday, the wind changed to the south-east, and all, as usual, were expecting to go down. The order was then given to cut down the foremast, our only remaining hope!

As I stood at the cabin-door, I looked at a barrel floating over the waves, and thought that in a few minutes I should be struggling in the sea, and imagined my laying hold of a barrel, and of its going round and round, and of the probability of my being devoured by one of the numerous sharks which were following the ship. All this time they were engaged in cutting at the mast. My friend, Mr. Maundrell, said to me, "Campbell, what do you intend doing?" I replied, "Lay hold on a spar, and live as long as I can." I asked, "And what will you do?" "Go into my cabin," he answered, "lock the door, and go down with the ship!"

I knew that if the mast fell lengthwise, the ship would open, and in a few minutes we would be battling with the waves. Oh! it was an anxious moment. I watched with breathless apprehension the great long mast stagger from side to side. I felt that we were now nearing our end. Suddenly a strong gust came, blew the ship on her side, and over went the mast into the sea. The stay-ropes were cut, the mast drifted away, the ship righted herself, and there we were—"a sheer hulk," not a spar standing, and without a rudder to guide us.

Still the hurricane increased: at times it appeared to abate, but after a little it blew stronger and fiercer. Night came, and through sheer exhaustion I fell asleep.

I was roused in the night by the cry that "the water was coming in by the stern!" and the water lashing backwards and forwards in my cabin seemed to prove it to be a fact. It turned out to be only the sea which had dashed up the place where the helm had been, and the box of which in the cabin had been cut away for the purpose of mending it.

The hurricane had raged from Friday night, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and now, on Thursday night, it seemed to be worse than ever. All this time we thought every hour would be our last! On Thursday night both the captain and mate thought it was all up with us, and felt sure we were going to the bottom. The mate came into the cabin, and said to our servant, in the hearing of Mr. Maundrell, "It is all over; we are sinking!" He then rolled himself up in his blanket, and lay down, expecting soon to be in eternity.

Mr. Maundrell said to our servant, who was lying on the floor of the cabin, "We are not going down; God can save us. Pray to Him for deliverance." The poor Malagasy turned upon his knees and offered up his prayers to Jehovah. Twice during this dreadful time did my dear brother Maundrell come to my cabin to bring me the awful tidings, and each time I was fast asleep! He determined not to awake me, but let me go down in peace. We had often and often knelt together, as we thought for the *last* time, and committed ourselves and those whom we loved to the care of Almighty God; and on getting up from our knees shook hands, and said, "Good-bye, old fellow; we'll meet in heaven," or some such-like expression.

When everything was done that could be done to save the ship, the captain, like the mate, threw himself on his couch, expecting every moment to see the waters rushing into his cabin! When man had done his utmost, God stretched forth the right hand of his power, and saved us. That night the wind fell, and our hearts began to rise.

At daybreak on Friday morning we rigged up a jury-mast, and in the evening had a couple of sails set. What a miserable sight the ship presented!

The next morning, when the violence of the sea had somewhat abated, a number of spars were lashed together and thrown out behind by way of a rudder, but they did not answer. The sea getting somewhat smoother, a rudder was made by chaining planks round a ladder, but in a few days this was carried away. A third attempt was more successful, and to our great delight the ship answered the helm.

We now had four jury-masts crowded with ragged sails, and altogether we looked the picture of perfect misery. The hurricane being ended, something quite as dreadful awaited us. "What was that?" you may ask. "Plague, pestilence, and famine," is my reply. You remember that, at the commencement of the hurricane, the bullocks in the hold were battened down; these of course were dead, and the stench arising from them I will leave to the imagination of my readers.

When the captain first got the sun, and found out our position, he said that we had had a most wonderful escape from being dashed to pieces on an island called "Isle aux sable" (or Sandy Island) near which we must have passed during the fierceness of the hurricane!

The question now arose, Where could we get to? We first thought of reaching some port in Madagascar; but this was found to be impossible. Then we thought of a little island called "Providence," north of Cape Amber, as we were afraid of drifting into the Mozambique channel. Had we reached "Providence," it was the captain's intention to leave us there, and, taking our only remaining boat, to go from island to island, until he reached the

Seychelles, and send a boat from thence for our deliverance.

Happily, this was not necessary, as our ship kept her head steadily towards the Seychelles, and after our four jury-masts were rigged, went at the rate of some sixty miles a day. We often wondered if we should ever see land again! And many a longing look was cast round the horizon day after day for one of H.M. cruisers, or some other ship to take us off the wreck. We were fortunate in having plenty of water on board, for the bullocks that should have drunk it were dead. In conversation with the captain, he told me that there were only twenty bags of rice on board, and that that would feed us for the same number of days. I suggested that he should curtail our rations, but he replied he did not think it necessary. It was a dark look-out. The crew also threatened to mutiny, and it was with great difficulty they were kept at the pumps day and night. Thus we spent each day, hoping and fearing, but still earnestly praying to the Almighty for safety.

On Sunday morning, sixteen days after the hurricane, we were roused by the cry of "Land!" Need I attempt to tell you the feelings of all on board?

The land which we sighted was a most beautiful little island called "Isle Plat," the quarantine station for the Seychelles. The island swarmed with sea-birds, and even the trees were so covered with them that they looked like so much fruit at a distance; but their rising up and flying about soon dissipated that illusion. We passed within about a mile of the island, and fortunately in the daytime. The captain now knew our exact position, and found that his chronometer was twenty-four miles wrong.

We sailed along quietly, expecting to get to Seychelles the next day. You may imagine how excited we were, when late in the evening, we saw the summits of the lofty mountains of Mahé! Joy and excitement almost banished sleep. And the next morning brought us nearer to our destination. The breeze was so slight that we were unable to enter that day; but shortly after midnight on Tuesday morning, the anchor chains rattled through the holes. The ship stopped, and we were safely anchored at Seychelles.

To make an end of my narrative; we reached the Seychelles eighteen days after the hurricane, and thirty-nine days after leaving Madagascar. Of the two hundred and forty-one bullocks which we took on board when we started, only ten, and these but skeletons, were landed alive!

Need I say that our thankfulness to God was as deep as our danger had been extreme. It is only after such an experience that all the fulness of that familiar portion of God's word is laid to heart.

"They mount up to the heaven,—they go down again to the depths:
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,—and are at their wit's end.
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,—so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 24.

MOSES AND AARON. EXODUS IV. 27—V. 9.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM CV. 26.—*'He sent Moses His servant; and Aaron whom He had chosen.'*

CONNECTION.—The call of Moses, considered last week, was attended by miracles, ch. iv. 1-7, adapted to overcome the reluctance which arose from conscious weakness. Almighty power was so plainly on his side, that he could no longer hesitate. That he was 'slow of speech,' is a plea set aside by a reference to the ability of Aaron. Thus encouraged, Moses departs on his great errand, taking leave of Jethro, to whom he as yet says nothing of his mission, ver. 18. Before reaching Egypt he sends Zipporah (who seems to have had but little sympathy with him) and his children back to Midian, vers. 24-26, see ch. xviii. 2. Aaron meanwhile receives in Egypt a divine intimation of the approach of Moses. With the meeting of the brothers to-day's 'Study' begins.

I. MOSES AND AARON BEAR THEIR MESSAGE TO ISRAEL.—*Read vers.* 27-31. The brothers meet at some spot in the wilderness at Horeb, **the mount of God.** It was well that they should take counsel together in these solitudes, before they go forward on their great errand. Glance at the different qualifications of the two men. **Aaron,** at first the more conspicuous and famous: as the elder, the head of the family of Amram—the chief speaker: but **Moses** is greater still—'the dumb backward, disinterested prophet—a witness that something more is needed for the guidance of man than high hereditary office, or the gift of fluent speech.'* But each was great according to his special gifts. Moses was 'wisdom;' Aaron was 'mouth:' *what to say,* and *how to say it*—so the adaptation was complete. They went **together** to **the elders of their people:** a proof that Israel held together as a nation still, with its own officers and rulers. These seem, from the mention of **the people,** to have convened a larger assembly. What would be the **signs** wrought in the presence of this congregation? See vers. 2-4, 6,7. What effect did these wonders produce? The revelation of the NAME confirmed the conviction of **the children of Israel.** Not now were they slow to believe, however they might afterwards fall into faithlessness and sin. A feeling that the time of deliverance had come—**that Jehovah had visited His people**—thrilled through the multitude; they **bowed their heads,** in token of faith and obedience, and **worshipped** JEHOVAH, the Covenant God. This was the first ecstasy of their faith; what trials and discipline were yet needed would be hereafter shown.

II. FIRST APPEAL TO PHARAOH, AND ITS RESULT.—*Read* ch. v. *vers.* 1-4. This **Pharaoh** is thought to have been grandson or great-grandson to the first oppressor of the Israelites, an inheritor of his spirit. To him **Moses and Aaron went in;** no doubt where he held his court at Zoan, or Tanis (Psa. lxxviii. 12, 43). The first demand **of Israel** in the name of **Jehovah** their **God** was not for liberation, but for a brief release. It was a testing appeal. Should the king grant this, other concessions might be expected to follow. But the request is refused with haughty pride. **Who is Jehovah? . . . . I know not Jehovah.** Possibly the name of the Supreme Being was unknown to Pharaoh; or he may have simply meant, 'I do not acknowledge His authority.' It was a

* Dean Stanley, 'Lectures on the Jewish Church,' p. 114.

fixed heathen belief that nations had their own several gods, with power only over their respective mortal subjects; while at times there would be a conflict among these rival divinities, as to which was the mightier. Pharaoh seems to have regarded the present issue as of such a kind. Proudly, indeed, he sets his own will against the command of Jehovah: **Neither will I let Israel go.** But Moses and Aaron reiterate their request. Jehovah, the **God of the Hebrews, hath met with us**: and has given us a summons we are bound to obey. The petition to be allowed to go into **the desert** for purposes of worship was in itself most reasonable. Such high and solemn service as the Israelites desired to render could not have been held in Egypt, or among heathens, where it would have been regarded as an 'abomination.' Still, a lengthened absence was not at present desired, only sufficient time to cross the confines of the land into the wilderness; for **three days** would not have sufficed to reach Horeb itself.

> 'The Israelites,' says *Dr. Edersheim*,* 'were not to steal away secretly, nor yet to attempt to raise the standard of rebellion. Nor was the Divine power with which Moses was armed, to be at the first employed either in avenging their past wrongs, or in securing their liberty. On the contrary, they were to apply to Pharaoh for permission to undertake even so harmless an expedition as a three-days pilgrimage into the wilderness to sacrifice unto God. . . . It was infinite condescension to Pharaoh's weakness, on the part of God, not to insist from the first upon the immediate and entire dismissal of Israel. Less *could not* have been asked than was demanded of Pharaoh, nor could obedience have been made more easy. Only the most tyrannical determination to crush the rights and convictions of the people, and the most daring defiance of Jehovah could have prompted him to refuse such a request, and that, in face of all the signs and wonders by which the mission of Moses was accredited. Thus at the first his submission was to be tried where it was easiest to render it, and where disobedience would be "without excuse." There might have been some plea for such a man as Pharaoh to refuse at once and wholly to let those go who had so long been his bondsmen; there could be absolutely none for resisting a demand so moderate and supported by such authority. Assuredly such a man was ripe for the judgment of hardening; just as, on the other hand, if he had at first yielded obedience to the Divine will, he would surely have been prepared to receive a further revelation of His will, and grace to submit to it. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."'

An argument is added, such as Pharaoh would most readily appreciate, from the consequences that might follow disobedience —**pestilence**, such as was not unknown in Egypt, or **the sword**, of invasion from the hostile frontier—calamities that would involve the Egyptians with themselves. But the prospect seems to have no terror for Pharaoh. He only angrily turns on the Hebrew leaders with the charge of hindering (let = hinder) the Israelites **from their works**, calling them off by this excitement! **Get you unto your burdens**, words addressed through Moses and Aaron **to the people** whom they represented, or, perhaps to the Israelite elders who accompanied them.

III. HARSHER MEASURES ADOPTED.—*Read vers.* 5-9. **The people of the land**, the Israelites, who had still multiplied during the years of oppression. In the description, *Kalisch* says, there is implied a certain contempt—'the low people.' **And ye make them rest**, etc. The thought is partly that, being so **many**, their cessation from work would be a serious loss to their masters, partly that, being thus numerous, should leisure be given them to scheme for their deliverance, they would become very formidable. To keep so great a multitude from rising against their taskmasters the only method must be ceaseless, unremitting work. Hence the order to the Egyptian **taskmasters** and the Israelite **officers**, or 'overseers.' (That these last were Israelites appears from ver. 14.) As a method of increasing the toil, the oppressed labourers have not only to keep **up the tale**, or number **of the bricks** required from every gang from day to day, but are set to collect the material, **the straw**, which before had been supplied, ready to hand.

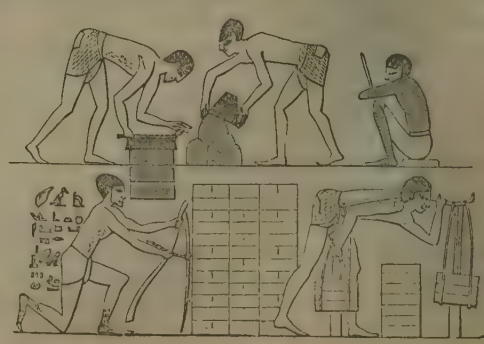
> The bricks were of the alluvial deposit of the Nile, not burnt but hardened in the sun. 'They are,' says *Kalisch*, 'of such hardness and durability that they defy the destructive influence of milleniums, especially in dry climates like Egypt, where rain is rare; and Rosellini has recently brought some of them from Egypt, which bear the name of Thotmes IV., the fifth king of the eighteenth dynasty (earlier than Moses). On being analysed, they were found to contain an admixture of straw, which is, however, the less in quantity the more carefully they are prepared, and the better the clay is of which they are made. Philo says, "Straw is the tie of bricks."' 'Straw is still used in bricks made of the Nile clay, to prevent them from cracking: those made from the clay brought down in torrent beds on the edge of the desert require no straw.'—*Dict. Bible.*

They are idle. The world often judges thus of religious exercises. They are not 'practical,' people say. So busy people 'have no time' for religion; and harsh masters grudge to their dependents the opportunity of worshipping God. More work is the remedy for any aspiring thoughts. **Vain words**—all that tell of freedom and hope. So, as the rest of the chapter shows, the toil becomes harder and more bitter. Instead of accomplishing deliverance, the interference of Moses and Aaron seems only to have aggravated the hardships of the people's lot. It was a terrible trial to faith, and the people who had 'bowed their heads and worshipped' when the first tidings of approaching liberty were uttered, grew impatient and resentful, turning their anger against the men who had raised their hopes, only, as it seemed, to dash them more cruelly to the ground. Even Moses utters the despairing cry, *Lord, why is it that Thou hast sent me?* ver. 22. He was yet to learn the lesson that God's own time and method are best.

> There is an ancient Jewish proverb, 'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!'

QUESTIONS.

1. What were the circumstances which led to the separation of Moses and Zipporah?
2. Why was the first demand of Moses of Pharaoh restricted to permission to hold a feast in the wilderness?
3. Show that Pharaoh had no moral right to detain the Israelites in servitude.
4. From the history of the Old and the New Testament church, illustrate the fact that the first steps to deliverance are often attended with heavier trials.



* 'Bible History,' vol. ii., R.T.S., 'Exodus and the Wanderings in the Wilderness,' p. 52.

Pages for the Young.

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

VII.

SCHOOL FOR MUSSALMAN BOYS AND GIRLS AT ALLAHABAD.

"There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to the Father cry.
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim,
Shall rest eternally."

THE Moharrem was over, and Ibrahim with his family went to their own home.

The cart came as before to take the three little girls to the school. Anser and Jamla were not at all pleased that their holiday was over, and grumbled at beginning their lessons again, but Zuleika was very glad to attend school once more. The schoolhouse stood in a large enclosure called a "compound," and was surrounded with large trees. How much the children wished that they might be allowed to go and play under those trees. How delightful it would be! The schoolhouse was so hot, and learning to read was such dull work, and altogether it would be much nicer to be under the lovely green trees. So they whispered to each other over their reading, and tried to persuade each other to ask for permission to play a little in the compound after morning school was over. At last they decided together that all the children would ask the lady's leave at once. As soon as the class was over, they would all call out together the word "Raza!" (leave), and so they did.

No sooner had the lady finished her lesson, than all the little voices called out "Raza!" and when asked what raza was wanted for, they answered, "To play a little under the trees."

"Certainly," said the lady, "go out to play by all means; only be sure you do not fall into the well, or pick the flowers or fruit."

This was delightful, all the children rushed down the steps and into the garden. Such a number of bright little figures, all laughing and merry. But when they got into the strange garden they began to feel a little frightened, and all kept huddled together like a flock of sheep. They had never been in a garden before, and here were large trees and bushes, and who knew what might be hidden away behind them? But before long they began to wander in twos and threes to explore the place.

Jamla, Anser, and Zuleika kept together, and made themselves very happy.

"Why, look here," said Jamla; "here is a swing like we have at home, in this yard."

"Yes, but much bigger," said Zuleika. "Get into it, Anser, and I will swing you so high, right up into the trees."

So Anser climbed up on to the broad wooden seat of the swing, and Zuleika and Jamla worked hard at the ropes to send her up high.

"Hold fast!" they called out; but they need not have troubled themselves to say that, for Anser was clinging fast, and had no intention to let herself be thrown out.

They were not left long alone with the swing; soon the other children came to join them, and all wanted to have a turn.

"Now, Anser," they cried, "jump out;" and out she came, and another little child was put in, in her place. So Anser and her companions wandered off to see the wells they had been warned against falling into. Soon they came upon them.

"Let us take hands," said Zuleika, "and go slowly up and peep over the wall, at the water," and Zuleika, Anser, and Jamla held each other by the hand, and went up to the dreaded water.

"I did not know wells were ever so deep and large," said Anser; "do let us go away."

"No, wait," responded Jamla, and she bent forward a little over the wall; "look down into the water; I see something moving. Look! look!"

"Jamla!" screamed Anser; "I am frightened! Come away; it must be a jin in the water."

Jamla laughed at her sister's fears, and said, "Why, it is only a fish, a round fish; do look."

But it was not a fish, but a large round tortoise which lived in the well. For wells in India are not like English wells. They are often four or five yards across, with walls round them. to prevent people from falling into them. In the water there are often fish, and tortoises are sometimes put in, as the natives of India think they help to keep the water pure, and the children stayed a long time looking at the tortoise, looking too at the frogs that were lying motionless on the top of the water, waiting to catch any fly that might chance to come near enough to them. But after a time, they tired of this amusement, and Jamla and Anser collected bits of pot, and made a play feast, for after all, Mussalman children are extremely like their little sisters in England. Zuleika wandered away by herself, for she wanted to see all the beautiful garden before it was time to go back to school. She soon came upon a little path amongst the trees, and down it she went, stopping from time to time to look at the pretty wild flowers that grew beside her. Very poor little flowers we should think, but very pretty to little Zuleika. The sight of the grass and flowers reminded her of the days when she had lived so happily with her father and mother in the far-away little village, and she sat down on the ground, and for a little time gave way to her sorrow. From time to time the voices of her little schoolfellows reached her ears as they shouted merrily over their games, but Zuleika's heart was very heavy, and how she longed for her dear mother whom she had last seen lying dead by the roadside. She laid her head on the ground, and with bitter, choking tears she sobbed out, "Oh, mother! mother!"

For a long time she lay on the ground, crying bitterly, then her sobs became less frequent, but still she lay there without moving—she was asleep. For a long, long time she slept. The little striped squirrels came down from the trees overhead, and looked at her, and scampered off again, the little birds, sparrows, Indian robins and hoopoes came and twittered round her, but still Zuleika slept on.

"Come, children, it is two o'clock, we must go into school," called out the teacher, so they ran after her, up the steps, so bright and cheerful after their play, and lessons once more began. When it was time for the children to go home, the cart came to the door.

"Now the children who go in the first cart, come here, and get ready," said the teacher, and she called out the names of those who were wanted: "Anser! Jamla! Zuleika!" and so on. But when it came to Zuleika's turn to get up, fold up her work and "salaam" to the teacher, no little Zuleika appeared. "Where can she be?" they exclaimed, for no one had missed her.

"Who saw her last?" they asked, but no one had seen her for a long time. The last who had seen her was Jamla, and she had seen her by the wells. How terrified they all were when they heard this. "She is drowned. I know she is," cried Anser. "Oh, Jamla, it *was* a jin after all, and he called Zuleika to him; she has got into the water."

"What foolish words!" said Jamla, but she too looked troubled, and ran off with the rest to look for little Zuleika.

Once more they slowly crept to the fearful well, and peeped over, but no little child was there, the water was calm and unruffled as ever, the tortoise was swimming slowly about as before, and still the frogs were waiting for flies; plainly no child had disturbed the peace by tumbling in. So they wandered off to look elsewhere for the missing child.

Presently they came upon the little path down which Zuleika had wandered, earlier in the afternoon, and after walking down it a little way, they came upon a little bush behind which they saw something red fluttering. Hurrying to it they found little Zuleika, not caught by the jins after all, but sitting up looking very sleepy and a good deal puzzled, for she had just awakened and did not in the least remember where she was, nor how she came there.

"Zuleika, you naughty child!" exclaimed the teacher, "how you have frightened us; we thought you were drowned; you have not been to school, and ought to be well beaten," and she gave the child an angry push. But something in the patient face of the little girl made her change her mind about the beating, and as Zuleika looked up in her face with her sad pitiful eyes, she took her hand and pulling her gently along the path with her, she said:

"Well, Zuleika, I believe you did not mean to frighten us, only next time don't go and sleep when you come into the garden, or may be the jins *will* fetch you," for the Mussalman women are terribly superstitious, and believe firmly in fairies, jins and evil spirits of all kinds.

So Zuleika returned home with her little companions.

A PROVERB BURIED IN OTHER PROVERBS.

(One word in each.)

NO. I.

"The wise shall inherit glory" (Prov. iii. 35).
"The fear of man bringeth a snare" (Prov. xxix. 25).
"Hear the instruction of thy father" (Prov. i. 8).
"The wicked shall be cut off from the earth" (Prov. ii. 22).
"Honour the Lord with thy substance" (Prov. iii. 9).
"The righteous is delivered out of trouble" (Prov. xi. 8).
"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes" (Prov. xii. 15).
"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water" (Prov. xvii. 14).
"The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge" (Prov. xviii. 15).
"Get wisdom, get understanding" (Prov. iv. 5).

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXIII.—p. 368.—WEDDING-GARMENT.

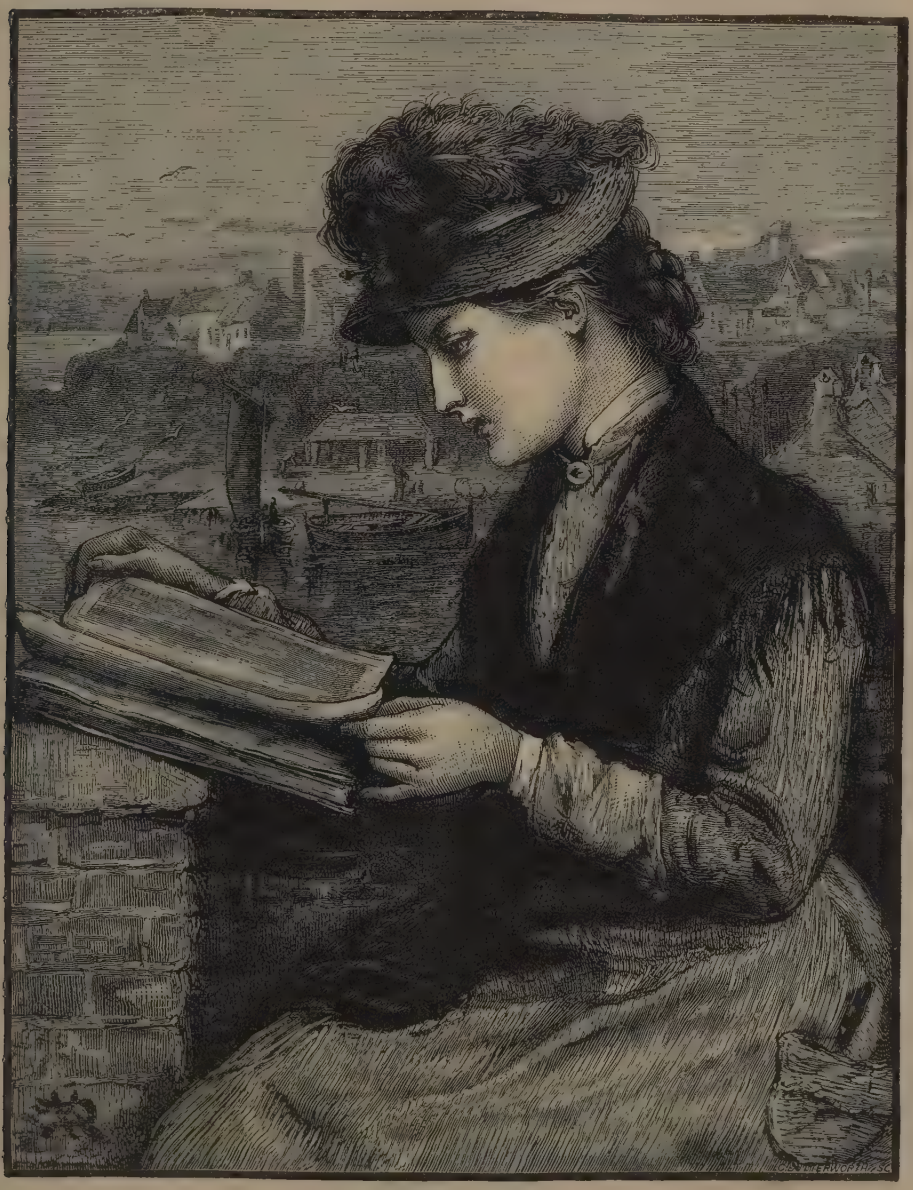
1. W-eddin-*g* . . . . . Luke xii. 36.
2. E-phphath-*a* . . . . . Mark vii. 34.
3. D-ishonou-*r* . . . . . 1 Cor. xv. 43.
4. D-rea-*m* . . . . . Isa. xxix. 7; Eccles. v. 3.
5. I-nheritanc-*e* . . . . . 1 Peter i. 4.
6. N-ai-*n* . . . . . Luke vii. 11–17.
7. G-armen-*t* . . . . . Matt. ix. 20, 21.

NO. XXIV.—p. 384.—JOSEPH.—Gen. xlv. 7.

1. J-acob . . . . . Gen. xxvii. 28; Gen. xxxii. 28.
2. O-beisance . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 7.
3. S-tars . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 9.
4. E-nvy . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 11; Prov. xiv. 30.
5. P-it . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 24.
6. H-ebron . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE far-off village breathes content and calm,
The sea sends forth its everlasting psalm;
All things have shaken off their week-day leaven,
And grateful earth is closer drawn to heaven.

A fitting scene for eyes that love to read
The Book whose wisdom answers every need;
A fitting sound for ears that long to hear
Some echo from a land than earth more dear.

And such sweet echoes daily, hourly, speak,
But strife and turmoil drown them through the week;
As restless waves will vainly ebb and flow,
And hide the peaceful depths that lie below.

Oh! let us welcome as a precious boon,
The holy stillness of the Sabbath noon,
When all creation's tranquil joy we share,
Till evening chimes shall call us back to prayer.—S. E. G.

GWEN BEVERLY.

CHAPTER V.

MISS DALE'S cousins did not arrive at the vicarage for three weeks after I had become a pupil there. I had a mixed feeling respecting the coming of the cousins. It was so pleasant having the teaching all to myself (for the little girls did not interfere much with the attention given to me) that, as I was growing very fond of Miss Dale, I was inclined to think things could not be improved by any change; yet I heard such pleasant things concerning "Cousin Maggie," as Miss Leveson was always called, that I was anxious to see her.

Miss Dale never made any remark indicating the superiority of her cousin's attainments, but once when I was left alone I took down some of the books that were on her shelf, to find an entertaining one, and was startled, first with a volume of algebra, then with one of Euclid, and finally by a Greek grammar. That evening, when I was working out a sum in vulgar fractions, to which I had been introduced by my new preceptress, and of which I was extremely proud, I asked her, "Is Miss Leveson very clever?" "Clever!" she answered; "no, not particularly clever, but she has excellent sense."

"But what hard—difficult—books she has!" I said.

"Has she?" she replied, glancing towards the shelf. "I don't think so; they are all A.B.C. books in their various departments."

"Ah—but algebra. I know that only quite the elder girls went to the algebra master at Mrs. Howard's; every Friday he attended, and he taught Euclid too—I remember the name of the book—but very few learnt it."

Miss Dale smiled, and remarked that there was nothing so wonderful in either algebra or Euclid; that they were admirable exercises for training and strengthening the mind, and required no great amount of power to study; she added that when Maggie came she would ask her to begin Euclid again with me, saying, "It will do her good, and be a help to you."

I expected when I went home on Saturday and told uncle I was going to learn Euclid, that I should make a great impression on him and on my godfather; but, to my mortification they seemed to take it quite as a matter of course, uncle merely saying, "There is a copy of Williams's 'Symbolical Euclid' among my books. If Miss Dale likes you to use that, you can take it," and then they began an argument about the advantage of "symbolical teaching."

Of course neither Joan nor Mary Cross could enter into my feeling either of exultation or disappointment; indeed, I noticed that Joan was too preoccupied to pay me the attention, rough but affectionate, with which she usually received me when I came home.

I saw she was full of something, and I knew she could not long keep it in, not from me, at least. She was thorough Yorkshire with those in whom she had not implicit confidence; but she knew I had the gift of secret-keeping, and always trusted me.

"You might go and gather some thyme for drying," she said to Mary Cross, fixing her eyes on her till she had folded her work, "and don't go without your hood to get toothache again; and you need not hurry; pick the best bits and leave the bed tidy!"

When she was out of the summer kitchen, in which I often sat with Joan, and where she was now busy in vamping up my godfather's morning-gown, she said, "Now her's gone," nodding after Mary, "I may tell you there's been a deal going on this week."

"Where?" I naturally asked.

"Oh, in the study," she answered.

"What about?" was my next reasonable inquiry.

"Ah, that's where it is," she answered, in her most oracular manner; then, rising and slipping the door-bolt, so that Mary Cross might not come in without our notice, she added with emphasis but in a suppressed voice, "He's a going to be married—I'm sure as he is—and if that's it I'm sorry for him!"

She then proceeded with a long history of letters coming and going thick and threefold, and "how she'd heard a word or two (quite by accident, and no wish of hers to listen) as made it plain to be understood."

Aghast, I asked, "Dear Joan, *who* is going to be married?" I hardly knew which would be the greatest shock to me—the loss of my godfather or my uncle, and dreaded her answer.

"Who? Why, him," she answered, slapping my godfather's dressing-gown. "You don't think as master would be so foolish?"

I confess this was a relief to me. "But you only think so?" I replied.

"It's more than thoughts, child; I only wish you'd a seen him when the last letter come; I was, as it might be, sittin' here with the letters as the postman had just brought on the table. He comes, never a waiting for me to take 'em into the study; and he picks up one and never speaks a word to me, but walks off, a-readin' of it; and then there was a fine talk between him and master, and master says (in his slow way, when he's full of his thought), 'She's too young, Penn; I fear she's too young!' And Mr. Penn, he says, in his quick manner, 'I don't see it—I don't see it; I think she's just the age,' and if *that* didn't mean he was going to be married, what did it mean?"

"Dear Joan," I answered, "it might mean a dozen things. But how came you to hear it?"

This question, most innocently put, rather took Joan aback, as we say. She twirled her thread and began to fill her needle before answering, then said a little sharply, "I'm no dummy, and if people will talk loud with the door a bit open and me in the passage, how am I to be off hearing?"

Mary Cross knocked now, finding herself bolted out, and Joan bid me take her in, muttering, "She can be quick enough when she is easy to spare."

Her revelations were necessarily over, and I was sorry, for although I did not think what she had told me in the least warranted her in her decision respecting my godfather, I wanted to find out if she had anything more conclusive to tell. She had hardly patience with Mary Cross, who sat most carefully tying up the thyme in bunches, for hanging. She gave her an evil look through her spectacles as she jerked her needle through a stiff part of her work and said, "There, you needn't a-waste the time in doing that; Miss Gwen can do it; and you go and look if any of the linen in the basket wants a stitch. Take your cotton-box and do it there—in the laundry. I'll be bound you'll find a loose button or two, or that like, and they're best got done before the wash."

Mary handed over the thyme to me with a pleasant smile, and took her box, as bidden, to the laundry.

"What a way she's got of getting a grin on her face!" Joan said, alluding to Mary's smile.

I was vexed, and told her I didn't call it "a grin," and I thought she was a real good girl; and so did Miss Dale, who often spoke of her.

"Oh, it's quite turned her head, that class. She's provoking beyond all patience; it don't matter now how I scold her, she won't answer me a word. She was used to speak up, and even give a bit of sauce; but now it's all the same as if her mouth was sewed up. I hate such make-believe ways; and I told Mr. Penn so, and he took her part. And I told him it wasn't the best-looking apple as made the finest pie, but he's got in his head that I'm a sinner and she isn't—from what I can make out, though he's never told me I was as bad as Will Jarvis since that first time."

I was sorry to see it, but nothing could be plainer than that she was jealous of Mary, and could not forgive my godfather's honest dealing with her.

I answered her as discreetly as I could; but she grew more and more angry, until she said vehemently, "I tell you, child, I can't lay one big sin to myself—never, through all my life; and not till he can fix one on me will I confess I'm a big sinner—like Will Jarvis!"

CHAPTER VI.

I returned to the study with a spirit much exercised. I felt sure that Joan, who was curiosity itself, where her personal feelings were interested, had done her very utmost to learn the truth of the matter about which she had made such positive assertions; and that "utmost" had not been at all convincing to me. Yet, I was inclined to believe that there was something I was not meant to know engaging the thoughts of my uncle and godfather. It struck me if such were not the case that they would certainly have expressed some surprise, and praised me, a *little* at least, on hearing that I was going to *do Euclid*. It accounted too, I thought, for their making no inquiries respecting the family at the vicarage, a thing never before omitted, and I fancied that they had not seemed so pleased to see me as usual, on my return. I went up the long stone passage arguing these points with myself till I was close to the door; when I opened it, I found only my uncle. He was sitting in his usual posture, reading. My entrance did not seem to disturb him, and I began to look on the bookshelves for the "Symbolical Euclid." In a few minutes he raised his head and said, "Gwen, what was the name of the youngest Frizelle?" I was puzzled and astonished! What could be his reason for wishing to know? "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see, you have forgotten it. Well, never mind; your godfather knows it; he will be here soon."

Finding nothing more was coming, for his head had got back into its old bend over his book, I managed to continue my search for "Williams," but all my thoughts were taken up by the two most curious facts of his wanting to know the name of the youngest Frizelle and of his confident belief in my godfather's power to tell him. Finding it hopeless to wait for him to speak again, I ransacked my brains to discover if possible the desired name. The youngest Miss Frizelle had, I recollected, been called variously at various times. Now she was styled "Iza," now "Addy," now "Liza," now "Dell." I tried to put all these fragments together, just as the fossil remains of an antediluvian monster are arranged to get its perfect form; but I could not succeed. I did not know, so to speak, "the head from the tail," of the lady's name, that is, I could not tell whether it began with "Iza," or "Dell," or "Liza," or "Addy." Joan had never called any of them by name; but had distinguished them by some such personal description as "her with the red hair," or "her with the salmon-coloured skin," etc. So I knew I should get no help from her. I said at last "Uncle—I know *bits* of her name." He looked up rather bewildered; evidently he had forgotten the subject altogether. "Liza," I stammered out—"and Dell, and——"

"It was *Adeliza*," he said with a smile. "I recollect it, thanks for your help," and then he shut his book and asked me if I had any preference for either of these young ladies. I answered shyly that I thought the youngest the best. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully; "your godfather thinks so too."

I could quite understand that he had not formed any opinion concerning either of them; but had taken them in "the aggregate," as he would have said. I could not lose the opportunity thus unexpectedly presented of finding out some of the mystery; I saw that his head was gradually returning to its bend, and he was about to reopen his book—I, therefore, with a vehemence which I think I had never before used in speaking to him, exclaimed, "I did not like any of them; but the youngest was the best."

He did not seem to notice my manner; but in a musing tone, said quietly, "The youngest was the best—the youngest was the best. Why?"

My heart beat fast as I answered, "I don't think she was such a hypocrite as the others, uncle—I don't think so—I hope not."

"Hypocrite!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," I replied; "they were all very

wicked hypocrites," and to make good my allegation, I described the scene where I was an involuntary listener; not at all softening down the tone of it.

My uncle seemed more amused, I thought, than shocked, which very much surprised and somewhat disturbed me; I had expected a grave expression of righteous indignation at least. After I had done, and was beginning to question whether I had been wise to tell of "the ladies," he said very quietly and with a smile, "You don't know the world, child—how should you, buried as you have been in this solitude all your life? and you are—how old are you?"

"Nearly thirteen," I answered.

"Ah—yes; when you are twice that age, if you live so long, you will even then have much to learn! Does Mr. Dale or does Miss Dale ever speak about the confirmation that is about to take place?"

I was lost in bewilderment—Adeliza Frizelle, and my long story proving my startling charge of hypocrisy against the Frizelle family, had gone out of sight, and a subject brought forward that was as new to me as it was foreign to any that I had expected. I had very little consideration to give to my answer now, "No, I had heard nothing of the confirmation."

"You probably will," my uncle said; "it will not take place till next spring; there will be plenty of time to think it over."

Think what over? I supposed he meant the confirmation—but was it in reference to me? He now bent to his book again, with a look of fixed purpose to keep to it, and I was as much in the dark about everything as ever.

I wandered about the house much discomposed; my godfather was not in his own room, nor in the study, nor in the parlour. I could have discovered much from a little lively indirect chat with him. I tried to look over some things Miss Dale had written down as exercises for Sunday if I were left much alone, which I sometimes was when my uncle and godfather took very long walks, too long for me to join them in; but I could think of nothing but Joan's theory and my uncle's strange questions and remarks.

At dinner my uncle said, "You won't see your godfather this time. I am sorry it is so; but he is away on very particular business and may remain some time."

Mary Cross now always waited at table; if Joan had been there she would have telegraphed to me with ominous looks.

"I fear you find it dull here, my child," said my uncle once, in the evening, "the vicarage must be so much more lively." I thought of his promise, made when I went to school, that I should, when my education was finished, return home to take care of him and be his comfort. I felt sorry to think that he must have seen the cloud of discontent on my face, and hastened to assure him with strong compunction that I was quite happy.

"Quite happy, my child, is what few can hope to be, in this imperfect state, with so much to interrupt peace," he answered.

I sat during the evening on my old seat, looking over my "Sunday exercises," and he remained with his eyes fixed on the large open Bible for a very long time. I could not help reflecting, as I sat, that a change had come over all the family. My uncle seemed more tenderly kind than ever he had been, though he had always shown himself most gentle and affectionate. He was inclined to be lively sometimes, when with my godfather; but I fancied he was generally more pensive. My godfather was not, perhaps, "changed," so much as improved in all that had made him pleasant before; more joyous, more busy in helping all he came across, more earnest in promoting whatever tended to social comfort and union. As to Joan, his efforts to enlighten her as to her self-righteousness, in which he saw she was fast settling down, had bristled up all her feathers and set her in the attitude of a fighting cock. It had soured and irritated her temper and directed all her energies to self-vindication and pecking at others. My uncle she reverenced wholly; there was no flaw in him; but my godfather, although she really loved him, in her queer but genuine way, she watched closely, in order to find something she could lay hold of to show "as he was none so perfect, hisself, for all she doubted if he knowed it; him believe he was a sinner like Will Jarvis? No—he said it, but she knowed better than him thinking so." But her temper and spirit were more evidently shown in her treatment of Mary Cross. It was very little quiet now that she got, very rarely that she did anything right; it seemed to me that the more she tried to please, the farther she grew from doing it. I was quite sorry for her and, as much as I dared, took her part to Joan, who always told me I needn't trouble myself, for the wench had plenty to help her on in her conceit; it was well for her there was one (meaning, of course, herself) as wouldn't join in the work of spoiling her outright!

I saw a change in Mary. She was far more thoughtful—far more patient under rebuke, more careful not to displease; and in spite of much discomfort through Joan's cross-grained temper, looked as bright as sunshine, and never flagged in her spirits. I was altered also, and I knew it; although I had been so short a time with Miss Dale, I felt her influence. I had grown much older in that short period; I was beginning, but only beginning, to be ashamed of my intense desire for praise and jealous dislike of disapproval, whether shown by censure or ridicule.

I was not sorry when the time came for me to return to the vicarage. Joan, although she had so freely opened her mind to me respecting my godfather's future, did not resume the subject; whether she thought it undignified or wrong to question me as to what I had heard in the study, I don't know; but she only remarked as I bade her good bye, "I suppose Mr. Penn will be here 'gin you come back; he never said a word of going away; never said 'where' nor 'what for' he was going. Very close. Wasn't used to be so. Well, folks will please theirselves, but I hope he won't bring back nobody here!"

I supposed she meant to intimate he had gone to be married, and I innocently told her, to put her right, that my uncle had said he had gone away on "particular business."

"And is not being married a partickler business?" she replied tartly. "I should think it is, and he'll find that out. Sharp as he is on other folks, there's sharper than him in the world, and he may lay hold of a knife as'll cut his fingers for him. Shouldn't wonder!" and her tone and expression added, "shouldn't be sorry!"

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

IV.—NEW LIGHT ON SOME OLD TEXTS.

THE present paper will deal chiefly, as a matter of simple exposition, with the Revisers' re-translation of some familiar passages where the original Greek text remains unaltered. All discussion of controverted points is deferred to a future paper; since there is much of immediate interest and importance that is in some danger of being left out of sight in the eager criticism of what is more doubtful. It is hardly too much to say that there are hundreds of passages which gain force and vividness as well as accuracy, by slight yet careful touches which cursory readers will hardly notice; and these minute corrections, even more than the striking changes which attract every eye, light up the familiar Book everywhere with a brightness unknown before.

To exhibit in detail this result of the Revisers' labours would require the transcription of paragraph after paragraph. A few obvious points need only be noticed. Thus it is a distinct gain to have uniformity in names: no longer the bewildering variations of *Luke* and *Lucas*, *Timothy* and *Timotheus*, *Cretes* (Acts ii. 11) and *Cretians* (Titus i. 12): while the assimilation of the New Testament with the Old in this particular will be a real help to many. We now read in both alike, of *Isaiah*, *Elijah*, *Joshua*; although we observe that in the two New Testament passages where this last name occurs (Acts vii. 45; Heb. iv. 8) the Greek form *Jesus* is put in the margin. Supposing this necessary, would it not have been better to adopt the same plan where *Joshua* or *Jesus* is introduced (according to the new text) into the genealogy of our Lord, Luke iii. 29?

A careful regard to the *definite article*, its omission or insertion, gives vividness to innumerable passages. Thus, in our Lord's ministry, we repeatedly read of his going up into "the mountain" and entering into "the boat"; the multitude who greet His entry to Jerusalem pluck branches from "the palm trees" of Olivet; entering into the Temple, He overthrew the seats of them that sold "the doves"; at the paschal supper He poureth water into "the bason"—all graphic touches, as of eye-witnesses, which the elder translation ignores. The Jewish tax-collectors ask, "Doth not your Master pay the half-shekel?" the customary Temple tax. In our Lord's discourses, the same precision appears: "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under 'the bushel,'" but on "the stand;" "Ye blind guides, which strain out 'the gnat,' and swallow 'the camel!'" The use of the phrase "the many," denoting the generality, instead of the colourless "many" is to be marked: "The love of the many shall wax cold," Matt. xxiv. 12. This is of great importance in Romans v. 19: "As through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall the many be made righteous." The careful reader will observe also in this Epistle the precision which is given to the discussion of law in the abstract, God's universal law, and the law in particular, the Jewish law; see ch. ii. 12–16. An instance of another kind is in 1 Cor. i. 21: "by the foolishness of the preaching," with a note in the margin that this denotes the *thing preached*.

The omission of the article, or the substitution of the indefinite, is in several passages equally significant. Thus, Acts xvii. 23: "I saw an altar with this inscription, To AN UNKNOWN GOD;" 2 Cor. iii. 6, "ministers of a new covenant," not "the new testament," as in the elder version; Rom. ii. 14, "When Gentiles which have no law do by nature the things of the law," not "*the* Gentiles," as though the case were a common one.

On the use of the *tenses*, and especially the aorist and imperfect, some admirably judicious remarks are made in the Revisers' Preface. Undoubtedly this is one of the greatest difficulties in translation from the Greek, as the tenses of that language and of the English do not precisely correspond; and those interpreters, for instance, who start with the determination that the aorist shall never be represented by the perfect with *have*, soon find themselves greatly embarrassed. Still, it is impossible not to feel what force is gained by the slight changes which give us the following among many revised passages: Matt. iii. 14: "John would have hindered Him," instead of "John forbade Him"—literally, "was hindering," technically the inchoative imperfect. So Luke i. 59: "they would have called him Zacharias," instead of "they called." Matt. xxv. 8: "Our lamps are going out." Gal. i. 6: "I marvel that ye are so quickly removing from Him that called you." Acts ii. 47: "The Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved." So 1 Cor. i. 18: "The word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness; but unto us which are being saved it is the power of God." Compare 2 Cor. ii. 15, iv. 3. The apostle Paul repeatedly speaks of the great crisis in his spiritual history: Rom. xii. 3, "the grace that was given me"; Phil. iii. 8, "I suffered the loss of all things." In like manner he refers to the spiritual history of others: "God called us," 1 Thess. iv. 7; and 1 Cor. vi. 11, "Ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified." In fact, the instances of added precision on this point are innumerable. The force of the aorist is finely given at the close of our Lord's great intercessory prayer, John xvii. 25, 26: "O righteous Father, the world knew Thee not, but I knew Thee; and these knew that Thou didst send Me; and I made known unto them Thy name, and will make it known; that the love wherewith Thou lovedst Me may be in them, and I in them."

Another point of great interest has been the restoration of uniformity in the rendering of *the same Greek word* in different places. Not indeed that this has been always possible, or would even be correct. For, as every one who has attempted the work of translation well knows, it is rarely indeed

that a word in one language so precisely matches with a word in another, that the two may always be taken as equivalents. To adopt the rule, therefore, that a given Greek term shall always be rendered by the same English word would be to fall often into grievous incorrectness, as a glance down almost any column of the Englishman's Greek Concordance would show. But on the other hand there should not be needless deviation, as there often is in our Authorised Version, to the great detriment of the sense. It is singular that this variation was the deliberate choice of our first translators. In their *Address to the Reader*, a composition of wonderful interest, (much better worth prefixing to our Bibles than their Dedication to King James the First) they say, "We have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish we had done. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places (for there be some words that are not of the same sense everywhere) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as for example, if we translate the Hebrew or Greek word once by *purpose*, never to call it *intent*, if one where *journeying*, never *travelling*, if one where *think*, never *suppose*, if one where *pain*, never *ache*, if one where *joy*, never *gladness*, etc., thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader. For is the Kingdom of God become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them, if we may be free? use one precisely when we may use another no less fit as commodious? We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words. For as it is written of a certain great philosopher, that he should say, that those logs were happy that were made images to be worshipped; for their fellows, as good as they, lay for blocks behind the fire: so if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always; and to others of like quality, Get you hence, be banished for ever; we might be taxed peradventure with St. James's words, namely, To be partial in ourselves, and judges of evil thoughts."

The Revisers accordingly have much diminished these variations. Thus, to take a small instance, *patria* occurs in the Greek Testament three times (Luke ii. 4; Acts iii. 25; Eph. iii. 15), and is rendered in the Authorised Version in three different ways; "lineage," "kindred" and "family:" in the Revised Version it is "family" throughout. The word for "revelation" is in the former version translated in six ways; it is now uniform, except Rom. viii. 18, where the change to "revealing" is made for the sake of euphony. The verb for "to be zealous" has no fewer than ten different renderings in twelve passages of the Authorised Version; it now has seven, as it denotes zeal, eager desire, jealousy and envy, according to the connection in which it is found. A word (καταργέω) occurring twenty-seven times, and rendered seventeen different ways, has these reduced to nine, according to its object:—"Why *cumbereth* it the ground?" "The last enemy that shall be *abolished* is death." "Do we then *make* the law *of none effect* through faith?" and so in other cases, where it is evident that the self-same English word would not serve the purpose. An apparent tautology is sometimes unavoidably introduced: thus with the verb last mentioned, we read in 1 Cor. xiii. 8, "whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away. . . . whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away." The "fail" and "vanish away" of the Authorised Version have here undoubtedly a higher grandeur. Here and there, at least, the repetition is necessary at any risk, for the sake of clearness; notably so in Matt. xxv. 46: "These shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life." The word (ψυχή) translated in the Authorised Version "life" and "soul" almost interchangeably, still shows the same variation; but the former word is rightly preferred in such passages as Christ's solemn appeal: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's shall save it. For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life? For what should a man give in exchange for his life?" Here, too, it may be noticed as one instance among many of the correction of an opposite error—the obliteration of distinctions existing in the original—that the English word *hell* is retained *Gehenna* simply, once *Tartarus* (2 Pet. ii. 4) the Greek *Hades* being transferred. This simple change throws great light on many passages, and will prevent much confusion of thought. See Matt xi. 23, xvi. 18; Luke x. 15, xvi. 23; Acts ii. 27, 31; Rev. i. 18, vi. 8, xx. 13, 14. *Hades*, it may be added, which occurs in the ordinary Greek text of 1 Cor. xv. 55: "O *grave*, where is thy victory?" has been replaced by the word for *death*, so that the verse now reads, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" It will be some time before our ears and hearts will be accustomed to this change.

Two important passages about *the Scriptures* will be found to have been altered. The one is the saying of our Lord, so frequently quoted as a command, John v. 39: "Search the Scriptures." Our Revisers have with undoubted correctness, as we think, made this a declaration to the Jews, exposing their inconsistency; and the whole passage reads: "Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of Me; and ye will not come to Me, that ye may have life." The other passage is the apostolic statement to Timothy, 2 Tim. iii. 16: "Every scripture inspired by God," we now read, "is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is in righteousness." This also, while the more accurate rendering, better comports with the apostle's argument, which has to do here with the uses of Scripture rather than with its origin. The inspiration is taken for granted, that the value of the Divine word may be set forth.

Some of the alterations made are valuable in their bearing upon *Christian ethics*. Thus in the Sermon on the Mount the words in the ordinary version, Matt. v. 21, 33: "It was said *by* them of old time," are unhesitatingly rendered, with the more ancient English versions and the best modern critics, "It was said *to* them," without a marginal alternative, the grammatical construction being clear. Our Lord is not quoting Rabbinical commands to repudiate them, but God's own law to expound its deeper meaning. Two much-quoted apostolic in-

junctions, again, take a new significance—"Not slothful in business," and "Abstain from all appearance of evil." The former runs in the new version, "In diligence not slothful," meaning, diligence in Christian service; and the latter reads, "Abstain from every form of evil." It is the *reality* of evil that we have to avoid, the *appearance* we must often risk; besides, the appearance is a variable thing, depending much on the disposition of the observer; and there are times in every true man's history when he is called to do what to an unfriendly critic looks like harm. Once more, how often are we told that the love of money is the root of all evil! (1 Tim. vi. 10). This the apostle did not exactly say. His words are, according to the new and more precise rendering, that "the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil," not the only root, nor perhaps the greatest, but still a root.

Some few alterations may be noticed which, if they do not affect *received doctrines*, bring out the truth yet more strikingly. In Titus ii. 13, the translation adopted is, "the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ"; though the alternative rendering, "of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" is given in the margin. We notice also that in the other signal ascription of deity to the Son of God (Rom. ix. 5): "who is over all, God blessed for ever," we have other proposed renderings noticed in the margin: "He who is over all is God, blessed for ever," or, "who is over all. God be (is) blessed for ever." As a matter not of rendering but of reading, it may be added here that in John i. 18 "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father," the margin has, "Many ancient authorities read, God only begotten." In Ephesians iv. 32 the simple rendering "God in Christ forgave you" is now restored, instead of Tyndale's paraphrase, adopted in the Authorised Version, "God for Christ's sake." One or two changes in the fifth chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians bring out the truth with new force. Thus in the tenth verse we read, "We must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ," not merely *appear*, to take our trial, but be revealed in our true character—all that we have been, all that we are. In the fourteenth verse again, the new version has "One died for all, therefore all died." The older reading, "then were all dead" seems like the bare declaration that the state of death in sin was that from which Christ came to deliver us. The apostle declares the deeper truth that Christ's death is in a sense virtually ours—that in Him the Divine sentence against our sins is executed —that in Him we die that we may spiritually live.

Two passages may be noted bearing upon the nature of *Christ's Church* and the Divine relations with mankind. One is in John x. 16, where the mistaken rendering, probably derived from the Latin Vulgate, "there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd," has been repeatedly pointed out. Thus read, the text misses the precise truth which our Lord declares. For it is the great characteristic of the true Church that there are many *folds*, yet but "one *flock*, one Shepherd"—as the passage now reads; the right translation, as given by Tyndale, being thus restored. The other text is one dear by old association: it has given topics to our sermons, themes for some of our best hymns, consolation at the grave, stimulus and strength in Christian work: "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Now, here first we must admit a textual alteration, in the omission of the words of *our Lord Jesus Christ*. It is simply, "I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom," the apostle adds, "*every* family (Gr. fatherhood) in heaven and on earth is named." The alteration may perhaps bring to many a sense of loss. Yet the new rendering is demonstrably correct; and a second thought will show that the passage shines thus with an even brighter glory. For the theme of the apostle is the ingathering of all nations to the fold of Christ. The universal love of God, without regard to national distinction, was the mystery hidden from ages and generations. From Him, as the Father, "is named" every community based on the parental and filial relation—that is, every tribe, every people upon earth. Human fatherliness everywhere is the reflection of His own name, is written upon all natural relationships and ties of kindred amongst men, though many fail to discern it. Wycliffe here renders, "Of whom each fatherhood in heaven and earth is named," Tyndale, "Which is Father over all that is called father in heaven and in earth." Our own Authorised Version of the passage is taken from the Geneva Bible.

A few miscellaneous *literalisms*, if we may so call them, of a striking character may here be placed together. Our new translators have occasionally been bold when their predecessors seem to have shrunk from reproducing the expressiveness of the Greek, out of regard to the genius of the English language. Thus: to begin with a batch of genitives; we now have, Rom. viii. 21, "the liberty of the glory of the children of God," for "the glorious liberty;" and in 1 Tim. i. 11, "the gospel of the glory of the blessed God," instead of "the glorious gospel;" while the noble words of Phil. iii. 21 have an added grandeur in the change, "Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory." As further instances of a felicitous closeness to the original we may add 2 Cor. ii. 14: "Thanks be unto God, which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ:" the incense of a triumphal procession seems to fill the air as the apostle writes! Again, Galatians vi. 11: "See with how large letters I have written unto you with my own hand," a reference to the handwriting of the Epistle on which many interesting conjectures have been offered.

Many of the alterations which we have noted have the "authorised" rendering in the margin. We must remember that every change made in the text represents a two-thirds' vote: a marginal annotation, therefore, when it restores the former reading, represents the opinion of one-third or less; when it suggests a new reading, it may express the view of an actual though not sufficient majority. Thus the new and more probable rendering of Christ's first recorded words, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" is accompanied in the margin by the old translation, "About my Father's business." We are glad, however, to see that no such alternative is proposed in the case of Agrippa's address to Paul: "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." This new rendering may rob the pulpit of a favourite text, but we regard it as one of the rarer felicities of the Revised Version.

A PEEP AT CASHMERE.*

BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES, B.A., OF PESHAWAR.

BRIDGE OF SHOPS, SRINAGAR.

IT was only a peep; for, although I have lived some sixteen years in Northern India, and have often seen from a distance the snow-clad heights of Cashmere, I have only very recently been able to find time to spend about three weeks in the "happy valley."

After a lonely march of more than a hundred miles from Murree to Baramula, I found myself in a boat upon the smooth waters of the Jhelum and actually in the "vale of Cashmere."

These boats are one of the institutions of the country. They are covered with matting, and are so arranged that the stern of the boat forms the cooking-kitchen both for the crew and the passenger. My crew consisted of a full-grown man, an undergrown boy, and old woman, two small children, and a young mother with a plump baby. The whole party (except the plump baby) took their turn at the oars and the towing-rope, and I managed to get along at the rate of two miles an hour.

Upon arriving at Srinagar, which is the capital of Cashmere, I had to decide how I would spend my few weeks, whether I would roam over hill and dale and climb snowy heights and shoot (or attempt to shoot) bears and ibex, or whether I would set myself to work at studying merely the humours of the place and just get a peep at Cashmere.

My first peep was from the Throne of Solomon. Not that I, by any mental effort, attempted to study Cashmere from the regal throne of the Israelitish monarch who flourished 992 B.C., but that I climbed to the top of a mountain close to the city which is known as the Takht-i-Sulaimān, or the Throne of Solomon, and there obtained a magnificent view of the valley.

It was a clear morning, and beautiful beyond description was the panoramic view which I obtained of the river winding along the valley in its semi-circular course, which is generally admitted to have suggested to the native mind the design of the well-known Cashmere shawl pattern. To quote the words of the traveller Vigne: "Softness mantling over the sublime, snugness generally elsewhere incompatible with extent, are the prevailing characteristics of the scenery of Cashmere," or as Milton hath it:

> "Sweet interchange
> Of hill and valleys, rivers, woods and plains,
> Now land, now lake, and shores with forest crowned,
> Rocks, dens, and caves."

The valley of Cashmere is about one hundred miles long and averages twenty-five miles in width, and the surrounding mountains vary in height from 8,000 to 15,000 feet. The valley itself is about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The river Jhelum (the ancient Hydaspes) flows through the centre, and there are numerous lakes in different corners of the valley. The Dal lake, which is covered with *floating gardens*, lies at the foot of the Takht-i-Sulaimān.

My next peep was at the city. Srinagar, or Surgia-Nagar, "the City of the Sun," is the capital of Cashmere. It is a considerable city of some 150,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Hindus and the remainder Mohammedans. The houses are built of wood, and are usually about three storeys high. The streets are narrow and dirty; the people dirtier than the

* The writer is indebted to Mrs. Heuvey, wife of the political officer at Srinagar, for the sketch of Cashmere boats on the River Jhelum.

streets. No pen could possibly depict the real sanitary condition of the capital of Cashmere, and no language can describe the filth of the people; the less said about it the better. Some of the mansions of the Pundits and shawl merchants exhibit beautiful specimens of trellised wood-work, but I think the unprejudiced traveller must admit that everything in Cashmere (except its scenery), is best seen in photographs and pictures.

The manufactories of Cashmere are well known, and the work is much admired both in the East and West. The silver and gold work in bracelets and necklaces is perhaps unequalled in the world, for it has a peculiar unfinished style of its own, which cannot be imitated. The shawl-making is not as prosperous a trade as it used to be in bygone days, but still large numbers, varying in price from 30*l.* to 1000*l.* are exported to Paris and London. The copper work is very antique in its appearance, and is employed in drinking-vessels, and goblets of various kinds. The painted wood, erroneously called by Europeans papier-mache, is also exceedingly beautiful. In all these articles, variations of the well-known shawl-pattern are the chief design, which, as I have said, has its original in the peculiar windings of the river Jhelum along the valley.

The city of Srinagar has seven bridges, all made of wooden logs. These are quaint, but not unsightly structures. There are no cabs, or carts, or carriages in Cashmere, and therefore no horsed conveyances rumble along its narrow, dirty streets. It is a wise dispensation of Providence that wheeled conveyances have not yet been introduced into the capital, for the people would be too lazy to get out of the way. The Cashmiri never walks, or works, if he can help it. In the recent famine, they preferred dying to either.

The houses or bungalows appropriated to European visitors are situated above the city, on the river bank, and are kept up by the Rajah, who insists upon all Europeans being regarded as his guests.

My third peep was at the people. The Rev. Mr. Wade of the Church Mission gave one a special opportunity of taking an *ethnological* view of Cashmere, by introducing me to about three thousand beggars who had assembled to receive alms. What a sight! Three thousand of the most wretched specimens of humanity, all huddled together in rows, crying out for help for "Christ's sake" (*Masih ke wāste*). Although the famine of last year is well nigh over, there is a good deal of actual distress, but it was difficult to tell how many of these three thousand beggars were really needy. A large number of them were diseased.

Dr. Downes, also of the Church Mission, took me to his hospital, and here again I saw a good deal of suffering humanity. It is impossible to gauge the amount of good which has been done by Dr.

COMMISSIONER'S BOAT, CASHMERE.

Downes, as well as by his predecessors, Drs. Elmslie and Maxwell.

As we were walking along the streets I saw one poor fellow, formerly a soldier in the Rajah's army, who had been entirely *re-set* by the medical missionary. His arms, his legs, and his eyes had been straightened by surgical skill, and his belly had been fed by Mission charity. Well did Dr. Downes say as he received a salute from the renovated warrior: "We have been the making of that man." The hospital was full of the most frightful specimens, and being somewhat of a squeamish nature, I was quite satisfied with merely a peep.

Physically the Cashmiris are a very fine race. The calves of the Cashmiri coolie are fully developed and would give effect to the very best arrangement in knickerbockers. The women are also well formed and pretty. The phrenological development of both sexes is also good. But still the Cashmiri seems to be a hopeless individual. When I first took a peep at him I believed in him. His fine development of head, chest and calf won my respect. But from the day that one of their number ate five of my loaves of bread, and another purloined a bottle of preserved currants, and another appropriated a leathern strap, I lost confidence in him. After careful observation and inquiry I have been forced to the conclusion that the Cashmiri comes very low down in the scale of humanity. He won't work (if he can help it), and to beg he is never ashamed. One needy piteous individual excited my sympathy as he pleaded for alms in "Christ's name," but I found him in possession of some three rupees! and the man never blushed when I exposed his imposture.

My next peep was at the gardens. These are three in number, the Shālamār, or the Garden of Love, the Nishāt, or the Garden of Gladness, and the Nazūn, or the Garden of Breezes. These three gardens are situated on the Dal lake, and were constructed and planted by the Moghul Emperors of Delhi, who made Cashmere their summer retreat. The structure of the Shālamār and Nishāt gardens is somewhat similar. They consist of terraces, masonry canals, flower-beds and waterfalls, with several pavilions, which in their regal days were occupied by wives, concubines, courtiers and soldiery. When I visited these gardens there was not a soul in them but the gardeners, and in my solitude I could not but reflect upon the change which had taken place during the lapse of ages. The Emperors of Delhi, with their pageants of dancers and singers, have passed away, and here was I, a whitefaced foreigner, clad in the inelegant costume of the west—a felt hat, tight continuations, and a straight-cut coat, stick in hand, surveying, like Macaulay's New Zealander, the ruined grandeur of the past. As I sat on the steps of the pavilion in the centre of the Shālamār, I took out my copy of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and tried to picture the beautiful princess as she "entered the canal which leads from the lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shālamār." And as I pondered over the story of the past, and reflected upon its teachings in the light of the present, I suddenly awoke to the fact that I was actually sitting near the very spot where "stood the two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga, on one of which sat Aliris the youthful king of Bucharia." I thought of the decay which the buildings had suffered, and longed for just a peep at their original beauty; still I congratulated myself on being able to see those fine trees of ancient growth, which in the time of the Emperors had not reached their prime, and which now afforded more shelter to me, a solitary traveller in the year 1880, than they did to royal princes two hundred years ago.

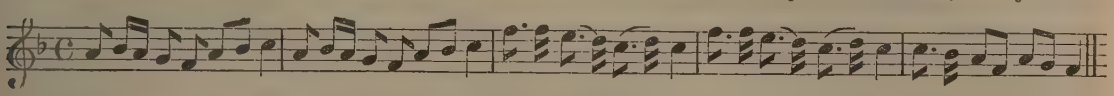
The Nazūn garden is nothing more than a shady forest, a noble grove of Chunar trees planted by the Emperor Akbar (A. D. 1588).

Near this garden is the village of Hazrat Bāl, or "his Majesty's hair," so called because in a large mosque in this village is preserved in a bottle a single hair of the Arabian Prophet. This sacred relic is exhibited every year on a certain fête-day, and I happened to be there on the occasion. The crowd was so dense that the priest who possessed the hair walked on the heads and shoulders of the people as he held the sacred phial for them to kiss and touch. The people were very respectful, and the old priest gave me special opportunities of looking at the Prophet's hair, and seemed surprised that I did not kiss it or invoke a blessing upon it.

In the Rām Bāgh is the Christian cemetery. It is a morbid fancy of mine to visit the resting-places of my own countrymen wherever I go. The cemetery at Srinagar is situated in the corner of a garden, and well shaded with trees. It was in good order, but not prettily kept. In a valley "with its roses the brightest that earth ever gave," one would have thought that a few flowers might have found their way into God's acre. I mentioned it to the resident clergyman, but if I understood him rightly either the tyranny of the Rajah or the proverbial apathy of the Cashmiri was the cause of the sterility of the cemetery ground. Are there no loving hearts and hands amongst the holiday-seekers in Cashmere who will remedy this? There were in all about thirty graves; upon thirteen of which there were inscriptions. Cashmere does not possess a church. The Maharajah will not grant the land, for he will not allow the English to possess a foot of ground in his country. His Highness can tolerate the Mohammedan mosque, the Hindu temple, and the Sikh Dharamsala, but not a Christian church!

I had a good peep at the Maharajah. In fact, I dined with his Highness, or rather at his Highness's expense, for he, being a strict orthodox Hindu, would not dream of eating with a beef-devouring foreigner! The dinner was provided in the palace, and the party, which consisted of all the European ladies and gentlemen in the capital, arrived about eight o'clock in their barges. Armed cavaliers of the "Arabian Nights" style were stationed at the doors, and torch-bearers illuminated the gaily painted halls, making the whole scene one of a very peculiar character. The black coats of the English guests presented a strange contrast to the bright dresses of our royal host and his attendants. The Maharajah received the visitors in a large reception room, and was attended by the chief officers of state. These entertainments usually commence with a nautch, or native dance, but in deference to the wishes of the missionaries who were amongst the guests, this somewhat questionable performance was omitted. But we had the band. The Maharajah's band is a totally different institution from that which you find at St. James's Hall or at the Brighton Aquarium. The instruments are of the most quaint

and ancient character, probably the same as those used by those celebrated musicians in the time of Daniel the Prophet. Some of the pieces played were pretty, the special favourite being the popular tune of "Tāza-bé-tāza nau ba nau":



The Maharajah is a tall, handsome man of middle age—very pleasant in his manner, and particularly affable to Europeans. He drinks nothing but Ganges water, and a company of not fewer than forty individuals is kept to shampoo his royal limbs. He is credited with an extraordinary amount of tyranny and oppression, but the Cashmiri race is a difficult one to manage, and as far as I could see the proverbial tyranny proceeded from the Maharajah's subordinates, in which respect British rule in India is not free from the charge.

Cashmere, however, is not well governed, and the resources of the country are not in the least developed. The manufacture of wines has now been started by a Frenchman, and the growth of hops has been entrusted to an Englishman, both under the patronage of the Maharajah, but the mechanical skill of the Cashmiri workman is such, that almost every kind of manufacture and industry might be started with success, if under European superintendence.

The celebrated traveller, Vigne, visited Cashmere about forty years ago, and wrote "Cashmere will become the focus of Asiatic civilisation, a miniature England in the heart of Asia . . . . The missionary may here pursue his labours with some visible hope of success when the prevalence of English association shall have weakened the effects of caste and the prejudices of Islam; and this magnificent valley, hitherto the theatre of a hundred faiths, will become the Alma Mater of our eastern conquests and the great central temple of a religion as pure as the eternal snows around it." But the enthusiastic hopes of this great orientalist have not been realised. Having passed under the teaching successively of idolatrous Hindus, mystic Buddhists, and tyrannical Muslims, Cashmere is once more in the hands of a Hindu sovereign—a worshipper of idols.

It is impossible to reside in Cashmere even for a few weeks without seeing what a mistake the British Government made when it sold the most beautiful province in Asia to a native prince for seventy lacs of rupees, when, in the treaty of Amritsar in 1846 the British Government made over the Mohammedan state of Cashmere to the tender mercies of a Hindu ruler. Any other race but the feeble, apathetic Cashmiri would have risen *en masse* to resent this insult to their religious feelings.

It is curious to observe how Mohammedanism has waned in Cashmere under the yoke of Hindu rule; not that Mohammedans have been converted to Hinduism; that is impossible—Hinduism does not receive converts. But Islām in Cashmere being no longer the religion of the state, is daily losing its power. Very few of the people observe the daily prayers, and very many of the mosques have fallen into decay. I visited a large Takiya, or Mohammedan monastery, which once thrived with its hundreds of students, but is now in ruins; still idol temples are increasing in number every year.

It is a curious circumstance that the Cashmere silver coins bear the Christian symbol of "I. H. S." on them. It is said that the late Maharajah Gholab Singh, having seen the symbol on the Communion Table of a Christian church in India, selected it as an emblem of good luck and placed it on his coins.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

SELDOM have Gog and Magog looked down upon a more remarkable assembly than that which gathered within the Guildhall to commemorate the eightieth birthday of the Earl of Shaftesbury on the 28th of April. It was a coming together of "all sorts and conditions of men." The nobility were largely represented in the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, Lord Ebury, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Robert and Lady Bruce, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and many others of noble rank; while the Government sent its representative in the person of the Right Honourable W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who may be said to have been the chief speaker on the occasion. Beside these there was a perfect galaxy of illustrious names, embracing senators and lawyers, popular authors and social reformers, lordly bankers and merchant princes, the clergy of all churches, and workers in every department of philanthropic and Christian enterprise. These covered the spacious platform extemporised for the occasion, while the rank and file of the middle classes crowded the area of the ancient civic hall; and, to complete the round, there came costermongers, their donkeys drawn up in the courtyard, decked with colours in honour of "their friend the earl," together with many who had once been boys and girls in ragged-schools, and who were ready to acknowledge that they owed everything they had become to the noble lord's philanthropic exertions. The Flower-girls' Brigade, the badge of their order suspended by blue ribbons around their necks, brought their tribute to the interest of the occasion in baskets of nosegays, which, moving about the platform, they distributed among the more highly-favoured guests, while others waited to scatter their offerings beneath the earl's feet, or to pile up huge bouquets upon the table. And when the City marshal appeared announcing the Lord Mayor, and his lordship advanced to the chair, preceded by the sword-bearer and mace-bearer, the occasion, with the civic stamp now put upon it, seemed to reach the height of its representative significance. The event was, indeed, in the strictest sense of the term, extraordinary, and the scene was as brilliant in character as it was touching in sentiment.

But perhaps the most remarkable part of it all was the venerable earl himself, standing erect, vigorous, genial as ever, although eighty summers have passed over his head, and as he rose in the midst of that strange assembly, there seemed to meet in him the memories of the social reforms and wide philanthropies of a century more remarkable for them than any England, or, indeed, the world at at large, had ever before known. It was not that the noble old man had lived through the greater part of such a century, but that he had done more than perhaps any other, dead or living, to bring about many of these great social improvements. It was said in the course of the proceedings, that if Lord Shaftesbury had devoted himself to the high concerns of statesmanship he would certainly have attained to the loftiest eminence. But the course the noble earl marked out for himself lay amongst the poor and the wretched, the neglected children of toil, the very "outcasts" of society, his one aim being to lift them up to goodness and to God. And who shall say that is not a task noble as the affairs of statecraft? There are those, who with an eye for the "finer issues" of life, are bold to affirm that no nobler course could be followed than that which Earl Shaftesbury chose for himself, treading as it does in the very footsteps of that Divine Life which "went about doing good" among the suffering and sorrowing, and whose one object in being in the world at all was declared by Himself to be the seeking and saving of the lost. It is scarcely too much to say that Lord Shaftesbury has done more than any man of the age to stir the souls of men with that "enthusiasm of humanity" which received its full and grandest impulse from the Founder of Christianity. The great evangelical revival of the last century wrought powerfully in the interests of the masses. It invested every individual with importance, as a being possessed with a soul of infinite value, and with a life of infinite possibilities. To look upon the multitude as so many herds of human cattle, as for the most part they had been through the middle ages, was thenceforth impossible to earnest men. It could no longer be tolerated that men should be enslaved, oppressed almost to madness, left in brutal ignorance, or doomed to pass their lives in squalor, disease, and crime. Hence, there followed upon that great religious revival a great philanthropic quickening. It originated with men whose spiritual life had directly or indirectly received a stimulus from the religious movement. It was, at any rate, kindled by evangelical fervour, and the noble earl is himself the personification of the Evangelical philanthropy of the age, being in himself as pronounced an Evangelical believer as he is an ardent social reformer.

The eightieth birthday of the venerable Lord Shaftesbury recalls these facts to mind, because of the part he has taken in bringing about this improved social condition of the lower classes, and because of the unique position he occupies as the working people's friend. Many of the evils deplored could not be removed without legislation. And the man who had changed his political party because his benevolent heart could not help going in for the abolition of the corn laws, and who had spoken with no wavering voice in favour of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, was soon to the front in demanding legislative interference on behalf of those who suffered from the oppression and selfishness of their employers. As was observed in the address to his lordship, read by Mr. H. R. Williams, it is almost impossible for the younger portion of the community living in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, to realise the appalling condition of the women and children employed in the great centres of manufacture, and in the mining districts, during the earlier part of the century. Or, as Mr. Forster entering more into detail, so graphically described it: "When I first entered into business as a manufacturer, children of five, six, and sometimes even of four years, were sent into the mills. There was no limit of age or time. They very often worked twelve, and sometimes remained upon the premises for fifteen hours —in fact, they worked as long as they could stand, and sometimes longer. You could hardly recognise," he continued, "the condition of the mining industry. I remember soon after I went into the North, going into the district about Wigan, and the poor girls one met about the collieries were dressed like men. They were obliged to be so because they had to work like men and boys in the pits. Their hair was cut short like men, and they were unsexed in manner as well as in dress." Lord Ashley's Ten Hours' Bill changed all that. And all the philanthropic legislation which has marked the present century, has been promoted, and in some cases instigated, by Lord Shaftesbury.

Besides this, and along with this, the noble earl has ever been a foremost leader in works of practical benevolence. He has not been one of "the nobles who put not their hands to the work." It was enough for him that the course that came before him concerned the material and spiritual interests of the poorest of the people; or, for the matter of that, that it had to do with the relief of poor, "dumb, driven cattle;" such a course engaged all his heart. But it was more to the needs of the ragged children of the metropolis and of our larger towns that he has devoted his best energies to gain a personal knowledge of the condition of the inhabitants of the slums—this earnest reformer went among them, went where it was not safe to go even with a policeman; and for such an one to see was speedily followed by devising means of help.

No doubt it was the breaking out of the cholera and other forms of disease that led Lord Shaftesbury to this work of practical scrutiny. It was highly serviceable in calling attention to the physical and social horrors in which thousands were living, and leading to sanitary measures being brought to bear upon their amelioration. But it opened his lordship's eyes and the eyes of many with him, to the terrible moral conditions under which the poorest of the poor were living, and it set to work a whole army of volunteers in the work of the ragged-school. Hence the principal feature of the Guildhall festival. "Allow us to remind you," to use the language of the address presented to him on the occasion, "that it is nearly forty years since the Ragged School Union—that grand development of Christian philanthropy—was established, under your lordship's presidency, to encourage the formation and maintenance of schools for the most wretched, the very outcast, and neglected, of both sexes, for whom little or no provision previously existed, and to assist the old as well as the young in the study of the word of God. In London alone there were

tens of thousands of children growing up neglected and uncared for, 'ignorant in the midst of knowledge, savages in the midst of civilisation, heathen in the midst of Christianity'; more sinned against than sinning, living no one knew how, sleeping under carts, upon the door-steps, or under railway arches, their tattered and threadbare garments affording but little, if any, protection from the wintry blast, while thousands were too often stricken down by disease, and hurried, ere the bloom of youth fairly set upon them, into a premature old age, and an early and untimely grave, perishing, alas! for lack of knowledge, no man seeming to care for their souls. The common lodging-houses in which large numbers of our future scholars resided, at that time without any supervision, were the nurseries and training schools of crime, as well as the receptacles of every kind of stolen property. The ranks of the criminal and dangerous classes were every year largely recruited from them: misery, vice, and wretchedness were the common lot of multitudes seeking within them a nightly shelter. Old and young were too often herded together without any regard to age or sex. Through your lordship's exertions a Bill was passed through Parliament placing these dens under police supervision, providing rules for their more decent maintenance, and greatly mitigating the evils, the existence of which had long been a reproach, as well as a danger and menace, to the community generally. In addition to the 192 schools established in London many others were opened throughout the country. Every large town, and many of the smaller ones, had their schools for the neglected and destitute poor; nor was it long ere it became necessary to provide refuges for the homeless, and to give food, lodging, and industrial training to the most necessitous. By these combined means thousands of boys and girls have been rescued from the degradation and misery in which they were engulfed, and made good and useful citizens, loyal and faithful subjects of her Majesty. Nor was this all. From the ragged-school movement sprang many benevolent institutions, all tending to ameliorate the condition of the neglected poor, and add to the long and distinguished roll of philanthropic deeds with which your lordship's name will ever be associated. Looking for no reward but the approbation of your own conscience, and, as in the sight of God, you determined to devote your talents and your time to the amelioration of human suffering, and to the advancement of moral and religious instruction throughout the land. In Parliament and on the platform, in the improvised and too-often sadly overcrowded schools in the courts and alleys of the great metropolis, you pleaded, and pleaded successfully, for the waifs and strays of society, while thousands of Christian men and women, animated by your example, and stimulated by your earnestness, volunteered their services, and joined you in the endeavour to remove the reproach which the neglect of generations had entailed upon us, and resolved, God helping them, to rescue the perishing and the otherwise uncared-for, and train them in the knowledge and fear of God. With a view to commemorate your lordship's birthday, as well as the signal services which you have rendered to the ragged-school movement, the children and teachers, aided by a few friends of the ragged schools of London, have asked the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor to present to you on their behalf, and with their affectionate regards, the accompanying portrait, which has been subscribed and paid for in sums ranging from the smallest current coin of the realm, viz. from one farthing to one guinea. The blessing of the Lord be upon you. We bless you in the name of the Lord."

The portrait, an admirable likeness of the Earl, was then unveiled, to the delight of the audience, the string that removed the curtain being pulled by one, now a man of some position and influence, who had formerly been a boy in one of the ragged-schools.

Lord Shaftesbury's reply was simple, modest, touching. It was a day he never could have anticipated; and it was one which will certainly never be forgotten by those who were present at this remarkable celebration. Well might the feeling of gratitude to God for such a life express itself as it did when the noble Earl first made his appearance in the hall. Spontaneously the entire assembly broke out in the language of the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," a *Te Deum* worthy of the place and the occasion. J. B. F.

Sabbath Thoughts.

TO-MORROW.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—*Prov.* xxvii. 1.

THIS warning is as needful as the truth by which it is enforced is obvious. Men still go on in their boastfulness, reckoning on the morrow as their right, and laying their plans as securely as if all the future were their own. Scarcely a day passes, however, in which we do not receive proof of the truth that we know not what it may bring forth; events the most unlooked-for trouble the current of the calmest lives, and calamities of the most unexpected kind baffle the plans of the most practised schemers.

But while we try to take home to ourselves the warning to beware of boasting, since we know not in our ignorance how soon our pride may be laid low, there is another lesson which that very ignorance may teach us when placed in different circumstances, and though it is not enforced by the text, there are many passages of Scripture in which it may be found. "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth"—let this be a warning against pride in the day of prosperity; "thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," let this be thy comfort against despair in the day of adversity! Deliverance may be near when little expected, therefore trust in God, and never yield to despondency. When Moses' mother laid her babe in his little ark among the bulrushes of the great river, she little thought that the day would bring forth a deliverer in the person of the highest lady in the land, who would place him again in her arms as a precious charge!

When Peter in prison lay sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains, he little dreamed of the angel and the opened gate and the glad meeting with his brethren.

Time would fail us to recount the unlooked-for deliverances that a day has brought forth, through the merciful interposition of a prayer-hearing God. If therefore our ignorance should keep us from boasting, it should also make us trust in the Lord and never despair.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

JULY 31.

MOSES AND THE MAGICIANS. EXODUS VII. 1–17.

GOLDEN TEXT, ACTS VII. 22.—'*And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.*'

CONNECTION.—Dispirited and disheartened, the appointed leader of Israel receives another and yet more explicit revelation of the Divine name, JEHOVAH, the Covenant God.* This encourages a further appeal to the Israelites, now so fearfully ground down by redoubled labours. **But they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage.** But he, with his brother Aaron, must make yet another demand upon Pharaoh, ch. vi. 11, 12, repeated 29, 30. The 'Study' of to-day begins with the Divine answer to an appeal, almost a remonstrance, which Moses had addressed to God, as in the land of Midian, ch. iv. 10. **I am of uncircumcised lips,** slow and heavy of utterance. Compare Jer. vi. 10 (the uncircumcised ear), Lev. xxvi. 41 (the uncircumcised heart).

> The genealogy introduced, ch. vi. 14–25, is simply that of the great Levite families; Reuben and Simeon being mentioned as the elder brothers of Levi.

I. MOSES ENCOURAGED.—*Read vers.* 1, 2. The direct answer is to the plea of incompetence in speech. This was fully compensated by moral influence. **A god**: one wielding spiritual power. This power is described Jer. i. 10. See also Psa. lxxxii. 6. And as the **prophet** was one who uttered the divine message, standing between God and man, so should **Aaron** stand between Moses and **Pharaoh.** Moses was also as a god to *Aaron*, ch. iv. 16.

> A prophet is one who *tells forth*, or who *foretells*. The former view is at least as common in Scripture as the latter.

Aaron was fluent of speech, although we do not read of any words of his in connection with those events in Egypt. Moses rather appears as the speaker; but we are to understand once for all that what he is said to have communicated to Pharaoh was uttered by the more eloquent brother. Moses was *God's prophet* (Deut. xxxiv. 10), as Aaron was prophet to Moses; **mighty in words** (Golden Text) partly because of his spokesman's eloquence, but chiefly through the *effects* that followed the words. Power of speech does not always depend on fluency or brilliancy. Compare 1 Cor. ii. 4. Note, the appeal to Pharaoh was still to be for liberty to depart and perform a solemn service in the wilderness, ch. viii. 27.

II. PHARAOH'S OBSTINACY FORETOLD.—*Read vers.* 3–7. **I will harden Pharaoh's heart**; see also ch. iv. 21; ix. 12; x. 1, 20, 27; xi. 10. But Pharaoh hardened *his own* heart; see ch. viii. 15, 32; ix. 34. (The words in ver. 13, 22; viii. 19; ix. 7, simply declare the fact of the hardening.) The two statements agree in one. Divine chastisements harden where they do not soften. The same sunshine fosters the good seed in prepared ground, and hardens the barren clod. Heat melts wax and bakes clay; the difference is in the *material*. So punishment often has a hardening effect: 'Great and severe troubles come upon us. We say that God has sent them. We actually think so. Friends who look on observe that God is trying us doubtless for our benefit. They complain afterwards that we are not better than we were before, not gentler, more resigned, more humble. Our sufferings have only embittered us. They wonder at it. God has shown us His great power. We have said it was His. Should it not have changed the whole course and habit of our lives? At all events, how can it have stiffened and made rigid that which it seemed sent to soften?' The secret is in *self-will*. Never until we submit to the God of love shall we cease to rebel; those very influences which He sends to draw us to Himself will harden our hearts. In Pharaoh's case, **signs and wonders** were to be the Divine method of appeal, signs of God's presence, wonders demonstrating His power. **Pharaoh shall not hearken**; rather 'will not hearken,' a declaration of what *would be*; and, as the result of this refusal, the **hand** of God would be laid **upon Egypt**, and deliverance would be accomplished **by great judgments**, wrought to convince the Egyptians. See ch. viii. 19. The mention of the brothers' ages is useful in determining the chronology of the history.

III. THE FIRST GREAT SIGN.—*Read vers.* 8–13. The demand for a **miracle** was sure to be made. One claiming to bear credentials direct from God must be prepared to make them good. The king was blind to the loftier aspects of the truth, to the 'self-evidencing' nature of God's appeal to the conscience; and therefore must be met with proof of a lower kind, the proof of supernatural power. To ask a sign in certain circumstances is encouraged by God, Isa. vii. 11; yet the disposition to do this may be perverse, John iv. 48; 1 Cor. i. 22. In condescension the particular kind of sign adapted to convince Pharaoh should be given him. The miracle had been wrought in Midian, ch. iv. 2, 3, 17 (the same **rod**, passed over now to Aaron and called his). That it was a true miracle was shown by the very fact that it resembled outwardly those wonders which the magicians of Egypt were wont to exhibit. Had it been altogether different, it might have been open for them to regard it as a mere trick, not in their list of performances. But to challenge them with one like their own, yet manifestly genuine while theirs were impostures, must convince them of the presence of a Higher Power.

> The **wise men, sorcerers, magicians of Egypt,** (three names for the same class of persons) formed a separate caste, and had their secrets, jealously guarded amongst themselves. No conjuring trick was more common than the charming of **serpents** in different ways. In particular, there is a way of rendering snakes rigid by a peculiar touch (it is thought) on some part of the spine. They can thus be held for a time like rods, and when cast on the ground become lively and active again. No doubt this was the lying wonder now wrought by the magicians **with their enchantments,** i.e. by their spells and illusions.

Now came the deciding point: **Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods,** a most expressive emblem of the power of the true religion as compared with others (*Ewald*). We can imagine the dismay of these magicians as proof was given to them that what had been a serpent, and had devoured their performing snakes, was now a rod again! But these magicians (what were their names? See 2 Tim. iii. 8) still resisted the truth, encouraging Pharaoh, whose **heart** was **hardened** with new stubborness and defiance.

IV. THE SECOND SIGN: THE FIRST PLAGUE.—*Read vers.* 14–17. A series of 'wonders' now commenced, the effect of which would be to show the supremacy of JEHOVAH over the material and animal world as well as over the life of man, and

* Ch. vi. 3. 'God Almighty' is *Shaddai*, Gen. xvii. 1; xxxv. 11; xlviii. 3.

especially over the objects of Egyptian worship. The Ten Plagues form a series, of which the moral and spiritual teaching was even more significant than the strange awfulness. First, the river was to be touched—the pride of Egypt, the source of the life and fertility, even the existence, of the land; worshipped as a god. It was at the time of the year, as it appears, when special attention was directed, as now, to this great river. **Pharaoh goeth out into the water**, no doubt in state, to mark the annual wonder, the rising of the Nile. This occurs about the middle of June. Contrast the proud king, attended by his courtiers in a great procession, coming down to do honour to that which to them was the symbol of all life and might; and the two representatives of an oppressed race to confront him there—the runaway slave and his brother: but bearing the rod which had already brought home to his unwilling heart the conviction of a greater, a mysteriously terrible power! Impressive was the challenge to the haughty monarch! But for the wonder that had been wrought before, he would have refused to listen. But now he cannot choose but hear the old demand from **Jehovah, God of the Hebrews**, hitherto rejected, but now in its repetition to be connected with a portent of awful suddenness. **The waters should be turned to blood!**

Are we to understand this literally? We know that in other passages the turning to blood is spoken of the *appearance* only. See Joel ii. 31. Moreover, all the plagues of Egypt down to the last were connected with natural and familiar phenomena; their special character as Divine judgments arising (1) from their extraordinary greatness and extent, and (2) from their being predicted by Moses, and subject apparently to his will. Now, although nothing like the literal turning of the Nile into blood has been observed, the reddening of its waters during the annual inundation is a familiar fact. Ordinarily the river is dark in colour—Sihor, 'the black river,' before the rise, the waters become greenish and unfit to drink, then as its volume increases they turn through yellow to an ochre-like red, looking, as some travellers describe it, 'like a river of blood.' This appearance was formerly attributed to an infusion of red earth brought down from the Ethiopian highlands; but it has been recently shown to be caused by germs of animal life (infusoria). Generally, indeed, these do not affect the purity or wholesomeness of the water: but in some seasons they so abound as to produce a measure of corruption in the stream. In connection with the words of Moses this effect is intensified; the river becomes a rolling mass of putrefaction, gleaming like blood in the sultry air; the canals and cisterns supplied by it are necessarily also infected (ver. 19), and the only way of procuring fresh water is by digging in the neighbourhood of the river (ver. 24), the corruption being removed by infiltration through the earth. (A plain proof that the substance of the water itself was not changed).

We can but faintly imagine the dismay of the Egyptians in finding their deity thus dishonoured. It was an awful week! But again the magicians set themselves **with their enchantments**, or illusions, to produce the like effect; and Pharaoh's heart became only harder than before.

QUESTIONS.

1. How does the relation of Aaron to Moses and to Pharaoh illustrate the prophetic office?
2. What advantages would the training of Moses give him in the contest with the magicians? See the Golden Text.
3. Enumerate the Ten Plagues of Egypt, and show how they respectively cast discredit upon the national idolatries.
4. What statements are made elsewhere in Scripture respecting signs and wonders wrought by false prophets?

Pages for the Young

ZULEIKA BEE, THE MUSSALMAN CHILD.

VIII.

ALL these months the weather had been dry and burning. Hardly any water was to be had. The heat was intense. Again the time was near at hand when rain might be expected. Surely it would not fail this time, it was so sorely needed. For the famine was still raging and the sickness that followed the famine was carrying off thousands of victims weekly. One day the terrible heat was worse than ever. Not a breath was to be felt. Every one was weak and languid, unable to exert themselves in the least. Even in the large houses where English people lived, and where everything possible was done to keep the houses cool, the heat was almost insufferable. What must it have been in the small close homes of the poor?

Fatma lay on her back too weak to move. The weather was trying her very much. The children had just returned from school, and Zuleika with a large fan was fanning the weary invalid.

"Fatma," whispered the child, very low, "you are weary and heavy laden, are you not?"

Fatma looked up surprised. "What a strange question for a little child to ask," she thought, and answered, "Why Zuleika; whatever made you say that?"

"Because," answered the little girl, "you sighed so wearily that I thought of what the lady said this morning."

"What was that?" asked the invalid.

"She taught us to say something so pretty—it was this: 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—you would like to get rest, Fatma, wouldn't you?" said Zuleika.

"Rest! That I should," answered the poor woman. "But who was speaking; did she tell you who it is that can give rest?"

"The Lord Jesus," said Zuleika tremblingly, for she had not forgotten Fatma's horror at the thought of any of the children becoming Christians or followers of the Lord Jesus, but she felt so sorry for the sick woman and longed that she too might enjoy the happiness of being one of his followers.

"Child!" screamed the woman, "never mention that name again! Oh, what have we done? Promise, Zuleika, never to speak so again. I shall not let you go to school any more, and then you will soon forget all you have learnt from the lady."

She was prevented from saying more by Ibrahim's entrance.

"Well, Fatma," he said, "there is good news. There are great black clouds in the north, and rain is expected soon."

"That is indeed good news," she replied; "this dry heat is killing me, I think."

She did not tell him what Zuleika had been saying, for she knew how terribly angry he would be, and she hoped if nothing were said Zuleika would soon forget; she trusted to find some excuse to keep the little girls at home for the future.

Ibrahim was right, the rain was coming. But first the wind sprang up. Such a tremendous wind, it blew down large trees, it blew off the roofs of houses, and the dust from the roads was blown into the air and formed what is called a sandstorm. The sand flew with great force before the wind. This did not last long. Soon the rain came. Not rain like we see in

England. It came down in torrents, like sheets of water. The wind fell, but the rain continued falling. Day and night, day and night, down it came, drenching, soaking, penetrating everywhere.

Ibrahim's house was not built for wet weather. The courtyard was open to the sky, and was soon like a lake, being quite filled with water. Only a very small portion was roofed in, and even that was not perfectly waterproof. All the family huddled together under this poor protection; what a place for a sick woman! They tried their best to make Fatma as warm and dry as possible. All the spare clothes of the family were heaped upon her, and her mat was drawn as far away from the water as possible, but the rain dropped down through the roof and trickled down the walls, and she was only a little more comfortable than the rest of the family. It was difficult, too, to get a fire to burn and cook the daily food, and little enough food to cook when it was lighted, and the family were very wretched. Weary and heavy-laden! Yes, indeed, Fatma was, but she would not let herself think of the beautiful words of invitation she had heard from little Zuleika, but put them from her every time they came into her mind.

At last the rain ceased, and once more the sun shone. It shone down upon tanks filled with water, upon fields covered with water, indeed, the whole country was pretty nearly under water. All the ugly brown dust was washed from the trees, and lovely little green leaves and buds were beginning to show themselves. Soon, too, the water dried up in the courtyard, and things began to look more comfortable.

But how was Zuleika getting on all this time? She had fared badly during the rains. It was almost impossible for all the family to find dry places to sleep in, and often the little child had awaked in the night to find the rain dropping down upon her. She never complained, and so she often was wet when she might perhaps have been more comfortable. But she was a patient little girl, and did not like to trouble her kind friends, who had quite enough to do to keep themselves out of the rain.

It was not long before this exposure to the damp made little Zuleika ill, but it was long before she complained of sickness. She would lie on her mat whenever she was not wanted to do anything, and her head would ache terribly, and then sometimes she was so cold, and then hot, and very restless. One day when she was feeling very bad she crept up to Fatma and wearily lay down beside her.

Fatma was always pleased to have the little girl beside her, and made room for her to lie down on the mat at her side.

"What is the matter with you, Zuleika?" asked Fatma; "Mariam tells me you will not eat."

"I am not hungry, and, oh, my head does ache so badly," responded Zuleika; "every night now it aches too much for me to sleep."

"We must get some medicine for you, poor child. I will tell Ibrahim as soon as he comes home; but lie down now, perhaps you will go to sleep." So Zuleika lay still for a long time, but she did not sleep. She was thinking; she thought, "If Fatma were to tell Ibrahim what I thought about the Lord Jesus, what would he do? Perhaps he would drive me away from his house and leave me to wander, as I did with my father and my mother that terrible time. But now I should have to wander alone."

Poor little child, it was a dreadful prospect for her, and the thought of it had kept her awake many nights, and had even troubled her dreams. Then, too, she thought sometimes, that perhaps she ought to tell Ibrahim herself that she was a follower of the Lord Jesus; but she was afraid to do so, terribly afraid. "Perhaps some time I may be able to tell him. I will try to find out if I really *must* tell him, and then if I must, why I will, and the Lord Jesus will take care of me I know!" But still she was frightened and unhappy.

When Ibrahim came home, Fatma called him to look at the little girl. He bent over her kindly, and took her hand in his.

"Why, Fatma!" he exclaimed; "it is the fever! her hand is burning. I will go at once to the hospital and get her some medicine;" so he hurried off and soon returned with the fever mixture.

Mariam brought it at once to the little girl and gave her a dose, and soon she fell asleep.

When she woke in the morning the fever was gone, but only to return at night. The medicine did little good, and poor little Zuleika passed many sleepless, restless nights, tossing on her hard couch.

Her friends were very kind to her, and did all they could to help her, but all was of no use. The only thing they refused her that was in their power to do was to send for the lady at the school. This they refused to do, and poor little Zuleika begged in vain to see her. The fever had made her very weak, and she could no longer crawl to Fatma. But Fatma was a little better, and able sometimes to get to her, and sit beside her.

"Fatma," whispered Zuleika, on one of these occasions, "you must tell Ibrahim!"

"Tell him what?" asked Fatma sharply

"That I love the Lord Jesus."

"Never!" exclaimed Fatma. "It is only the fever makes you talk so."

Fatma was decided that no one should hear what Zuleika had said, so she would not let Jamla and Anser come near her, and remained with her herself. But it was not long that anyone was required to sit with the sick child. One day the fever had been very bad, and all night long the weary child had been worse than usual. Towards morning Fatma came to her to give her medicine. "I cannot drink!" Zuleika whispered low.

Fatma was alarmed at the change that had taken place in the child, and called Ibrahim hurriedly.

When he came, he bent down to her and looked at her fixedly.

"Zuleika," he said, "what is the matter? You look so pleased and happy."

"Because," she said, "I am *very* weary, and now I am going to have rest."

It was the last word the little girl uttered, soon the "rest" was given. The fever had done its work, and the little Zuleika was dead. No more doubt or fear for her, that was all over—she had entered into rest.

Ibrahim and his family mourned sincerely for the little orphan, who had been so loving and obedient, and who with her simple kindly ways had won a place in all their hearts. We know how kind they had been to her in taking care of her and supporting her in their poverty, and we know who has said, "Whosoever shall give to drink a cup of cold water only, to one of these little ones, shall in no wise lose his reward."

Ibrahim and his family are still living; let us pray that the time may soon come when they shall turn to the Lord, that He may be gracious unto them, and to our God, that He may abundantly pardon—pardon them all their sins, negligences, and *ignorances*.

BURIED PROVERB.

NO. II.

"Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise" (Prov. xvii. 28).

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child" (Prov. xxii. 15).

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom" (Prov. iii. 13).

"A fool's voice is known by multitude of words" (Eccl. v. 3).

"The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth" (Prov. iii. 19).

"A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps" (Prov. xvi. 9).

"Sing praises to the Lord . . . . declare among the people his doings" (Psa. ix. 11).

E. M. S. M.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

AN ARGUMENT WITH JOAN.

GWEN BEVERLY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day of my return to the vicarage was a memorable one to me. Mr. Dale sent for me to his study, and said he wanted to find out what progress I had made in Scripture knowledge, "letter and spirit."

He was so kind that I was not nearly so frightened as I should have been otherwise. He told me at the close that my uncle was desirous that I should "confirm my baptismal vows" when the bishop came in the spring to hold a confirmation.

"You understand doctrinally what is required of you very fairly," he said; "but there is something wanted beyond this. You are very young, but not too young to feel what you owe for redemption."

He went on for some time, pressing on me with great simplicity the need of heart religion. Much that he said, simple as it was, I could not take in; but one thing struck me forcibly, and that was the need of Divine grace to convince us of sin. He told me that I was born in sin, and that unless I had been born again from above I could not feel that I was a sinner.

He said he could see from my answers to his questions that I was quite capable of understanding all this; but as to having a heart knowledge of it, that could only be received from God the Holy Ghost.

"Only the finger of God can write on a heart of stone," he said.

I left the study filled with new thoughts. Mr. Dale had not told me one thing, really, that I had not heard from my uncle and godfather; but they had left me under the impression that I was not yet responsible; not old enough to look into my

own heart and seriously inquire whether I was or was not converted to God. He had plainly told me that I was either asleep in sin or awake to righteousness; that it was a question my heart could answer, and that there was no time to linger. I must arise and cry to God to show me the truth and enable me to follow it.

Miss Dale could see by my countenance and manner that I had been impressed, but she was very wise, and did not notice it further than to direct the teaching and conversation so as to make it helpful to the subject.

After my first emotion had subsided a little, I began to think that I had been rather harshly treated; my heart rebelled against the doctrine of "corruption." I was sure that, brought up as I had been, by so good a man as my uncle, and taught latterly by one so wise and excellent as my godfather, I ought not to be treated as I had been—called a sinner, and bidden to search my heart for my own condemnation. In plain English, I felt just as Joan had done when classed with Will Jarvis; and, being old and thoughtful beyond my years, I gave the reins to my questioning, unbelieving spirit until I had hardened myself into the conviction that Mr. Dale could know nothing about me, and was therefore under a mistake in my case. I might have been mollified by the compliment he paid to my understanding but that it was couched in such unpalatable terms; for he made it not a glorification to me, but rather a humiliation, God having given me my mental advantages to be used for himself, and if I had not done so, and it was plain Mr. Dale thought I had not, my shame and condemnation would be increased.

That evening at family prayer Mr. Dale expounded part of Lev. x. 2—11, and dwelt on the fate of Nadab and Abihu. He said "Can anything show more plainly that no human teaching avails without teaching from God? These two young men had been brought up and trained for the priest's office by holy Moses, and Aaron, God's first high-priest. They had seen the wonderful works of the Lord in the wilderness; they constantly had the cloud of glory, which witnessed his presence, before their eyes; yet, knowing that He was a jealous God, they insolently, in their pride and ignorance of heart, dared to take strange fire for his service instead of that from his altar which He had commanded; and He slew them in their sin. Their being the sons of Aaron and nephews of Moses, did not help to save them."

I felt my cheeks burn, and my ears tingle as he went on. I concluded that it was all directed towards me. My uncle and godfather were Moses and Aaron, and I was in the position of Nadab and Abihu. Yes, the case was clear enough, none of their teaching had gone into my heart; I was still ignorant and proud and insolent—in fact, much worse than Will Jarvis, who had probably never been taught the difference between right and wrong, and if I did not repent and believe, I should be slain as they were; for the religion of my uncle and godfather would stand me in no better stead than Joan's father, who was "put into a tract," did her.

I dare say my serious looks and the evident approach of tears in my eyes gave all the family a very good impression of me; they little knew the conflict going on in my heart.

In looking back on this time, I am convinced that Mr. Dale was quite right in treating me like a rational being, and not acting on the common notion that such experimental teaching is too high for children. Granted that they have intellect up to the average, they ought to be faithfully and plainly taught the truth by which they are to live. There is no part of their education so important as this, yet, while they are pushed on by every means in the pursuit of knowledge of letters and of sciences, and often overworked in brain, they are expected to drift somehow into an acquaintance with that which alone can save them from a life of sorrow here, and a death of misery eternally. Mr. Dale's plain dealing with me made it impossible for me to rest any longer in the sleep of indifference; I was awoke, painfully indeed, to a sense of my responsibility in the sight of God, and from that day I date a new era of life.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I was quite a small child I remember turning up the earth in my little garden to see if some seeds Joan had sown for me were beginning to grow, and I was much disappointed as, day by day, I found them in exactly the same state, till my uncle, who caught me at work in my search, told me they must have time to rest, and when they had been underground long enough they would come up and bring forth flowers.

Now, so it was with all the teaching I had received; it had lain dormant in my mind and was still beneath the surface, but Mr. Dale's lesson had given it an impetus, and prayer offered for me, yes, and prayer which I at length learnt to offer for myself, in course of time brought forth the blade, the promise of the ear to follow.

My godfather had returned without bringing a wife, and seemed to settle down quietly as if whatever business had disturbed him had been arranged. I think Joan was divided between disappointment at the natural death of all her theories, and complacency that her worst fears had not been realised. She was really attached to him, and a great part of her irritation at the bare suspicion of a wife's appearance arose from a jealous desire to monopolise importance; to be, in her way, requisite to his comfort as she was to my uncle's.

But my head was too full of my own affairs to pay the attention I should otherwise have done to hers. My short weekly stay at home from Saturday to Monday was given up, as the weather often made the walk inexpedient for me, so that I was settled at the vicarage, not to return till Christmas.

This was a great advantage to me; my Sundays at home had not been satisfactorily spent. My uncle and godfather, much as they loved me, and able as they were to instruct me, had left me almost entirely to myself; their conversation was above my capacity, and I fancy they considered that my mind required a little relaxation after a week of settled study and regular habits at the vicarage. So I was allowed to roam about and choose my own employments when not engaged in the church services, or with the daily reading of Scripture in the family, which my uncle continued to observe. Joan was always glad of my company in the summer kitchen, especially since Mary Cross had grown so "good."

And as Mary greatly preferred searching her Bible alone, to prepare for Miss Dale's class, I could hardly avoid helping her by offering to read to Joan, who gladly accepted my offer.

"Accepted" it, but merely as an excuse to get my company, for I had not read half a dozen verses from the great Bible that always lay open before her on Sunday between dinner and tea, when she was sure to stop me with some remark on my reading, or a question of some kind, equally irrelevant, and it was very seldom that I was allowed to resume for more than a few minutes at a time.

The evening of my last Sunday at home, I was much exercised in mind with the events of the past week. I should much have liked to open my heart to my uncle or godfather, and ask for sympathy and encouragement—ask if they looked on me as "proud and ignorant;" as "guilty with Nadab and Abihu." But I had not the courage to do it. As I sat before Joan's Bible, I looked up at her, but I felt there was a great gulf between us. She could not possibly enter into my difficulties. She, however, undesignedly opened the way to a discussion. "Child," she said (before Mary Cross she always called me "Miss Gwen," but when we were alone and confidential, she relaxed into "child")—"child, you read very pretty. What a thing it is to have fine teaching, like you've had, when you are young! Now I couldn't make out a verse without poozling and poozling over every long word. And you're not a bit conceited about it, so I don't mind telling you. But that Mary Cross—oh, any one may know by her conceitedness as she's picked it up of a sudden. If I was dying to know a long word I wouldn't tell her; she's as proud of herself as any peacock."

"But Mary hasn't learnt to read of a sudden, Joan," I answered. "She read very well when she came, you know; my uncle has often said she read very sensibly."

"I'm sure there warnt no sensibleness in letting her think so," she answered sharply. "But it's all new ways now, and old folks is counted nothing and young chits of things is put above 'em." She looked so angry that I felt it was not right to go on trying to read the Bible; I closed it and was silent. She had turned away her head, and, folding her arms, sat bolt upright, apparently looking at the fire. I thought I had better leave her; I was not in the happiest of frames myself, and felt something like temper rising.

"There—don't go and leave me, child!" she said, hearing the movement of my chair, "I ain't got never a friend as I can speak to but you, and if you——" Here she broke down; the tears which had long been very near her eyes, filled them, and she was overcome with grief.

"Dear Joan," I exclaimed. "No friend! Think of my uncle and my godfather."

"Ah—they're too good for me, child," she answered. "They're a sort o' sinners, I suppose; but not the poor kind like me—me as is ignorant and knows nothing; but how can I help never having been teached when I was young?"

"Dear Joan," I said as tenderly as I could; "your being taught when you were young wouldn't have saved you from being proud and ignorant. You know"—I confess that I didn't think she knew, but I felt pleased to show how much *I* knew—"that Nadab and Abihu, though they were brought up by Moses and Aaron, and taught all the service of the Tabernacle—taught much more than you and I have been taught—were so proud and ignorant that they dared to offer strange fire to the Lord, and He slew them for it!"

I felt very pleased with myself for this brilliant display of scholarship, which very likely was betrayed by my expression. Joan glanced at my face and said coldly, "I never heard tell of 'em, child!"

"Uncle read the history of it when he was going through the Old Testament," I said.

"Ah—very like—there's long words and hard names in the Bible; it's a deal easier reading in the Testament," she answered.

I was used to her division of the Scriptures into Bible and Testament, so I did not reply to that; but went on to tell her that Mr. Dale had given me to understand the responsibility under which I lay, in consequence of my early advantages, and that unless I repented of my sin and asked for God's Spirit to teach my heart, I should perish as they did, offering the strange fire of my own miserable doings, instead of the holy flame of Christ's spirit.

"You see, dear Joan, I am worse than you are," I said; "for you have not grown proud of teaching—I suppose I have—Mr. Dale seemed to think so."

"Then he's got no business to think nothink of the kind," she said angrily. "You tell him for his pains, child, as I never knowed you a bit proud nor conceited. If you had a been it's not like I should have let me down to talk to you as I done. No, no; let him go and preach that way to the lass upstairs; she wants it, I'll warrant her."

This did not satisfy me. On the contrary, I felt grieved that what I had said seemed to have gone the wrong way; and I felt bound to try and convince her of the justice of the charge against me. Accordingly, I spoke with earnestness, and made out a very strong case against myself, and for Mr. Dale; to all of which she listened impatiently, saying at the close, for which she hardly waited, "Child, child; it's no good talking to me this way; I'm tired of it—and there's an end!"

At this, much disconcerted, yet satisfied in my conscience that I had done right, I left the kitchen, for Mary Cross came in at the moment, and I knew nothing could be said before her, even had Joan been disposed to listen.

I had gone to my little room at night and closed the door, and was thinking over all that had passed, and trying to discover if my heart during our discussion had been warmed with strange fire or fire from the altar, when Joan came in with a cup of chocolate.

"Child," she said, "you never took a bit at supper, Mary said; and I'm afear'd as you're a-worryin' yourself about the talk we've had; and you mustn't go to do that, or you'll be ill; and that's the worst thing as can come to me!"

She was so affectionate and kind that I was quite melted. She sat on my bed beside me, and declared she didn't know what had come to her, but ever since the "turn up" she'd had with Mr. Penn, she'd never felt the same. "Sometimes," she said, "I think it was the ladies' coming as did all the mischief. There's been summat or another up ever since; but I know this, I'm for ever on the fret now, and it takes but little to aggravate me, and so I get into

pets with folks, and then gets into one with myself for doing of it, and that's how I am continually."

We sat talking for some time. She cried, and made me cry. At last, drying her eyes, she said, "If I thought as God was angry with me for anything I'd done, I'd go down on my knees and ask Him to forgive me; but I don't believe nothing of the sort, for why? I've never done nothing bad—not very bad, I mean—not as He'd take notice of. If Mr. Penn 'd just ask master, he'd soon tell him my character, and he'd let him know that even if I warn't as good as my poor father was, I warn't to be put along with such as Will Jarvis."

I knew well what the right answer to all this was, but I could not put it into language; besides, she was too much agitated to listen to me, nor would she have taken teaching from me, so I allowed her to go; and she left me, impressed with a sense of the similarity of our conditions, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Her evident struggle against admitting light into her conscience showed me my own against conviction of sin. Dimly, very dimly, I saw something of her mistake as to great sins and small ones. Many Scriptures came to my memory, such as "He that keepeth the whole law, yet offends in one tittle is guilty of all," and I came to the conclusion, if it were so, that I must be under sin—therefore under the curse.

But many things besides these serious considerations occupied me. I am ashamed to confess that self-congratulations at my—what shall I say—cleverness?—my superiority to girls of my age, which Mr. Dale had used as an argument, showing my responsibility, would come up before me, though I was ashamed, and tried to get rid of them; and—will the reader believe it?—I began to speculate on where the confirmation would be held, and whether I should have to wear a cap, as I had been told at school was customary, and if so, whether Joan would furnish it, as in that case she would possibly bring forward some ancient affair of my mother's, which she would prize, being point lace, but from the shape and colour of which I shrank. Thus divided in mind between "heights and depths," I at last fell asleep.

A BOON FOR "OUR BOYS."

"WE have 'The Rose and Crown' for our men, and 'The Princess House' for our women, and now we want a coffee-palace for our boys," was the cry of numbers of good folks of Knightsbridge and Brompton not so very long ago.

"Why can't the boys go to 'The Rose and Crown' with the men?" asked the benevolent public.

"Because there is no room for them, and the men decline to have them," was the reply. "Our youthful army of shop-boys, messengers, and what not, are too numerous, and sometimes too mischievous, to be admitted to the dining, coffee, and reading-rooms of their elders. We must have separate houses for them, with gymnasium, class-rooms, lodgings and innocent amusements."

This is a need felt in many places, but there must be a beginning somewhere. Therefore the energetic lady and her friends who have succeeded in inaugurating the first coffee-palace for women have already taken a house for the boys, which will be opened as soon as possible, i.e. when sufficient money is paid in. They also intend, God-willing and funds permitting, to obtain permission to erect a cattle-trough in front of it, for the benefit of the poor animals that pass and repass from morn to night. It is a blessed sign of our times, that while we are seeking to provide innocent and harmless amusements and beverages for the biped, we do not forget the quadruped. But, before all things, let us give "our boys" a taste for something better than alcohol, by providing them with suitable places of refreshment; as Miss Robinson has done for the young sailors at Portsmouth, and Miss Weston, on a large scale, at Plymouth. It is interesting to know that many poor mothers, and numberless boys, have contributed to the extent of their means and beyond them, to this movement. To understand what it means, people should pay a visit to the coffee-palaces for men and women which have preceded the proposed one for boys and which are now, happily, more than self-supporting. If Brompton had the honour of inaugurating these, its example has been widely followed, and we hope the results may be similar in the case of our juvenile community. Will those who cannot conveniently inspect these good works in person, accompany us in imagination on a tour to the south-west of London, and look at them through our spectacles.

We will visit "The Rose and Crown" first. This was an inn for more than three hundred years, originally called the "Oliver Cromwell;" and here the body-guard and followers of the iron-handed Protector came. It is said to be the oldest house in Brompton, and when first erected must have looked upon its village green. Now, however, it looks upon the new Knightsbridge Barracks, and where old Nol's soldiers gravely disported themselves, those of Queen Victoria dwell.

The old house is still, to all intents and purposes, a "public," but could scarcely have been so crowded in the past as it is in the present. It is with difficulty we thread our way through the mass of men who surround the bar in the large coffee-room; men of every grade, from the respectable artisan to the lonely wayfarer; and who can refresh their weary bodies for a few pence. Passing into the dining-rooms, we find them equally crowded. All the small marble tables are occupied, and numbers of men fill the vacant standing-space.

"Where could our boys find room?" we ask.

"Not here," reply the men, "for they would soon outnumber us. Besides, they are such mischievous young monkeys. When they were allowed to come they used to mix up the pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar, and play all sorts of tricks. They must have a palace to themselves."

We are further convinced of this fact as we make our way with difficulty up the stairs. Here are seated a few lads, whose good conduct or occupation have gained them admission. They look almost as if they were in hiding, as they sit in the dark, with their plates upon their knees. Not that the stairs are appropriated to them, for they are sometimes crowded with men, unable to find room elsewhere.

Indeed, crowds seem the normal condition of the place. We look through a room on the landing; it

is full to overflowing. This is the reading-room, and here are papers, maps, games and the like, open to all—from the adult crossing-sweeper, if inclined to literary pursuits, to the scientific and too-often sceptical, skilled workman.

This house was founded in answer to prayer. About five years ago, a few Christian women met to ask the Almighty to point the way to the establishment of a coffee-palace in Knightsbridge, similar to Dr. Barnardo's "Edinburgh" and "Dublin Castles" in the East End. One of them—a cook—had just received from her master a present of 7*l.* for seven years' good service. She at once dedicated this to the Lord as the commencement of a fund for this good work. Another, her mistress, began to build upon this foundation. Continuous prayer brought continuous aid. Money flowed in; from the donation of a chimney-sweep who "swep' a chimney for nothink," to an anonymous gift of 200*l.* In eight months the needed 2,000*l.* was collected, and on the 20th of December, 1876, the "Rose and Crown" was opened to the public, still *with prayer*. And we rejoice to hear that prayer continues to arise from these walls. In the large hall which is near to the reading room, various religious meetings, as well as entertainments for the amusement of the men are held. Relaxation is good, and people flock to obtain it; therefore the lectures, penny readings and concerts of the "Rose and Crown" are very popular. Singing-classes for the study of sacred song, prayer-meetings, and Sunday evening services for such as frequent no place of worship, have also been well attended, and serve to make the coffee-palace an unobtrusive missionary.

The remainder of the house is appropriated to bedrooms, which are let, on moderate terms, to single men, who have, also, a small sitting-room to themselves.

Once more piercing the crowds, and wondering, as one is for ever doing in this mammoth hive of London, whence they come and whither they go, we find ourselves outside again. Here many vehicles are drawn up, vans, carts, barrows, carriages even—the drivers of which are regaling themselves with soup or coffee within the house, while their beasts of burden enjoy the contents of their nose-bags without. Fair competition is just; and the coffee public-house is not to be outdone. So, here is a water tap for refreshing those teetotallers of nature, horses and donkeys; which leaves the unstable no excuse for driving past "The Rose and Crown."

We have not very far to walk before we reach the house taken for the boys' coffee-palace. It appears in every way suitable—or will be when repaired and enlarged—and is 178, Brompton Road.

"Come and see where our boys go now," says our kind guide, hurrying us to a neighbouring music-hall, with its attractive programme of entertainments. "I have lately received letters from a sailor lad, once an abstainer, lamenting that he has broken his pledge. He was coming to our temperance meeting, he says, when, wanting refreshment, he went in here, and he adds, 'I don't know how I came out again.' And here is their present gymnasium."

This little addendum does not concern the music-hall, but a small plot of, as yet, vacant ground, called the Pit, where the youngsters disport themselves. and which, at this moment, seems a Pandemonium. Neither sport nor language is of the choicest, but, says our friend, "Matters will mend when we open our palace."

Thus discoursing we reach "The Princess House," 106 Brompton Road, which has "Restaurant for Women" in gold letters on its sign-board. Here attractive red blinds and gilded programmes entice the female mind. Two or three girls are coming forth, bearing hot dinners or beef-tea for people at home, and as we enter, we find a cheerful bar, and the usual complement of small marble tables, at which are seated young women from the various shops in the neighbourhood. We count between twenty and thirty, and are informed that in the season as many as a hundred a day dine here. We take possession of the only vacant table, and while we await our dinners, make our observations. The two rooms are surrounded by illuminated texts and mottoes, and are especially cheerful-looking.

The visitors come and go, for they have no time to spare. Half an hour is the maximum allowed for dinner at the houses of business, and some have a few minutes' walk before procuring it. Others, who have no regular occupation, linger for rest.

But our dinner is served in no time, and we doubt if we need desire a better. A good plate of roast meat, two vegetables, the usual condiments, an excellent pancake, a bottle of lemonade, and all for what? For the small sum of one shilling. And we have been unnecessarily extravagant; for a meal may be made, a cup of coffee inclusive, for half that sum.

It is interesting to watch the girls, and to know that we shall meet some of them again to-night, and that others are lodgers in the house. In telling the story of this coffee-palace we have simply to repeat that of "The Rose and Crown," with a few exceptions or additions. As its first well-written report says, "Its foundation was laid in prayer, at a monthly meeting of the Knightsbridge Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, March 1st, 1877," and it was opened with prayer and praise at a similar meeting on the 19th of September, 1878. During the intermediate time, sums had been subscribed, varying in magnitude from a shilling sent by a young girl, *in memoriam*, as "Darling mother's shilling for the Women's Coffee Palace," to 700*l.*, again from an anonymous donor and stranger. And we now witness the result.

Respectable women are welcome from morning to night, for meals, recreation, or instruction. In the turmoil of "Work, work, work," this may be called "The Workers' Rest." Quiet is also happily obtainable at the back of the premises. Passing through a small committee-room we enter a large hall, built where once stood a suburban garden, and still surrounded by a few trees and shrubs. Here much work is done, and a variety of social gatherings are held, a specimen of which we hope to have this evening. It is bright and cheerful, and through the windows creepers, from an unmolested corner of the aforementioned garden, struggle to intrude. A patch of the said garden also remains at the back, concerning which grand projects have been formed. Its few feet of ground, its two trees, two lilac bushes, and tumble-down arbour, are to be converted, funds permitting, into a plaisance, a Decameron, in short, where young women may sip their tea and converse *al fresco*, surrounded by roofs and chimneys of time-

worn and picturesque brick. The sparrows that now chirp forlornly will then grow fat upon the crumbs that fall from the tea-table. "I should love the country if it is like this," said one of the young women when feasting on the trellised *leads* of a neighbouring gentleman's house. What will she say when the dreams concerning this rural spot are realised?

The scene changes in the evening at this "our public." The bar is now filled with women imbibing tea and coffee, while gas replaces daylight and brings into strong relief the coloured syrup bottles and other decorations of the place. Crimson table-covers are spread over the marble blocks on which we dined, and periodicals lie upon them for the delectation of the literary female world. It looks homelike and pleasant. The large hall is now crowded with guests. At many tea-tables, well furnished with edibles, are seated numberless members of the Young Women's Christian Association, and a cheerful hum of voices pervades the room. There are multitudes in this over-crowded country who know nothing of such associations and girls' "friendly societies," and many who, knowing a little, are inclined to scoff at them. Could they witness this gathering they must, perforce, acknowledge them to be good. Here are young women of every religious denomination who are met together to enjoy social converse while sipping the uninebriating beverages provided at their own special coffee-palace. They are for the most part either in shops or milliners' establishments, and most of them have aided both by prayers and money in the purchase of their "Princess House." Ladies who have helped to found it and continue to assist in its maintenance preside at the tea-tables, and strive to make conversation general, for here, as elsewhere, English reserve is apparent. And this is not extraordinary, since many of the guests are "alone in London," if not in the world; friendless young girls striving to earn an honest living, yet surrounded by temptations. To such this association and similar ones is truly a harbour of refuge in which they can anchor safely their tempest-tossed barques. And let it not be supposed that so-called "amusements" are necessary to hold them together. To-night, for example, they find genuine pleasure in the singing of hymns, tender womanly addresses from Christian ladies, and prayers to their Father in heaven. It is well to see the face kindle and sometimes a tear swell in the eye, at an affectionate word or touching appeal. Happily sectarian prejudices are gradually softening, and men and women meet without discussing creeds. So it is here, where all unite in prayer and praise to their common God and Saviour, and both sect and caste merge into the loyal word Love. To foster this, illuminated texts written by the loving Apostle in the fourth chapter of his first epistle adorn the walls; and "God is love," is the device in gas, placed at the entrance, and visible only from the interior. To this principle, doubtless, it is due that all present interest themselves in the good of their fellow-creatures. Not only do they meet from time to time to work for existing institutions, but they have contributed to the extent of their means to the proposed Boys' Coffee Palace. Feeling the blessing of their own haven they would desire to see similar ones everywhere, and to admit the boys within the charmed circle of Christian influence. It is to be hoped that the general public will agree with them, and aid not only in completing the one about to be established, but in opening others when and wheresoever the opportunity offers. And may the motto of all be that placed in the bar of "The Princess House:"

> "That house shall be preserved,
> And never shall decay,
> Where the Almighty God is served,
> And reverenced alway."

ANNE BEALE.

THE SEVENTH-DAY REST.

MANY years ago Dr. Farre gave a remarkable testimony as to the necessity and advantages of the seventh-day rest. It was during the parliamentary inquiry on the subject of fixing the length of the day for work in factories. "I consider," he said, "the Sunday a day of necessary repose, and a boon by which the power of recovery, and of physical reconstruction inherent in our nature, finds its indispensable completion. Nightly repose very well repairs the human constitution in a degree, but not to a sufficient extent. This is why Divine Providence has ordained one day in seven for completely re-establishing our exhausted strength. The injurious effects of long-continued or incessant work are no doubt less perceptible in man than in beast, but in the long run man perishes all the sooner. The ordinance of a day of rest after six days' labour is a necessity grounded in nature, and is not an arbitrary prescription. The human organisation is so constructed that of seven days there must be one for rest, in order that man may recover from his physical and mental labours."

In the institution of the Sabbath day the Divine beneficence made merciful provision not only for rest to man, but also to the lower animals that assist his labour and are dependent on his care. It was appointed to be a day of rest both for man and beast. A notable illustration of the benefits of this ordinance has been often cited. Mr. Bianconi, the well-known organiser of the mail-car service in Ireland, stated at one of the early meetings of the British Association at Cork, that he found he could work his horses with more advantage eight hours a day for six days than six hours for seven days. By not working on Sundays he effected a saving of twelve per cent. Nearly twenty years afterwards at the meeting of the British Association at Dublin he repeated and confirmed the statement, as the result of his longer experience and observation. Thus in keeping the Divine commandment, apart from higher considerations, there is the direct reward of economy in labour and expenditure.

We have lately met with a similar testimony in a French book, from one worthy of credit, and vouching for the incident as authentic. It was during the time anterior to the formation of railways, when large waggons conveyed merchandise, often to a distance of more than a hundred miles, from east to west, and from north to south, and continued sometimes eight or ten weeks on their course. Two waggons started on Monday morning, with the same kind of carriages, with horses of the same strength, and equally laden, for the same

journey. One of the waggoners rested on the Sunday, together with his horses, whilst the other continued his way. What followed? As horses with waggons can in general proceed only at a certain pace towards this or that village, one of the waggoners had gained on the first Sunday three or four miles on his rival, and so it went on until the sixth week, when the other overtook him. His horses, being less worked and in better condition, from that time increased their lead at each stage, and reached the end of the journey a day before the other waggoner, who came in, with his team weary and distressed.

"THOU KNOWEST NOT WHETHER SHALL PROSPER."

"ONE of the hardest men I ever met," said a servant of God, working for Him in one of the worst districts of London, "was an infidel shoemaker. Nothing I could say interested or touched him, and I often thought I might as well give him up; but as he did not actually resist my coming, or refuse to hear my message, and was evidently a most miserable man, I persevered in my visits. However, I found one day he had suddenly decamped, no one knew why or whither, leaving his poor furniture for his arrears of rent, taking only his shoe-making tools. This was some years ago.

Last winter, a man I did not know came up to me after a Sunday service in St. James's Hall, and said: "I see you've forgotten me, sir; do you remember a shoemaker you used to visit in St. —— Street?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"I'm the man, sir; but, thank God, I'm a changed man now. Your talk used to make me so miserable I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went off, to get work somewhere else. Well, I stopped near D——g, and somehow I couldn't keep from going to the mission-hall there; and that was where I came to know and love my Saviour."

Even so has the Lord of the vineyard taught us, "One man soweth and another reapeth"; even so, in that day, "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

A. J. T.

ON AN ALPINE WALKING TOUR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VENERABLE CÆSAR MALAN.

IN the summer of 1840, Cæsar Malan went from Geneva on a walking tour, accompanied by one of his sons and a young Englishman who was then staying with them. In the "Life of Malan," published by this son about thirty years after, some interesting incidents of this tour are recorded. They illustrate the character of the good man, whose name will be always honoured as a zealous and faithful evangelist:—

My father wished to revisit with us the picturesque gorges of the Evêché de Bâle, which, ever since an excursion which he had made to them as a young man, had left an ineffaceable impression on his memory. We had taken the boat from Geneva to Lausanne, and were going on foot to Yverdon, my father neglecting no opportunity of speaking of the Gospel by the way. On the lake of Neuchâtel, as I still remember, I sketched him, seated on the forepart of the vessel, beside a young man, "to whom he was speaking of his soul," his New Testament in his hand, while a young mountaineer, leaning against the bulwarks, let his pipe go out as he listened to him.

Some days afterwards, we were mounting one lovely evening the road which goes up from Brienne along the deep gorges of La Suze. Arrived at the inn of Sonceboz, my father, as he was unbuckling his knapsack, said to the mistress of the house that after supper he should have evening worship with us, and that she would be welcome if she liked to be present at it with her people. "We don't want that sort of thing here!" said the woman, very busy as it appeared, and adding some expressions of impatience. Thereupon my father took up his bag and stick, and said to me, "Do you feel up to another hour's walking, my boy?" Then, without waiting, he added, to the astonishment of our hostess, who was preparing to detain us, "Come along, my lads, I will not pass the night under a roof where prayer is made light of, and where the fear of God is unknown."

A few minutes afterwards, as we were following the road which, from Sonceboz, goes up through pine-woods to the defile of Pierre-Pertuis, we came upon some carts laden with planks, which were going the same way. My father called me, and, pointing out a tall young man who was conducting the first of these vehicles, he gave me a tract, and told me to give it to the man from him. Soon after, however, the man to whom I had carried the tract, and who had at once begun to read it to the other drivers, quitted their group, and came and begged my father to be so good as to explain to them "things that we fellows," said he, "do not well understand." My father joined the men, and we left them to come on slowly together, at the pace of the horses. By-and-by, when they had come up with us, I heard him, as he gave his hand to the reader of the tract, inviting him to come, and bring his companions with him, to our family worship at Tavannes. They promised, and kept their word. "Was it not God," my father asked me when we were alone, "who led us to come away from Sonceboz?"

The next day, we were very early on our way. After walking about two hours, we went into the inn of a small hamlet to get some coffee. While we were waiting for it, my father noticed that the young woman who was getting it ready, stopped now and then to wipe her eyes with her apron.

"You seem to me to be in trouble," he said to her.

"Alas, sir!" she replied, bursting into tears, "it is only a few days since I lost my poor husband, and I am very unhappy."

My father on this, making room on the bench beside him, said,

"Come and sit here, my poor woman, and I will remind you of the consolations of the Gospel!"

He had not been speaking long when the woman interrupted him, to say, "Allow me, sir, to go and fetch my friend Jeannette; she *will* be glad to hear you; she often talks to me herself of these things."

In a little while we saw her return with the young person she had spoken of, and my friend and I went out, and left my father in conversation with these two women.

A moment after he opened the window, and asked us to go with him a few steps to see Jeannette's

father, who was ill. We came to a little wooden house, and Jeannette took us into a large room, at the farther end of which, near the window, lay in bed an aged white-haired man.

"Father," said the girl, "I am bringing to you a minister of the Gospel."

"God be praised!" replied the sick man, beside whom my father seated himself, and in whom he was not long in discovering the marks of a sincere and touching piety. In the course of conversation he asked him how he had come to the knowledge of his Saviour.

"In this bed," was the reply, "where I have lain for many years, and by reading a book written by a M. Malan, of Geneva. Ah! if I had not been old and infirm, I should long ago have gone to Geneva to find him. Many and many a time, sir, I have asked of God that I might see that man before I die, and for a long time I have believed that He would grant my prayer, but it seems that I must give up the hope after all!"

I turned my eyes upon my father, who fixed his upon his hands in silence.

"What is the book called that you speak of?" he said at last to the sick man, raising his head.

"Here it is," he answered; "I have it always here; it never leaves me!"

At the same time the old man drew from under his pillow a well-worn copy of one of the first editions of the *Chants de Sion*, and gave it to my father.

"And do you sing these hymns?" he asked as he turned over the pages.

"Oh! Jeannette knows some of them. She often sings them to me, and each time it gives me pleasure and does me good!" Then he added, as if speaking to himself: "If I could but see him, the dear gentleman that wrote them—those beautiful hymns! He must be a true and very good Christian indeed!"

"Listen, my brother," then said my father; "we come from Geneva—these young lads and I——"

"You come from Geneva?" interrupted the old man; "then perhaps you may have seen that Mr. Malan there?"

"No doubt," replied my father; "we all three know him; and I can assure you that if he were here he would remind you that he has only been for you a weak and imperfect instrument, and that he would speak to you above all, not of himself, a poor sinner like you, but of the eternal and all-sufficient grace of our God."

The conversation was prolonged still for a short time; then my father offered a prayer, and after we had all sung together one of the hymns which Jeannette knew, he prepared to leave, telling the daughter that the next day, which was the Lord's Day, he should be preaching at Moûtiers. When he was come near the door, however, he stopped, and then, returning to the bed on which the old man was still sitting up with joined hands, he said to him with emotion: "My father, God Himself, with whom you are soon to be, God has granted to you your prayer? I am Malan, of Geneva, your brother in the faith of our blessed Saviour!"

The poor old man, fixing on the speaker a long look, his eyes bathed in tears, and slowly lifting up his trembling hands, "Give me your blessing!" he cried, "before I die! you for whom I have prayed so long! Bless me, since I have the happiness of seeing you with my eyes!" On this my father, kneeling down at the bed, said, in a voice which betrayed deep emotion, "It is rather for you to bless me, for you might be my father! But all blessing comes from God alone, and we will once again ask it of Him together." Then, embracing the humble brother whom he felt that he was leaving to see him no more till they met in the home above, he implored for him "the peace which Jesus gives," and we quitted the hamlet.

The next day my father preached in the morning at Moûtiers, and in the evening at the village of Grandval. At Moûtiers we saw at the service Jeannette and her neighbour, and a whole company besides of the inhabitants of their village, who had walked more than three leagues to come and hear the strange minister.

This story may have seemed rather a long one, but I shall be forgiven for having wished to retrace in its details, and quoting, as far as possible, the very words I then heard, one of the scenes which, in the time of my youth, most deeply affected me.

The foregoing narrative is from the life of Cæsar Malan, published in 1869 "by one of his sons." * The translator,† during a long residence in Geneva, enjoyed the privilege of acquaintance with this venerable man of God, having before met him at Leamington in one of his visits to this country, and witnessed then his manner of carrying on evangelistic work "in season and out of season," as described by his son in this interesting narrative. The translator was one of the "fifteen pastors of the Free and National Churches, Anglicans and Lutherans," whom his son, in his account of his funeral, states to have "surrounded his grave." This grave is "in the cemetery of Vandœuvres, beside the spot in which he had himself, in 1848, deposited the remains of his mother. Her grave, shaded by a cypress, is seen from the garden of his house at Vandœuvres, in which is a bench on which he was wont to sit, because from it he could distinguish this tomb. From the same bench is now visible the block of granite which marks the place where he lies, and which stands out as a white point from the trees which surround it; while far away behind is spread out the chain of the Mont Blanc in its quiet majesty, and all that amphitheatre of mountains which he so much loved to contemplate.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace;" words fully verified in the dying experience of this eminent Christian.

When he first entered on his course as the preacher of a free salvation, he replied to a friend who expressed surprise at the decided manner in which he had laid aside all his literary engagements: "My life is too short for that work!" And there is nothing in this answer to surprise those who were familiar with his daily life, which was marked by a sort of pressing earnestness. One felt that he hastened to "work while it is day," and, moreover, that the only work which appeared to be worthy to engage his strength and his time was work in the vineyard of the Great Husbandman, the advancement of the reign of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men.

* "La Vie et les Travaux de César Malan, par un de ses fils." Librairie J. Cherbuliez, Genève et Paris.

† Rev. Henry Downton.

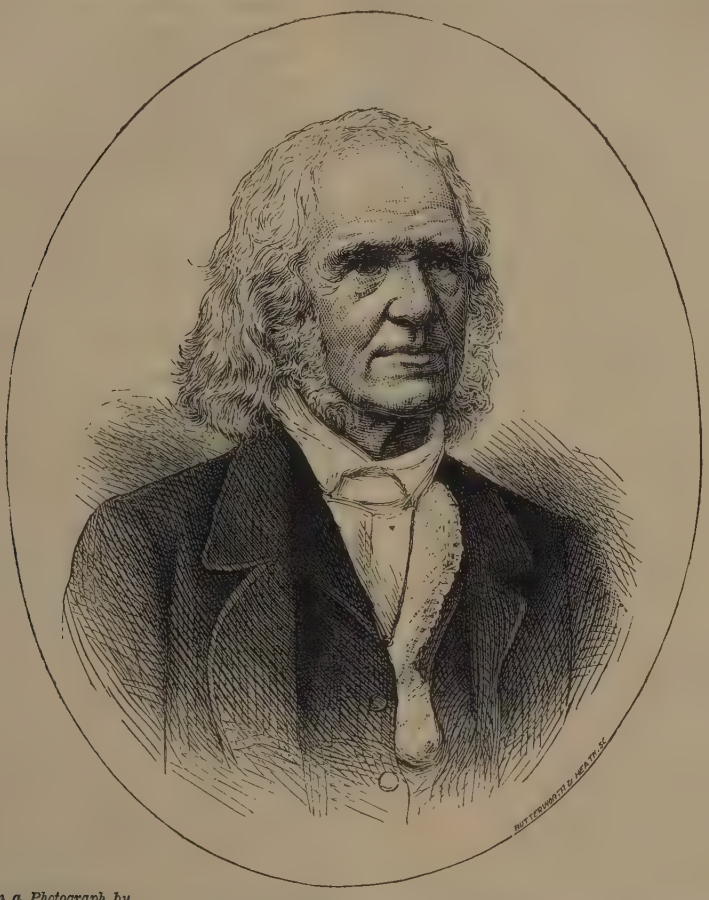
This feeling it was which made of him one of the most courageous and persevering witnesses of the Gospel. No doubt, what at first demanded of him an effort of will became by degrees a sort of second nature, which was at once the consequence and the reward of his fidelity.

"In private life" (says his son and biographer) "my father well knew how to lay aside at times the gravity of his public character. I never met with any one whose conversation was more varied, or indicated more intelligence; or who could give way, on occasion, more freely to a spirit of frank good-nature and engaging cheerfulness. But from the moment that an appeal was made to 'the minister of the Gospel,' and he found himself, for instance, in contact with any one with whom he had reason to think he might have no better opportunity of conversing, he was seized at once by the feeling expressed by an apostle: 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!'

"Putting aside on such occasions every other consideration, he went straight to the mark, and addressed to the person before him one of those questions by which he knew how to break down all barriers, and to pierce to the very soul—questions which from any other lips would have seemed strange, but which were submitted to from him under the impression produced by the seriousness, and at the same time the affectionate and almost anxious kindness with which he put them.

"Not only was he convinced, as he said himself, that 'a single conversation is often more efficacious than many sermons,' but he laid much stress also on the distribution of religious tracts, and lost no opportunity of giving them away, taking care that they were suited to those to whom he gave them.

"And so it was not only in other countries that my father gave himself to missionary work. At Geneva his daily walks were for him, and that to the very last, an opportunity for that home mission of which one would have said that he alone, among us at least, possessed the secret, and of which we should have to look for analogous instances in the religious revivals of England or America."



From a Photograph by Artus of Geneva.]

votre père & ami de cœur

Ga Malan

Buried at Sea.

BY LORD PLUNKET, BISHOP OF MEATH.

[The following tribute is paid to the memory of a faithful worker in the Dublin Bible-Woman Mission, who was buried at sea, September 4th, 1880. Her service was of a laborious and humble kind, and her name unknown to fame; but these "Lines in Memory of Florence Ovenden," "the friend of the poor," tell of a useful life and a mournful loss. And when we find that "this page of narrative sincere" is written by Lord Plunket, we think of the touching lines where Cowper refers to another page, "wet with Anson's tear." When men high in position and character pay such tributes, the subjects of them are worthy of honoured remembrance.—Ed. *S. H.*]

COMMIT her to the Deep—the godlike Deep!
Not "earth to earth," not to the narrow grave;
When such a one lies down at last to sleep
Some stately sepulchre she well may crave.

Yes—well may such a life due honour claim;
A life so meekly great, so brave and pure;
A gentle, saintly life—unknown to Fame,
But crowned with noblest works that still endure.

Oh, how she loved God's poor! Their humblest needs
Daily she succour'd—nor with words alone,
But with fond care, and self-forgetful deeds,
Feeling their griefs as if they were her own.

And ever as she worked her upward look
Was fixed on Him who careth for "the least;"
Him sought she ever in His precious Book—
Within His House—at His appointed Feast.

But she is gone. The poor have lost their friend.
The outworn life is spent. The race is run.
She hath been faithful to the very end—
Even to death! The heavenly crown is won.

Her spirit is not here—it is above,
Committed to God's hands. 'Tis ours to show
The last sad homage of our reverent love
To the pale form that tarries still below.

Sister, how may we best that tribute pay?
Where shall thy martyr-frame be laid to sleep?
Where wilt thou wait the Resurrection-day?—
We give thee to the Deep—the godlike Deep!

Yes! to the godlike Deep—fit resting-place
For one to whom earth's pageant had no charms.
Let the great sea with infinite embrace
Clasp thee as in the "everlasting arms."

No trappings need we—no unsightly bier,
No tossing plumes to mock our secret woe;
One broken-hearted sob, one burning tear,
Speaks more than all the pomp of empty show.

No stone need grace that sacred spot of rest;
The heavens that day by day God's love declare,
Mirrored in ocean's ever-changing breast,
Will trace as by His hand a tablet there!

The tender flush of dawn, the blaze of noon,
The dusk of eventide, the starlit night
The dimpled gleamings of the lustrous moon—
All will in turn some new memorial write.

And ever and anon, with sad refrain,
The plaintive waves their votive hymns will raise—
Strange undertones of almost human pain,
Swelling to bursts of joyous Easter-praise.

Take, then, the book—read forth the solemn rite.
Hearken to what the great Apostle saith
Of Him who died and lives,—whose risen might
Hath saved us from the sin-born sting of Death.

And now farewell! The sea hath closed. 'Tis o'er!
Farewell, but not for ever, sister dear!
A little while—thy face we see no more,
A little while—thy voice we may not hear.

Farewell! We love to think that even now
Thou art in spirit near us as of old.
Enough: in lowly waiting hope we bow;
A little while—we shall thy face behold.

Lo! He doth come with clouds—and every eye
Shall see the Lamb that once for sinners bled;
Then shall peal forth the welcome Trumpet-cry—
Bidding us meet—"Oh, sea, give up thy dead!"

Sabbath Thoughts.

CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS DISCIPLES.

"I pray for them."—*John* xvii. 9.
"Neither pray I for these alone."—*John* xvii. 20.

THE Lord's wonderful prayer has an extent as wide as his kingdom of grace, and as enduring as his kingdom of glory. The Church of Christ, redeemed by his blood, lives on throughout all ages by his presence, his spirit, his word, his intercession. He has never ceased praying for his own whom his Father has given Him, and they have never ceased needing to be prayed for. Every individual of that Church must own this to be the case, as the sad experience of weakness, waywardness and indwelling sin, makes the child of God mourn his infirmity and turn to the "strong Son of God, immortal Love" for daily help and strength.

"I pray for them." What did Christ ask for when He prayed thus? This question is a very important one and very practical, for if we pray in accordance with the mind of Christ, we have his own promise that whatsoever we ask in his name we shall receive. But when Christ prayed there were many things for which He did not ask, which are yet accounted by men to be of the highest importance. The Saviour knew what trials and sorrows are; He knew what it was to be poor; well did He know the pain of being despised and rejected, and the bitterness of being disappointed even in those He had chosen. And yet He never prayed that his Father would spare his dear disciples whom He loved so well, from any of these things. He did not say "Make them rich and strong, and clever and prosperous; give them power and place among men; grant them health, wealth and honours"—no, the Lord prayed, "Sanctify them through Thy truth," "keep them from the evil," may "they all be one;" "may they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory."

Such were the desires of Jesus for us; may they be our desires and our prayers for ourselves and for our dear ones!

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

AUGUST 7.

THE PASSOVER. EXODUS XII. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT, 1 COR. v. 7, 8.—'*For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; let us therefore keep the feast.*'

CONNECTION. — Nine plagues had been inflicted, leaving Pharaoh still obdurate. His last words to Moses had been those of proud defiance, 'Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more!' ch. x. 28. One other most terrible judgment is to subdue his haughty spirit, and to work deliverance for Israel. The announcement of this is accompanied by the institution of a solemn festival to be observed through all the ages of the national history.

For the way in which the Passover was kept in the time of Christ, see Dr. Edersheim's 'Temple, its Ministry and Services,' chs. xi., xii. An account of its observance by the Jews of the present day will be found in the 'Sunday at Home,' 1877, p. 215. Mr. Mills gives an interesting narrative of its celebration by the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim—'Three Months' Residence at Nablûs' (Murray, 1864), pp. 248-258.

I. CHANGE IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.—*Read vers.* 1, 2. Everything was henceforth to be new: the old associations of Egypt were all to be broken. Observe, the institutions which follow were given **in the land of Egypt**, distinguishing them from the statutes of Sinai. As the festival first ordained, as well as on account of its memorial and typical significance, the PASSOVER stood highest among the ceremonial observances of the Law. To mark its importance as the festival of deliverance still further, the **month** of its institution was to be the **first month of the sacred year.** The Egyptians began their year in June, at the time of the rising of the Nile; the Israelites themselves in the autumn after the harvest (with the month Tisri), ch. xxiii. 16. This new commencement, in spring, was for religious purposes only. The month was Abib ('green ears'), the seventh month of the civil year, ch. xiii. 4; xxiii. 15; xxxiv. 18; Deut. xvi. 1; after the captivity called Nisan, Neh. ii. 1; Esther iii. 7; corresponding to parts of March.

Some readers may need to be reminded that the Hebrew month always began with the *new moon*, the full moon thus being on the fourteenth or fifteenth day.

II. THE LAMB, SELECTED AND SLAIN.—*Read vers.* 3-6. **The congregation** was to be addressed through their elders, ver. 21. **In the tenth day**, that all might be in perfect readiness for the festival four days afterwards. The Jews say that the regulation was in token of the four generations of bondage, Gen. xv. 16; but there is no Scripture authority for this, and the rule does not appear to have been afterwards observed. The **lamb** (literally 'one of the flock') might be either from the sheep or the goats (2 Chron. xxxv. 7); after the Babylonian captivity it was restricted to the former. As the whole was to be consumed by each company, small families were to unite, tradition making ten persons the *minimum*. 'Many of us,' says Josephus ('Wars,' vi. 9, § 3), 'are twenty in company.' [How many were assembled at our Lord's last passover?] The lamb was to be fit in all respects to be a sacrifice. **A male**, as representing the firstborn male of each family who was to be spared in the general destruction. Here we note the law of *substitution*. **Without blemish**, fitly representing the purity and innocence of the LAMB OF GOD, 1 Peter i. 19; Heb. vii. 26. So of all offerings to God, Lev. xxii. 19. **Of the first year**—rather, one year old—the time of perfected vigour. **Ye shall keep it up**, i.e. tend it with great care. **The fourteenth day.** What was the day on which Christ and His disciples ate the Passover? Is there any apparent difference between the Evangelists on this subject? [The correct opinion seems to be that *Christ Himself* was offered at the usual time of slaying the passover.] The lambs were to be slain by all **the congregation of Israel**, i.e. by every member of the congregation acting as a priest in his own home; hereafter this part of the rite was performed in the Temple. **In the evening**, literally 'between the two evenings' (decline and sunset), probably from the ninth to the twelfth hour (three till six). Our Lord, it should here be noted, yielded up His spirit at the ninth hour of the day, the hour of the 'first evening.'

III. THE SPRINKLED BLOOD AND THE SACRIFICIAL FEAST.—*Read vers.* 7-11. The **blood** upon the **door posts** and **lintel** (v. 23) (not on the *threshold*, lest it should be trampled underfoot) was in token of substitution—life for life. God claimed the firstborn, and in acknowledgment of this claim the blood (an emblem of life) was sprinkled on the house, as upon an altar—a sign of redemption for those who dwelt there. This sprinkling in after-times was upon the altar in the Temple. The lamb was to be **roast with fire**, not **sodden** (or boiled) that it might be free from all admixture, even of water. The **unleavened bread** was a sign of hasty departure, not permitting time for the usual leavening: (Deut. xvi. 3) the **bitter herbs** signified the sorrows and trials of captivity.

In after-days the unleavened bread became of prime importance in the feast, giving a name to the whole paschal period of seven days. See Acts xii. 3. A new significance was added to this part of the institution, leaven being taken as an emblem of corruption, and its absence denoting sincerity. 1 Cor. v. 7.

The lamb was to be roasted whole, including the **head**, and **purtenance**, or intestines; **that which remained** after the feast the people were to **burn with fire**, probably to prevent any superstitious use of the relics, and as completing the sacrifice. A twofold type of the great sacrifice; spiritually nourishing believers, and offered up in entire consecration to God. The attitude in which the lamb was to be eaten betokened the readiness for a hasty journey. After reaching Canaan, Jewish authors tell us, the Israelites changed this for a posture of repose—the **loins** were ungirt, the **shoes** were put off, the **staff** was laid aside; the partakers of the feast reclined at ease around the table, the nation's pilgrimage was over. 'We which have believed do enter into that rest,' Heb. iv. 3 (Rev. vers.)

It is, however, remarkable that the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim still adhere, in part, to the regulations here given. 'Most of the adults,' writes Mr. Mills, 'had a kind of rope round the waist, and staves in their hands; and all had their shoes on.'

It is Jehovah's passover: the first occurrence of the name of the feast: a literal rendering of the Hebrew word which denotes the *passing by*, or *sparing* of its objects.

Pass through in the next verse is different. God passed through Egypt in judgment, passed over Israel in mercy.—*Speaker's Commentary.*

IV. JUDGMENT AND DELIVERANCE.—*Read vers.* 12-14. The awful infliction that would follow, when God Himself would **smite all the firstborn** with death, was a judgment not only against the inhabitants, but **against all the gods in Egypt.** We read *princes* in the margin, but unnecessarily. The plagues were intended throughout to show the superiority of Jehovah to all the objects of Egyptian worship: and this

pre-eminently so in a land where homage was paid to animals everywhere as incarnations of the spirit of the universe. 'The bull and cow and goat and ram and cat,' with other animals, were worshipped; and the awful striking down of animal life was an expressive declaration of His power who is God over all. To *Israel* the **blood was a token**—a sign or pledge of deliverance: to *God Himself* an appeal, authorised by His promise and His love. **When I see the blood**: spoken after the manner of men: He 'knoweth them that are His.' It was a type of a greater redemption, wrought by more precious Blood. **I will pass over you**: here we have the exact explanation of the word Passover.

The **day**—the true birthday of God's Israel, ch. vi. 7; should be **for a memorial**, through all **generations** of the national history, and in a sense **for ever**. We must not understand here only the generations of the literal historical Israel; although the observance of the feast has never ceased among the Hebrews; nor does the command refer to the Lord's Supper as a continuance of the Paschal festival. There is the deeper thought, expressed in the Golden Text: **Christ our passover is slain for us**; or, as the revised version reads, 'For our Passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ'—once for all: **therefore let us keep the feast**, always. The Christian life is thus one long passover-festival, spent in the perpetual memory of *redemption* from the slavery of sin, redemption through *blood-shedding*, the sacrifice of the *Lamb of God:* accompanied by the solemn call to *put away the leaven* 'of malice and wickedness;' those to whom the deliverance is given being still *pilgrims*, on their way to a promised *rest*. It is this festival which is to last for ever.

The directions that follow, vers. 15–20, respecting the days of unleavened bread were manifestly inapplicable to that particular time, and relate to a period when the Israelites were settled in their homes. Vers. 21–28 narrate the delivery of the command to Israel through the elders, without any mention of the unleavened bread, but with some points of detail not found in the earlier part of the chapter, as the hyssop and bason, the destroyer, the injunction to remain indoors through the night. The enquiry of the children and the answers were in later times a regular part of the celebration. The occasion is a 'family conversazione;' see Sunday at Home,' before quoted.

QUESTIONS.

1. Compare the institution of the Passover in Egypt with its re-enactment in the wilderness, Deut. xvi.

2. What instances of the observance of this festival are given in the history of Israel before the captivity?

3. The feasts of Israel were of threefold significance, in relation to the season of the year, to the history of the nation, and to the coming redemption. Illustrate this in the case of the Passover.

4. Explain the significance of the title given to Christ by John the Baptist: 'the LAMB OF GOD which taketh away the sin of the world.'

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVIII.

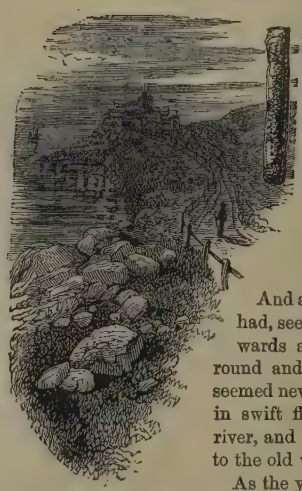
Single Acrostic.

1. The mother of Joram.
2. Naomi's daughter-in-law.
3. The mother of a household known to St. Paul.
4. The mother of Samuel.
5. The mother of St. John the Baptist.
6. The mother of Solomon.
7. The mother of Timothy.
8. "A mother in Israel."

The initials give the name of the mother of Moses. S. B.

Pages for the Young.

A LESSON FROM A SWALLOW.



N the most sheltered nooks and crannies of Warkworth Castle the swallows had as usual built their nests.

As the season advanced, the heads of the young ones were to be seen stretched out of the nests in eager anticipation of the bright-winged beetles or gauzy flies which were to feed them.

And a busy time of it the old birds had, seeking the needed food. Backwards and forwards, up and down, round and round, their strong wings seemed never weary; now bearing them in swift flight high over the wooded river, and then back in circling swoop to the old walls.

As the young swallows grew bigger, their appetites became larger and their cries for food were louder and more constant; they seemed to be always hungry, and the old ones looked anxiously for the day when the budding wings of the little ones would be strong enough to bear them in the effort to feed themselves.

Soon this day comes—a calm, fair one—and without ceremony or room for excuse, the old swallows push all the young ones out of the nests, so that they must either fly or fall to the ground. They do not fall, however, for a good Providence has given the needed strength to their wings, and taught them how to use it—and they can fly. However; they soon feel tired, and struggle back to a resting-place to regain strength for renewed effort, which is to end, as most practice does, in making perfect.

Under the castle walls where these particular swallows lived, there lay green banks, sloping steeply down to where the deep and rapid river wound its way to the North Sea. This river, while it attracted a large number of the insects which were the daily food of the swallows, was nevertheless a cause of great anxiety to them. It was broad, deep, and rapid, and there was reason to fear that some of the young and inexperienced swallows might fall into it.

When, therefore, the little ones were first able to use their wings, there was a general assembly held by the swallows, which was almost as important as the principal one they have annually, just before they go on their continental tour. At this assembly the young birds were seriously told by the old ones that they must not, on any account whatever, nor for a long time to come, attempt to fly across the broad river. They might go round and round the old walls and the ruined chapel, they might go up over the trees on the banks above, or over the village below, or towards the great sea—any way, in fact, except towards the river.

Now, considering what a very intelligent bird the swallow is,

this did not seem very much to remember—only one thing they had not to do.

So the days wore on, and the young swallows became so much stronger on the wing, that they were able, when there was not much wind, to snap at occasional flies, and do a great deal towards keeping themselves in food.

But one fine day it happened to one of the young birds, who, it may be supposed, had got on very well with its flying, and even thought itself almost as clever as its father and mother, that it just for one moment forgot the particular caution it had had, and shaped its course to fly towards the other side of the forbidden river.

How it happened—whether it suddenly remembered the warning it had received and was frightened, or whether its strength was exhausted—will never be known; but its wings unexpectedly lost their power, and it turned over, and fell into the middle of the cold swift river.

Now swallows can swim very well indeed, and the poor disobedient little bird, frightened and tired though it was, struck out for the bank on the side nearest to its home, and struggled to reach it.

A gentleman who was near, and had seen the swallow fall, ran to the edge of the river to watch it, and as he stood there, the poor young bird managed to get near the bank on which he was standing. It was, however, almost exhausted, it had tired out all its little strength in coming so far, and was quite unable to climb the grassy rim of the river. After all its brave efforts, the young swallow would certainly soon have been drowned, had not the gentleman reached down his arm and taken the poor thing up in his hand. It was very strange to notice, that when the hand was put down into the water beside the bird, the poor drowning creature made no attempt to get away from it, but seemed quite willing and glad to have assistance even from a being whose touch it had been taught to avoid. It was quite safe, however, with this gentleman, for he had learned to love all helpless and harmless creatures sent by God to be useful to man. He took the half-drowned swallow to his home near by, dried it carefully, placed it in gentle warmth until it recovered, and then carrying it back dry and bright to the castle walls, he set it at liberty.

The disobedient young swallow had been saved; but what had it passed through, what fear, what dangers, what struggles, how near death it had been—certainly it had been well punished for its disobedience—but it was saved at last.

That swallow had had a comfortable home. It had lived in the castle of a great Duke, it had had many companions and much enjoyment, but it had risked them all to do the one thing it was told not to do.

There was once a man who had something more than a comfortable home; he lived in a finer place than the swallows; he had a more beautiful home than any prince has now, nay, it was a better place than all the money in this world could buy now. He had beautiful pleasure-grounds, plenty to eat, nothing to trouble him, and he was so powerful that even the beasts that are called wild would come and lie down peaceably at his feet when he called them.

And just as the young swallows were told there was one thing they must not do; so this man, who had all these good things and was so powerful, had one thing given him to remember—one thing he must not do.

For some time he did remember, and was very happy, indeed his life was all pleasure. But one day, just as the little swallow did, he became disobedient, and as the poor bird fell into the deep river, so he fell, out of his lovely place, away from all his happiness, into trouble and sickness and sin.

The name of the disobedient swallow is not known—perhaps it never needed one—but the name of the disobedient man is known to everyone, for all have heard how Adam did wrong and fell from the immediate favour of God, and out of the beautiful garden of Eden.

Adam could not himself get back to that lovely paradise; it was as if he had fallen into deep water and could not get out. So we, the children of Adam, who but for disobedience would have been still in that beautiful place, are now living amidst sin and suffering and cannot possibly help ourselves out of it. Must we not rejoice that there was One who saw the wretched state that Adam and all his children had fallen into—One who saw, pitied and came near to save those who but for his help could not be saved at all? He himself declared it, He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Does it not seem strange then, that although the poor drowning swallow was not afraid to trust itself to the hand reached out to it, it has often happened that when the kind Saviour stretches his hand out to save guilty men, they refuse to be saved by Him?

The swallow had no means of knowing certainly that the gentleman meant to treat it kindly; it just trusted him. But all men may know that Jesus earnestly desires to save them, and yet many will not trust Him. How strange it is that so many men, women and children, will not let Jesus save them; choose rather to try and save themselves: or, even, do not want to be saved, and go drifting down to destruction in the deep river of sin.

Little children, will you be as wise as the poor swallow? The Saviour is now holding out his hand to save you—and there is no other way of being saved—will you not say to Him, "Save me, take me and teach me how to live that I may not be disobedient again, show me how to live so as to please Thee"?

W. P. L.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIX.

The initials of the subjoined will give the name of one who was bitterly bereaved, yet even the natural solace of tears was denied him, and no outward manifestation of sorrow was permitted.

1. The mother of Timothy.
2. The destroyer of Jeroboam's beautiful palace.
3. The kind friend of a king of Judah who had been thirty-seven years in prison.
4. The Levites who had the care of the most sacred objects in the Tabernacle.
5. Words of the Lord Jesus, quoted by St. Paul, but not recorded by any of the evangelists.
6. A deep sleeper.
7. The beloved physician.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXV.—p. 384.—JOSIAH.—Jer. iv. 20. 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.

1. J-oash . . . . . 1 Kings xxii. 26.
2. O-bedience . . . . . 1 Sam. xv. 22.
3. S-alome . . . . . Mark xv. 40. / Matt. xxvii. 56.
4. I-zhar . . . . . Numb. xvi. 1.
5. A-gabus . . . . . Acts xi. 28.
6. H-oreb . . . . . Exod. iii. 1. / 1 Kings xix. 8.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. XXVI.—p. 413.—MOON—STAR.—Psa. civ. 19. Matt. ii. 9.

1. M-ose-*s* . . . . . Ex. ii. 10.
2. O-live-*t* . . . . . Acts i. 12.
3. O-she-*a* . . . . . Num. xiii. 8.
4. N-umbe-*r*. . . . . 2 Sam. xxiv. 2.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

A SERIES of incidents, somewhat novel to the anniversary season, may be said, this year, to have invested the religious meetings, as a whole, with an unwonted sense of variety and animation. Such, at least must have been the feeling of many a good citizen of London who could recall not a few such seasons, and who, for the first time in his life, found himself, on a certain evening, attending one of the May meetings, in the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor, of course, in the chair, and who therefore felt no surprise that a few days afterwards he should have the opportunity of breakfasting with his lordship, on the occasion of another such meeting, at the Cannon Street Hotel. In both cases the chairman welcomed to the city of which he is the chief magistrate the representatives of Evangelical Protestantism from all quarters of the globe. Two other remarkable gatherings, in which his lordship occupied a prominent position, we have chronicled in our earlier pages—the re-opening of Exeter Hall as the home of the young men of London, and the memorable presentation made to the Earl of Shaftesbury in Guildhall. This is perhaps the place to mention a third event—the banquet given by the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, to the Rev. Dr. Moffat, and the leading representatives of the various missionary societies. The scene in the Egyptian Hall, where the entertainment took place, was as impressive as it was magnificent. The Lord Mayor presided, and was supported on the right by Dr. Moffat, and on the left by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, in responding to the toast of his health, delivered a brief address expressive of his high estimate of the work and character of the introducer of civilisation and Christianity among the Bechuanas of South Africa. Dr. Moffat, in reply to the toast of his health, which was proposed in highly complimentary terms by the Lord Mayor, warmly commended the missionary enterprise to the Christian people of this land as an urgent and solemn duty. The Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop Claughton, Canon Farrar, the Rev. E. Jenkins, Canon Hoare, and the Rev. Dr. Allon also addressed the company.

A MARKED feature in the Lord Mayor's hospitalities has been that they have, ecclesiastically considered, extended over so wide a range. The "Society of Friends" has little in common with the other denominations; but at the close of their recent annual religious assemblies they were not suffered to disperse over the kingdom until a number of their representative men had been entertained at the Mansion House. In fact, as perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of the May meetings of 1881, it deserves to be remembered that they occurred during the mayoralty of the Right Hon. William McArthur, M.P.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL was well filled at the anniversary meeting of this great society, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the President, occupying his accustomed place as chairman. The report, which was read by the Rev. C. B. E. Reed, stated that the free income of the society for the past year had been 114,382*l.* The receipts from all sources amounted to 209,519*l.* The issues of Bibles, New Testaments, and portions for the year had been 2,864,029, being an increase of 65,000 copies, and making a total since the formation of the society of 91,014,488 copies. The report went on to review the foreign work of the year. Particulars were given of the society's operations in France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, India, Ceylon, China, and Japan. Referring to the Revised Version, the report stated that the desirability of so modifying the rules of the society as to admit of the new version being circulated concurrently with the old would be considered. The adoption of the report was moved by Earl Cairns, who remarked how he liked to think of the two hundred and forty languages and dialects into which, through the instrumentality of the Society, the Scriptures had been translated; and also how he liked to look at this society not merely as a national protest in favour of an open Bible, but also as, in these days of rationalism and unbelief, a national testimony to the truth and power of God's Word. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. J. C. Harrison, in a speech of much earnestness and devout feeling. The Bishop of Rochester moved and ably enforced a resolution of thanks to Almighty God for the opportunities given in so many lands for holding forth the Word of Life. The Rev. Silvester Whitehead, Wesleyan missionary from China, in seconding the resolution, spoke in detail of the operations of the society in that empire. The Bishop of Moosonee gave a deeply interesting narrative of his own missionary careers and labours among different tribes of the North American Indians. The Dean of Ripon, Mr. Harwood, and the Rev. W. Lewis, also spoke. On a subsequent day an evening meeting, the first of the kind, was held at Exeter Hall, the Lord Mayor in the chair, when addresses were delivered by Mr. John MacGregor, the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and others.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

THE platform of Exeter Hall presented a remarkably full and influential gathering of the friends, old and new, of this society, on occasion of its eighty-second annual meeting, under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen. Among others present were the Rev. Dr. Manning and Rev. L. B. White (secretaries), Rev. Canon Fleming, Rev. Dr. Stoughton, Rev. Canon Hoare, and Rev. Dr. Nolan. The Rev. Dr. Manning presented an interesting summary of the voluminous report. He stated that the total circulation from the home depôt had reached 69,089,400. The issues from foreign depôts were given at 12,000,000, making a total circulation of 81,089,460, and of 2,012,047,900 since the formation of the society. The society's entire income from sales, subscriptions, and legacies during the year was 193,580*l.*, and out of this 46,625*l.* had been expended in grants, being 13,252*l.* more than they had received for that purpose. This amount had been supplied from the trade funds. Lord Aberdeen spoke very briefly, but very sensibly, of the catholic and representative character of the work, and also dwelt on its magnitude and variety, and the very wide field over which its operations extend. The Rev. Canon Hoare, who moved the adoption of the report, pressed home upon the hearts of all that they were living in perilous times. The Rev. Dr. Munro Gibson gave many illustrations of the spiritual good accomplished by the society's publications. The Revs. C. B. Symes, of Kensington, Canon McConnell Hussey, Dr. Bevan, of New York, and W. Park, from India, also spoke. Later in the month the Pillar Room in Cannon Street Hotel was filled at the annual breakfast in connection with the society's missionary work. The Lord Mayor presided, and brief addresses were delivered by Pastor Anet, of Brussels; Rev O. H. Gulick, of Japan; Professor Tarring, of Japan; Rev. W. H. Gulick, of Santander, Spain; Rev. L. B. Kaspar, of Bohemia; Rev. Dr. Koelle, of Constantinople; Rev. R. C. Macdonald, from Madras; Rev. Dr. Fisch, of Paris; Rev. T. T. Matthews, from Madagascar; Pastor Prochet, President of the Waldensian Table; Rev. O. Erdmann, from Germany; and the Rev. J. P. Dardier, of Geneva.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE friends of the *Church Missionary Society*, in celebrating its eighty-second anniversary, filled Exeter Hall to its utmost capacity. The chair, at the annual meeting, was filled by the Earl of Chichester, the President. Mr. Edward Hutchinson and the Rev. F. E. Wigram presented an abstract of the report, which gave details of the work of the society's missionaries. In West Africa the native churches are gaining strength, more and more taking upon themselves the responsibilities of pastoral and missionary work. In the Delta of the Niger the people by hundreds are throwing away their idols, and the churches are thronged every Sunday; while the famous old temple at Bonny, studded with human skulls, is going to ruin. The state of the missions in East Africa, India, and elsewhere was described. Through the society's labours between 3,000 and

,000 well-instructed adult converts are baptized each year. The Earl of Chichester, in his speech from the chair, feelingly alluded to the losses the society had sustained by the death of some of its most zealous friends. The Earl of Shaftesbury, who moved the adoption of the report, was enthusiastically welcomed by the meeting. His lordship made a most vigorous speech. The resolution was seconded by the Bishop of Norwich, who spoke of the gratitude due to God for the guidance granted to those entrusted with the management of the society's affairs during its eighty years' existence. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, in supporting the resolution, gave some personal reminiscences of what he had seen of the work of the society in India and Palestine. The Bishop of Ossory and Ferns spoke of the attachment of Irish churchmen to the Church Missionary Society. A speech full of interesting facts and incidents was next delivered by the Rev. J. B. Whiting, who recounted his experiences in connection with a visit of inquiry respecting the East African Mission. A most interesting speech was delivered near the close of the meeting by the Right Rev. Dr. John Horden, Bishop of Moosonee, who for thirty years has been labouring in the remote territory around Hudson's Bay. The Rev. Canon Money delivered the closing speech. The evening meeting was yet larger than that in the morning, filling Exeter Hall to overflowing, mostly with young persons.

The one hundred and eightieth anniversary meeting of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, held at St. James's Hall, was presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The report stated that during the year 586 missionaries had been engaged in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Pacific, America, and the West Indies, and in Europe. His Grace, in opening the proceedings, endeavoured to impress upon the meeting the necessity and duty of upholding this great society. In the darkest ages of the Church it sent out good and holy men, of whom he was told John Wesley was one, to preach the Gospel to the heathen. It was all-important that the great central societies which embraced the world in their scope should be supported in a state of efficiency. Sir Stafford Northcote said he rejoiced to see that the work of the society was progressing in so striking and satisfactory a manner. For the first time, they were told, for forty-two years the name of New Zealand did not appear in the records of the society, it having become self-supporting. There was no room for a policy of masterly inactivity in the Church of England. The Rev. J. M. Strachan, M.D., then gave an interesting account of the operations of the society in India. Sir Bartle Frere next addressed the meeting, and testified that the effect of missions was to arouse the consciences of men. The other speakers were Mr. Raikes, C.S.I., and the Bishop of Toronto.

The annual meeting of the *Wesleyan Missionary Society*, which was held in Exeter Hall, had as its chairman the Lord Mayor. The delivery of his opening speech concluded, his lordship presented a cheque for 1,000*l.* as a memorial tribute to Dr. Punshon, and towards paying off the debt of the society. This produced a most wonderful effect, which was repeatedly manifested by the announcement of donations for the same twofold purpose. The report, which was read by the Rev. M. C. Osborn, stated that there were many cheering signs of advance. India showed "healthy and steady progress;" in China the work was much impeded by "the enormous difficulty of the opium traffic;" whilst in Western and Southern Africa their operations were being successfully prosecuted. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, President of the Conference, moved a resolution adopting the report, and expressing gratification at the vigour and success which had marked the prosecution of the society's work. In alluding to Dr. Punshon's death, he stated his belief that it had been hastened by anxiety as to the finances of the society. The resolution was seconded in a few hearty words by the Rev. Canon Fleming, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, and supported by Mr. J. W. Lewis, of Nottingham, in a speech which so raised the enthusiasm of the audience that before the resolution was put it was so altered as to exclude from the report a passage which would have committed the society to a policy of retrenchment. After a hymn had been announced by the venerable Dr. Osborn and sung, the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. McKay, of Belfast, and the Rev. J. Kilner. The entire proceedings lasted five hours, but the interest was sustained to the end.

The *London Missionary Society* met at Exeter Hall, which, as usual, was densely crowded on the occasion. The Earl of Aberdeen presided. In his opening speech, Lord Aberdeen expressed his sincere admiration of the catholicity of the London Missionary Society. Pointing to the Rev. Dr. Moffat, who was sitting upon the platform, his lordship said that the venerable South African missionary's presence among them was the most eloquent appeal that could be made on behalf of its missions. The report, which was presented by the Rev. R. W. Thompson, foreign secretary, took a general retrospect of the society's operations from the last decade, comparing, as far as was possible, its present position with that of ten years ago. In the West Indies and in other mission fields, the work had become self-supporting. But it was in Madagascar and the South Sea Islands that the society's greatest triumphs for Christianity had been won. In India the missionary found a welcome auxiliary in a civilised Government, and now the subtle mind of young India, having lost all faith in its ancestral creed, was looking to the West for light. Even through the dense conservatism of China a sure and steady, though slow progress was reported. The Rev. R. W. Dale moved the adoption of the report, and gave it as his opinion that, considering what had been the depressed state of agriculture and commerce, the wonder was that missionary funds were not "in a state of utter chaos rather than merely stationary." In an eloquent speech, he urged the claim of the heathen to be thought of as men and women, and to have applied to them the same principles of judgment as brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children apply to each other here. The Rev. Evan Bryant, missionary from China, seconded the resolution. Mr. Hore, missionary navigator from Lake Tanganyika, narrated the circumstances under which he and his missionary brethren had, four years ago, made their way from the coast to the lake, a distance of 800 miles, with no road but the old slave path, amid swamp and jungle, where they had sometimes to wade up to their necks; and how one after another of these missionaries had died, until he was left with but one young fellow-labourer. The Rev. Burman Cassin and the Rev. W. O. Simpson also addressed the meeting. —We regret to learn that a few days after taking part in these proceedings, Mr. Simpson suddenly expired while attending the Wesleyan District meeting at Huddersfield. He was formerly a missionary in India, and was one of the most talented ministers of the Methodist Connexion. Shortly after this meeting, also, intelligence was received at the London Mission House of a massacre of twelve persons, men, women and children, connected with its New Guinea Mission by the heathen natives of Kalo, near Hood Bay.

The annual meeting of the *Baptist Missionary Society* was held in the large room in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Mr. J. H. Tritton, jun. The secretary (Mr. Baynes) read the report, from which it appeared that much work had been done in the Eastern missions (India, Ceylon, China, and Japan), and particulars were also given of the society's operations in the remoter Western missions (Africa, the Bahamas, Hayti, San Domingo, Trinidad, Jamaica, Calabar College), and lastly in the European missions (Norway, Brittany, and Italy). The financial statement showed the total contributions from all sources had amounted to a larger annual income than in any previous year. The Rev. J. P. Chown moved a resolution expressive of thanks to God for the success which had attended the labours of His faithful servants in all parts of the mission field. The Rev. W. Anderson, of Reading, and the Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, also delivered addresses.

The receipts of the five principal missionary societies were as follows for the two years ending as below:

	1880.	1881.
Church Missionary Society . .	£221,723	£207,508
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	131,674	138,288
Wesleyan Missionary Society . .	165,498	130,093
London Missionary Society . .	102,162	108,247
Baptist Missionary Society . .	50,351	51,459
	£671,408	£635,595

Fifty-six of the religious societies received, during last year, the amounts here named for the following objects respectively:

Bible Society	£209,519
Religious Tract and other Societies .	213,040
Societies for Foreign Missions	677,761
Colonial, Jewish, and other Missions . .	161,388
Home Missions	395,168
Religious Educational Societies	80,423
	£1,737,239

This shows an increase upon the aggregate receipts of the previous year of from 9,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*

SOCIETIES FOR HOME AND SPECIAL EVANGELISATION.

THE *Church Pastoral Aid Society* met in St. James's Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. It appeared that through the operations of the society, 736 additional public services on Sunday are now maintained, besides week-day services, school-room and cottage lectures, and Bible-classes. The population benefited amounted to more than four and a half millions. The Bishop of Liverpool moved, the Rev. Canon Taylor seconded, and the Hon. H. Tollemache supported the adoption of the report; and the speakers to the remaining resolutions, which referred to the large annual growth of the population and the spread of superstition and infidelity as reasons why the Church Pastoral Aid Society should be supported, were the Rev. F. A. Morgan, Mr. Sydney Gedge, the Rev. J. Gattie, and the Rev. A. F. Robinson.

THE annual meeting of the *London City Mission* was held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The report stated that there had been an increase in the receipts. The total number of missionaries employed are 449. In-door meetings and Bible-classes held, 39,897; additional in-door meetings in factories, workhouses, penitentiaries, &c., 22,296; out-door services held, 5,775; new communicants, 2,188; drunkards reclaimed, 2,508; induced to attend public worship, 6,746. The Rev. H. Webb Peploe moved the appointment of the committee, and spoke of the terrible perils attending the work of the missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser seconded the resolution, and referred to the marked improvement in the state of London, a result he felt which was largely due to the work of the mission. The Rev. Dr. Sinclair Paterson moved a resolution expressing the necessity for putting forth greater efforts for the salvation of the people, and for earnest prayer for an increase in the number of missionaries, which is imperative by the enormous growth of London. This was seconded by the Rev. G. W. Weldon, and supported by Mr. J. G. Watson.

THE *London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews* held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. From the report read it appears the total income for the year had reached 34,237*l.*—a decrease as compared with the year before, of 966*l.* The society employs 140 agents, more than half of whom are believing Israelites. The number of stations is thirty-seven. Of these, four are in England, twenty-four upon the Continent of Europe, three in Asia, and six in Africa. The Rev. Canon Hoare moved the adoption of the report, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. A. Bell, of Banaghar, Ireland; Archdeacon Bardsley, of Liverpool; the Rev. J. McCormack, of Hull; the Rev. R. C. Billing; and the Rev. E. B. Frankel, of Tunis.

AT the meeting of the *British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews* the chair was filled by the president, Mr. W. G. Habershon. The report set forth that the society has been yearly growing in strength and usefulness. At the present it has twenty-three missionaries. The speakers were the Rev. Principal McAll, Rev. A. J. Boyle, Dr. Donald Fraser, and Dr. Sinclair Paterson.

THE annual meeting of the *Colonial and Continental Church Society*, which was held at St. James's Hall, was presided over by the Marquis of Cholmondeley. The home income, the amount received for special funds, and the money raised abroad showed a total income of 39,715*l.* The expenditure is considerably in excess of the society's normal income. The noble chairman having spoken in support of the society, the meeting was addressed by the Bishop of Sodor and Man; the Hon. Mr. Justice Hensley; the Rev. Canon Lefroy; the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn; Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Fowler, M.P.; and the Rev. Henry P. Chase, Hereditary Chief of the Ojibway tribe and President of the Council of Indians, who is also a missionary of the society.

THE anniversary of the *Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics* was held in St. James's Hall, Lord Cairns in the chair. The report set forth that during the past year the income of the society had been 19,625*l.* At present the society is unable to meet the pressing and earnest demands daily made upon it for more men and for the extension of its missions in the cities of Ireland, and even to keep up its present staff of agents. The Right Revs. Bishop Ryan, Lord Plunket (Bishop of Meath), Canon Hoare, Rev. J. D. Smylie, Rev. Canon Cory, and Rev. Dr. Noligan delivered addresses, and impressed on the audience the importance of the opportunities afforded by the present perturbations in Ireland for the evangelisation of the country.

THE Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided over the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the *Church of England Sunday School Institute*. It was stated that the committee had decided to purchase the freehold of a large and commodious building in Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Canon Fleming, the Rev. Canon Spence, and the Rev. H. E. Fox.

AT the anniversary meeting of the *Sunday School Union*, at Exeter Hall, Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., occupied the chair. The report submitted showed that in connection with the Union there are 4,754 schools, 115,069 teachers, and 1,072,482 scholars. The Rev. Dr. McAuslane, Mr. Caine, M.P., the Rev. W. Mincher, the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, and Mr. W. Groser, addressed the meeting.

THE thirty-seventh anniversary of the *Ragged School Union* and distribution of scholars' prizes took place at Exeter Hall, which was crammed from end to end, the platform being, as usual on such occasions, almost entirely occupied by some six hundred old scholars, who went through an interesting musical programme. The chair was taken by the President, the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose reception was more than ordinarily cordial and enthusiastic. The report stated that the total attendance at the 188 Sunday afternoon and evening schools was 34,233. The Day Ragged-schools had an average attendance of 531 boys and 768 girls, and 3,527 mixed. There had been night-schools conducted in 157 schools, with an average attendance of 5,626. The Shoeblack Societies reported that 344 boys had earned 11,564*l.* during the year. The prizes having been distributed to the old scholars, the adoption of the report was moved by the Bishop of Rochester, seconded by the Rev. Dr. S. Manning and carried. Mr. W. Haig Miller then delivered an excellent practical address to the old scholars. A vote of thanks to Lord Shaftesbury for his unwearied exertions on behalf of Ragged-schools was enthusiastically carried.

THE London May meetings had scarcely terminated before the Scottish Assemblies met in Edinburgh. We have no space here to narrate their proceedings; but as we have more than once referred to the case of Professor Robertson Smith, of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, we may here state that a resolution removing him from active duty in the chair which he occupied in that institution, was carried, on the motion of Principal Rainy, by a majority of 423 to 245.

THE Rev. Mr. Urwick wishes to correct and supplement the remarks with reference to schools in Athens, which appeared in our March number. He says, "The authoritative statement of the law of Greece upon the subject appears in a letter addressed by the Minister of Public Instruction to the Nomarch of Attica, stating the conditions which are required by law to be fulfilled before permission is granted to open a school in Greece into which children of orthodox parents are admitted. This letter may be seen in our English Blue Book, 'Foreign Office, Greece, Mr. Corbet to the Marquis of Salisbury, April 28, 1879.' In it we find the following proviso: 'In the programme must necessarily appear sacred lessons, sacred history of the Old and New Testaments, and the catechism of our orthodox faith; as also the name of him who is appointed to teach the said lessons, who must be a priest of our own institutions. Especially must the holy picture of the Mother of God be hung in the lecture-room.' When in Athens, I heard of one school that had been forcibly closed because these requirements were not fulfilled in it, and of two others that had been projected, but could not be opened because compliance with these conditions was declined. I also learned that the school of Dr. J. H. Hill was left undisturbed because he conformed to the law; and I too hastily inferred that he conformed to *all three* conditions, catechism, priest, and picture. It appears that in the matter of the picture, Dr. Hill never conformed to the law, and I greatly regret that my statement implied that he did. And this law has within the past few years been used as a weapon to close, or to prevent the opening of schools of our Protestant missionaries. This fact ought to be known, and public opinion brought to bear upon it. We have now more religious freedom in Constantinople, and even in Rome, than in Athens."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

VIII.—THE GLORY AND GLOOM OF MOUNTAINS.

T is probable that if any person, competent to reply, were asked to mention the grandest and ost suggestive of all the objects in nature, he ould answer "mountains." The question has en debated between the mountain and the sea, and some have put in a claim for the forest; but, as we have said, most likely the competent reply would be for the mountains. Indeed, the feelings awakened by the two objects are very different; both sublime, almost infinite, both soothing; but the sea is never

to the man as the mountains. The strength of the sea always reminds us of cruelty; we never can contemplate its beauty without some suspicion of treachery, and the sense that we may possibly suffer through it some day—not but that mountains can be cruel and treacherous also; still, the strength of the mountains seems to speak a benignant calm. It is as if they would never stir themselves to harm us; on the contrary, they seem helpful in their elevation; it seems as if the Hebrew poets and prophets regarded hills and mountains not merely as among the most majestic objects in nature, but among the most consolatory. The sea, which rolls its glory round our world, looks like the type of our world's fluctuations. The mountains seem to lift the mind to something changeless; therefore was it said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"; and "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear Him"; and in that which some have thought to be the most sustaining of all sustaining texts, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of ages." And when the finest image was sought for to represent the Almighty Power, it seemed as if the poet could go no higher than that image: "The strength of the hills is His also!" We very well remember the exceeding pleasure we enjoyed, when one fine Sunday morning, in the beautiful little English church in one of the highest and noblest fastnesses of mountain strength in Europe, a well known clergyman, who had been during the week climbing among Nature's rocky turrets, to a congregation as crowded, and perhaps as fashionable, as could have been found in the west of London, rolled forth, without a scrap of paper for a note, a noble evangelical sermon from that text, "And that rock was Christ!" He, too, amidst blithe and cheerful wanderings, had been amongst the mountain glimpses of the King.

That is a pretty little scene in a very pure and pleasant piece of modern fiction, "The Gayworthys," where the young girl talks to an unbelieving young sailor—while together they were standing amidst some of the grandest of the American mountains—on "the strength of the hills." She says, "'I never knew what it was before.'

"'Well,' he answered, 'and what is it now?'

"'The force that is holding all these rocks together with such a might, and keeps them up in their terrible places, particle by particle.'

"'Cohesion,' he said, 'and gravitation.'

"'That is what is said in the philosophies; but *what* is cohesion?'

"'One of the forces of Nature.'

"'But those are only names; it is something living. Is it God "working his work alike here, and everywhere"?'

"Her voice lowered timidly, and awfully, and the young man felt it. Here was a sudden, spontaneous recognition of 'something living; something living in the dead rock, something living in the old words that sung their mountain psalm to the world three thousand years ago.'"

The words of the Bible are the very finest we have concerning mountains—but how diminutive were those mountains; indeed, scarcely worthy of the name, compared with our Alps and Apennines; some of them not so tall as those we have in our own land, or in those lands immediately adjacent to ours, and yet, for the impressions conveyed by the stern, the grand, and solitary peaks of Horeb and Sinai, of Tabor and Carmel, we suppose they equalled, even if they did not surpass, the impressions conveyed by loftier mountains, even as their transactions transcended those of any other elevation; they were the regions not merely of material grandeur, but of moral and spiritual sublimity. There is a fine verse in a very old hymn which quaintly but sweetly expresses all that is finest and most divinely suggestive in the transactions of the mountains of the Bible:

> "Thrice for us the Word Incarnate high on holy hills was set,
> Once on Tabor, once on Calvary, and again on Olivet.
> Once to shine, and once to suffer, and once more as King of kings,
> With a joyful noise ascending, borne by cherubs on their wings!"

Thus, after all, it is not so much the material height of an elevation, but what you see from it which gives to it its sublimity. Many years ago, a young student, now in heaven—having left on earth a beloved and eminent name—found himself in Germany with a letter of introduction to the illustrious Professor Tholuck, under whom he was going to study. Arrived at the Professor's house, he found that he was out, but in the *Friedhof*—the Court of Peace—as they call what we, in England, name the graveyard, where he was conducting a funeral. Thither the young man followed him with his letter, and, as he drew near to the grave, the very first words he heard the great sage utter were very singular in their beauty, loveliness, and revealing light: "The grave, my friends," he said, "is a very small hillock, but we can see farther from it, when standing on it, than from the highest mountain in all the world!" Something like George Gilfillan's pretty, and yet great, saying, "Of all earth's glasses, there is no telescope like a tear!" So that we do not know that it is necessary to make the acquaintance of the very highest mountains in order that we may become aware of the deepest lessons and suggestions which mountains can give; lost among the South Downs, we have sometimes felt emotions akin to those we have experienced in the Engadine. Well says Thomas Carlyle, "What the eye can see, but cannot see over, is as good as infinite to it"; and have we not seen just now how the gently-rising hillock of a grave may be, indeed, as a window of the Great King?

Nay, for the most magnificent impressions of mountain glory, and mountain gloom, we have no particular desire to make the acquaintance of either Andes or Himalayas; the Alps are quite sufficient for our ambition. At the same time, it seems certain that in Europe we know nothing of mountains; Humboldt knew, and he traversed the loftiest ranges of the Andes, with a world of poetry in his heart, and a universe of science in his eyes and mind. He reached some of the highest points of Chimborazo, since scaled by Mr. Whymper; and, in the essays in which he gives us an account of these wanderings, he says, "If we could suppose the Pass of St. Gothard, Mount Athos, or the Rigi, piled on the summit of the Chimborazo, we should have the

elevation which is at present ascribed to the Dhawalagiri in the Himalaya." But he goes on to speak, from his scientific point of view, of "the relative heights of the rocky projections which we designate mountain chains, as phenomena of little importance," and he says, "no geologist will be astonished, if, at some future period, mountain summits should be discovered between the Himalaya and the Altai which should surpass in height those of Dhawalagiri and Djewahir as much as these exceed that of Chimborazo"—that is, we suppose about, or upwards of, certainly not less than 40,000 feet! The very mention gives almost a sense of giddiness to the mind. Yet, we suppose, even were it possible to attain to so stupendous and fearful an eminence, reflections something like those indulged by Humboldt would take possession of the mind. It is pleasing to find him, when standing on the very highest peaks of "earth's o'ergazing mountains," to which he had attained, bearing his testimony to the sense of the still-encircling presence of life and love, as he saw the condor, the enormous bird, expanding its wings over his head in the clear sky, at a distance, he thought, of about 23,273 feet; humming birds from 10,000 to 19,000 feet above the level of the sea: and a wealth of insect life about him, glorious butterflies and other creatures on the wing, which called forth the tenderest expression of the great traveller's sensibility to the assurance of the universal prevalence of life and joy.

Compared with such heights as these, even the Alps appear diminutive. But their magnificent elevations have not seemed so to those who have crossed the glorious passes of St. Gothard, the Splügen, or the Simplon, and have yet seen Alps on Alps towering above their heads. Perhaps, now, it would not seem so daring a feat even for an army to cross the Alps; but there were no such passes as we know in the year 1800, when Napoleon set forth from Paris to take the command of the French army in Italy. He headed his troops over the Alps, and it is not too much to say that the whole of Europe started with amazement at such a piece of daring impetuosity. From Paris he marched to Lausanne; there he reviewed his troops; then on along the banks of the Lake of Geneva, through Vevey, Villeneuve and Aigle, on to Bourg, till presently, leaving the Rhone, he struck off with his army, and, after such toil, difficulty and danger as are beyond description or imagination, ascended the steppes of the great St. Bernard. The rocks, precipices, and avalanches must have been far more fearful then than now, and, magnificent as were the scenes, well calculated to strike terror even into heroic hearts. Arriving at the top, where rumour had spread the intelligence of still wilder desolations, the surprised army found, on a turn of the road, the whole plateau covered with tables, and a refection spread for them, by an arrangement of their mighty general with the monks of St. Bernard. So the army, refreshed and rested, sent the air with their tumultuous cheers, startled the rocks with their strange invasion, and then passed on, descending the slopes into Italy, where, a few days after, the battle of Marengo was fought, and Napoleon, in his somewhat plethoric style of eloquence declared that "the Alps were annihilated!" Such an incident will remind many of our readers of that famous passage in which Xenophon describes the joy of the army, when, after a long and weary march, climbing to the heights of the mountain, and beholding their beloved ocean before them, they rent the air with shouts of "The Sea! The Sea!"

Tremendous upheavals of the earth! Strange mighty walls and barriers interposing between nations! Inspiring regions of awful, peaceful solitude. Such are mountains with their far-up tarns, their little lakes, for the greater part of the year locked in ice, their caves of crystal, their impassable glaciers, with frightful crevasses—birthplaces of the torrent and the stream; more than realising the poet's fine description of the milder splendours of Helvellyn.

> "There sometimes doth a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
> The crag repeats the raven's shout,
> In symphony austere.
> Thither the rainbow comes; the cloud,
> And mists that spread the flying shroud;
> And sunbeams, and the sounding blast
> That, if it could, would hurry past,
> But those enormous barriers hold it fast."

Amidst such thoughts it is impossible not to permit memory to go back to a time many years since, when, after having given directions to the innkeeper that the boat should be left unpadlocked, we would walk from Whitehaven to Ennerdale, to spend the night on the lake, moving about among the shadows on its waters; then, perhaps, between two and three in the morning, climbing grand old Pillar on the other side to see the sun rise, gradually flooding all the valleys beneath us with his beams; fine glimpses those from the windows of the King! All this, and how much more, round which affection, imagination and sentiment may play. But do these immense snow- and ice-crowned columns subserve any other purpose in the great world? Immensely important services they render; for what, indeed, would the whole world be without them? In every way they constitute the great farm of life. Probably the reader has often looked down, it may be, from Helvellyn into the sweet green valleys of Patterdale, or from Skiddaw over the fair fells and farms beyond Keswick and Derwentwater; or from many Alpine points where valleys like those of Andermat or Chambery spread green and fertile, or on the delicious vales of the Tessin, of Aosta or of Sesia,—these all owe their fruitfulness to the melting snows, and, in the Alps, to the mighty glaciers crowning the brows of the great mountain monarchs.

The tall mountains are everywhere the great watersheds by which God waters the valleys. In the winter the snow and the ice are stored in those inaccessible white fields and plains; the sun touches the peaks, and they melt, they pour down. The glacier of the Rhone is the fountain of the river Rhone; the mountain snow feeds the glacier, the snow is converted into ice; again the hills are touched by the sunbeams, and all the innumerable tributary streams and rivers flow upon their way. It is so throughout the world: the great river systems of Africa, America, and India, they are all dependent upon the great mountain chains. Let the reader attempt to imagine, not merely from an æsthetic or poetical, but from a practical and agricultural point of view,

what kind of world we should have were it only one wide and universally extended plain; none of those singular reservoirs and fountains—those forms of crystallised water, which, even in the burning heats of summer, and through the agency of those very heats, make the pleasant rivers to flow through valley and meadow, in spite of the sun's fiercest beams; thus the practical, not less than the poetical, mingles with our views of great mountains, and constitutes them exalted observatories, from whence we look through these windows of the great King. They give us a fine insight into the economy of nature. And the moisture which gladdens the earth—brooks, gentle streams, and even great rivers, are among "the precious things of the everlasting hills."

Thus regarded as the great irrigators of the plains below, it is true in this, as in many other senses, that the "mountains bring peace to the people." There is a valley peace, and there is a mountain peace; but peace of the mountain seems to be a peace which must be attained. As we look on the mountains, how calm, how still, how silent they appear, contrasted with our regions of agitation and strife, and with the passions which stir our souls. Oh, could we be as they are! Yes, but they seem to say to us, "We were not always so: we have been elevated from a heart of fire; we have known the internal tempest. We are crystallised now; the indignities of time cannot hurt us; we reflect the lightning, and echo the thunder; the setting sun crowns our hoary brows with rosy splendour. But it was not always so: we are the upheaving of giant forces; they struggled in our bosom; we felt the fury and the strife, and, therefore, we are here!" Thus these mountains seem to us like the tombs of dead giants in the cathedral of immensity, inscribed with their eternal "*Pax vobiscum!*"

It is singular to think that the love and appreciation of great mountain scenery is almost a modern and recent sense. It was certainly possessed in a very eminent degree by the old Hebrew poets. David, the representative of his race, had a wonderful eye and sensibility for all the objects of external nature—for mountains, of course, among the rest; but to pass, by an immense stride, from his time to later ages, to times very near to our own, upon writers most famous in our language for their poetic expression and elevated taste, mountains seem to have been altogether unimpressive objects. We might have supposed that a mind so exquisite as that of Joseph Addison would have felt itself gloriously alive among the Alps; but in "The Spectator" we read, "We are quickly tired of looking upon hills and valleys, where everything is fixed and settled in the same place and posture; but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion and sliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder." Contrasted with this, to the eyes of men like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Robert Browning, in passages which we have no space to quote, the immovable mountains have a motion, and variety, and fluctuation as incessant as the waves of the sea, almost every moment giving a new picture and a new sensation. We do not know that Pope ever talked about mountains much, but of the way in which he would have talked had he attempted, he gives us an illustration, concerning which one writer satirically remarks, that he made one observation which has never been reversed, namely, that mountains are broader at the base than at the summit!

"Here, where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vale, and steal into the skies."

Almost the only exception among the pens of the past age presenting us with splendid pieces of mountain suggestion is that of Oliver Goldsmith, and some of his couplets on mountain glory and gloom have so passed into the best-known quotations of our language that it would be quite impertinent to cite them. The feeling of love for, and sympathy with external nature, and especially for mountain scenery, is dependent upon something more than either the culture of the imagination or the taste; it is derived rather from the moral agitation of the soul, the personal and social agitations, the flying from the perturbation within and around to those objects which speak of such sublime restfulness and such grave senatorial calm. Somewhat illustrating this, we meet with a pleasant little incident in the life of the great Italian poet, Petrarch. He had long desired to climb a mountain, from whence, it was said, was presented a wider range of prospect and more variety of object than any which could be obtained either in the Pyrenees or the Alps. At length he ascended the mountain, and he testifies that the prospect was unequalled. He threw himself down to rest, to meditate, and he took from his pocket a book which he had brought with him, "Augustine's Confessions," and, almost at once, his eye alighted upon that passage: "Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, and to trace the sources of great rivers, but they neglect themselves." The force and feeling of the words of a great writer are very dependent for the impression they produce upon the circumstances in which they are read; the words, the reasoning, the lesson, impressed Petrarch: "If," thought he, "I have undergone so much labour in climbing this mountain that my body may be nearer heaven, what ought I not to do that my soul may be nearer to immortal regions?" Thus it is that when minds and hearts are properly tuned, mountains become the objects of divinest suggestions, such, for instance, as woke the sweet song in the verse of the Danish poet, Björnson:

"What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the peaks of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine trees grow,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.

Once, I know, I shall journey far
Over the mountains high.
Lord, is thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where Thy saved ones are;
But bar it awhile from me,
And help me to long for Thee."

And this will remind us that Death has sometimes found men among the hills. Wordsworth, in well known lines, says—though, perhaps, he was rather translating the stillness of his own spirit into the supposed experiences of his neighbours—

"The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born, and dies among the mountains."

The reader, however, will instantly recur to some famous instances of some such deaths. Thus we read

in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Numbers, "The Lord spake unto Moses: Take Aaron and bring him up unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor, and Aaron died there, in the top of the mount." And so, in due time, farther on, we read how "Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, and he died there, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." A wonderful death, a wonderful place in which to die, and a wonderful burial in the mysterious sepulchre in the valley among the mountains; sweet peace falling from the everlasting hills as the eyes were closing, face and heart brightening with such a glory as "never was on sea or land!"

Some years since, an exceedingly hopeful young clergyman in Brighton, Julius Elliot, nephew of Charlotte Elliot, and who had just succeeded to the church of his uncle, Henry Venn Elliot, went for his summer trip to the Alps. He was a climber, and a passionate lover of the mountains, and so was fond of finding his recreation among those pure and animating solitudes. And death met him in one of his adventurous excursions as he fell from one of those glacial peaks into the valley below. We believe that a stone in the churchyard of the Grindelwald perpetuates his memory and the memory of the circumstance, which thrilled through the town of Brighton, where the young man was much beloved, not only for the sake of his family, but also for his own. The present writer, then living in Brighton, spoke to the affections and sympathies of his own congregation on the following Sunday evening, after the sad tidings came; and he thought, and thinks still, that it was a word rich in truth and tenderness, which a lady, a connection of his own, expressed in the vestry at the close of the service, "He stepped from the Alps to the everlasting hills." The word describes not only the translation of Julius Elliot, but that of Aaron, and of Moses also. The words of Watts on the death of the great Lawgiver are among the most tender from his pen:

"Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondering prophet hied: '
Climb up the mount,' said God, 'and die!'
The prophet climbed, and died!

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
Which God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest path to death,
And his the noblest grave!"

GWEN BEVERLY.

BY MRS. PROSSER, AUTHOR OF 'THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS,' 'THE DOOR WITHOUT A KNOCKER,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

So very uneventful was life at the vicarage, one day varying from another only by a different arrangement of hours to suit different duties, that I will not attempt to describe it. I made fair progress in all things, but the growth of my character was the chief benefit I received.

Self, self, self! had been my prevailing thought, but here by degrees, I saw that, without any ostentatious display of motive, the rule maintained by the whole family, each in the assigned place, was to study to make people happy. I may say "love was the law of the house." I had always felt that it was a most cheerful and peaceful home; no strife, no contention, apparently no troubles; but I did not for some time see how this came about. Master and mistress, children and servants, seemed of one heart and mind and went hand in hand in promoting harmony. No doubt Miss Dale's influence, having been early consecrated to God, was powerful in helping on this state of things. The new birth was so evident in her, that no one could help seeing she was a true servant of God, and she helped many for good. "We will go with you, for God is with you," arose in the hearts of the young among whom she, with so much quiet diligence, laboured.

The little girls were as merry as birds, and so obedient. As to the two servants, grave old Martha and cheery young Anne, I felt sure there was none of the heartburning that made Joan so miserable, and tried sorely Mary Cross's temper and spirit.

I gathered from accidental conversation, that they helped their young mistress to clothe the poor, when they had finished work and could sit down to sew. It struck me how good it would be if Joan and Mary Cross could thus work together, how it would turn the edge of temper and chase away bad thoughts. They were useful in visiting the sick or infirm poor, rendering them any little help or service in their power.

Joan did not at all approve of the poor. She objected to their coming to the house for "favours," and she never went near them; she considered them unfit company for her, and as to its being "a duty," her "duty" lay in attending to my uncle and his family, and keeping a sharp look out after his interests; she considered herself acquitted of all claims from God or man beyond this.

Thus I learned what was wrong at home by seeing what was right at the vicarage, and I often heartily wished I could get Joan there, to see how things went on. I puzzled myself to try and understand how it was that she had, under my uncle's teaching

and example, grown so very hard and self-righteous, rejecting with anger my godfather's charge as unjust and cruel. I wished he would comment, as Mr. Dale did, on the Scriptures when he read them in the morning and evening; he might then draw her attention to them and make her understand that they truly were "written for her learning." He always read very slowly, clearly and emphatically; but Joan, I could often see, had left her thoughts in the kitchen, and paid no attention. I knew she was very ignorant of the Bible, not only in spirit but in letter; I wished she could be taught. I wished Mr. Dale or Miss Dale could teach her. But I recollected that my uncle had occasionally talked to her on the need of true religion, for she had always told me when she left him, what he had "been a-doing," but it was in a tone that showed she considered it equally "good" in him to talk and in her to listen; I never felt that his words had made any impression on her heart, or that she looked on what had taken place as more than a piece of righteousness, that exalted her in her own esteem and raised him, if that were possible, in the scale of perfection. My godfather's home-thrust was more intelligible to her than these gentle generalising lectures. She had felt that, for she could not help understanding it, and her conscience, though she tried hard to smother it, bore witness to the truth. As yet, however, she had not appeared to profit by it.

Time flew fast at the vicarage. I looked forward to my return home with mingled feelings. Pleasures of a kind peculiar to "Home" awaited me there; but I should miss the happy atmosphere of peace and love that had become so very pleasant to me. Then there were alternations of my old cravings for praise and approval—an ambitious thought that I might in a manner "play Miss Dale" and charm Joan into good temper and charity with Mary Cross, an expectation that I should be pronounced "grown in character," which I flattered myself was the case.

I had expected, as the evenings were now very dark, that someone would be sent to walk home with me; all my belongings had gone early in the day. I waited till after the time fixed on for starting, but no one appeared. Miss Dale had taken leave of me and was visiting some rather distant parishioners. Mr. Dale was shut up in his study. Anne was busy with the two little girls, and Martha was making mince pies. What should I do? I was much mortified that I had been, as it seemed, forgotten. Joan might have been at work with Christmas pasties, but she might have sent Mary Cross. And, failing them, I thought my uncle and godfather, who often walked much greater distances than to the Rectory, might have called for me, though I knew my uncle, being a very retiring, shy man, was not fond of intruding on Mr. Dale's time, and my godfather would not let him take his evening walk alone.

There was snow on the ground when I went from the garden-gate, in a very forlorn state of mind. As I was thinking entirely about myself, it never occurred to me that there might be some cause involving serious effects to others, that condemned me to a solitary walk. Just before I reached our drive I was startled by the rattling of wheels, and a chaise passed me driven very fast. I could see by the tracks on the snow that it had come from the house, and there were the marks, plain enough. They went up to the front door. Who could it be? Who had arrived at such an hour? I went on in breathless haste, forgetting my mortification, and never paused till at the door. It was not shut; I pushed it open, and in the long stone passage—hall, as we called it—I saw trunks and other packages, wraps and umbrellas. Was it?—it could not be "the ladies" over again!

I thought I recognised the trunks. With much perturbation of spirit I crept noiselessly to the kitchen. Joan was at the fire stirring soup. I could not see her face; but Mary Cross, who was at the dresser laying a tray, looked very happy I thought.

I ventured in, saying in a low voice: "Joan, what has happened? And who is here?" She started, exclaiming, "Child, you might 'a scalded me to death—just a going to taste the soup!"

Then, in her turn, she asked how I'd come, and who had brought me. I told my story with some spice of annoyance, but she soon stopped me, saying, "Eh! who was to think about you, child, with them 'Fandanglers' coming all of a sudden?"

Mary Cross came forward, and taking off my cloak, told me the chaise that had brought the company had been sent to the Rectory for me.

"What company? Not—not——" I could not get out the expression of my fears.

"Ay, 'tis them!" cried Joan emphatically; "There; you may go and take in the tray—don't say a word about her—Miss Gwen—being come. Soup's ready; so is the rest."

Mary took up her tray and departed. And Joan, when she was gone, gave utterance to a groan-like sigh and threw herself on the settle, covering her face with her hands.

"Oh, child!" she exclaimed at last, "to think of this!—and I'll never believe but it's been a planned thing from the first; and me not to be told a word about it—*me*, as has been all and everything to my dear master, near all my life, and saw the poor young missus to her grave, and did for you like a mother—so I did! and this is my returns—and it's all through—yes—I know who's at the bottom of it all!"

It was in vain to speak; I stood, silently waiting till Mary Cross should return, for as I felt quite sure some of the Frizelle family were in the parlour, I wanted courage to ask Joan any questions, dreading the explosion of wrath that might follow. Mary Cross looked as serene as possible, and I whispered to her, "Who are come, Mary?"

"Two ladies; one is, miss, nobody known to me!" she replied.

"And the other?" I asked.

"The youngest Miss Frizelle," she answered, with a furtive look at Joan, who started up, crying, "I said it was them, and you said as t'wasn't; you must always know better than anybody else!"

"I saw only one of the ladies," said Mary calmly, "and she was not one of that family; the other had her face turned away, and I didn't hear her speak."

"Did you say anything about me?" I asked.

"The chaise came back, miss, while I was putting the tray on the table; and master was going to see if you had come in it; but I told him how you had come in alone some little time after it had started."

She had scarcely ended when the kitchen door opened and my uncle's head appeared.

"Gwen—my dear child!" he exclaimed; another moment and I was in his arms. "Come," he said, "I have some company to introduce you to." Then he added: "Joan—the two ladies will want attending to for the night; I'm sorry I could not give you a longer notice; but you are not easily put out, I know, which is a happy thing for us all!"

It was really comical to see Joan's face, and the various expressions it wore at these words. Contempt for the apology, which she did not believe in, and complacency at the compliment were mingled with curiosity as to who the unknown lady could be. I went with my uncle, and as we walked up the stone passage he whispered: "The youngest Miss Frizelle whom you thought the best, is here, with the lady to whom she has become companion—or something of that kind—a most remarkable lady, I believe—I am glad you will have an opportunity of seeing her."

I was glad that Mary's version had thus turned out correct, but I did not join in my uncle's pleasure that I should see the company; I should greatly have preferred their paying their visit at some other time; leaving me to be "the lion" of the evening of my return home.

We walked in, finding my godfather listening to a most animated address from the lady, while Adeliza Frizelle sat silently at work on the sofa.

"You remember little Gwen?—she has grown in every way since you knew her," my uncle said leading me to her.

A change had come over "Miss Addy, Liza, Dell, etc." She wore a serious air, and looked, oh so much older.

She spoke kindly, but I felt as if she did not take much interest in my "general growth." My godfather looked beamingly at me, but his companion was talking so fast and earnestly, I saw that he could not break from her to give a greeting.

My uncle went to the rescue—"Gwen is come!" he said, excusing himself very politely for the interruption. "Gwen!" she exclaimed, turning round and looking at me through her eyeglass for a moment, then, with a patronising nod, returning to the charge. But my godfather had seized the moment of release. He rose briskly and embracing me lovingly, asked how I had returned, and other questions relative to myself and the friends I had left. I thought he was more particular in his inquiries than usual; the new lady, whom I must describe, seemed to grow very impatient, and opened and shut the book about which they had been talking, repeatedly, glancing towards him every time she did it.

She was unlike anyone I had ever seen; but then, as my uncle said, my experience of and acquaintance with the world and its inhabitants were very limited.

She was tall, square-shouldered and determined-looking, her hair was black, where it was not grey, and stood up in a friz all over her head. Her dress was as plain as it could be; except her gold eyeglass, I did not see a single ornament about her. There was a slight frown on her forehead; but that evidently arose from the habit of screwing her eyes to help her vision, for she was near-sighted. There was no indication of ill temper about her mouth, which was never at rest, for her talking was incessant, and her face vibrated most expressively with all she said, conveying an ample complement to her meaning.

My uncle, to whom she looked, as if in despair of my godfather's return, had seated himself on the sofa and was holding a very quiet, but for him busy discourse with Adeliza. I had a guess, even then, that he preferred this, though not to his mind, to encountering the strange lady.

At last, throwing aside the book, as if her patience had come to an end, she rose and came to where we stood.

"This your niece, Mr. Pennygold?" she asked.

"No, my godchild," he answered, holding me by the hand as if for exhibition.

"How old?" she asked, and when told my age, she replied, "Ah! I have some girls younger than that a head taller; but she will grow yet, no doubt."

What were her girls, a head taller, to me? I felt quite indignant and hardly listened to her further remarks on me; all that I did hear offended me exceedingly. She said something about my head, on which she placed her large bony, white hand; then, gripping my chin between her thumb and forefinger she talked about my "physiognomy," and went off into various theories on the subject. Happily an exclamation from my uncle, a very rare occurrence, drew my godfather's attention to the sofa, and she let go my chin to take up her eyeglass to see what was going on there.

"Miss Frizelle has surprised me," my uncle exclaimed. "She says you think of emigrating, almost immediately," and he really did look surprised as he turned his face towards her.

"Why should that surprise you?" demanded the lady crossing her arms behind her back, and facing him, rather defiantly, I thought; but without any trace of anger or ill-humour.

"But these orphans, madam, that you have collected; what of them?"

"What of them? They'll emigrate too, of course," she answered.

"And Miss Adeliza," he almost gasped, "is she——

"*To emigrate?*" interrupted "madam" hastily. "Certainly; why not?"

"Is she—fit for it?" my uncle rather murmured than said, looking first at the delicate figure by his side and then at "madam," who stood "commander-in-chief" fashion before him.

"Quite fit—the very discipline for mind and body she wants; and she thinks so! You think so?" she said, turning to Adeliza, who looking rather pale, and as if what *she* thought would not much matter, merely smiled. "Speak!" said the commander-in-chief—not angrily, but firmly. "It is your wish, your conviction that it will be a good thing for you?"

Adeliza blushed now painfully. "I wish to do what you think right, Miss Champ," she said, her eyes falling as she spoke.

"Miss Champ" shook her head. After a pause which no one seemed disposed to break, she said slowly and firmly, "Yes, *you will*. I *do* think it right, therefore you wish to do it, and *you will* do it!"

There was another pause. "Do you object to emigration?" Miss Champ asked, her bright black eyes, which looked as if they could never want a glass of any kind, fixed on my uncle.

"No—certainly not—where it promises advan-

tage to the persons emigrating," he replied, rather daunted, I thought, by the attack.

"And what if they do it to their disadvantage, a little, we'll say, but greatly to the advantage of those to whom they go—what then?"

"Then," said my uncle, "it becomes a question of—of——"

"Ah—you don't go on. I will finish for you—it becomes a question of whether I am to seek first my neighbour's good, or my own—that is it? Will you answer that question, not as the world would answer it; but as Christianity would answer it?"

"I hope I have no sympathy with the world's views on this or any other philanthropic matter; but I don't think Christianity is adverse to wisdom and prudence, both of which may suffer if so momentous a step is taken without due consideration of persons and their fitness, means, circumstances and condition."

My uncle spoke very deliberately, and as firmly now as Miss Champ had done. She continued standing, slowly nodding her head, as if in thought; then she turned to where she supposed my godfather was; but I fancy he had anticipated being drawn in to the argument and silently taken to flight. Gladly I am sure would my uncle have accompanied him; but he valiantly kept his ground, waiting for the next charge. He had not long to wait.

"I perceive," said the lady, "that you have thought on the subject; you are a person worth convincing; now, therefore, listen to my views, the result of long study, patient and laborious investigation and costly experiment. I preface my address by saying I go with the Hebrew doctors, in making the *heart* not the brain the seat of wisdom."

This preface was, I could see, enough for my uncle, whose face, with the expression of which, I was well acquainted of course, said "Me misericordium!"

But Miss Champ knew nothing of pity in this sort of thing. She would open her purse and empty it, she would spend her strength, sacrifice her comfort, endure hardships, do anything for the cause she had in hand, but to stop talking, that was beyond her power. So she went on till, engrossed in her subject, she did not notice that my uncle was in a doze, from which she aroused him with the energetic demand, "You agree with me! You surely cannot deny all this?"

Nothing could be further from his intention. He rose from the sofa, said he was greatly obliged for the trouble she had taken to enlighten him, and begged to know if she would say what her plans for to-morrow might be, as he must give directions to his housekeeper that every thing should be in readiness, to avoid all inconvenience to his guests.

"I think we can do it, Adeliza, by starting at six," she said, looking at her companion.

"Six, madam!" exclaimed my uncle; "consider the time of year; it will be dark—quite dark at six!"

"The driver will have lamps while he needs them," she replied, with sangfroid; "we left at five this morning."

"Five, dear me!" cried my uncle, with a glance of commiseration at Adeliza. "I think, then, you had better rest one day at least."

"You forget what I said on the subject of our accountability for time," she quickly replied.

He had not forgotten, for he had not heard it; but he did not betray that; he smiled and bowed, and mentioned, looking at the timepiece, it was past the hour for family prayer, and if indeed they must start at six, they ought to retire to rest early. He gave no opportunity for evading action, but moved, with a celerity he seldom exhibited, to the bell, telling me to "fetch the books."

I obeyed most willingly, for although I had had something to amuse me in watching Adeliza Frizelle's work, which was of a kind quite new to me, I was dreadfully tired by Miss Champ's harangue, comprised as it was of such matters as were foreign to me, of course, then, and of some of which even now, I know little more than the names. I remember my uncle's description of it to my godfather, when he told him what he had escaped; among other items there were political economy, æsthetic benevolence, comprehensive charity, and the laws of moral and religious obligation, and other topics as large.

I carefully kept out of arm's length of this good lady, for I did not want another pinch of my chin, nor more remarks on my physiognomy. I could not help noticing, out of the corners of my eyes, that she was very fidgetty during my uncle's reading, and looked as if she was thinking of something else. Of course if I had been taking proper attention I should not have seen her, and my conscience told me so; I thought of what Mr. Dale would have said to me on the matter, and of the different way in which all behaved at the vicarage on such occasions. Adeliza's suppressed yawn, Joan's troubled anxious look, and Miss Champ's restless face and fidgets, how unlike the calm devout bearing of all there! I had hardly drawn the comparison when it struck me that if I had been there, I should have been the worst of the party, adding cynical strictures on others to my own fault.

I escaped to bed with merely a reverential curtsey to Miss Champ, who, however, looked at me with hungry eyes, as if she wanted in some way to lay hold of me. My godfather told me afterwards that she had said my modest silence had greatly attracted her, and she would take me under her charge if my uncle liked her to do so, and give me what she called "a little life training." How I shuddered at the bare possibility of such an event.

I had not long been in my room before Joan appeared. She held up her finger, pointing in the direction of the best bed-room, to impose caution, as voices could be heard along the passage. Then, in a whisper she said, "They're a-going to-morrow at six."

I nodded.

"Good job," she rejoined, with evident satisfaction. "What did 'em come for?"

I could not enlighten her.

"Who is she—her with the bristle head?"

"Miss Champ," I replied; "and she is going to emigrate.

"What's that?" cried Joan in a tone of surprise.

I explained, but did not know the destination fixed on.

"And never a coming back? she asked.

That point I could not satisfy her on.

"And a-going to take all that family?" she again asked, meaning the Frizelles.

There I was also at fault, but I told her I knew

Miss Adeliza was going with her. She stood musingly with the candle in her hand for a minute or so, then said: "Child, I was wrong to be in the way I was when you came in; I own to that. But I thought everything was turning against me, and very nat'ral too." Here she looked as if going to retract her confession.

"But you don't call this lady a 'Fandangle'?" I asked, reminding her of her epithet.

"*Wuss.* She's a Bedlam, by what I could hear, and by what she said to me," she answered.

"What did she say to you?" I asked.

GWEN'S INTRODUCTION.

"Why, master bid me show her to her room, so I did. So I says, 'Please, ma'am, what o'clock will you choose your hot water in the morning?' and she turns round—she was a-standing by the table, and I was by the door—and she puts up her spy-glass, and gives me a good stare, and she says, 'Are you Yorkshire?'

"'Yes,' I says.

"'How old are you?' she says—imperdent enough, warn't it?—so I bethought me, and I says, 'You may find that out by my register, mum.' So then she says, 'How many years have you lived here?' So I says, 'Twenty, without counting what come afore that.' So she says, 'Twenty years of the best part of your life, and you've done nothing but cook and scrub for this family,' she says.

"I was all of a boil, if you'll believe me; and says, 'I don't desire no better than to cook and scrub and so forth for this family, mum, and I hopes to do it to the end of my days.' With that—if you'll believe me, child—she smiled; never fired up nor got in a pet, but she lifts up her hands and says, 'They're all fast asleep. You're able for better things!' she says, 'and just the woman to stir up a new world.' 'Thank'ee, mum,' I says; 'I'd rather to stay and stir up the old un as I'm used to. Please when will you have your hot water?'

"'Hot water!' she cries. 'I am content with what I find. I can wash in the brook when I find it; any water—anywhere—anyhow—does for me. You are spoiled by luxury. Yes, yes; I see. Well, think of the thousands that——' But I didn't stop no longer. I just said, 'I can't awhile to-night, ma'am. You'll want breakfast by five if you goes at six. I wish you good-night,' and I comes off; but she calls after me, 'A crust of bread and a glass of milk will breakfast me, my woman.' I warn't her woman, nor going to be! If she isn't a Bedlam she's a witch!"

I laughed at all this: who could help it? But Joan didn't laugh. She looked half scared, and said she thought things never would come straight

again, "there was one worrit or another for ever a-turning up."

I quite joined her in the pleasure with which she looked forward to their departure, and went to bed wondering what had brought them to my uncle's house.

CHAPTER X.

I soon got enlightened on all that had puzzled me, and made Joan happier in her spirit by enlightening her.

The journey Mr. Pennygold had taken, which had so exercised her mind, had been in behalf of the Frizelle family. Mrs. Frizelle had written in terms of such deep distress that my uncle's compassion was stirred, and he begged him to try and ascertain if anything could be done for them.

His success was not very great. He had much difficulty in persuading the daughters to try and maintain themselves, and had obtained for Adeliza an engagement with Miss Champ. She had a predilection for undertaking anything that promised difficulty and trouble, and therefore offered a most liberal contribution to Mrs. Frizelle on the condition of Adeliza's being given up to her sole control and management.

Adeliza saw nothing but misery and starvation at home, and being ignorant of what awaited her with the lady, readily fell in with the plan.

"Poor thing! Too young to be so sacrificed," my uncle said; but my godfather suggested it might end in Miss Champ's making a handsome provision for her, for she was extremely liberal and very rich.

I think Joan was a little ashamed when all her mysteries and plottings and plannings were thus dispersed. She felt she had been unjust towards my godfather, and as that feeling strengthened she began to consider the deepest of her grudges against him, and slowly confessed in her heart that he had meant well, though she could not "go with him" in his severe strictures.

Altogether she was more comfortable, and far more agreeable, the natural consequence.

Everything was arranged for my return to the vicarage when the time came. But it was not to be.

Mrs. Dale, whose health had always been delicate, had become so much worse that her daughter's time had to be devoted almost exclusively to her, and it was not very long before Mr. Dale, to his great regret, was persuaded by the doctors to resign the living, as the climate, they said, must ultimately be fatal to her.

I entreated my uncle not to send me away again. I was sure no place would be endurable after the vicarage, and I promised to work seriously and earnestly in trying to carry out all I had been trained in there.

My godfather and he concurred in thinking it best to consent; and Joan was enchanted with the prospect of a friend to whom she could confide all her troubles.

Since then what changes have taken place!

I am still Gwen Beverly, but my dear uncle—he is at rest!

It made me years and years older when, after a gradual, gentle decline, he was taken from us. I felt for a long time as if I must find him in his old place in the study, or see him on the gravel walk. I might be said to live with him still, for he never was out of my thoughts.

My poor godfather did not long survive him, and Joan and I with Mary Cross were left alone in the old house.

Joan is growing very infirm, but she is far more tractable in spirit. She often mourns over the obstinate resentment she felt towards my poor godfather, and confesses that there was truth in what he told her, and this conviction grows as she understands better what I teach her from the Scriptures.

I am afraid Mary will marry. I see Thomas Gardner very often in the kitchen, and I know he walks out with her. Joan, who could not imagine anyone's being so infatuated as to leave me even for a husband, does not suspect anything. She has grown rather fond of Mary, and has left off her little tormenting ways. I must break the fact to her by degrees, but Mary has not yet confided in me. I am afraid it will ruffle her, but she takes "ruffles" much better than in old days.

Poor Adeliza Frizelle did not live through the improving process of Miss Champ. My godfather had a letter from the latter, asking him to supply the gap made in her ranks by the very untimely—and she seemed to think unnecessary—death of his friend, by proposing another victim. She even had the temerity of hinting at me!

It seemed that the object of her visit to us on her way to Canada was that she might find out whether my uncle answered the description given of him by my godfather, who had painted him in such glowing colours he had quite excited her curiosity and inspired her with a hope of getting his niece!

I live now among memories. The vicarage, though worthily filled, is a grave to me; and in the churchyard are the two monuments recording my worst losses. But I am in possession of what with so much love I was taught, and I go on thankfully trying to look steadily to the hour when I shall join them and the goodly company in which they rejoice.

THE CHILD BORN WITH ONE ARM.

GREAT as had been the hardships experienced by poor people in country districts during the long war, the twenty years which followed the battle of Waterloo brought with them trials at times scarcely less severe.

About the year 1830, when things were at their worst, a labouring man of the name of Thomas Johnson was living in a parish in one of the southern counties of England. In some respects there was little to distinguish him from other labouring men in the parish. He worked hard, he fared hard, and he had a large family of little children. Wages were low, and employment was scarce. Steady and industrious men managed, in spite of the times, to live in moderate comfort, but our friend was, unhappily, not one of these. He was one of the large class who sink under difficulties unless there are some special circumstances to keep them up, and being always very low in pocket, he had given up trying and had let things take their chance.

How he found money to spend at "The Swan" nobody ever knew, though it must be owned that

for a pretty steady customer he did not spend much, and the landlord was now and then heard to say that after taking Tom Johnson's share of fire and light off what he paid for drink, the profit would not go far towards the rent of the house. However, what he did spend, whether much or little, was so much the less for the wife and children at home who wanted it badly enough.

One wet afternoon, while Tom was sitting in his usual place in the tap, the door was opened by a young child, who put in her head, and called out, "Father, you are wanted at home directly, come quick."

Tom guessed what was the matter, and somewhat sulkily got up and left the house. It was as he thought, another child had been born to him, and another mouth had been added to those which his labour was expected to fill. As he was never in the best of humours when he came home from "The Swan," nobody liked to say anything to him which might vex him; neither nurse nor children dared to speak, but the doctor, as he came downstairs said, "I am sorry to tell you that your little one has been born with only one arm, though it is lucky that that is his right one."

It would be utterly impossible to put on paper what came from Johnson's mouth when he heard this. He began to roam up and down the room, and to curse and swear in the most awful manner. He swore that he would never work for the child, and that it might die before the sweat should stand on his brow for such a helpless useless burden to a poor man as that. The children had all slunk away in fear, for they knew too well that when father had one of his bad turns, they must be out of his sight, if possible.

After a while he grew tired of pacing the room and cursing, and sank down into the seat in the chimney-corner, sullen and silent. Just then a curly-headed little boy of about six, his third child and eldest son, crept out from the pantry where he had taken refuge from the storm, and quietly coming up to his father, said, "Oh, father, don't say you won't work for little brother; let me work. I'll work for baby, father, as soon as ever I'm big enough."

The effect of these simple words as they came from the innocent child's lips, was as astounding as it was unexpected. All at once the violent raging man put his head between his hands, burst into tears, and for half an hour sat where he was, sobbing as if his heart would break, and praying God to forgive him the wicked things he had been saying about the new-born child.

Good and evil wrestled in the man's heart for victory during that half hour's agony, and by God's grace evil was thrown. That very day the beginning of a great change set in. We do not pretend to say that the man all at once became a godly man, but he certainly at once began to amend. He fortunately worked on the farm with a mate who was a quiet, consistent, good living Christian, and it pleased God to make this man the channel of peace and comfort to Johnson.

A few mornings after the birth of the child, as the two men were talking together over their work, Johnson's fellow-labourer asked him after his wife and the baby. The question was put in a kind friendly tone, which instead of irritating Tom, seemed quite to win his heart, and he answered very quietly,

"Jane's doing all right, but it's bad luck with the baby; he's only got one arm. You know, Sam, I've a hard struggle as it is; how I shall make out now, I can't begin to think."

Sam, whatever he felt, had a great deal too much sense to begin preaching all at once about drink and the like, and said,

"Times are bad, I know, and I've had my share of them, Tom; but as for the baby, where there's less body, now and again there's more brains, and if you'll give him a chance, he may grow up a sharp lad, and live to be a help to you after all—who knows? If I was in your place I should get him all the learning I could. Come what may, if he's got learning nobody can rob him of that. He'll never handle a 'spud' to much profit, that's certain; but it doesn't take two hands to hold a pen, and I reckon that many an old goose on this farm has filled more bellies with his quill feathers than with any flesh that was on his bones. I'll call round some night and see the baby."

The very idea that there were more ways than one of getting a living, seemed new to Tom—he had simply thought of the plough, the spade, and the hand-bill, and then the sight of the one tiny arm had filled him with despair. But now Sam Morton's short speech had given him something else to think about, and he felt a great deal lighter at heart already.

In a few evenings, Sam called, as he had said he would, and looked at the little one. All his looking could not make out more than one arm for the baby, and he owned that it was a great misfortune, but he spoke so feelingly, and so encouragingly, that Tom seemed quite to take to him for what he said.

By degrees the two men, though they had worked together for several years, grew more intimate than they had ever been before—and the friendship was good for both. Sam Morton, who was some years the older, was pleased to feel that he could now lead Tom like a child, and Tom who, for the first time in his life, had found a real friend, was glad to be led. Sam would call for him on a Sunday as he went by to church, and would take him with him, and this alone was a beginning of better things.

God be thanked, the right way, though often hard to follow, is not all thorns, and this Johnson found to his comfort. It was some time no doubt before people would believe in the change which had taken place in the man, and if it had not been for Morton, he would as likely as not have fallen back again, but as time went on, and as there was no serious backsliding, Tom began to get among a different set of people altogether. His old companions dropped off one by one, and he mixed with the sober, steady men in the village. In the summer he spent his evenings pretty much in his allotment garden, and in the winter he found his own chimney-corner a great deal quieter and more comfortable than the tap at "The Swan." His wife, in spite of her trials, had always been a gentle, industrious, home-keeping woman, and now that both husband and wife were pulling the same way, and that the right one, if there was still no great wealth in the house, there was peace and affection, and Tom was never tired of saying that he found a little love worth a whole lot of beer. The baby, by

some providential mercy, grew to take a special liking to its father, and the father's heart warmed to it. As the other boys grew up, they began to work and to bring in something, and then the worst pinch was over. The curly-headed youngster, whose words, "Father I'll work for baby as soon as ever I'm big enough," were by God's blessing the arrows which first pierced the hard heart, insisted on the penny for his one-armed brother's schooling being taken out of his share of the week's earnings, and being put into the money-box every Saturday night ready for Monday morning.

Years passed on. Sam Morton had said, that where there's less body there may be more brains; and so it was with Johnson's child. He was quick—and he was a good lad also. He made the best use of his school days, and the squire of the parish, who had friends in London, got him after a while a situation in a house of business, where he did well. As his father's hands became less and less able through age to use the spade, his one-armed son, who had risen to a position of considerable trust in the house in which he had been placed, and which he had never left, most gladly sent help from time to time, and, with the assistance of the rest, kept his father from being in any way beholden to the parish when he was past work.

The family met once a year at Christmas, and Johnson, now grown old, would often speak to his children and grandchildren as they sat chatting round the fire, and would tell them with a thankful heart, how God had found him through the affliction of the baby born with one arm, who was now his chief mainstay and support.

J. Coker Egerton.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

VII.

"That which I see not, teach Thou me."—*Job* xxxiv. 32.

IT is Elihu who says these words, not as his own prayer, but as one which he recommends as "meet to be said unto God."

It is a humble prayer, for it will only be used by those who feel their own ignorance.

We are not humble by nature. Very soon we outgrow the teachable spirit which is seen in very little children; yet this is one main feature of childhood which our Lord says must belong to all who would "enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3).

But the true believer, who has been taught by the Holy Spirit that he is, in himself, "poor and miserable, and blind and naked," will ever be ready to acknowledge that he stands in continual need of teaching.

God has set limits to what man is to know and understand in his present state. "We know in part," says St. Paul, and the same truth was asserted by Moses when he taught that there are "secret things" which "belong to the Lord our God," as well as "things revealed to us" (Deut. xxix. 29).

It is good to use this short prayer often. We know not day by day what need we may have of special teaching. Our great enemy, Satan, is very crafty. The Lord Jesus told his Apostles that Satan had "desired to sift them as wheat," but unless He had said this, we should not have known it. We too may sometimes be a special mark for Satan to aim at, and a prayer for teaching us in our ignorance may be answered by an opening of our eyes to the very snare or temptation with which Satan hoped to surprise us, and lead us astray. There are, however, special occasions when the prayer "that which I see not, teach Thou me" may just suit our case.

I. When once we have passed early youth, and have ceased to have parents or guardians who think for us, and tell us what to do, we are all likely to come, now and then, to some turning-point in our life; some occasion on which we pause and consider which of two, or it may be more, courses of action, we shall follow.

We see, perhaps, advantages and disadvantages in each line of conduct, and they appear so evenly balanced that we feel a painful degree of indecision as to what is really best and wisest for us to do.

Perhaps we consult with friends, and this is a good thing to do. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," as we find it said twice in the book of Proverbs (xi. 14 and xxiv. 6). But it is possible that we may not get from our friends any very clear or positive direction. Or we may feel, on further reflection, that we have not been able to state our case so clearly as to enable them to see all the reasons for advising either one course or another which even our own judgment has perceived.

And now we turn to God. We lay the case before Him. We try to tell Him all our thoughts and perplexities, but even as we pray, we feel there are half-formed wishes or fears that we can hardly put into words. We feel so ignorant of what the future may prove. We think we could decide better, if we only just knew what the consequences of one step might be. And yet we must take that one step immediately, and risk all the consequences.

Now is the very time for this prayer. God "sees the end from the beginning." He knows exactly what is the very best and wisest thing for us to do, and He has graciously said that if any one lack wisdom, he may come and ask for it, and he shall certainly receive it (James i. 5).

At such a time of perplexity then use this prayer, and let it be a guide to you, a "model prayer;" which shall help you to come in a right spirit to the throne of grace.

It will lead you to go on to pour out to God a humble confession of your own ignorance, and to tell Him the very points in which you are just now feeling it. It will also lead you to remember His infinite wisdom and knowledge.

"Teach Thou me." Ask it in faith, and expect, and wait for the answer. "Though it tarry wait for it," for it will surely come.

II. But there is another occasion on which this prayer may be the very one we need. It is when we come to special difficulties in reading the Word of God.

No one denies that there are difficulties. The best and holiest men have granted that it is so. Does not even one Apostle say of the writings of another that there are in them "some things hard to be understood?" (2 Peter iii. 16).

How often, too, as we read some sayings of our own blessed Lord and Master, do we feel that we are

like the earthly disciples, who "understood not the sayings that He spake unto them."

Doubtless it may be that to the end of our days we shall have to leave some passages unexplained. Is it surprising that a book inspired by God should not be absolutely and always intelligible to the finite understanding of man? But one of the very first lessons to learn in reading the word of God, is to ask for the Holy Spirit's teaching while we read. No one who does not do this can imagine what a different book the Bible becomes, when the Lord opens the understanding to "understand the Scriptures" (Luke xxiv. 45). What better words can we use, every time we read the Word of God, than those of the short prayer we are considering?

There is a striking anecdote given in the life of the Rev. T. Adam, prefixed to his "Private Thoughts on Religion."

"One morning in his study, being much distressed on the subject" (that is, his inability to understand St. Paul's doctrine), "he fell down upon his knees before God in prayer, spread his case before the Divine Majesty and goodness, and implored Him to pity his distress, and to guide him by his Holy Spirit into the right understanding of his own truth. When he arose from his supplication, he took the Greek Testament, and sat himself down to read the six first chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, sincerely desirous to be taught of God, and to receive in the simplicity of a child the word of *His revelation*; when, to his unspeakable comfort and astonishment, his difficulties vanished and a most clear and satisfactory light was given him."

In this case the light given was on the great question of "justification," which Mr. Adam now, for the first time, saw clearly to be "by faith in Jesus Christ."

Reader, whatever point there may be that perplexes you, and makes you unable to reconcile different parts of the Word of God with one another, or, it may be, to reconcile some parts with your own preconceived notions, kneel down and pray from your heart, "Lord, that which I see not, teach Thou me, for Jesus Christ's sake," and you will assuredly receive, sooner or later, the teaching you ask, and be ready to exclaim with Elihu: "Who teacheth like Him?" (Job xxxvi. 22).

Obedience.

OBEDIENCE leads to wisdom,
And the humble soul,
Treading the path of duty,
Finds its goal:
The well of knowledge,
And the fountain bright,
Of mysteries hidden
From the careless sight.

Obedience is the altar
Whereupon doth fall
Heaven's consecrating lightning;
Therein all
The veils of darkness
Shrivel and consume;
But hearts obedient
God's light doth illume.

F. P. B.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

AUGUST 14.

THE RED SEA. EXODUS XIV. 15-31.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 15.—'*And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*'

CONNECTION.—The Israelites, after the Tenth Plague and their own passover-deliverance, had repaired from their several abodes to **Succoth** ('booths'), apparently as a general rendezvous; and thence to **Etham**, on the frontier which separated the cultivated land of Egypt from the desert beyond. The approximate sites of these two stations are given in the 'Biblical Atlas' R.T.S. (map iii.) with a brief discussion as to their probable locality. Compare map xv., 'Modern Egypt,' and see sketch map that will be given in 'Sunday at Home,' Aug. 13. From the frontier a direct caravan route led to Palestine through the land of the fierce and hardy tribe that held Philistia in the south-west, and were formidable even to Egypt. These warriors would have seriously harassed the Israelites in their present state; accordingly they were divinely guided out of **the way of the Philistines**, southwards, into a defile on the Red Sea shore, **before Pi-hahiroth,*** somewhere near the modern Suez. Here the great host is hemmed in, between mountains in front (the Atâkah) and on the right, and the sea to the left. Pharaoh, having recovered from the stupor into which the death of the first-born must have thrown him and his people, exults to find the Israelite host **entangled in the land**, and pursues them with his chariots and cavalry. The Israelites, on their part, are struck with consternation, and cry out against Moses; the first instance of a faithlessness that was hereafter to be so often shown.

I. THE WORD OF JEHOVAH TO MOSES.—*Read vers.* 15–18. In this crisis, a Voice is heard from the pillar of cloud—the Voice that had spoken from the burning bush. Moses had bidden the people to wait, as for an oracle; ver. 13. **Stand still!** in the spirit of solemn reverence, hushed expectancy, **and see the salvation** (deliverance) **of Jehovah.** Well may they have expected some great supernatural conflict with the pursuing hosts, a mighty battle fought for them, while they should look on in wonder and silence. Yet such is not the command given. The children of Israel have simply to **go forward**, by faith, and at once. Moses had been praying—no doubt in deep distress, as the people raged against him—but the hour for such prayer is past. **Wherefore criest thou unto Me?** Not a reproof, but an encouragement. There is a time to pray, and a time to act. The wonder that would now be wrought is distinctly foretold, with the **hardening of the Egyptians' hearts**, so that they should **follow** the fugitives. [Refer to the previous instances in which this hardening is spoken of: show that it does not take away *responsibility* or *guilt*.] The result was to be the **honour** of Jehovah, through the deliverance of His people and the destruction of His enemies. So signal a miracle would show, beyond all question, who was the true God: see ch. xv. 11; and would greatly assist His people in their future struggles for existence and victory. Joshua ii. 9–11.

* The meaning of the name *Pi-hahiroth* is uncertain: the place is to be identified with *Ajaud*, four hours' journey to the N.W. of Suez. *Keil, Robinson*, etc.

II. The Parting of the Waters.—*Read vers.* 19–22. We can but faintly imagine the several steps in this series of stupendous events. First, *the moving of the cloud.* Most thrilling must have been the awe with which the people watched it silently passing, like some shadowy angelic form in the sunset gleam to the rear of their host. It was **the angel of God** that wrought the wonder. Compare ch. xxiii. 20; Num. xx. 16. Yet God Himself manifested His presence in the cloud, ch. xiii. 21. See the expression in Isa. lxiii. 9,—'the Angel of His presence.'

> The questions connected with the manifestation of God by His Angel are well-deserving of study. So clearly, in many passages, the Angel is declared to be Divine, that we conclude him to be no other than the revealed Jehovah, the Word, who 'was with God, and was God.'

A cloud and darkness to the Egyptians, **light by night** to Israel—covering the camp of Jehovah's people with a splendour beyond the brightness of the moon (which now was only a little past the full, but would probably be obscured by the gathering storm) so that they could clearly see to make all their preparations; but casting a dark shadow over their enemies—a most impressive *fact*, an equally significant *emblem*. Truth has two aspects; it is light to the true and sincere, darkness to the hardened and rebellious. Isa. viii. 14; 2 Cor. iv. 3.

Secondly, **Moses stretched out his hand**, bearing the rod, ver. 16, symbol of the power that had wrought the former wonders. The means employed for the division of the waters was **a strong east wind** (or N.E., the Hebrew marking no distinction between the two), the effect of which in this shallow arm of the sea was to drive back **the waters** on each side. Such effects are witnessed to this day in the same place on a smaller scale, a strong north-easterly wind at ebb-tide leaving shoals and sandbanks bare so that the sea can be forded. Here, as in other cases, God employs 'second causes,' intensified in their action, as the means of accomplishing His will. The upper part of this arm of the Red Sea has been so changed in the course of ages that the particular points of passage cannot be accurately indicated, nor the length of the transit. The latter might be three or four miles;* while the strong east wind blew in the faces of the people as they crossed, the spray wildly dashing upon them, the foaming waters right and left, as if restrained by the weight of the tempest, forming like a wall the boundaries of the line of march: and all this amid the uproar and wild commotion of the elements; while still the bright light that was in the cloud illuminated the pathway through the deep. Read Psa. lxxvii. 16–20 for a vivid description of the scene.

III. Pursuit by the Egyptians, and their Destruction.—*Read vers.* 23–28. **The Egyptians pursued.** Where Israel went, why should not they? Regarding the division of the waters only as a natural phenomenon caused by the wind, they also might take advantage of it, and so reach **the midst of the sea.** Josephus gives the number of the Egyptian army at 50,000 horsemen and 200,000 foot soldiers. The passage of the Hebrews continued through the night. The great procession, supposing one thousand men to have marched abreast, must have extended fully two miles—probably quite across the sea. **In the morning watch**—the fourth—beginning three hours before sunrise (Mark xiii. 35), **Jehovah looked unto the host of the Egyptians**—in some dreadful appearance, no doubt, as by flashing fire from the pillar of cloud, which **troubled the host.** Already the returning tide began to ooze through the sands, **their chariot wheels** dragged **heavily**, were loosened and fell off. Rightly did these heathen acknowledge the power of the Most High arrayed against them. **Let us flee**—but it was too late! Israel was safely over, the time had come for the return of the waters—marked again by the outstretching of Moses' rod. **The sea returned to its strength**, lit. to its *continuance*, its customary flow. The wind, changing its direction, aided that flow, ch. xv. 10. Blind panic seized upon the host—**the Egyptians fled against it**—not *from* it—but rushing in their terror to encounter the waves that were surging onward for their destruction. Whithersoever they fled they met the rising waters, and were all terribly engulfed. Was Pharaoh himself with his army? (Psa. cxxxvi. 15.)

IV. Safety of Israel.—*Read vers.* 29–31. The inspired historian, lingering upon the record of the great event, goes back to repeat the tale of deliverance from ver. 22. See the references in later Scriptures to this most signal of deliverances. 'He broke the sea by his strength (Psa. lxxiv. 13, 14). He rebuked the Red Sea (Psa. cvi. 9). He divided the sea into two parts (Psa. lxxviii. 13; cxxxvi. 13–15; Neh. ix. 11). He dried the sea, the waters of the great depth (Isa. li. 9, 10; xliii. 16). Thus the people of God were saved by water (1 Pet. iii. 21), since the water destroyed their enemies, and gave them safety and liberty.'—*Churton.* **Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore**—a visible pledge to them that they were finally free from those who had enslaved them, and a pledge of further deliverances.

> It is a singular circumstance that, supposing Thotmes ii. to have been the Pharaoh, the Egyptian history shows a sudden cessation of military activity in the years immediately succeeding his death. Not until seventeen years afterwards is there any recorded expedition into the Sinaitic Peninsula, and twenty-two years elapsed before any measures were taken to recover the lost ascendancy of Egypt in Syria. 'Speaker's Commentary.'

The result was that **Israel saw . . . and feared . . . and believed.** Their entering the channel of the sea had been an act of faith: 'By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land; which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned' (Heb. xi. 29). Now their faith was strengthened—first, **in Jehovah.** They recognised His supremacy, they acknowledged His guardian care: and next they believed in **His servant Moses**, that he, as the accredited messenger of God, was to be their trusted leader. So, to use the figure of the Apostle Paul, 'they were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea' (1 Cor. x. 2). Compare Exod. xix. 9: 'Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever.' The effect would also be a salutary fear. So terrible was the God of Israel to His enemies!

Questions.

1. Describe the Egyptian war-chariot.
2. Give parallels in the history of Israel to this 'standing still to behold the salvation of the Lord.'
3. What is taught us in the Old Testament respecting the Angel-Jehovah?
4. What circumstances give a miraculous character to natural phenomena?
5. Show by Scripture citations the high and constant place which this great deliverance held in memory, as the era when the national life of Israel began.

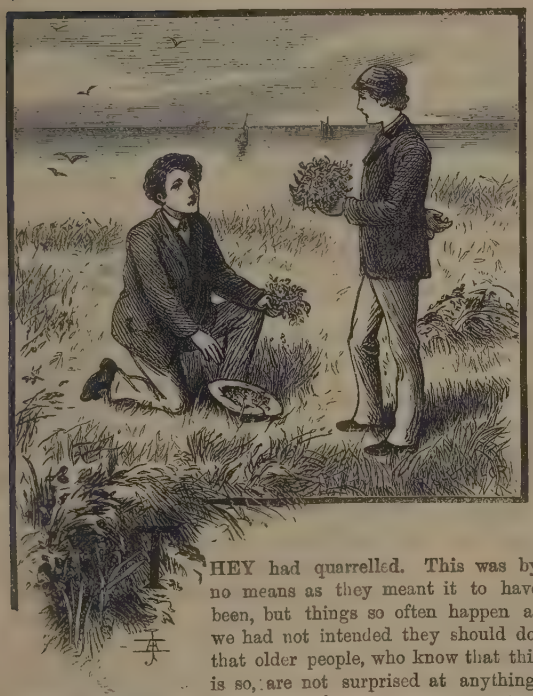
* 'At the point where Suez lies, the western bank juts out in a point, to the east, so that the bay has only a breadth of two-thirds of an English mile. But below the town, towards the south, the bank retires in a deep bend to the west, having a breadth of water of from three to four English miles. The bottom of this stretch of sea, consists, next the land, of sand-banks and rocky soil, firm and level, and sprinkled with sea-grass. The sand banks run out to this from the eastern shore, and with the exception of a small opening, are dry at the lowest ebb, or covered with only little water.' *Dr. C. Geikie,* 'Hours with the Bible,' ii. 177.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

I.



THEY had quarrelled. This was by no means as they meant it to have been, but things so often happen as we had not intended they should do, that older people, who know that this is so, are not surprised at anything. This may not be at all times good for us, for we are apt to forget that, after all, our lives are very much what they are made by us.

George Trevenna and Edward Manstone had quarrelled. Yesterday they had been the greatest friends in all the world; and no wonder, for there was so much to draw them close together. They were two boys; George was thirteen and Edward about his age. From their cradles they had lived together; ever since they had been able to walk and talk, they had been like brothers; many a time had they agreed that nothing in the world should make them drift apart; often had they read together that wondrous story of David's love for Jonathan, and they had said that George should be a later David and Edward as a Jonathan.

"Just," said Edward, as one summer afternoon they walked upon the cliffs which towered above them, "as the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul, so shall it be with you. Why not? Saul is not alive, and the days are different, but love lives still."

He was taller than his age, was Edward Manstone, tall and slight and fair, with a clear and handsome face, and eyes which did not fear to meet the glance of anyone. He was no dreamer, they were neither of them that, but quite alive to the fact that Saul was dead, and the days were different. They were just two boys, as full of fun and frolic as any lads throughout the land; the only thing was, that circumstances had caused them to see early that life is a reality, and the chief business of our lives is labour.

For they were orphans; father and mother they had none, each had to stand alone, and fight his battles as he could. George Trevenna lived with his uncle, if you might call it living, when his uncle told him, day after day, and hour after hour, that he would that he were far away. Mr. Tregothian was one of those whom the world calls a "ne'er-do-well:" he had done nothing well; his boyhood he had wasted, his manhood he had done worse than waste, and now, in his age, he had lost his self-respect, and with that the respect of men, for he was a drunkard. He had some small means of his own, an income left him by a relative, and with that he struggled on; he occupied a small farm, his own property, but it fell to rack and ruin, for he was no longer fit for work. As yet, though he had often threatened it, he had not turned his nephew George out upon the heath; for there was still a truckle-bed upstairs which the boy called his own, but it was little food he got, and of that the quality was bad; it would have gone hard with him, indeed, if it had not been for Edward Manstone.

Not that Edward was much better off than he, not so far as money goes, at any rate. He lived with his aunt; she was nearly as poor as anyone could be. She was not clever, she was never beautiful; but she was rich in love, and beautiful because of it. She was a widow; had an only child, a little girl. She had need to work her hardest to provide food for herself and little one, yet, when her sister died, who was like herself a widow, and left nothing but a little boy, without a moment's hesitation she took him to her home and heart, and made a very son of him. This was eleven years ago, and ever since Edward had known George, who lived not far away.

Mrs. Wilson pitied George as she had done Edward, and at all times made him welcome to her home. Thus it came about that the widow, and George, and Edward, and her daughter Mary were like one family, living together in more harmony than, alas! some families do.

Children of the poor age soon; this is but natural, and it would be hard with them if it were otherwise. The poor child sees his parents toiling, he is taught that he who does not toil is not half a man, and soon perceives that, unless he toils also there will be no happiness in life for him. It is a mistake to think that it is the parents who drive the children out to labour; it is the children, seeing the labourer is privileged, who long to go.

George and Edward lived in Cornwall. In some respects Cornwall sets an example to the rest of England. Generally speaking, its people are godly, and, as a necessary consequence, sober and industrious. Godliness is a first consideration; all the rest comes afterwards. Mrs. Wilson had trained the boys up in the fear of the Lord. Of booklearning she had little, but she was a very scholar in her knowledge of the Lord.

And the two lads, and Mary too, had been apt pupils. They had not lived on the fat of the land, nor in any sort of luxury. Things had been hard with them; but for all that they still were young, and youth is the age of poetry. Clothes had not been plentiful, and many a time the boots were cobbled before they were worn out—but they were none the worse for that. Hard living and hard fare are not without their blessings; there are few weaklings among the Cornish poor. The Lord had been good to them, they had no doubt of that, not one—from Mrs. Wilson down to Mary. It was the song which Mrs. Wilson always sung, and they never doubted it.

Both George and Edward thought of God as of their father; it was strange now thoroughly the words had entered into their souls, "Our Father which art in Heaven;" and as they said "Our Father" they would clasp each other's hands, and dwell on "Our," for the thought that He was to each alike a Father, made it seem that they were brothers, which they would have been indeed.

Edward, as has been said, was tall, and slight, and fair, but George was otherwise. He was short and broad, and very dark, his black eyes were full of roguish fun; his brow was open, and there was resolution in the squareness of his chin. He was quick in movement, but not so quick as Edward. When they ran, in a hundred yards Edward would leave him far behind; but in a mile George would be in front again. This

was like their characters; Edward was all impulse, quick in thought and action; George was not so quick, but when a work was once begun, he never put it down till it was done, while Edward would perhaps make six beginnings, and yet not finish once.

Edward loved romance, George loved practice; in their conversations Edward would lead his friend to regions in which he found it difficult to follow. The gift of speech was his; he was poet-born. George would weigh and ponder, Edward would never hesitate.

The future which they planned was indeed a happy one. Side by side, hand in hand, they were to face the world together, and the Lord was to knit them into one. They had heard the fable of the bundle of sticks, and Edward applied the moral unto them. He, too, had a dozen texts of Scripture, which were suited to just such a case as theirs.

"A house divided against itself shall not stand, nor shall such a kingdom stand," said he. "Unity is strength; the army of the Lord is one great band, disunion is not known with them; so shall it be with us. Together we will stand, together we will fall; it certainly is more difficult to conquer two than one."

Sometimes Mary formed one of the conference, and of course she was to share the triumphs they would win. A bonny lass was Mary, always thinking more of others than herself; brown and bonny, very proud of the two boys. She believed in them implicitly; everything was possible to them, and what was possible they would be sure to do. Edward was to be a preacher, a poet, and a writer all in one. George was to be an engineer, a mining captain first, and then the greatest of the great engineers those parts had seen. Thus they had planned their future, and Mary did not doubt that it would fall out according to their plans.

Yet they had quarrelled. Of all things that can be done, the easiest is to quarrel, almost the hardest to make peace again. Such a little thing, oh children, and the memories, the vows of years are all forgotten. Just that rift in the flute, of which you may have heard, and all the melody is gone; a friend is changed into an enemy, too seldom to become a friend again.

The cause of contention was so trivial. It was on the North Cliffs, just by Portreath. The day was fair, the sun hung in a sky of cloudless blue, a breeze blew from the sea, and they lay upon a mossy bank amid the gorse and heather, looking at the silver sails flashing across the summer sea. High overhead, lost in the vasty space, a lark poured forth its flood of melody, making glad with the music of its song, earth, and sky, and sea. The world was all at peace. It was one of those days, typical of the after peace of Heaven, in which a man bares his head and, as the many-scented gales play round his heated brow, his heart joins with the lark in its psalm of praise.

The boys lay there and dreamed; their caps were off, and their heads were pillowed on the mossy couch; all was still; only the larks sang on; little wonder that the hardness of their daily life was forgotten then.

"George," said Edward dreamily, as he tried to follow with his eyes, the lark in its tabernacle in the sky, "I always think that it was on such a day as this that Jesus went to heaven; I think I see it all, the mountain, and the disciples kneeling round—I can fancy that just such a breeze as this was blowing, and the birds were singing; I am almost sure the larks were there."

"If that were so," answered George, when he had mused awhile, "then all at once the day must have been turned to night; I know if I had been there to see, I should have cared little for the blue sky, or the singing birds, when the Lord was gone."

"Why so? the parting must have been sweet; His going was evidence to them that they should meet again; where He went they would go too; and there would be parting never more; I think—I think it must have been a happy time; in faith they ascended with the Lord, and they knew—they knew that indeed they would follow soon."

Soon after that they rose, and started off for home, picking flowers by the way; Mrs. Wilson, and Mary too, loved flowers, and everywhere were primroses, pink, and white, and yellow. As they walked, they talked of many things.

"I should not like the weather always thus, nor the skies for ever blue," said Edward, as he arranged his posy—fern leaves without, primroses for the outer ring, yellow ones next, and white for the heart within; "I should be wearied in a while."

"Not only so," said George, whose hat, full of flowers, was on the ground, while he knelt beside it, arranging them one by one, "but winter tries a man"—he spoke as though he were a man already; "it's like failure, it proves if he is strong, if so, it makes him stronger, if not, he gives way to a stronger man."

"Then the weak would all go down; the Lord would not have it so; He will raise the weak, and put down the strong."

But George could not see it; he did not say so in plain words; he arranged his flowers, and made no reply, but in his heart it puzzled him to think that this was so; the strong, he thought, not only could, but should prove their strength in everything; it was not only strength of body—it was not even strength of body in the first degree which made one strong; it was strength of mind, and heart, and will—these made one strong; such a one, it seemed to him, would and should be victor in a fray.

It was after that the quarrel came; it was about the lightest thing,—what matters what? They fell out by the way; they argued, they differed, they grew heated; then they quarrelled, and soon in the sudden outburst of anger were perilously near to blows. The sun was shining, and the day was calm. A few minutes before, their thoughts were in the Land of Peace, and they spoke of the Lord of Love; overhead was that fair Land, and that dear Lord looked down.

Now it came to a rude trial of strength—at first in a sort of rough play, then more seriously, as pride and passion began to spring. The posies were scattered to the winds; mother and Mary were both forgotten; they had other things to think of now; the flowers—the flowers they loved so well—were trodden under foot; what had they done to be treated so? The lark still sang in its tabernacle in the sky; the silver sails still gleamed upon the summer sea; the sweet-scented gales still blew from over the Atlantic waves; the sun still shone upon a lovely world; the heavens still knew no cloud; all nature was the same, but they were changed.

A precipice was close at hand; this they did not heed; nearer and nearer they approached the edge; not till the last moment did George perceive the danger they were in. Edward had his back to it and could not see; George never thought of it at all, until, in a moment of horror, he awoke to the fact that Edward was standing on the very edge of space. Before he could speak, or move, or cry, before he could pluck him from his threatening fate, he took one step farther back—he was gone.

Over the cliffs, far from his sight; for one moment he stood stunned, it could not be; then, knowing that it was, he gave a great cry, covered his face with his hands, fell upon his knees, and wept; such tears; a grief which rocked him to and fro, he who never cried; what had he done?

"Ted! Ted!" he shouted—it never occurred to him that to call upon his friend was vain, "Ted!—my own Ted! where have you gone?"

But no answer came. For some seconds he wept and cried, and did not take his hands from before his face; the sun was blotted out for him, the night was come; upon the grass he knelt, just where Edward had stood last, terrified to think he was alone.

From one paroxysm he passed into another; taking his hands away, still sobbing, "Ted! Ted! my own Ted!" repeating it mechanically, as though he did not know what he was saying—shaking as with palsy, he looked over the precipice, fearful to see what might be seen. But what he saw, dried his tears upon the instant; presence of mind returned—that presence of mind for which he was well known, and he woke to the reality of his situation.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE SISTERS.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER I.—THE WINTERBURN GIRLS.

FOR two hundred years there had been Winterburns at Thorn Farm, living in the old house that stands among orchards, and meadows, and green pastures; and the ancient home had sheltered a hardy race. Sons had grown up in the likeness of their fathers; strong, kindly-natured, and firm of will; daughters had trodden in the footsteps of their mothers, and were known as quiet, earnest women, fearing God, and considering the poor. It was generally said that the Winterburns repeated themselves, and preserved their type unchanged from generation to generation. Other families degenerated; theirs never did; no one ever spoke of a Winterburn as having gone down in the world, or taken to bad ways. They were the same nowadays

as they had been in old times; always honest, steadfast and true.

Thorn Farmhouse was, and is, a long low dwelling built of dark-red bricks, with diamond-paned casements set deep in ivy wreaths. All through the summer days the hall-door stood open, and the big bloodhound and slim greyhound lay sleeping on the sunny threshold.

Within the house there were low rooms with beams across the ceilings; long dark passages with a step up here, and a step down there; cupboards and shelves in unexpected nooks, and little slits of windows in niches where you did not look for them.

As to the bowery old garden, every inch of ground was stocked with riches and sweets. Mint, and thyme, and marjoram sent up a pungent fragrance from their lowly beds; and "hot lavender" grew thickly. There was a certain grassy path hemmed in by rose-bushes, where the turf was often covered with petals, white and pink; and there was another path that ran along between the privet-hedge and the filbert-trees, and was a shady retreat in sultry weather.

The birds were well acquainted with the black and white and red currants, and big white-heart cherries. Generation after generation of feathered thieves had feasted luxuriously at the expense of the Winterburns, and had never been in the least afraid of the old hats and coats stuck up to intimidate them. But the farmer and his household were not hard upon the birds, and seemed quite content that robins, finches, thrushes, blackbirds, and sparrows should have a share of the fruit.

"Nothing but gunpowder will ever keep them off," Mr. Winterburn would say, when he saw them perching derisively on his most terrific scarecrow; "and they shall never be shot while I'm master of Thorn Farm."

The garden went rambling up to an ivy-grown fence which parted it from the orchard at the back of the house, and beyond the orchard lay the wide fields where "winking marybuds" drank the morning dew and glistened in the early sunlight of spring. There the cows cropped the sweet grass, and came lowing down the gentle slope at milking-time; and there, in the night-stillness, stealthy wild creatures crept out under the stars, and went straying over the cool sod. A belt of woodland encompassed the fields; and oak and beech caught the last red glory of sunset on their ivy-clasped stems, and made a pleasant darkness which the kine loved to seek in the glare of noontide.

I introduce you to the old farmhouse in autumn, when the Virginia creeper has hung its crimson fringes round the windows to console us for the faded roses. The day is dreamy and still; the time is afternoon, just the hour when distant hills begin to lose their outlines in a faint purple haze, and a golden mist gathers over the woods and fields.

As usual, the hall-door was open; and Delia Winterburn, coming out to look for her sister, had to step between the outstretched limbs of Bevis and Ruby. The dogs, too lazy to rise, thumped the ground with their tails in languid recognition of her presence.

The westering sunbeams shone on Delia's face as she walked leisurely along the garden path. Miss Winterburn was one of those women who do everything leisurely; she had a cool, slow way of performing all the duties of life, but they were sure to be well and thoroughly done. Never in a hurry, rarely showing any outward trace of discomposure, some people were provoked by that unruffled calm of hers, and called her inanimate and unfeeling. But there were sick mothers and children in Thistledean who understood her better than that, and could tell of the warm heart and quick sympathy that lay hidden under her still manner.

The face that the sun shone upon was a full, oval English face, with heavy, but regular features, and clear blue eyes. Light brown hair as smooth as satin was neatly plaited at the back of the head, and everything about the figure betokened care and refinement. Delia Winterburn was above middle height, a stately well-formed young woman of two-and-twenty, looking older than her years, but possessing that staid kind of comeliness that does not soon show time's changes, and outlasts a more girlish type of beauty.

Bees were humming over beds of mignonette, and buzzing in and out of Canterbury bells; and wasps feasted greedily on the vine wall, where grapes were ripening in the mellow warmth of September. No sounds were to be heard save these soft insect murmurs; even the stir of the farmyard was hushed, and cocks and hens seemed to be under the drowsy spell of the afternoon.

"I shall find her in the filbert-walk," said Delia to herself.

The filbert-walk was the grassy path at the bottom of the garden; a spot much frequented by Delia's younger sister when she was in a studious or a dreamy mood. It was a narrow path, so narrow indeed that two could only just walk abreast between the privet hedge and the row of thickly-growing filbert-trees. Delia's instincts had not misled her; the person she sought was sitting on a little rustic seat at the end of the alley with an open book on her knees.

The ivied fence made a dark background for the bright brown head that leaned against it, and stray tresses of wavy hair looked red gold in the sun. Prudence Winterburn, two years younger than her sister, was altogether a smaller and slighter maiden, and there was but little likeness between Delia and herself.

While Delia's cheeks bloomed with fresh roses, Prudence was pale, but her skin had the pure healthy whiteness of the privet-blossoms, and her lips were brightly red. Her features, less regular than Delia's, were more delicately moulded; and her figure, if less stately, had more of the supple grace of girlhood. She had large blue-gray eyes, as soft and wistful as a child's when it is listening to a nursery tale, and it was perhaps that earnest, listening look that gave an indescribable charm to her face.

"I have some news for you, Prue," said Delia, in her full, sedate voice. "You can hear it now if you like; or if you are absorbed in your book I can tell it later."

"I should like to hear it at once," was the quick response; "one so seldom hears news."

"Mr. Sorrell has been here," Delia began. "He came to tell me that his bachelor household is about to undergo a great change; he——"

"Oh Delia, he isn't going to be married?"

"Married! Of course not. His niece, Mrs. Chafford, is coming to live with him; that's all. You know she is the widow of that Mr. Chafford, an army chaplain, who died in India."

"Has she any children?"

"Two, a girl and boy; so of course there will be changes at Pine Cottage. Mr. Sorrell is looking about for another servant; he thinks Keziah Leever may suit him, and asked my opinion."

"Keziah has a hot temper, Delia; how would she get on with the children?"

"I told him about her temper, but added that she was thoroughly honest and trustworthy. I believe he will give her a trial; the little Chaffords, he says, are remarkably good children."

"That is fortunate; I always had a notion that Anglo-Indian children were very troublesome."

"But they are not fresh from India; the girl is ten, and the boy eight, and they have been living with Mrs. Paget, their mother's sister. Mrs. Chafford came home nearly two years ago, after her husband's death, and has been leading an unsettled kind of life, paying a series of visits to relations and friends. Poor thing; she wants to be at rest!"

"I wonder that she didn't come straight to Pine Cottage when she was left a widow. Mr. Sorrell always spoke of her with great affection."

"I suppose she had to stay with her husband's people for a time," Delia replied. "But Mr. Sorrell fancies that they were not very kind."

"What have they done to her?"

"I don't know; I am half inclined to think that they have been borrowing her money, and she cannot have much to spare! But this is mere surmise. The dear old man looked grave and pained when he spoke of the Chaffords, and said he feared that they did not consider the fatherless children and the widow; that was all. He added something about 'demands on poor Josephine's resources;' but I could not distinctly hear the words."

"Poor dear old Mr. Sorrell," said Prudence, shutting her book, and rising from her rustic seat. "It does appear hard that an old bachelor should be burdened with the care of other people's children. His nieces and nephews seem fated to give him anxiety in his age; I suppose he is still worrying himself about that luckless godson of his?"

"You mean Mrs. Chafford's cousin, Garret Montague. It is a sad business. It seems he will never be fit for the service any more; and he is lamed for life, poor fellow."

"I forget how he came to be hurt; was he doing anything reckless?"

"My dear Prue, no. He was injured in a railway accident last year, just before Christmas. It is well that he has such a good friend as Mr. Sorrell; I think he will be invited to make Pine Cottage his home for a time."

"I hope Mr. Montague and Mrs. Chafford won't spoil the peace of their uncle's last days," said Prudence, shaking her head. "Talking of peace, Delia, did you ever know a more perfectly peaceful day than this?" She turned as she spoke, and stood looking across the fence to the orchard. Old knotty boughs were bending beneath their load of ruddy apples; and the sun, sinking lower and lower, was pouring a flood of amber light on moss-grown trunks and deep grass, until the place looked like a bit of glorious dreamland. The lights were so rich and the shadows so still, that the scene fairly glowed with intense colouring; and the distance was faintly clouded by that soft haze which is one of the special charms of a fair autumn.

"I am so happy," said Prudence, drawing a long breath. "A day like this makes me feel amply contented with life; there are no inward cravings and murmurings. I daresay a great many people would call mine a humdrum existence, but I don't think I desire a change."

"Change often means pain," Delia replied.

"Yes; sometimes when I have wanted a break in this sweet monotony, I have almost feared the granting of my wish. And yet it would be pleasant to have a friend—not another sister, Delia—but a friend—a kindred soul."

"It would be pleasant," Delia answered. "But I always quake at the thought of a new influence coming into my life. It may mislead, or it may hinder me in my race."

"We ought to know an angel from a fiend, Delia. We should not fear to welcome a true friend."

"But, Prue, how can we be sure that people are true? Too often the fiends assume the garb of the 'shining ones;' it is not wise to give a hasty welcome. Let us see how the shining robe wears before we yield our trust."

"I think we may rely on our instincts," said Prudence, in a sage manner.

"Not always," Delia answered. "'They were dangerous guides the feelings,' and feeling is another word for instinct."

"O Delia, you are quoting the worldly mother in Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall.' That was one of her 'little hoard of maxims,' you know."

"Never mind whose maxim it was, it is worth remembering."

And Prudence did remember it in a time to come.

A distant church-clock began to strike five, and was sharply interrupted by the farmhouse clock breaking out into clear strokes that had an imperative sound. Prudence slipped her arm round her sister's waist, and the pair strolled slowly back to the house, the low light playing about their faces and figures, and shining in their eyes.

It was market-day, and Mr. Winterburn and his son Miles would not be at home till eight or nine; on market-days, therefore, the girls chose to have their tea served in their own sanctum—the schoolroom, as it was called still. Here, in earlier times they had studied with the gentle German governess who had tried to fill the place of their lost mother, and sorely had they missed the good *Frau* when she went away.

The schoolroom, with its two latticed windows looking westward, was the brightest room in the house on sunny evenings. Sunset glory streamed in through casements framed in ivy, and the old brown walls were touched with a golden glow. In this apartment one might revel in all the splendour of the dying day; fragrant breaths wandered in from the flower-beds; a beech-tree whispered softly of the coming night, and later on, an owl would come and hoot in the twilight, but no one dreaded its cry. It was here that the girls read, and studied, and sewed, and kept all their favourite books, and many of their cherished possessions.

Five o'clock tea was a substantial meal at Thorn Farm, and thin bread-and-butter did not satisfy the

healthy appetites of the Winterburns. The table was spread with home-made cakes and preserves, and brightened with September flowers; late roses and asters, fuchsias and Michaelmas daisies, with a cluster of scarlet geraniums in the middle of the nosegay. An artist, entering that homely room, would have delighted in its soft colours and quaint furniture, and the figures of the occupants.

"When is Mrs. Chafford expected to arrive?" asked Prudence, while her sister filled the cups.

"This is Tuesday," said Delia, musing—"she will be at Pine Cottage on Friday or Saturday."

"I think I have seen her photograph in Mr. Sorrell's album," Prudence remarked. "I remember a thin face and large dark eyes. She must be a great deal older than her cousin, Garret Montague."

"Oh, yes; a great deal older. Mr. Montague is the only child of Mr. Sorrell's younger sister; that sweet girl in the white gown, whose portrait hangs in his study. He says that Garret is like his mother."

"Poor fellow, what will he do, Delia, if he leaves the service?"

"Mr. Sorrell thinks he will get some quiet kind of occupation by-and-by. Fortunately, he has a small income of his own, so that he can rest, and look about him."

"I hope Keziah Leever will suit Mrs. Chafford," said Prudence, after a pause. "That girl is sadly in want of something to do; I believe occupation will improve her temper. And as the children are not so very little, I daresay they will be quite manageable."

"They will spend most of their time with their mother," Delia replied. "In her letter to Mr. Sorrell she says that her only source of earthly happiness is found in her little ones. She has quite done with the world, and has lost all taste for society."

"Poor thing," said Prudence, with her soft, gray eyes full of pity. "We will all be very kind to her."

CHAPTER II.—JOSEPHINE CHAFFORD.

Friday came, and the little household at Pine Cottage were looking out anxiously for the arrival of the widow and her children.

Turner, the old woman who acted as cook and housekeeper, said it was a bad day for a journey. She hated Fridays; if you entered a new home on a Friday, ill luck stepped in behind you; and if you used a new broom for the first time on that day, the handle was sure to come off. Keziah Leever, now established in the house, listened to these remarks with surprise and disgust.

"After living with a clergyman all these years, Mrs. Turner," she said, "I wonder that you believe in such rubbish. My mother has taught me better than that."

"I'm as good a Christian as anybody," Turner replied. "But no one is a-going to talk me out of hating Fridays. I've seen a deal of life, and when you come to my age, Keziah, you won't think such a sight of your own opinion. Your mother hasn't taught you to respect your elders, anyhow?"

"I may have spoken out too sharply; it's a bad habit of mine," admitted Keziah, with a frankness that soothed the old woman at once. "Only, if we believe that God is our Father, can't He take care of us as well on Fridays as on Sundays?"

"Now don't let's get into a religious argument," said Ellen, the housemaid. "We shall have our hands and heads full of business presently. Mrs. Chafford's train must be in, and it only takes a few minutes to drive here from the railway station."

"Master's all of a fidget in the dining-room," remarked Turner, rising and bestirring herself. "Poor old gentleman; he's got the kindest heart that ever I knew. Ever since he heard of Mr. Chafford's death he's been expecting his niece to come here, children and all. 'This is her home, Turner,' he has said to me, scores of times. But she hasn't seemed to be in a mighty hurry to get to it."

"She'll find this is a dullish place after London," said Ellen, stroking down her fresh white apron. "Hark; here's the fly coming; I can hear the wheels!"

Other ears too had heard the wheels. The Reverend Peter Sorrell, pacing up and down his little dining-room, caught the sound and stopped in the middle of his walk to draw a long breath.

Looking at his erect figure and healthy face, one would scarcely have guessed that Mr. Sorrell was drawing near his threescore years and ten. He had been an active clergyman in his earlier days until a throat disease destroyed his voice and compelled him to give up speaking in public. Now and then he read the lessons in Thistledean church if the vicar were in need of aid; and the sick and poor of the parish knew him well.

Always a man of quiet tastes, he had come to end his life in this remote village, and had lived for twelve years in Pine Cottage. His wants were few; he loved healthy out-of-door occupations and took a genuine pleasure in his garden and poultry-yard.

There was never a break in the regularity of the household routine; the master retired at ten o'clock, and the servants were in their rooms half an hour later. Breakfast was ready at eight, and after that meal there was the usual airing, a few visits to be paid to those needy parishioners who were under his especial care, and then Mr. Sorrell came home punctually at one to luncheon.

Afternoons and evenings were generally spent in intense quietness. Occasionally Mr. Fincham, the vicar, would drop in for a chat; or the curate would call, and confide his own little personal matters to Mr. Sorrell. Simple-minded as the good man was, he seemed to be everybody's counsellor and friend. Those who had ten times his share of worldly wisdom often came to him for advice; and sins and sorrows, heart-secrets, hidden from all others, were whispered in his ears. He was a better listener than talker, and yet no man had a greater gift of soothing a wounded spirit, or comforting a despairing soul.

As the wheels drew nearer, the colour flushed over that kindly old face as if it were a boy's face still. There was a good deal of shyness in Mr. Sorrell's nature; years had passed since he had seen his niece, and there was something formidable in the idea of welcoming a lady with two children.

The fly stopped; Ellen and Keziah rushed out to the gate, and had the carriage-door open in an instant, before the driver could get down from the box.

The first to alight was a little sallow girl, whose

great dark eyes looked too large for her face. She was crumpled and dusty, poor child, after her journey, and gave a long sigh of relief on finding herself at her destination. Her brother stepped out next, a pretty little fellow, blue-eyed and curly-haired; but too pale and weary-looking for a boy of his years. Keziah's heart warmed to him at once, and he answered her glance with a sweet, shy smile.

Lastly descended the widow herself, a slender woman, rather tall, with a pale, dark skin, and large eyes like her daughter's. She moved slowly, and with a languor that was perhaps almost too pronounced; but her manner duly impressed the country servants with the idea of her fine-ladyhood.

Very deliberately she walked along the little garden-path that led to the house, her dusty black draperies hanging loosely around her, and her children bringing up the rear. Mr. Sorrell, still somewhat red with suppressed emotion, met her in the hall with outstretched hands.

"You must be very tired, my dear," he said, the kind, husky voice trembling. "You are welcome, Josephine; you have come to your home."

"Dear uncle, it is such a rest!" she answered wearily. "Here are the children; they have been longing to know you." Sybil Chafford held out a little brown hand to Mr. Sorrell, and looked searchingly into his face with those great eyes of hers. They were unchildlike eyes he thought, vaguely, as he kissed her; it was a relief to turn to the shy Walter, who meekly returned his greeting. There was an awkward pause, a few more commonplace sentences, and then Mrs. Chafford was respectfully ushered to her room by Ellen, while Keziah led the children to the chambers prepared for their use. When the housemaid had retired, she heard the bolt drawn sharply, and said to herself that the lady was glad to be alone.

Glad to be alone! Josephine Chafford's first act was to untie her bonnet and fling it on the bed, the second, to open her travelling-bag and take out a spirit-flask from which she poured a draught, and drank it in haste. The flask was quickly replaced, and the bag securely locked, before she proceeded to change her attire.

Her two trunks had been carried upstairs and uncorded, before she entered the room, and it was merely the work of a few minutes to unlock one of the boxes, and get out a soft black gown, with white frills at the throat and wrists. The next thing produced was a dressing-case, and then the widow went to work at her toilet in good earnest.

"Somebody may be dropping in this evening—who knows?" she thought. "Uncle Peter has friends, I suppose, even in a ridiculous place like this; and there may be some worth knowing."

A massive plait of dark hair was added to Josephine's scanty tresses; mysterious silver-topped bottles were opened, and presently the western sunlight shone in upon a renovated face; cheeks touched with a delicate glow, lips freshly red.

It was not, and never had been, a pretty face; the features were irregular, and there was a want of softness in the contour. But, in the world's phrase, Mrs. Chafford was a woman who "made up very well;" and she possessed a never-failing fund of self-confidence. After settling her frills, putting on a jet necklace, and shaking out her black folds, she surveyed herself with perfect satisfaction.

"Are you ready, mother?" called Sybil's shrill voice at the door. "We want something to eat."

"Coming, darling," responded Josephine in her softest tone; but there was one thing more to be done before she left the room.

Plunging her hand into the corner of the larger trunk, she drew forth a Bible, plainly bound in Russian leather, and clasped with silver. A little shield on the cover bore the inscription: "Josephine West, from her affectionate uncle, Peter Sorrell."

This relic of her maiden days was placed conspicuously on a corner of the toilet-table; and then Josephine unbolted her chamber-door, and joined the impatient children.

It was now six o'clock, and Sybil and Walter saw with satisfaction the well-spread table in the dining-room. Mr. Sorrell's dinner-hour was seven, but he had not been unmindful of the wants of the travellers, and the children enjoyed the substantial tea that was provided. Not a single rustic dainty was wanting; the eggs, ham, and cream might have tempted the most delicate appetite, and the Winterburns had sent a jar of honey from Thorn Farm. The little Chaffords feasted in silent content, while their mother trifled with her cup and plate, and kept up an easy flow of talk.

"The Pagets are not doing very well, I fear, Uncle Peter," she said confidentially. "I wish Henry had resolved to make his income suffice for his needs instead of going in for speculations. He did not say much about his affairs, but Annie used to watch his face very anxiously when he came home from the City."

"Henry Paget is a pleasant fellow enough; but he lacks judgment, I am afraid," Mr. Sorrell replied; "and Annie was always fond of gaiety; her tastes are expensive."

Mrs. Chafford sighed.

"I daresay the Pagets were a little too lively for you, my dear," said the old man sympathisingly. "Thistledean will suit you exactly; there will be nothing to break up the repose of your life."

"It is just what I have longed for," answered his niece, with gentle fervour. "Ever since my husband's death I have been forced into society, and people have seemed to forget that my heart was buried in India. There are so few who can enter into a widow's sorrow."

"None, perhaps; save One who raised a widow's son at Nain," said Mr. Sorrell.

Mrs. Chafford sighed again.

"I wish my husband's relatives thought more about religion, Uncle Peter," she remarked after a pause. "Dear Frank used to say that his mother and sisters lived as if there were no life beyond this world. I found them quite absorbed in pleasure."

"I thought you were not satisfied with them; your letter told me a good deal," rejoined Mr. Sorrell, with a glance at Sybil, who had finished her tea, and was listening with all her might.

"I was disappointed in their reception of me; I had expected that they would be full of sympathy and kindness, but—what is the matter, dear uncle?"

"I beg pardon, my dear; but—but don't you observe that little pitchers have long ears?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Chafford, following the direction of his eyes; "they never repeat anything; and Sybil is my second self."

Sybil gave a smile, or rather, a grin, which made Mr. Sorrell think of Sepoys.

"Mother always tells me everything," she said in her sharp voice.

"Not quite everything, dear," responded Josephine with a quick look at her uncle. "If you have finished tea you may leave the table; and as you are tired you must go very early to bed. Walter is half asleep already."

"Oh no, mother, he's wide-awake. Mayn't we just take a run in the garden?"

"It is scarcely dusk yet; if one of the maids——"

"Keziah will attend them; it is her business," said Mr. Sorrell, touching the bell.

"Thank you, dear uncle; it is a long time since they have had a maid," said Mrs. Chafford gratefully. "You are most thoughtful and kind."

The garden was not large, and Sybil and Walter had soon exhausted its sources of amusement. When they had careered up and down the neat gravelled walks for about ten minutes, they expressed the decided opinion that Uncle Peter lived in a stupid place.

"Mother said it would be awfully dull, and we should all be bored," said Walter.

"Oh, Walter, you mustn't repeat things," cried Sybil with a glance at Keziah. "And you're always making mistakes, you know."

"She did say it," muttered Walter doggedly.

"Nonsense, naughty boy," said his sister in her shrillest tone. "The garden will be a great deal prettier by daylight," she added, addressing herself to Keziah: "we are both rather tired, and it feels damp out here."

"The dew is falling, miss," Keziah answered. "It will be better for you to come indoors, I think; and I must see about unpacking your things."

"Oh yes; I'll help you to unpack," said Sybil promptly.

"So will I," cried Walter. "I want to get out my indiarubber ball; it's stowed in a corner of my box, among the top things. Come on."

Both children accompanied Keziah to the house without further delay, and were met at the door by Mrs. Chafford. A whispered word or two induced them to say good-night to Mr. Sorrell.

"You won't want to come downstairs again, dears," said Josephine persuasively.

"No, mother; not if you'll promise to come to my room before you go to bed," replied Sybil.

"Yes, love; I'll promise. Only don't try to keep yourself awake."

The widow found dinner a dull affair, and was rejoiced when it came to an end. The sound of the door-bell gave her a thrill of hope; but it was only Mr. Fincham, the vicar, who entered the little drawing-room with all the unceremoniousness of an old friend. He had come to talk to Mr. Sorrell on a parish matter, and Josephine longed to make her escape upstairs.

"Perhaps you are tired, my dear," said her uncle, ever considerate. "Do not stay here if you would rather be in your room."

So Mrs. Chafford gladly availed herself of the permission to depart; and betook herself, wearily enough, up the steep and narrow stairs that led to the upper apartments.

The children's rooms, two moderately-sized chambers with a door of communication between them, were close to her own. She entered her daughter's room with a soft step, and heard Walter's regular breathing through the open door; the boy slept soundly, but the girl was wide awake; Josephine could see her eyes shining in the candle-light.

"There's no fear of disturbing Walter," said Sybil in a loud whisper, as her mother came to her side.

"Has he been a good boy?" the widow asked.

"Pretty good. He went quietly to bed—he was so sleepy; but he began to talk in the garden."

"What did he say, Sybil?"

"He told Keziah that you said it would be awfully dull here, and we should all be bored."

"He must not say things of that kind. Mind, darling, you must always seem to be pleased with this house and everything that belongs to Uncle Peter."

"It's a very ugly house, mother."

"It is not pretty; but we have to live here for the present."

"For a long time, mother?"

"I don't know. We are not rich, Sybil, and I can't afford to pay the rent of a house in town. We must be very careful to please Uncle Peter; he really is kind, and he has given us a home."

"I wish we could have stayed with Aunt Annie and Uncle Henry."

"They had not room enough for us in the house; and then, too, they have not a great deal of money. We were obliged to come here."

"Mother, do you think you'll have any more of those horrid letters that worried you so dreadfully?"

"I am afraid so," Josephine answered, with a very genuine sigh. "My troubles are not ended yet, Sybil."

"They are troubles about money, aren't they?" said the little girl shrewdly. "That's why we have such shabby clothes, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear; I am very shabby too."

"Oh no, mother; not *very*. I have seen you wearing beautiful gowns in the evenings, when you were going to parties. But there won't be any parties here."

"No. You must not talk to any one about my beautiful gowns, Sybil; and don't mention parties. I hope Walter will be kept silent."

"Walter is hard to manage," said Sybil gravely. "You'll have to lecture him a bit, mother; else he'll chatter to Keziah."

"It is vulgar to talk too much to servants; I shall warn him," Mrs. Chafford replied. "And you must watch him narrowly, darling."

"I do watch him and listen to him," responded Sybil, swelling with importance. "Don't you remember how I heard Ann, at grandma's, asking him questions, and I came and told you at once?"

"Yes, dearie, you were very good. It is right for an elder sister to watch over a brother; and boys are far more thoughtless than girls. Always let me know if Keziah seems at all inquisitive."

"Yes, mother; you may trust me."

"I am sure I may. Good-night, and God bless you, my sweetest."

It did not, perhaps, occur to Josephine that she was not leading her daughter into that straight road where blessings are sure to be found.

Little Sybil's path was a crooked one, full of secrets and mysteries, which had a dangerous kind of fasci-

nation for a precocious child. It was delightful to feel that she was her mother's *confidante*, and know that a private understanding existed between them. Other little girls might glory in their fine clothes, but she was triumphant in the thought that she had a deep insight into her mother's personal affairs, and comprehended things that are usually hidden from children of her years.

But was all this a good preparation for womanhood?

Josephine always thought and spoke of herself as a devoted mother, and never failed to remind her friends that her children were taught to read the Bible and say their prayers. They were quick at learning anything: texts, collects, and hymns were committed to memory readily enough, and repeated when occasion required. But, good as Scriptural schooling is, there is a training that goes deeper still—the training of example and unconscious influence.

With a heavy heart Mrs. Chafford closed the door of her little girl's chamber, and went noiselessly to her own room. It was by no means a luxuriously furnished apartment, for Mr. Sorrell's habits were so simple and his wants so few, that he had little notion of the requirements of a lady accustomed to every form of self-indulgence. Josephine looked round for a couch in vain; the nearest approach to an easy-chair was one of wicker-work bought of a travelling gipsy; there was no cheval-glass, and the wardrobe was a clumsy contrivance of painted wood. Yet everything was scrupulously neat and clean, nor was there any lack of necessaries, but the absence of ornament and elegance was bitterly felt.

"I wonder how long I shall have to stay here!" sighed Josephine, as she lay down to rest.

MY SECOND CURACY.

III.—MY FELLOW-LODGERS.

I WISHED to take my lodgings in the centre of my peculiar district, if possible, but from there being none I could occupy with comfort or decency I was obliged to abandon my intention, and therefore took a second floor in one of the quiet streets of the leading thoroughfare. They were dreadfully dear, but it was Hobson's choice. For two rooms, including coals and attendance, I paid 85*l.* a year. A quiet street, forsooth! As one result I had music in all its varieties the whole of the day and sometimes far into the night. Do the opera companies sell all their wind instruments that are unable to be tuned any longer to the German bands which perambulate such localities? Do organ-grinders imagine that we have no ear for harmony, that they play constantly in discord? Do the punch-and-judy men, and the men with monkeys think that we have nothing to do but to stand at our windows all day? And do the imitation negro melodists imagine that we like the last new ditty dinned into our ears six days out of seven? Or do the street singers believe that if they come out in the pouring rain, clad in scanty array, with a string of children all droning hymn tunes, they are certain of relief? I cannot answer these questions, but one is tempted to affirm that these cadgers for a living in the various ways I have alluded to believe the inhabitants of the quiet streets to be the most gullible, easily amused, soft-hearted people in the metropolis. In such a street as this I occupied apartments.

I have a few remarks to make concerning my fellow-lodgers, who certainly were peculiar in many respects. But I must first say a word or two concerning my landlady. Though she was tall and thin, with elongated jaws and rather a shrill voice, she was not of exactly the shark species of landlady—still she knew how to charge, as 1*d.* a potato, and 6*d.* a week pepper and salt, will testify. I believe she also grimly smiled as she saw me carefully unpacking my manifold packages, rearranging the furniture, hanging up my pictures, for she actually charged me for the brass nails which had been fixed in the wall by the last lodger. She was most attentive to her outward religious duties, being punctual at her church twice every Sunday. But I should have valued these attentions more if she had worked and scolded her servants less, especially on the Lord's day; when for some reason or other she was more or less put out of temper.

There was also a landlord, I believe, for I saw him twice in three years, and once I heard his voice—he said, "Thank you," as I left the front door open for him one morning. What he was or how he spent his time, I know not. I rather fancy he betted on commission, but of this I am not sure. He used frequently to be away from home for a fortnight at a time, and sometimes when at home he would not speak a word to his wife for three weeks or a month together, though sitting down with her and his children at their regular meals, and occupying the same sleeping apartment. Now with regard to the rest of the people in the house.

I may divide my fellow-lodgers into the mysterious, the fast, and the eccentric. And first I must say a few words upon the mysterious lodger. He occupied a bedroom and sitting-room on the drawing-room floor. He was a stout, tall, hale, finely-built man, about fifty years of age, as quiet a lodger as ever entered a house, regular as clockwork; he departed at nine in the morning, and punctually at six he returned. He made an enormous breakfast every morning—a sole, a dish of eggs and ham, with a twopenny loaf and three pats of butter scarcely sufficed to satisfy his appetite. Whether he dined I know not, but upon his return he eagerly devoured more eggs and bread and butter to a vast amount. Whither he went, and what he did between these meals, no one in our neighbourhood knows. He was most mysteriously silent upon this matter, as upon all other subjects. He rarely or never spoke; if he met a fellow-lodger on the stairs, he would glare at him disdainfully, but never speak. During the

three years we lodged in the same house, though we constantly met, we never passed the bounds of most rigid silence. He sometimes, not even for weeks together, spoke to the servant who attended upon him, and not more than four times to the landlady during the three years he resided with her. If she went into his sitting-room he would suddenly bolt into his bedroom, and remain there until her departure. He received a few visitors, it is true, and it was only upon these occasions that we heard his voice. When his weekly bill was sent in, he immediately sat down, wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it to the servant without a word. He went as he came, silent and unexpected. He left a cheque for a week's rent in advance on his table, and departed as usual, a man coming for his luggage being only the intimation of his intention. No letter arrived from him afterwards, nor did anyone inquire after him; where he went to, or where he might suddenly reappear no one knew.

But a very different individual was our fast lodger. Not that he was a "Bob Sawyer" in real life, by any means. True he was fast, but his go-ahead style was all of the polite order. A phaeton and pair of spanking grays would pull up to the door at half-past four every afternoon, driven by the nattiest of grooms, with livery fitting like a skin; there the turn-out would stand for some minutes, waiting the arrival of its owner or hirer, when presently he would make his appearance, got up faultlessly in the last new fashion, yet never verging on the extreme. With well-fitting gloves and boots he looked what he was, a gentleman. Upon his return in another hour, he would emerge dressed for the evening, when he was generally the last in, not frequently arriving until the small hours of the morning. Sometimes he returned to his lodgings with bacchanalian companions whose protracted festivities were beyond endurance. Such scenes could not be permitted, for our neighbourhood was genteel and the lodging-house noted for its propriety in all respects, and therefore, in very delicate terms, for the gentleman paid well, it was intimated to him most reluctantly that unless the "orgies"—not that the landlady used such a word, I rather think she said "social gathering"—terminated a little earlier, she should be under the very unpleasant necessity of asking the gentleman to vacate his apartments. This not suiting his arrangements he graciously condescended to take the hint, and promised better manners. He kept his word in the main, though two or three times he broke loose from all restraint. After an evening of revels he received final notice to leave his apartments in a fortnight, but during that period there was no sleep to be had in the house; the shouts, the peals of laughter, the smashing of furniture, breaking of china, and the running up and down stairs, and the slamming of doors were continual. High carnival and revelry was held throughout the fortnight, and right glad were we at the appointed time, to see the spanking grays drive himself and his belongings away to a fresh abode.

We now come to our eccentric lodger. She, for it was a lady of middle-age, single, and likely so to continue, occupied a portion of the second-floor back, the only view from her sitting-room window being the neighbouring chimney-pots, though by craning the neck you might perceive a narrow alley at the back of the house, into which she was wont to beguile Italian organ-grinders once or twice a day. Her sole indoor amusement seemed to be listening to their discordant music. She was about sixty years of age, tall and upright in gait, but her appearance was most singular. I never saw her without a bonnet on her head; whether she slept in it I know not, but its appearance suggested that such might be the case. This bonnet had originally been black satin, but it had become so rusty by age that it was a deep coffee colour when I first saw it. It was surmounted by a blue veil, once or twice changed for another of similar material; her dress, the only one I ever saw her wear, was of black barege, also rusty with age and wear; it was of antique fashion, with a great frill round the bottom. A shawl of ancient date completed her dress. I never saw her but equipped as if for a walk. I ought also to say she wore a large black wig, which hung in masses over her shoulders. Sometimes in addition to her blue veil, she wore a large pair of blue spectacles. And yet she was not mad on any point, but most regular at church, week days as on Sundays; modest and retiring in manner, pleasant in conversation and most respectful when addressing any one. She also gave very little trouble, for during the six years she occupied the same lodgings she never had a single caller, and only received during the whole of that period one letter by post. Doubtless it was living in such a retired manner that caused her to be eccentric. She once told me she had been music-mistress in a family, and that she had saved enough to live upon, and in addition had lately received a nice legacy, from the death of a distant relative. But nevertheless she must have been most lonely, with no visitors, no letters and no books, for I never saw her either reading or working. She passed her whole time, when not in church, in gazing on the opposite tiles and chimney-pots, or in listening to the strains of the organ-boys whom she had invited to play beneath her windows.

So much for my fellow-lodgers. It is a trite saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives; the diverse and antagonistic types of character in close proximity, are quite as remarkable. Such varieties of life in the great city have a pathetic interest. The Christian worker who counts nothing human foreign to him, must sometimes be surely startled as well as perplexed.

Seaside Thoughts.

IN every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee:
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands;
Thy mercies countless as the sands;
Thy love a sea immensely wide;
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

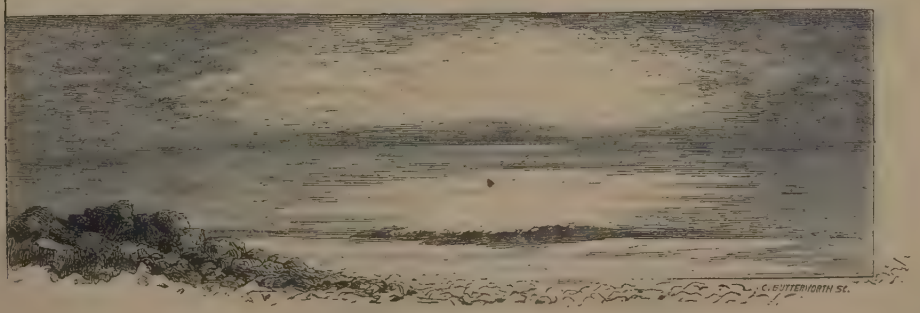
In every object here I see
Something my heart, that points at thee:
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand;
Unfruitful as the barren sand;
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And like the tides, in constant motion.

JOHN NEWTON.

Storm and Calm.

THE seas rage fiercely round the shore,
Loud winds appal the night;
And who shall hush the tempest's roar,
Or stay the ocean's might?
Behind the blackness comes the day,
And after storm the calm;
Lo! the mad tumult of the fray
Dies soft as evening psalm.

As silent as the constant sun,
The secret law hath power,
And peace from mystic forces won
Transforms the troubled hour.
O Thou, whose wisdom moveth all
In nature's balanced round,
Grant us to trust, whate'er befall,
Thy power and love profound.



HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES.—III. ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

THE preceding section dealt with a controversy, which under varying forms has lasted during many centuries, and which is not likely soon or easily to be set at rest. In the present section we must touch a controversy, which is probably ephemeral, but which involves great principles, and which for the time is important, at least in Germany and France.

The point may be popularly stated in this way. There was, it is contended, in the earliest days of the Church, a deep and fundamental antagonism between St. Peter and St. Paul, with hostile parties arranging themselves on two sides in connection with their respective names and doctrines. This antagonism is very apparent in some of the Christian literature of the third century, and it really existed, according to this theory, from the very first. Indications of it, which cannot be mistaken, appear in the Epistle to the Galatians, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians, admitted to be strictly authentic documents. The Acts of the Apostles, on the contrary, are viewed on the same theory as a comparatively late composition, put together with a party purpose, to hide these differences and separations.

Now there is no doubt that partisanship did run high in the third century; and, if we remember what the Church had gone through, in the midst of the most diverse elements of thought, Jewish and Heathen, we shall not be surprised to find some of this partisanship ranging itself in hostile camps, and associated with the names and teaching of these two apostles. Nor need we be careful to deny that a certain tendency towards such separation may have existed from the very first. But as to any fundamental discrepancy between these two apostles themselves, or any countenance given by them to the formation of parties under their sanction, such a theory is absolutely inconsistent with any fair criticism of the New Testament. The book of the Acts may be almost left to take care of itself, and to prove its early authenticity by its honesty of tone, its simplicity, reality, and evident truthfulness. Nor is there anything in the epistolary parts of the New Testament which, when candidly examined, is out of harmony with the presentation of Peter and Paul as coordinate apostles, very different indeed in character, but teaching the same doctrine and inculcating the same Christian life.

Even for polemical reasons, therefore, it is desirable to set these two apostolic men before our minds together and to look at them steadily side by side. For purposes of edification, which is our main point, this method is still more desirable. Such juxtaposition of the two men must be suggestive of great and invaluable truths, must give life and animation and accuracy to our apprehension of the first beginnings of our Holy Religion. Placing ourselves thus, we stand on the high ground whence those parent streams ran, sparkling and fresh, which, presently flowing together, constituted Christendom. Let us now examine the passages of the New Testament where St. Peter and St. Paul appear side by side. We shall appreciate their significance the better, if we take them chronologically. They are not very numerous; but they are all full of meaning.

The first incident of this kind is that visit to St. Peter, which St. Paul himself records (Gal. i. 18) when he is giving an account of his earliest experiences and course of action, as a Christian and an Apostle. "Three years" after his conversion he says that "he went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days." What has been said before in connection with this passage, regarding St. Paul's independence of St. Peter, alike in his knowledge of the Gospel, and in his apostolic authority, need not be repeated here. We have now to deal rather with the personal aspects of the occasion. The word here rendered "see" is very inadequately translated. It denotes the diligent and earnest search after some thing, or some person, well worthy of being visited and known. We cannot be surprised that such should have been the feeling and wish of St. Paul regarding St. Peter. In fact, it would be cause of surprise if the feeling and wish of the newer apostle in reference to the older had been otherwise. St. Paul had learned that the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, were, for himself, the most momentous facts in the universe. Yet he had never lived in personal intercourse with that Saviour; and among those who had so lived, both before and after the Resurrection, Peter was the foremost.

It is remarkable that by those who have meditated and written carefully on Holy Scripture so little stress has been laid on this fortnight spent together by these two apostolic men. Hardly any period of the same duration can be named more full of interest and more suggestive of thought. The exact specifying of "fifteen days" has something in it to attract attention. It reminds us of that specifying of "seven days" which we find more than once, and in connection with very various places, in the Acts of the Apostles (xx. 6; xxi. 4; xxviii. 14). Probably St. Peter and St. Paul spent two Sundays together, joining with other Christians on those days in prayer and in "the breaking of bread." But it is the personal communion of the two men, and the influence exerted by each upon the other, to which our attention is, under present circumstances, chiefly directed. Peter would discourse of

his Master and of the things of which he had had a loving and living experience; he would speak of Galilee and of the Resurrection: and perhaps we may trace the effects of these days in St. Paul's mention of Galilee, when preaching at Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii. 31), and in his manner of writing to the Corinthians concerning the Resurrection. Certainly he seems to speak of himself in this matter as having been destitute of a privilege which "Cephas" and others had possessed. "Last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." And, to turn to what is most to our purpose, to speculate upon the permanent results which may have been produced in St. Peter by this precious time of close companionship with St. Paul, is it not reasonable to believe that the theological training of the latter, his strong logical faculty, his intimate "revelations" in the Gospel, may have had their effect, ever afterwards, in the teaching of the latter? Divine inspiration made use of such opportunities as of other opportunities. By certain destructive critics the resemblance of St. Peter's teaching in his first Epistle to the language of St. Paul in some of his Epistles has been mentioned as a suspicious fact. What if, through the natural consequences of this memorable companionship at Jerusalem, vague suspicion of fraud is turned into reasonable evidence of truth?

But this is not the only meeting of St. Peter and St. Paul mentioned in the Epistle to the Galatians. They met again at Jerusalem; and this time it was not in private but in public (Gal. ii. 1–10). This was at the Great Council gathered together to determine the question of the necessity of circumcision for Gentile converts. The identity of the conference described in the Epistle with the conference of which an account is given in the Acts of the Apostles (Acts xv. 1–30) is here assumed. It would carry us far from our subject if we were in this place to collect and arrange the arguments which settle this point. And, indeed, what we have chiefly before us now in connection with this matter would not be affected if the two occasions were different. Rather the evidence would be increased that in these two apostles, at that critical period, there was strict harmony of religious teaching; and not only so, but that this harmony was recognised by the Christian community at large. In the Acts of the Apostles we are told that Paul and Barnabas were sent to Jerusalem to consult the mother church on this grave question, but that it was Peter who spoke first, and spoke promptly and without hesitation: "God put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith: we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." Nothing could more clearly mark the identity of the teaching of the two Apostles. It is precisely Paul's doctrine that is here proclaimed by Peter. It is affecting too to remember that this is the last time when St. Peter appears in the Acts of the Apostles, and that his last utterance in this history is an utterance on behalf of St. Paul. In the account of the same meeting furnished by the Epistle to the Galatians (which is the chief authority on which destructive critics rely for establishing a discrepancy), the case for proving a thorough harmony between the two Apostles is even stronger. We see there the most thorough recognition given to St. Paul by St. Peter and the rest. "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the Apostleship of the circumcision," says St. Paul, "the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles: and when James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship." In this remarkable phrase there appears to be implied some emphatic gesture, such as is common among all nations in the visible ratifying of a hearty agreement. We may thus literally say that when we last see these two Apostles together in St. Luke's history, their hands are clasped together.

But the evidence of the Epistle to the Galatians as to the meetings of the two Apostles is not yet exhausted. Once more we see them side by side: not now, however, at Jerusalem, but at Antioch. On what errand must we suppose St. Peter to have gone to Antioch? The very asking of the question, though we may not be able to answer it, is suggestive. We seem to have a hint here of diligent missionary activity and of widespread influence. Antioch was, so to speak, a natural missionary centre of Christianity. It was the gate alike of the East and of the West. St. Peter's presence there must be mentioned hereafter in connection with the diffusion of his apostolic work. At this point it is referred to only as an occasion of his meeting with St. Paul. We see them here side by side again, but in a manner very different from that which has been noted above. Here they are in open collision with one another. Not that even thus there is any divergence as regards deliberate doctrinal teaching. The difference arose because St. Peter was inconsistent with himself. But it is important to lay stress on this difference and the cause of it, inasmuch as it is illustrative of his character, and thus, in fact, becomes a very critical part of his biography. Is it not as if the Peter of the Gospels were before us once again? Though, in harmony with what he had learnt at Cæsarea, he had hitherto been living in free social intercourse with the Gentile Christians, yet at Antioch he "withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision." He forgot all the lessons of the housetop at Joppa, and of the angel's visit to Cornelius. His moral courage failed him when it was unexpectedly tried. So, losing trust in his Master, he had sunk in the waves of the Sea of Galilee. So, after great professions, he had denied that Master. And the harm of such inconsistency at Antioch was not limited to himself. "Other Jews dissembled likewise with him, insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation." It was a crisis of the most serious nature; for it compromised Christian liberty and was full of hazard to the future of the Church. Hence St. Paul did not hesitate to oppose St. Peter publicly. He "resisted him to the face," arguing thus before them all, "If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?" No sketches of St. Peter, with his character kept in view, could even approach completeness without a conspicuous notice of this passage of his life. Yet let it be remarked once more that here is no question of two imaginary schools of opposing thought, headed by two different apostles. There is no reason to

doubt St. Peter's faith in Christ because he lost courage on the waters of the lake—no reason to doubt his love to that Saviour because he thrice repudiated Him. So there is no reason to doubt his consistency with St. Paul in theology because on one occasion he was manifestly inconsistent with himself.

But now, in examining St. Paul's writings further for notices of St. Peter, we are suddenly carried (by a nearly contemporary epistle) from Antioch to Corinth. It is clear from the first letter to the Corinthians that whether this latter Apostle had been in their city or not, he had acquired great influence there at that early date. Parties were called there by his name (1 Cor. i. 12). Not that he himself had given any sanction to this. St. Paul implies the contrary most distinctly; and he implies the same thing presently afterwards, when he says (iii. 21, 22), "Let no man glory in men: for all things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas." No antagonism among these teachers is for a moment conceived as possible, even in thought. Yet is this epistle, at this point, full of profound interest for us, as another of the Scriptural meeting-points of St. Peter and St. Paul. Only in this letter, and in the letter to the Galatians, does St. Paul name his brother apostle; and in one respect he gives us —in the writing before us—a glimpse into a part of St. Peter's life, of which otherwise we should have known nothing. He shows to us the Galilean apostle, not simply as a missionary, but as a married missionary (ix. 5). Just as Priscilla travelled with Aquila, exercising her Christian matronly influence for the benefit of Apollos and others, such, doubtless, were the work and character of St. Peter's wife: and the example, in our own times, is a living example still.

And now, in conclusion, we must see what St. Peter, on his own part, says reciprocally of St. Paul. He speaks (2 Peter iii. 15) with the utmost affection and respect of what "our beloved brother Paul" wrote "according to the wisdom given to him." It is a serious admonition to us, and a most cheerful encouragement, to find him thus speaking of that brother-apostle, on one page of whose writings his own censure had been sternly recorded. Thus we close what Holy Scripture tells us of the relationship that subsisted between the two great Apostles of Galilee and of Tarsus.

For many reasons it is most desirable to contemplate the two Apostles together. In more ways than one there is a most curious historical interest in the juxtaposition of the two names. It may not be generally known that the Festival of St. Peter, as observed in the Church of England, was originally the Festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, and that St. Peter's Church in Rome is really dedicated to the two Apostles. Through many ages History has robbed Paul of part of his due honour, so as to pay an undue share to Peter—thus inverting the proverb made in connection with the Abbey Church in Westminster and the Cathedral Church in London, which, as it happens, are dedicated, purely and simply, to St. Peter and St. Paul severally. These may be viewed, indeed, as the antiquarian curiosities of the subject: but they illustrate the theological fact, that ecclesiastical honour has been given to St. Peter at the expense of the Biblical honour due to St. Paul.

Their true place is side by side, with co-ordinate fame and influence; and not only so, but, to return to the thought with which this paper began, and which has been present with us throughout its paragraphs, these two Apostles are side by side with thorough harmony of teaching for the perpetual benefit and blessing of the Church of Christ; and this teaching is that which came through both by direct Divine inspiration. The controversies and parties of the third century have been most illogically thrown back to the Apostolic age. To quote words used by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in his recent charge, "Do not tell me of differences which an exaggerated hypercriticism has tried to set forth as existing between the Christianity of St. Peter and St. Paul . . . There never was in existence any earlier form of Christianity of a so-called more philosophic cast, of which St. Paul's and St. Peter's teaching was an exaggerated caricature." What one of these Apostles says, while thinking of the other and of his companions in the faith (1 Cor. xv. 11), is still to be held as true, "Whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed."

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

AUGUST 21.

THE MANNA. EXODUS XVI. 1–15.

GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN VI. 32.—'*Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.*'

CONNECTION.—A month had passed since the departure from Egypt. Slowly, from station to station, had the hosts of Israel advanced southwards; first along the **wilderness of Shur**, xv. 22, the plain intersected by shallow, dried-up wadies, or watercourses, that lies between the limestone mountains and the Red Sea. **Marah** was then reached, the modern *Huwara*, with its brackish fountain, bitter to this day. The waters, miraculously purified, refreshed the thirsty host; and they advanced to the beautiful oasis of **Elim** (*Gharandel*), where they appear to have encamped for several days by the **fountains**, and among the **palm-trees**. But new hardships were hereafter to be endured, for which the people were unprepared.

I. THE MURMURING OF THE ISRAELITES.—*Read vers.* 1–3. **The wilderness of Sin**, which formed the next stage, or the next but one (See Num. xxxiii. 10, 11), between **Elim** and **Sinai**, seems to correspond with *el-Markha*, a narrow plain between the mountains and the shore; or, as most modern investigators seem to think, with *Debet er-Ramleh*,* a barren upland plain enclosed by low hills, but not without water. This supply did not fail until Rephidim was reached (in the upper part of the *Wady Feiran*). **The fifteenth day of the second month** was just one month **after the departing out of the land of Egypt**, which was in the 'fifteenth day of the first month' (Num. xxxiii. 3). The supply of provisions brought out of Egypt was now exhausted; **the people mur-**

* See the sketch map that accompanies this lesson, and consult the exhaustive note on the 'Route of the Israelites from Rameses to Sinai,' by Canon Cook, in the 'Speaker's Commentary,' vol. i. p. 435.

mured; wishing themselves back in their bondage, with the true slavish spirit thinking more of food than of freedom, and exaggerating the comforts of their former state. (Their masters, however, for their own interest would feed them well.) The complaint is against **Moses and Aaron. Ye have brought us forth into this wilderness.** Strange forgetfulness of the Divine hand that had wrought their deliverance! The was first given to **Moses** by God Himself, then by **Moses and Aaron** to **the people** at large. The question *how* is not answered; only the fact is declared, **I will rain bread from heaven**; with two special points insisted on; one that the gathering should be of **a certain rate every day** (Heb. 'the portion of a day in its day'), no *less*, which would be indolence, no *more*, which would imply distrust for the morrow.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

pillar of cloud hung in the air above them, as if to rebuke their ingratitude and distrust. Would not He who had so manifestly led them thither supply them with food? It was the trial of faith, but faith failed. They were to be 'proved' and 'humbled,' and taught that 'man doth not live by bread alone,' Deut. viii. 3.

II. The Promise of Food.—*Read vers.* 4–8. The promise

[Compare the petition in the Lord's Prayer for *daily bread.*] The other proviso was a double gathering **on the sixth day,** Friday, to secure the rest of the Sabbath, a plain proof that the Sabbath existed before the delivery of the Fourth Commandment, although, very likely, its observance had been neglected. The purpose of the gift would be not only to supply the wants of the people, but to reveal to them anew the presence and

the glory of the Lord. These would be shown at even by the gift of **flesh**, and in the morning of **bread to the full.** This revelation of God would be accompanied to themselves with humiliation and reproof, on account of the faithlessness which had occasioned the **murmurings.**

III. GIFT OF THE MANNA.—*Read vers.* 9–15. Before the fulfilment of the promise it is solemnly repeated, and confirmed by an impressive sign. **All the congregation** is summoned into the immediate presence of Him who had **heard** their **murmurings. Come near before Jehovah,** as manifested in the cloudy pillar. As they assembled, looking up to the awful symbol, with their face **towards the wilderness,** —in the direction of their destined march—**there appeared in the cloud** a mysterious light—the SHEKINAH, the symbol of **the glory of Jehovah.** (Compare ch. xl. 34, 35; Num. xiv. 10; 1 Kings viii. 10, 11, etc.) Then before the awestricken multitude again the voice is heard, in tones of rebuke and of mercy. The **murmurings** are met, not as yet by stern punishment, but by tender compassion (Psa. ciii. 8; Lam. iii. 22). The one truth that Israel, so slow to learn, was to be taught by all this was that He, **Jehovah,** was their **God.** As God had spoken, so it came to pass. The flight of **quails** in itself was not miraculous, but its arrival, as predicted at that precise time, was Divinely ordered. Vast migratory swarms of these birds occasionally cross the Red Sea to the desert, flying low, and so exhausted by their flight that they can easily be taken by the hand. Compare Num. xi. 31. Thus was the supper of the people provided; but a greater wonder was to come. **The dew of the morning** as usual covered the ground with its million diamond-like sparkles in the sun; but when it had exhaled, the ground was still covered with **a small round thing,** granular, white and glistening. The first impulse of the people when they saw it was to question the mystery. **They said one to another, What is this?** (not, *It is manna*, as in our version). **For they knew not what it was.**

> There seems no good reason for departing from this interpretation of the Israelites' words. It is true that a medicinal gum, called *man* or *manna*, is found in the deserts—a distillation from the leaves of the tamarisk tree; and some expositors suppose that the Israelites ignorantly identified the strange new supply that covered the ground with this natural product. Others have tried to show that the desert may have been much more thickly overgrown with the tamarisk tree than at present, and that the exudation may have served for at least a sufficient temporary supply. But all such explanations are set aside by the terms of the narrative,* as well as by the fact that two millions of people required to be fed. The manna of the tamarisk in abundant years reaches about 600 or 700 lbs., produced during the rainy season. But less than 1 lb. a day per head (**an omer** = about 3 quarts, ver. 16) would hardly have sufficed to feed the Israelites, and that at all seasons when needed. Besides which, the Arab manna is distinguished from that of Scripture by the impossibility of cooking it. (See Num. xi. 8). By heat it is melted or dissipated. Two circumstances again were plainly miraculous in the supply, its double quantity on the sixth day, with its cessation on the Sabbath; and its continuance until Canaan was reached, Joshua v. 12.

Moses answers the question, *What is this?* simply and grandly, **This is the bread which Jehovah hath given you to eat.** [We are not necessarily to suppose, even from ver. 35, that there was nothing to eat all through the forty years but this; only that when other supplies fell short this was always provided, a constant proof that Jehovah was with them, and was their God.]

* See *Stanley*, 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 26, note; also *Palmer*, 'Desert of the Exodus,' vol. i. p. 83.

IV. THE TRUE BREAD FROM HEAVEN.—*Repeat the Golden Text.* Christ had fed His disciples and the multitude miraculously—was this a sign of His authority? Might they regard Him as the prophet 'like unto Moses' whom they were to believe and follow? The reply of Jesus Christ first corrects the disposition to glory in Moses personally, as though the gift were his. **It was not Moses that gave you the bread out of heaven** (revised version) identifying the Jews whom He addressed with their ancestors. Remember, first, that the gift was from God, and look to Him for the fulfilment of the symbol. Look not to the food miraculously multiplied in the wilderness of Bethsaida, but look to Me, as **the true bread out of heaven.** The word *true* as thus employed means real, actual; 'that which fulfils absolutely, ideally, the highest conception of sustaining food' (*Westcott*). What food does the *soul* require? Knowledge and Love. Christ is the Bread of Life because He is Truth and Grace, so meeting the 'hunger' of man's spiritual nature, satisfying the soul with Himself, and that eternally. John vi. 35; Rev. vii. 16.

> This 'Bread of life' is plainly *spiritual.* The words of our Lord were spoken *before the institution of the Lord's Supper*, as if to prevent the possibility of attaching them to the outward rite. The ordinance is a symbol; and the only participation of the body and blood of Christ is through the exercise of faith in Him. It is by 'coming,' and 'believing.'

QUESTIONS.

1. Enumerate the kinds of provision in Egypt to which the minds of the people turned so regretfully.
2. Show the several particulars in which the manna given to Israel differed from the ordinary product of the desert. Points of resemblance between the two.
3. What is the bearing of this history upon the law of the Sabbath?
4. Draw out the lessons concerning Divine Providence that are taught by the narrative of the manna.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. XXVII.—p. 448.—AARON—MOSES—Exodus iv. 14.

1. A-bsalo-*m*	1 Chron. iii. 25.
2. A-hi-*o*	2 Sam. vi. 3.
3. R-ufu-*s*	Mark xv. 21.
4. O-liv-*e*	Gen. viii. 11.
5. N-ympha-*s*	Col. iv. 15.

ANSWER TO A PROVERB BURIED IN OTHER PROVERBS.

NO. I.—p. 464.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. ix. 10).

ANSWER TO SINGLE ACROSTIC.

NO. XXVIII.—p. 492.—The mother of Moses—JOCHEBED.—Ex. vi. 20.

1. J-ezebel	2 Kings ix. 22.
2. O-rpah	Ruth i. 4.
3. C-hloe	1 Cor. i. 11.
4. H-annah	1 Sam. i. 20.
5. E-lisabeth	Luke i. 60.
6. B-ath-sheba	1 Kings i. 16, 17.
7. E-unice	2 Tim. i. 5.
8. D-eborah	Judges v. 7.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

II.

EDWARD had not fallen, as his friend had feared, right on to the rocks below; just there, bushes and tangled plants had taken root in the cliff's rough sides; they had broken his fall; half-way between top and bottom he clung to a bush which was the greatest there. His face was turned upwards towards the sky; it was ashen-white, but George noticed that it betrayed no signs of fear. Leaning as far over as he could he asked,

"Can you hold there?" His voice was calm—so calm it startled him.

Edward's answer he remembered ever afterwards. It was but a whisper, he seemed short of breath, but he heard it clearly—every word.

"Not long: do not fear. George," his head sank back, he seemed to pant for breath, "George, say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you!" wailed George above; "forgive you! Oh, Ted, hold on; my own, own Ted! Ted, what have I done?"

But it was no use wailing, the deed was done. On the white face below, in his agony, he seemed to see a smile. Then, to his exceeding horror, he saw that Edward's head fell back, his eyes were closed, he loosed his hold, and again he fell, and this time nothing broke his fall. With a dull thud he dropped upon the ground below, and lay where he had fallen.

"O my son Absalom; my son, my son Absalom! Would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" So moaned the King of Israel, but it might not be. When a deed is done, it is as though one were dead. We cannot bring him back to life again, nor can we make a deed undone.

In five seconds ten years were added to George Trevenna's age. He was a man at once; for know, children, it is not years, but things which make us old; though the hair be white, if the heart be light and gay, we still are young; some are old before the teens are come, while some are youths who have passed the Psalmist's span.

He stood up, all signs of grief gone from his face: his hat was off, and his black curly hair was tangled above his brow. His cheeks were white; he put his hand up to his head to collect his thoughts; his forehead was knitted in a frown. It was strange to see how old he looked. There was that sternness in his eyes, and resolution in the way his lips were set, which becomes a man. He sighed, tossed his hair off from his brow, a shudder passed over him from head to foot, then firmly he bent over the cliff to see where his friend had fallen.

The cliffs are high just there. Great rocks, which have done many a gallant ship to death, are at their base. Farther to his left, as George looked to the sea, is Gwithian lighthouse; upon its sea-girt homes, to his right, Tehidy, with its parks of many trees. Between these two, Tehidy and the lighthouse, here and there the cliffs fall back, forming a sheltered cove, and at their foot sloping to the sea, is a stretch of grassy soil. In such a place had Edward fallen; thank God it was not upon the rocks.

The grassy soil was sandy soil—it is a wonderful place for sand, behind Camborne—at Gwithian, at the river's mouth. It is like a small Sahara, and the grass was very poor and thin. There were one or two furze bushes, all golden with their bloom. Among these Edward's body lay, but his head was on the sand. George could see him plainly from above, and shuddered again to think how still he lay—he, who was seldom still five minutes in a day, but was always full of life and fun. His white face was turned towards the full glare of the setting sun, for the afternoon was getting on, and in early April the days are short; his arm was bent beneath him, and his body was awry.

George had decided what he would do. The nearest house was a mile and a half away, and in that season of the year few passengers are passing by. He turned and started to run for help from the farmer's at the bottom of the hill, but he had not gone fifty yards when his heart failed him. He would not leave Edward there. Turning again, he returned from whence he came, and scanned the cliffs with eager eye to seek a path by which he might descend. Path there was none; but he was used to climbing from his babyhood. Nothing he would have deemed impossible in the mood in which he was then.

The precipice was not so precipitous here as in other places. Ledges of earth, in which plants and shrubs had taken shallow root, broke the sheer descent. They would afford room for his feet, at any rate, and something by which he might cling to the surface of the rock. He determined to climb down, trusting to fortune and his agility to keep him from a fall.

Lying full length upon the ground, he lowered himself over the edge, and commenced his perilous descent. It was well for him he was a practised climber, or certainly he would soon have shared Edward's evil plight. He swung himself from bush to bush, and from ledge to ledge like a cat. He sometimes seemed to cling to the bare surface of the rock. Before he was half way down he awoke to the full difficulty of the task which he had undertaken. But there was no going back now; to think of it was vain. Yet every second his position grew more perilous: plants gave way before his touch, ledges were few and far between, time after time he saved himself as by a miracle.

He was more than half way down; in a few moments all serious danger would be past. Just then his foot slipped from its slippery resting-place: he struck his head against the rock; the blow confused his faculties; he made a frantic effort to grasp a shrub just overhead. He caught it in his hand, but it could not sustain his weight, and giving way as he took hold of it, still with it in his hand, he fell backwards upon the ground below, and, as he fell, he struck his head upon a stone, and his senses fled.

So, senseless they lay, within a few feet of each other, the friends who had resolved that nothing should part them in this world.

How long he lay George could not tell; it was no ordinary blow he had received. When consciousness returned, and his eyes were opened, as in a dream he wondered where he was. His brow was feverish, his head ached and throbbed with pain. He tried to move, but his limbs were stiff, and his body cold. With a start he raised himself upon his arm, but instantly with a groan sank back again. He remembered all, but still as in a dream.

The night had come: so much he saw was plain. It was not dark, but the bright spring day had gone, and the weather changed. The gentle breeze had become a sullen gale, and whistled overhead, and moaned above the sea. What was that? Surely it was rain. It came again in great drops upon his burning face.

Thoroughly aroused by now, he made a determined effort to get up, and in spite of the agony it caused, raised himself to a sitting posture. He faced seawards, and, strange to say, despite the pain he was enduring, his first thought was of the grandeur of the scene.

"On such a night as this," he told himself, "Christ walked upon the sea."

And, in a feverish fantasy, he pictured the little boat tossing on the waves, the disciples rowing hard against the wind, and while the moon lighted Him with her soft glory, the gentle figure of the Master passing fearlessly across the troubled waters.

It was a striking scene. The sky was black with a funereal blackness; the clouds hung like a pall above the world, dark and threatening, filled with a mysterious gloom. But in the centre, as it seemed to him, they broke asunder, and, where they parted, the moon shone through. Her light but made the darkness darker still—it was the silver lining to the cloud, like an opening to Heaven. On either hand the clouds were banked in inky masses, but where the moon shone through, like transparent gauze of snowy white, hung a cloudlet in the sky. Glory gleamed upon the edges of the clouds, and they were fringed with innocence.

Beneath, the sea was troubled; the tide was at its highest, the wind had become a gale; here the waves, deep down, were black as night, there, rising in crested foam, they flung their spray up to the sky. They were never still; they roared and rushed, tossed and tumbled. Where the moon shone down—"like," thought George, in the strange, dreamy way which possessed him on a sudden, "the love of God upon a troubled world"—the waves strove which could spring the highest, and the diamond spray flashed and sparkled, in their efforts to kiss the moonbeams as they fell; but where the clouds were threatening, the waves growled and roared, jealous of their comrades which could see the moon, and sullen in their rage. And over all the gulls were flying, rejoicing—screaming in their joy—at the tumult and the passion of the sea.

Great drops of rain were falling, for even the clouds were jealous of the moon, the wind dashed the spray into his face; but he did not care for that, for it cooled his heated cheeks, which burned like fire. As he sat—as though it were natural for him to be in such a place at such a time—he heard a voice close to his ear.

"O Lord!" it said, as though the speaker's heart were full of tears; "O Lord, forgive him, for he knew not what he did."

It was Edward close by his side. He needed no further rousing; in an instant he was upon his feet, pain and stiffness all forgotten, with thought only for his friend. The moon shone down upon his face as the setting sun had done, and it looked very sweet and calm. He still was speaking, as though he did not see that George was standing by.

"Edward!" cried George, falling on his knees. "Ted! Ted! My own, own Ted!" and he pillowed his head on Edward's breast and wept great tears of joy.

At first Edward paid no heed. His eyes were open, but—as George had been—he seemed in a dream, unconscious of his position and all that was going on around. At last, in the most commonplace of tones, "George," he said, "is it you?"

"Yes, yes. Ted! Ted! what should I have done, had you been dead?"

"I—I——" continued Edward, and his voice was feeble, and his thoughts seemed wandering. "Where are we, George? This is not home. I cannot—cannot move my arm. Are you crying? What are you crying for? I thought you never cried. I—I feel so tired, George," and he closed his eyes as though he indeed were weary.

Still sobbing, George took his head from off his breast, and, looking down at him, asked tenderly, "Are you much hurt?"

"Hurt?" answered Edward, as though the question conveyed no meaning to his mind; "why should I be much hurt? What a great noise there is, like the sound of many waters; how is the sea to-night? where are Mary and mother? what a noise there is upon the sea!"

Struck with a new fear, George ceased to sob aloud, and though his tears still almost blinded him, looked down upon his friend; was this delirium? He could not speak, tears choked his utterance. The Lord is everywhere; George knew it well, he was no coward; but just then he feared the darkness, he feared the sea, he feared to be alone.

Edward was either faint again, or sleeping. After awhile, conquering his fears, George spoke to him again, but there was no reply; he bent his head close to his lips, and heard his measured breathing; as he had said, he was tired, and asleep. By now, the rain which had been threatening, was falling fast; the moon had passed behind a cloud, and all was dark; the wind was rising still, and the spray was troublesome; moving to his head, George hoped with his body to shield him from its rage. Taking off his coat, he placed it on the sleeping boy; then, folding his hands, with bowed head, he prayed.

Prayed, not so much for himself, as for his friend; Edward—Edward, was the burden of his prayer. He called to mind all the occasions of which the Bible tells, when the Lord replied to prayer, and asked that He would make this one: and in Jesus' name he asked that He would help them now.

Prayer is very comforting: none pray in vain: the answer comes at once, for when the full heart pours out its burden, it passes to the Lord. So George found it now. When he ceased, he found that it had done him good to pray, and that already he could face his position with a stronger heart and clearer eyes.

It was plain that, if it could be helped, they must not stop where they were now. The rain was coming down in torrents, in a few moments they would both be drenched to the very skin. It was cold, and he was shivering; he got up, and, moving to the cliff, felt about to see if it would afford shelter of any kind. Presently he found that towards the bottom it jutted off, and that there was just room beneath for someone to lie down, and that there the ground was dry. He hurried back, and, exerting all his strength, lifted Edward as gently as he could, and placed him beneath the jutting rock; he did not wake, his sleep was very sound, but muttered something as he slept, what, George could not hear. He put his waistcoat for his head to rest upon, and covered him with his coat as he had done before.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXX.

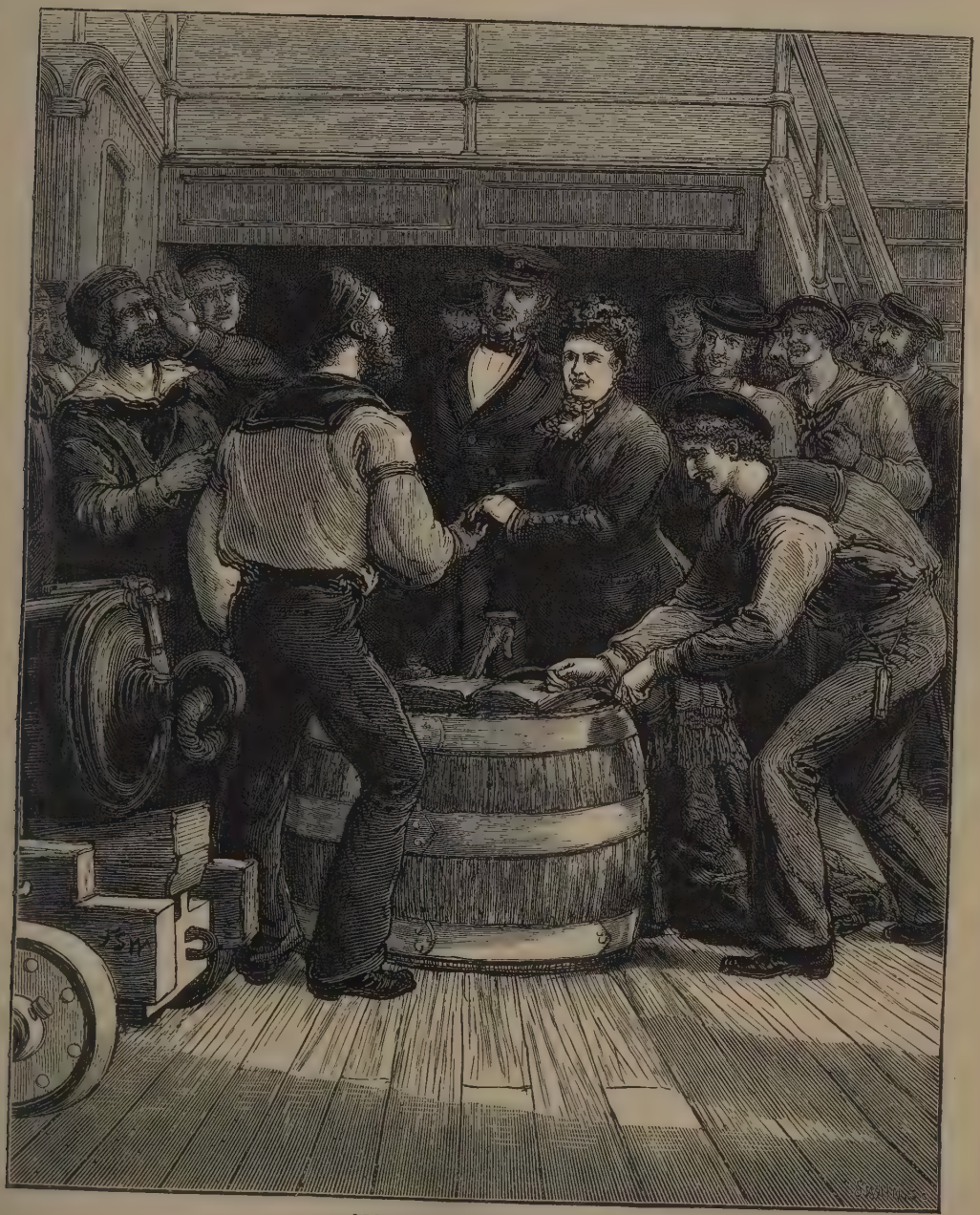
1. The days which God commanded his people to keep.
2. The animals that Pharaoh saw in his dream.
3. The first word that the tempter said to Eve.

The first and last letters give two most glorious works of God.

M. A. B.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

H.M.S. "Topaze" was refitting in Devonport Yard, preparatory to her departure for sea, when I found myself on board. The commander of the ship was present, the sea of eager faces was before me, and we were standing on the middle deck. Anxious not to lose an opportunity of taking names, as I paused I turned to him, and asked for a small table on which to take the pledges. He kindly sent

No. 1425.—AUGUST 20, 1881.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

to his cabin for one, but it was long in coming; the audience was dispersing, and I looked hopelessly round for something to serve as a table. Ah, there it was, a tub—I supposed a bread-tub—of wood, with bright polished bands.

"May I have that?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the answer, with a smile. "You are welcome to anything on board. Now, men, a couple of hands roll out the grog-tub." Amidst cheers and laughter, for I had actually asked for that time-honoured institution the "grog-tub," it was rolled out, and placed before me. The men came up; about sixty enrolled their names. One man carefully signed his name, and then, laying down the pen, he rapped the tub with his knuckles and said, "There goes a nail in your coffin, old fellow."

This amusing incident occurred after a temperance address by Miss Weston, and is recorded in "Our Blue Jackets," of which excellent little book we are glad to see a new and cheap edition.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.

"Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap."

THE seven o'clock sunlight shining into her room, woke Mrs. Chafford to the consciousness of her new surroundings. How bare and meagre the chamber looked! Her handsome dressing-case seemed quite out of place upon a toilet-table devoid of all pretty trifles, and furnished only with a looking-glass, a pin-cushion, and a snowy cover. The wall-paper had a cheerful, rustic aspect; slender flowers went twining endlessly in and out of a faint lattice-work in its pattern, and the ceiling was dazzlingly white. Uncle Peter, in his anxiety to welcome his niece, had evidently freshened up this room with the hope of making it pleasant in her eyes.

Sybil Chafford had spoken truth in saying that Pine Cottage was an ugly house. All the lower apartments were small and poor, and the best rooms were to be found on the second-floor which had been added at Mr. Sorrell's expense. Thus it came to pass that Josephine and her children were established in the top chambers, which were healthy and spacious, full of air and sunshine.

From these upper windows one could see far over the neighbouring country, with its low-lying hills and woody vales. It was no uncommon landscape, but not one of the charms of an English scene was wanting. There were the familiar homesteads, standing amid yellow stacks, and rich green pastures; bits of furzy moor, glowing softly with purple and gold, acres of woodland wearing the bronze and russet liveries of autumn, and here and there the silver streak of a shining stream.

A group of pines shaded the west end of the cottage, and made a home for a family of magpies; and beyond the prim little garden lay a copse where hazel-nuts and blackberries were plentiful in their season. The house stood facing the high road which ran straight from the railway-station to the village, and was always lively on market-days and holidays.

But no sound of wheels broke the morning stillness when Mrs. Chafford opened her eyes. She lay quietly awake for a few moments, and then heard Ellen's modest tap at her door.

She had gone to bed feeling depressed and dissatisfied; and hers was not that kind of gloom which a night's rest can dispel.

Her sleep had been sound and long, yet it had not prepared her to meet the new day with a hopeful spirit. There was nothing in life that seemed worth the trouble of getting up and dressing; nothing downstairs to repay her for the effort of making a morning toilette; no flattering words and glances to sweeten the breakfast. Day after day would come and go in intolerable tedium; her triumphs were over; her gay doings had come utterly to an end.

Still she must play her part. Mr. Sorrell had always shown a marked affection for Josephine; from her childhood she had been his favourite, and had early won his heart by her pretty sayings and caressing ways.

For Annie, her younger sister, he had never felt so deep a love; and then too, Annie's marriage with Henry Paget had given him pain and anxiety. The late Mr. Chafford had been a man who was entirely in sympathy with Uncle Peter; and he had heartily approved of Josephine's choice.

There was but one person who could pretend to rival Mrs. Chafford in her uncle's favour, and that was Garret Montague.

Josephine had been on the friendliest terms with Garret in India, and had kept up a correspondence with him since her widowhood. She had studied his character, and felt quite sure that she knew all his weakness and strength—everything indeed that there was to be known. And with her usual self-confidence she felt perfectly able to manage Garret, and direct him according to her will.

Mr. Sorrell was a reserved man about his personal affairs, and Josephine had no definite knowledge of the amount of property that he possessed. She had always believed him to be much richer than his style of living led people to suppose; he hated show, and she did not doubt that he had a pleasure in saving. He must, she thought, have laid up a handsome sum for those who stood highest in his affection; and who stood so high as herself?

No: she did not think that Garret's rivalry was to be feared. As she rose and dressed, her thoughts went back to the old Indian days when his regiment was quartered in her neighbourhood, and she saw him every day. He was frivolous and weak, she said to herself; only caring to please those who were attractive in his eyes, and generally shunning the society of elderly people. Like many old men, Uncle Peter liked and expected deferential attention, and Garret would be neither politic enough nor considerate enough to give it.

The children, refreshed by a night's sleep, were disposed to be talkative as they went downstairs; and Sybil in her desire to mount guard over Walter upset his temper, and provoked a loud remonstrance. The high-pitched voices jarred on Mr. Sorrell's nerves as he sat in the dining-room waiting to begin prayers; but there was no trace of annoyance on his placid face. As Turner said afterwards, "If master was put out by the clamour he didn't show it."

"I have a few lines from Garret this morning," said Mr. Sorrell at breakfast. "He is still very weak and ill, poor fellow."

"He seems to mend slowly," remarked Josephine. "It was a terrible accident! I feared at first that he would never recover at all."

"It has quite spoiled his career," said the old man sadly. "It is clear that he will be a shattered man to the end of his days. Something will have to be done for him."

"Oh, he seemed quite hopeful about his future when I went to see him," replied the widow quickly. "I know, dear uncle, he has a great many friends, and some of them have influence in the City. He told me he was sure of being secretary to a new company that is soon to be established."

"I am very glad; I had no idea that his plans were formed."

"After all, I think he will be better off than he would have been if he had remained in the service," went on Josephine. "Of course he was living beyond his means, and——"

"Living beyond his means? I always believed that he had a genuine horror of debt!" interrupted Mr. Sorrell, surprised and dismayed.

"Oh, I didn't mean exactly that he had got into difficulties. Poor Frank always gave him good advice, and I used to lecture him in a sisterly way. We did our best to keep him straight, and I think on the whole he really was one of the steadiest men in the regiment."

"My dear Josephine, I have had an excellent account of him from his colonel."

"Oh, do you really know Colonel Ringwood?" asked Mrs. Chafford, flushing.

"Yes, I dined with him at Sir Charles Moore's about three weeks ago. He told me more of Garret than I had ever learnt from the dear lad's letters. Garret, he said, had never been a dissipated man, and had always led a regular life; but of late, just before the accident, there had been a marked change——"

"I know what you are going to say, dearest uncle. Indeed, I shall be more than thankful if it is a lasting change. But dear Frank and I have seen so much of that kind of thing; religious impressions are too often transitory with men of Garret's stamp."

"Colonel Ringwood did not think they would be transitory," said Mr. Sorrell quietly, and rather coldly.

"Well, perhaps he is right; at any rate I hope so," rejoined Josephine, recovering her tact. "I could not love Garret better if he were my brother, and I have ever been most anxious about his happiness. Dear Frank was very fond of him."

"Yes, Frank Chafford always spoke well of him," said the old man in a pleased tone.

"Always; only dear uncle, you mustn't think me harsh, if I am slow to believe in conversions as they are called. We have so often seen the good seed fall on stony ground and spring up quickly, just to wither away."

"And yet despite the stony ground and the thorns, the Master says that the harvest is plenteous," Mr. Sorrell replied.

Josephine was silent. Her instinct told her that enough had been said on the subject.

The morning was perfectly calm and bright; so bright, indeed, that Mrs. Chafford, although no lover of nature, felt tempted to stroll out of doors. Moreover, she was wise enough to know that fresh air and sunshine are the best restoratives for a jaded frame, and she was feeling too thoroughly weary to settle to occupations in the house.

"We needn't begin lessons to-day, mother?" pleaded Sybil, in a coaxing whine, as they all rose from the breakfast-table.

"Oh no; not to-day," echoed Walter.

"Let them have a few holidays, just to make them acquainted with their new home," said Mr. Sorrell kindly. "How has their education fared, Josephine?"

"Pretty well," she answered; "but not so well as if they had had a mother's care. Annie's children are young, and they have all been studying with a very indulgent daily governess. You know dear Annie's easy temper, and I fancy that there has been much play and little work."

"We were very jolly at Bayswater. Aunt Annie was always kind," said Walter.

"Yes, of course, darling," the widow replied. "But I shall want you both to study very hard indeed; your dear father was most anxious about your progress."

Walter made a face, and even Sybil looked a little disconcerted.

"Will you come out walking with us, mother?" the latter asked, after a pause.

"Yes. Keziah will have a morning's work in arranging all your things, so I will take charge of you," Josephine answered.

"Oh, do take us where the trees are!" cried Walter eagerly. "I want to find some blackberries, and pick some primroses."

"You little cockney," laughed Mr. Sorrell. "Don't you know that blackberries and primroses never come together? You will have to wait till next year before you see a primrose."

"I thought that violets and primroses always grew in the woods, no matter what time of year it was," said Walter in a disappointed tone.

"And I daresay you believe that fairies are found there too?"

"Fairies? Oh no!" said Sybil, answering for her brother. "He isn't quite so silly as to believe in them."

"You should hear some of Prudence Winterburn's fairy tales," Mr. Sorrell remarked. "She has a wonderful power of amusing children. I hope you will all make a friend of her very soon."

"Mother said there would be nobody here fit to associate with," observed Walter; but fortunately the words did not reach Uncle Peter's ears. His attention was attracted at the moment by a shabby woman coming up the garden path, and he hurried off to the hall door.

"You dreadful boy. Mother, what will you do with him?" cried Sybil in an agony of sympathy with Mrs. Chafford's evident discomfort.

"Hush, Sybil. Uncle Peter didn't hear him," Josephine whispered. "Let us all go out as quickly as possible."

"But why am I dreadful? Why does Sybil call me names?" demanded the aggrieved Walter. "If she is always going on like this I won't stand it; I'll just——"

"Hush, darling; no one shall call you anything," said Josephine, grasping his hand and leading him away upstairs. "Come and get your hat, and we'll be ready in three minutes. We are going to have a very happy morning out in the woods among the blackberries and squirrels, you know."

"Oh, mother, are there any squirrels?" asked the child, instantly forgetting his wrongs.

"Hundreds," answered Josephine promptly; "and foxes, too."

"Oh, oh! And rabbits and hares?"

"Thousands," repeated Mrs. Chafford, dragging him up to her room, nearly breathless with anxiety and haste. "And adders, weasels, toads, spiders, and beetles. You'll find no end of amusing creatures, and none of them will do you the slightest harm."

"Not even the adders?"

"They will crawl out of your way. Oh me, were ever stairs like these?" panted his mother, as she reached the top landing. "My heart throbs furiously, and my strength is all gone."

"It's all Walter's fault," said Sybil, who was bringing up the rear, but luckily Walter's mind was so busily occupied that he did not hear her remark.

Life was very hard to Mrs. Chafford as she toiled along the corridor to her room, and then sat down in the wickerwork chair to recover her breath. Was she always to live in dread of Walter's inopportune speeches? The boy seemed to remember and repeat all her own unguarded expressions with disastrous accuracy; and it would not always be possible to stop his mouth and call his attention to other subjects.

And, unfortunately, he could make many undesirable revelations. She had not always realised the danger of having this innocent little spy about her, and things had been revealed that ought to have been concealed. The child's clear eyes had watched her life without seeing its extravagance and follies; but if he told all that he had seen, there were some who would not be slow to blame.

Well, he would have to be cautioned, and guarded, and amused, and in time, perhaps, he would forget all that she did not want him to remember, and then there would be a little peace.

Peace? Never, since her early girlhood, had Josephine known the real meaning of that word, nor had she desired to know it; and if she had now begun to crave for peace, it was only because her body was too feeble and her mind too troubled for pleasure and gaiety to give her any delight.

Kind Uncle Peter, reading the Indian letters with such a thankful heart, how little he had known of the real life of the writer! For years and years Josephine had successfully deceived him with those long epistles of hers, and his eyes had never once beheld her veritable self at all.

He did not know that poor Frank Chafford had been bitterly disappointed in the woman he had married. When Frank had sought Josephine, he had been beguiled by the earnest professions of religious feeling that she made, and had believed that her heart would be in perfect unison with his own. He had expected to find in her an active helpmeet, zealous in all schemes for good, and anxious for the welfare of the souls around her. She would be, he thought, the very wife for an army chaplain—brave enough to despise frivolities, and wise enough to make her sobriety a pleasant and attractive thing.

But after marriage the mask was soon thrown aside, and the chaplain's wife became the gayest of the gay. The leader of a fast set, the foremost in every wild pleasure, Josephine dared to go to the very verge of impropriety, and set her husband's commands at defiance. A stronger man might perhaps have controlled her by mere force of will; but Frank Chafford, delicate in health, and oversensitive by nature, was no match for his determined wife. Some said that he had worked too hard; others averred that the climate had undermined his constitution, but no one said openly and honestly that he died of a broken heart.

THE CONSTRAINING LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. G. DESPARD, M.A., HOLY TRINITY, KILBURN.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 *Cor.* v. 14.

HOW fond St. Paul was of speaking about the "love of Christ!" And what a wonder that love always appeared to him—something that grew in his eyes more and more, the more it was thought of. It is a love, he says, that "passeth knowledge," and though he felt he never could "know" it perfectly, yet he longed to be more and more in a state of mind which would enable him to "comprehend" its "length, and breadth, and depth, and height."

There was something in his own history that accounts for this. Was there ever a man who had more reason to speak enthusiastically of the love of Christ? To think how it had reached to him, the "blasphemer and murderer"—who could have greater reason for admiring it? A history of wonderful sin on his part, followed by a history of wonderful love on Christ's part; that is all *we* shall have to tell in heaven, and it is "heaven begun below" to be able to tell it now.

It is a great responsibility to take up such a subject as this. For how searching it is, probing us to the very quick, and yet most certainly leaving us all worse if it does not leave us better.

And, at the same time, what an humbling subject it is, always serving to send us away humbled before God, because we have to confess how far we are from feeling the love of Christ as it ought to be felt.

Yet it is also a quickening and a warming subject. As a man can scarcely place himself under the beams of the sun without feeling some glow, so we cannot get under the "love of Christ" without our lukewarm hearts being made to glow. May there be some of the warmth and glow for our hearts in the subject now, and may the Spirit of God lay the subject so powerfully on us all, that we too may get nearer to the point at which men say, whilst

their "hearts burn within them," "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Now before inquiring into the "constraining" power of the love of Christ, it is necessary to consider for a moment its *humbling* effect. Under certain circumstances nothing is more humbling than to be greatly loved. St. Paul, as I have said, had been greatly loved by Christ. He could never rightly account for it himself. It was a puzzle to him at the time, and it was a puzzle all his life after, and it is a puzzle to him in heaven at this moment why, of all the blasphemers of those days, he should have been singled out for mercy. He could not see anything in his own case to account for it. There was not one redeeming feature in his hatred of God's truth and opposition to Christ: He had been a very ringleader in the ranks of Satan, making himself a conspicuous mark for the thunderbolts of heaven. How could he understand it, that *he* should have been loved; a man who, not content with blaspheming Christ himself, did all he could to compel others to blaspheme Him also, ready even to kill anyone who would not curse Christ? All the explanation that he could ever give of it was this, that "it pleased God to call him by his grace." He who is "rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith He hath loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." At the same time he said it was no doubt to attract others, "for a pattern to them who should in time to come believe," that his case might be on record for the encouragement of us all, to show that the love of Christ reaches even to the very "chief of sinners."

But what is now to be particularly observed about this is the effect it had on the man's own mind. Did it puff him up and exalt him to think how he had been thus loved? He was naturally a very proud man; but where was his pride ever after the day he had been so loved? Looking at him as he was once, we should have been disposed to say nothing could humble such a spirit. And I do not think anything but the one thing could have humbled him. That, however, did so effectually. It is not an humbling thing to be loved when you think yourself worthy of it, but nothing in the world is more humbling than to be loved when you know how little you deserve it.

Always, therefore, from the day St. Paul felt himself loved by Christ, there was the deepest sense of his own unworthiness. He was never proud, either of himself or of anything that he did or could do. He never sought nor cared to get beyond humble dependence on Christ as the sole ground of his hope and confidence. Whatever he might do, or however he might work, he saw no merit in it, nor ever gave it a thought, as if it could in any way render him deserving in the sight of God. The same humbling effect is always produced by the experience of the love of Christ. There is in every real Christian a prevailing and humble consciousness of unworthiness in his best works. Under the sense of Christ's love life grows more humbling every day, because the contrast is more and more deeply felt between the love wherewith we have been loved, and our own poor motives, our lukewarm love, our many failures, the frequent outbreaks of our sinful nature, and the faintness of our resemblance to Christ. We often long for something by which we may know whether we are really getting more under the influence of the love of Christ. The sign of it which comes first, and is the most blessed sign of all, is being more and more humbled whenever we think of it; that, whether we look at what we were, or what we are, we should be loved, and *so* loved.

But if it humbles us that we should be loved, being what we are, it not the less creates a sense of obligation. It is to this the apostle refers in the text. It is impossible really to believe in the love of Christ or to have had the experience of it without the rise and growth in the mind of a sense of obligation. "We thus judge." It is not a passing feeling, but a settled state of our minds, "that if one died for all, then were all dead." You see how, in connection with the love of Christ, the apostle goes at once to the death of Christ as that wherein his great love wherewith He loved us is most clearly shown. His love brought Him to the death for us; and is it a great thing that a sense of his love should bring us to a death for his sake? We "judge" that the love He showed in redeeming us at the price of his own life places us in a new relation both towards Him and towards the world. If we are not now enemies to God but reconciled to Him; if we are not now under the curse of the law, but free from it; if we are not now spiritually dead, but quickened to a new and better life; if we are not now "without hope in the world," but have "a good hope through grace," to what do we owe it all? Wholly and exclusively to "the love of Christ!" From the moment in which this truth obtains possession of a man's heart he has a motive of action he never knew before—a rule of life he could never otherwise have gained. It is given to us in these simple words: "no longer living to ourselves, but unto Him which died for us and rose again." Here is the one groundwork of Christian obligation. It is love for love. Christ's love was shown in dying for us; our love is shown in living for Him. There is a deep sense of personal unworthiness, and also of the unworthiness of the best works we can ever hope to do. And yet, nevertheless, there is a constraining sense of personal obligation to a life of which He to whose love we owe all is the one grand object—an object taking the place that is given by nature to a very different object—namely, ourselves.

Now what is it to live unto ourselves? No one can find much difficulty in answering that question. It is, of course, to follow our own will, and to make our own pleasure and interest our main object in life, caring little about others. In the parable of the rich fool we have this exemplified. We do not read that he had been a dishonest or an unjust employer—very likely he gave everyone his due—and it is evident that he had been a very hard-working and industrious man. Nevertheless, he had but one goal in view, and the animating motive in all his efforts and exertions was unvarying. The picture he kept steadily before his mind, as the mainspring of his exertions, was that of a certain man able, as the reward of many years of economy and industry, to surrender himself to the enjoyment of absolute ease. Life in his view had been given to him for the one purpose of landing himself by his own exertions in a position free from all care and anxiety. It never occurred to him as a motive in the process of accumulating, or as one of the

ends for which the accumulation was desirable, that any human being beyond his own circle should be benefited thereby. And that great Teacher who was such a master in exposing the real nature of the principles which actuate the heart of fallen man, drew back the curtain still more fully in another parable. For what was the sin of that other rich man whose history both in this world and in the next He gave us? It was not a history in this world of shameless and open profligacy. He possessed and enjoyed abundance. He surrounded himself with a handsome establishment. He "clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." There is not a word said to intimate that he did harm to anyone. But then, neither is there a word said to intimate that he did good to anyone. He simply lived for himself. No doubt he had some sense of obligation in regard to the use of his property, but he considered his obligation to begin and end with the employment and due payment of his dependants.

It is not without reason that our Lord has shown us *where* we ought to look for that radical vice of our fallen nature which spoils all. He shows us how a man may be industrious and hard-working and punctual in all his transactions; how he may be a good, and even liberal, employer; highly respected and justly esteemed by his fellow-men, and yet all the time be living with no thought or care extending beyond that little circle of which self is the centre.

And at the same time he has opened our eyes to the solemn truth that, whatever redeeming qualities may appear to men to be connected with such a life, in the estimate of God it is but one long sin, and that sin the greatest of which any of his responsible creatures can be guilty. Substituting self for Him in the scheme of life, giving Him perhaps the name or form of an empty worship, but concentrating the real devotion of the heart on the interest, or comfort, or enjoyment, of self! It is the ruling motive that is the question in all this. Mixed motives may, and will come in with the best and most earnest, nor is it possible to exclude regard for our worldly interest altogether from the mind. But the question is not, whether a place is given to considerations that have to do with ourselves, but what place? Is it the only place, or if not the only place, is it the first place? Here is where the caution is needed, for here is where we are all in danger, amidst the pressing things of the world. If "the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever," how must it be, if, so far from that being the chief end for which a man lives, he is obliged in all honesty to admit that it constitutes no part at all of the end he is living for? How easy it is for us all to slip into it, "living unto ourselves," and how common, after slipping into it, to have conscience deadened to the sin of it!

And then, what is it to live unto another? That, too, we can easily understand. We see it exemplified in the care of a mother for a weak and ailing child. How she seems to live for it, relinquishing every personal comfort, sacrificing sleep, and enduring every kind of privation, for the being so dear to her! In vain she is told to take care of herself, and take more thought for her own health and comfort. She lives for her child, the love of which constraineth her! Or see what living unto another means in a man, by no means rare and uncommon. His personal wants are few, and a little satisfies him. But there are the wife and children, and for these how willing he is to slave early and late! If it were not for them, he would consult his ease—but, in the hope of leaving them a competence, he taxes heart and brain to the uttermost; and if he seems to value his gains, it is not for their own sake, nor for himself, but altogether for them. Does it not help us to understand what is meant by living unto Christ?

"The love of Christ constraineth us," the Apostle says. It was as a great force holding them in its power. It turned their energies into one channel, and drove them forward therein with a wonderful force. Yet their conduct was perfectly free! The constraint was one not of compulsion but of affection. What you like best you need not do, if you wish, but you do it, because it has such a hold upon you! And what is this that has such a hold upon the Apostle that he cannot help but turn all his energies into the one channel? "The love of Christ!" By this he meant the peculiar display of the love of Christ: "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." He thought of it all until he felt its vast constraining influence! Love so free, so spontaneous, so unselfish, so deep-reaching and persevering, so absolute and unreserved! A noble life must have a noble object to draw its inspiration from, and if we, like Paul, draw our inspiration from the cross, it will be seen in a life like his, a life in which Christ holds the place that self naturally holds with us all.

And yet let us bring the matter down to ourselves practically, lest we imagine that living unto Christ means something vague and sentimental. "Is it living unto Christ," if we never honour Him with the tongue? Religion is not talk; but nevertheless religion, if real, will influence the talk. Look at St. Paul, wherever he was—in the prison at Rome, or in the gaol at Philippi; in the market-place at Athens, or in the palace of Felix! Can a thing be nearest the heart and yet never on the lip? Nothing is more offensive than speaking of Christ, if it be done hypocritically, or insincerely, but if it is done heartily, to glorify Him and benefit others, the tongue savouring of Christ because the heart is full of Him, this is love, this is love "constraining!"

Or, then, if we do not honour Him with our time, can we be said to be living unto Christ? How many excuse themselves from taking an active part in any Christian work whatever, on the ground that they have no time for it. No time for it! And is all the time, then, to be for ourselves, for our own business, and for our own concerns? Men find the time for such things, because they are interested, and if they were interested in Christ would they not find some portion of their time for Him? "But I go to church on Sundays!" And does that really represent the amount of your time you can manage to bestow on Him, unto whom you profess to be living? "Lord, I live unto Thee, but I keep all my precious time for myself and my own affairs! One hour a week would have to be taken from my own business, or enjoyment, or relaxation, and I cannot afford it!" Wonderful illustration of the "constraining" power of "the love of Christ!" And yet an illustration that I would rather not have to look upon in the day of judgment, when the love we give Christ will stand for measurement beside the time we give Him!

Or, again, is it "living unto Christ" if men do not honour Him with their substance? You have fair health, valuable connections in business, important opportunities of success! And whose are they? Who is the Giver of all? Giving is not the point, but the proportion in which a man gives. "With the firstfruits of all their increase." Is it so indeed, for the Lord Jesus, under love's constraining influence, good measure, pressed down and heaped together and flowing over! Living unto Christ—in what proportion as against living unto ourselves? You know that beautiful story of the alabaster box! That was not bringing to Christ the cheapest thing that could be found! It was not having two boxes, one of earthenware bestowed on Him, the other of alabaster kept for self! It was not only love, but constraining love: the best she had was deserved by Christ, and therefore Mary gave Him the best she had, and in the comment He made on what she did our Lord taught us all a great secret, how what we do for ourselves is soon forgotten, while what we do for Christ is immortal—"in all the world it shall be told for a memorial of her!" So may it be with all who read these words! "All for Jesus" because we love Him best of all; the testimony of the life to prove it true that "we love Him because He first loved us!"

THE CITY BANQUET TO DR. MOFFAT.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who lately died full of years and honour, once made a noticeable remark at a banquet in the Mansion House. He said that he had at many a civic feast heard toasts to the army and navy, but never once to the diplomatic service. To this service, said the veteran diplomatist, the British empire is more indebted for peace, prosperity, and progress than to the exploits of war which secure so much just praise. The truth and fitness of this remark, as quoted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom it was made, recalled to us another saying, still more noticeable, as coming from an illustrious and honoured soldier.

Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, in returning home from the scene of his exploits to receive the honours of his grateful fellow-countrymen, happened to sail in the same vessel with Dr. Boaz, who was returning from the scene of his mission labours in India. With a fine instinct for the true relation of things, Sir Harry observed to Dr. Boaz: "The time will come when it will be the missionary and not the warrior who will return home to receive the plaudits of the multitude and the honours of the State." That prediction seemed to be in a measure fulfilled at the Mansion House on the 7th of May, when the veteran missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, whose remarkable life-labours in Africa are known to all the world, was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by the Lord Mayor of London. The event was in every way remarkable, and it will be historic. The chief city authority, passing by for the time the magnates of the earth, threw open the doors of the Mansion House to receive a company of the leaders and supporters of Christian missions, to do honour to one who had done a hero's work among the savage tribes of South Africa, and who, full of years as he is of service, came home a few years since to spend his declining days among his own people. The scene in the Egyptian Hall was brilliant in itself—and indeed a civic banquet is a spectacle not to be forgotten by those who have once witnessed it; but there was a glory thrown over it that day beyond the ordinary. The conception of such a gathering in such a place was one that could have originated only with a Christian mind inspired with Christian fervour; and it could have been carried out only by a man who had the courage of his convictions. If the Lord Mayor had not been a true and loyal servant of Christ, the Mansion House had not been thrown open to do honour to a simple missionary of the Cross, whose only distinction is that he has done a good day's work for the Master.

And all Christian missionaries were honoured in the honour done to the old veteran, as by the presence of the representatives of all societies it was evidently designed that all Christian missions should be recognised, while he should be acknowledged by them all. The event was a grand demonstration of the unity of missionary workers and the oneness of true missionary work. And indeed, in a remarkable degree might Moffat be regarded as representing in himself modern missions. When he rose to reply to the honours of the occasion, there stood up one around whom gathered the history of, at least, British missions to the heathen for the past century. For the life of Robert Moffat is very nearly contemporary with the existence of these missions. When he was born in 1795 the idea of sending missionaries to tell the story of the gospel to the heathen had little more than dawned upon the mind of the Church. Only three years before, the first of the great Evangelical missionary societies (the Baptist) had been formed, and only three months previous to Moffat's birth had the London Missionary Society been founded, in connection with which he was destined to accomplish his life's work. Four years afterwards the Church Missionary Society was established, and in 1817, the year following young Moffat's ordination with John Williams at Surrey Chapel, the Wesleyan Missionary Society originated. During the more than half a century in which he laboured in South Africa, in planting the Gospel among its uncivilised tribes, the same work has been carried on in the islands of the South Seas, and has succeeded in transforming many of them into nominally Christian lands with flourishing churches of Christ in their midst. In the vast empire of India the missionaries of various societies have been labouring with like results; and China, so long closed against the missionary, has opened her gates to let him in, and already moral miracles have been wrought upon the people. Madagascar too, has finally yielded to the ambassadors of Christ, and instead of the persecution of those that embrace this religion, the Queen and her husband have become its professors and propagators.

All this has taken place within the lifetime of this remarkable man, Robert Moffat, remarkable for longevity, for an almost undimmed eye, and for natural force but "little abated" after a toilsome life of fourscore and six years, as well as for missionary zeal and sanctified tact and judgment. It is not only that *he* has brought whole tribes of savage people to embrace the gospel; whilst he has

been doing it thousands of missionaries have been doing similar work, each according to his ability and the grace given him, and with corresponding success. It is not only that Moffat has translated the Holy Scriptures into the Situana language, completing the arduous work in new and revised forms since his return to England; whilst he has been doing that, the Bible has been translated into nearly all the languages of the world, and almost every man and woman may read, if they will, in their own tongue wherein they were born the wonderful works of God. It is not only that this veteran missionary has instructed the children of Africa in the knowledge of Christ, and has been successful in raising up a new generation of believing men in the region where he laboured; a similar work has been accomplished in many parts of the heathen world. Moffat is honoured as a pioneer in mission service, and as a persistent labourer through long years of ardent and successful toil away in the distant fields of the African world; but he stands at the head of a "noble army" of Christ's volunteers, who through the current century have gone from hence unto the Gentiles, that they might discover to them the way of eternal life.

JOHN BUNYAN'S WICKET GATE.

YOU must have read Mr. John Bunyan's description of how the pilgrims came to the wicket gate. They were pointed, you remember, by Evangelist to a light and a gate, and they went that way according to his bidding. A young man in Edinburgh was very anxious to speak to others about their souls; so he addressed himself one morning to an old Musselburgh fishwife, and he began by saying to her, "Here you are with your burden." "Ay," said she. He asked her, "Did you ever feel a spiritual burden?" "Yes," she said, resting a bit, "I felt the spiritual burden years ago, before you were born, and I got rid of it, too; but I did not go the same way to work that Bunyan's pilgrim did." Our young friend was greatly surprised to hear her say that, and thought she must be under grievous error, and therefore begged her to explain. "No," said she, "when I was under concern of soul, I heard a true Gospel minister, who bade me look to the cross of Christ, and there I lost my load of sin. I did not hear one of those milk-and-water preachers like Bunyan's Evangelist." "How," said our young friend, "do you make that out?" "Why, that Evangelist, when he met the man with the burden on his back, said to him, 'Do you see that wicket gate?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't.' 'Do you see that light?' 'I think I do.' Why man," said she, "he should not have spoken about wicket gates or lights, but he should have said, 'Do you see Jesus Christ hanging on the cross? Look to Him, and your burden will fall off your shoulder.' He sent that man round the wrong way when he sent him to the wicket gate, and much good he got by it, for he was likely to have been choked in the Slough of Despond before long. I tell you, I looked at once to the cross, and away went my burden." "What," said this young man, "did you never go through the Slough of Despond?" "Ah," said she, "many a time, more than I care to tell. But at the first I heard the preacher say, 'Look to Christ,' and I looked to Him. I have been through the Slough of Despond since that! But let me tell you, sir, it is much easier to go through that slough with your burden off than it is with your burden on."

And so it is. Blessed are they whose eyes are only and altogether on the Crucified. The older I grow the more sure I am of this, that we must have done with self in all forms and see Jesus only if we would be at peace. Was John Bunyan wrong? Certainly not; he was describing things as they generally are. Was the old woman wrong? No; she was perfectly right; she was describing things as they ought to be, and as I wish they always were. Still, experience is not always as it ought to be, and much of the experience of Christians is not Christian experience. It is a fact which I lament, but, nevertheless, must admit, that a large number of persons, ere they come to the cross and lose their burden, go round about no end of a way, trying this plan and that plan, with but very slender success after all, instead of coming straightway to Christ just as they are, looking to Him and finding light and life at once. How is it, then, that some are so long in getting to Christ?

C. H. SPURGEON.

Harvest Hymn.

BY THE REV. CANON FLEMING, CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

LORD of the harvest, hear our praise:
A hymn of grateful joy we raise
To Thee, whose ever-bounteous hand
Has crowned with harvest-tide the land.

Thy goodness marks the rolling year,
Thy gracious love is ever near;
Lord, let the fruit of charity
Be gladly rendered back to Thee.

We thank Thee for the power and will
Some corners of Thy field to till:
Oh purify our hearts, that we
May give ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

Circled by mercy, may we be
Drawn each to other, all to Thee;
Accept the offerings which we bring
Of love and reverence to our King.

When, in a world of light and love,
We keep the harvest-home above,
Let none, O Lord, be missing there
Of all who now are gathered here.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
The Trinity of love in heaven,
On earth be praise and glory given.

Amen.

AUTUMN.

FROM A DRAWING BY BIRKET FOSTER.

AN EASTERN REAPER.

OUR sketch, taken in sight of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, under the walls of Jerusalem, is an example of modern life illustrating old customs, as in the text, Psa. cxxix. 7: "Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth eaves his bosom." The artist writes: "The corn is pulled and cut rather than cut only, and thrust into the bosom till ere is enough to make the little sheaf, and this again is set up in standing sheaves together with the weeds."

ROYAL GERMAN CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

HISTORY proves the interest attached to this chapel to be great. That interest has, however, just recently been augmented by the permission granted by her Majesty at the request, it is understood, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to celebrate a service here weekly in the Danish tongue. Thus, for the third time at least, since the chapel became Protestant, the ritual left behind by the great German reformer is celebrated within its walls in the Danish tongue.

In consequence of the loss of state records, destruction by fire at different periods of portions of that once vast pile, or cluster of piles, known as St. James's Palace, obscurity of revenue statistics and other causes, clear minute identification of historical events with the different chapels and the oratories established within the palace at different times is not always possible—even by the light of contemporaneous history and biography; still, sufficient matter of importance is indisputably associated with the chapel under consideration to show that a past of great historical interest is attached thereto.

The chapel now called the Royal German Chapel was designed and commenced in the year 1623 for the service of Clara Isabella, Infanta of Spain, the destined bride of Charles I. of England, then Prince Charles simply. The projected union was utterly distasteful to the countrymen of both, though the young people concerned were supposed to entertain a romantic fancy for each other, and, it may be added, it is doubtful whether the Spanish alliance could by any possibility have proved more calamitous to the fortunes of Charles I. than did his union eventually with Henrietta Maria of France. James I. himself was half-hearted in the matter, although in sore need of the dowry promised with the bride; and the Spanish envoys employed to arrange preliminaries were distrustful, and exacting in proportion to the distrustfulness they felt. St. James's Palace was at that date the residence of the heir-apparent always, and a special article of the treaty stipulated that a chapel should "be specially builded and added thereto" for the Infanta's service. It is amusing and a little humiliating to read of the envoy's persistence, or insistence, in this matter. Under pressure of this insistence we find two despatches, following closely upon each other, sent off in one day to Lord Middlesex from Windsor, where James was then residing. In the second (quoted here in preference because it gives the name of the architect) he, Lord Middlesex, is urged "to take with the chancellor of the exchequer whomsoever he thinks fit, specially Mr. Surveyor Jones (Inigo Jones) and to work upon the ground at St. James's House that a chapel be gone in hand withal presently of equal *bignes* with that of the Prince." An entry of later date, contained in the papers of the Record Office, shows Mr. Surveyor Jones at work upon the chapel, and one of later date still, but of the same year, certifies that a payment had been made on account of the said work. It is nearly needless to say that this erection of a royal Romish chapel in Protestant England was made the subject of an appeal to the superstitious feelings of the people of both Spain and England. A rumour went forth that angels descended nightly to assist in the construction of the chapel. The rumour was received with mingled derision and indignation by the English, but with "much edifying joy and faith" by the populace of the country of the intended bride.

On the rupture presently of the negotiations for the Spanish alliance, the works were discontinued, and seem to have remained *in statuo quo* for some considerable time, for we find Henrietta Maria, long after her marriage, backed by her numerous priestly and domestic followers, constantly importuning her husband on the subject of the finishing of the chapel (intended before for the use of the Infanta of Spain) at St. James's Palace (or House, as it was indifferently called), also for the building of one at Somerset (otherwise Denmark) House, for her service. She complained that the closet fitted up as an oratory for herself and followers at the former place was not large enough; which, probably, was true, inasmuch as her French *train* was so numerous that the maintenance thereof cost 240*l.* daily—money of that period it has to be remembered. The reply given by Charles upon one of these occasions has been often quoted, but will perhaps bear repetition here: "If that is so, then let them (the priests) say it (the mass) in the garden, and if that is not large enough, then there is the park!" The importunity of the queen presently prevailed, however, and by-and-by the chapels of St. James's Palace and Somerset House were ready for her use, and were opened with a display of so much superstitious ceremonial that it drew upon the queen outspoken revilings, coupled with hootings, from the mob, as she passed through the park from one to the other upon the occasion.

The chapel of St. James's was fitted up with a brocaded tapestry of much beauty and other costly accessories. These probably all disappeared at the time of the Commonwealth, but the chapel was again subsequently superbly decorated and fitted up for the service of the queen of Charles II., Catherine of Braganza. Pepys records the fact of the attendance of the last-named queen in a gown of silver lace at mass, on the re-opening

of the chapel. Catherine of Braganza, attended by her ladies, walked across the park upon the occasion in question, from Whitehall, which was the residence of the sovereign at that date, and until it was burnt down in 1695. The service was performed by the queen's Portuguese priests, whom she had settled in buildings erected contiguous to the chapel expressly for their reception. Marlborough House now occupies the site on which these stood, and it may be remarked here that although the German Chapel appears at this date to intrude on the ground of Marlborough House, it nevertheless formed an incorporated portion of St. James's Palace down to the year 1809, in which year the whole south-east angle of St. James's Palace was destroyed by fire. The portion destroyed comprised the king's and queen's private apartments, those occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, and some of the old state apartments. The German Chapel was much damaged on this occasion, and by the destruction of the apartments enumerated, left standing almost isolated. Marlborough House stands on a portion of the garden or *pleasaunce*, formerly attached to St. James's Palace. An authority writing on the subject of the fire of 1809, says that the French and Dutch chapels were much injured thereby. The writer means probably that the French and Dutch chapel was much injured at that date.

French (Protestant) and Dutch services alternately were celebrated here in the time of William and Mary, and both at that period and for many years subsequently, the chapel was called the French Chapel. Nevertheless, in a ground-plan of St. James's Palace, date 1729, with a sight of which the writer of this notice was favoured by the courtesy of the Secretary of her Majesty's Office of Works, the existence of a third chapel (the other two are respectively the Chapel Royal, and the German Chapel) situated on the ground floor on the north side of the Friary Court, is clearly shown. This last from its situation was in all probability the private Catholic chapel fitted up for the use of the charming young Italian partner of James II., when her husband was Duke of York only. It was very probably the private chapel of the husband of Queen Anne, Prince George of Denmark (amongst other visitors or occupants of the palace), when his wife occupied St. James's Palace as heir-apparent to William III. A pleasing idea by the way has been left us of the prince named at this date. His tastes were naturally simple and pacific; his manner of life devout. He was fond of carpentering, and was wont to pass hours daily in a little room specially set apart for his use and fitted up with every needful tool and appliance for practising the craft he favoured. Service, performed by one or other of the two Danish chaplains attached to his household, he regularly attended in the private chapel reserved for that purpose.

But there is another designation by which the Royal German Chapel of St. James's has in all times been known—to return a moment to the subject of the names borne by that building—namely, the "Queen's Chapel." Pepys, in his "Diary," refers to it thus: "February 24th, 1663–4.—To the Queen's Chapel, where I staid and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down; and so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the Chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne a Frenchman, used to preach. But now is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, which I wonder at." So great, however, was the flocking to the last-named chapel upon occasions, and consequent disorders arising from the displeasure of the populace "at the superstitions and *show* there beheld," that frequent Orders in Council were issued forbidding the attendance thereat of any person not of the Queen's immediate household, under pain of prosecution.

With the history of the Royal German or Queen's Chapel as a Roman Catholic chapel, two events stand prominently forth as associating it closely—and, it may be added painfully to the feelings of Protestant England—with the religious troubles of the Stuart period. It was from this chapel that the Host with other accessories needful for administering the communion according to Romish rites was secretly fetched and the communion as secretly administered to Charles II. at Whitehall, when that sovereign lay on his death-bed there, and made the dying profession of faith which caused such distress and consternation to be felt throughout the land. And it was in this chapel that James II., in flagrant open defiance of the murmurs of his people, caused his infant son, subsequently known as the Pretender, to be baptised according to Romish rites, with the pope, represented by his "nuncio," Count Adda, for godfather, and the dowager-queen Catherine of Braganza for godmother. It was the final act in the category of James's offences against his people which caused the latter to turn to William of Orange as to one who would deliver the country from and preserve it against popish thraldom.

The performance of a German Lutheran service connected with St. James's Palace is said to have been founded by Queen Anne, and to have been celebrated at the beginning in a private chapel, or room fitted up as one, in the interior of the palace. It certainly does not appear to have been regularly established in its present quarters until long after her death. In the time of former sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, the service was constantly honoured by the attendance of royalty; with some of the consorts of the sovereigns of this house the chapel has been a special favourite. Queen Caroline presented it with its present altar-piece, "Christ in Gethsemane," painted by Remberg. She also presented it with an organ, but this latter gift was replaced by one of better tone in 1831, by William IV., who likewise added a picture, "The Widow's Mite," painted by Bendixen, and which now hangs in the ambassadors' closet. The royal pew or closet is situated above the doorway, and is of fine proportions and handsome appearance; it is in fact a spacious, well-furnished apartment. The chapel as a whole, indeed, presents a very striking appearance, although somewhat marred by the situation of the organ, which blocks almost completely the centre division of its fine east-end window. Previously to the fire of 1809, it probably occupied a position opposite the ambassadors' closet.

One service only in each of the two languages, German and Danish, is held here weekly, namely, on Sunday. The doors for the German service, which is generally a crowded one, open at a quarter to eleven, but the commencement of Divine worship

seems determined by the departure of the military band without, which plays for a short time every morning in the open court of St. James's Palace known as the Friary Court, opposite the chapel. The Danish service commences at half-past four in the afternoon. Both are strictly Lutheran, but Lutheranism does not prescribe absolute uniformity of ritual, although the doctrine is invariable, and the prayers used at the German service are those of the Church of England. At the Danish service, however, both ritual and the dress of the officiating clergyman are nearly identical with those adopted by Martin Luther. The latter in its severe, and yet picturesque simplicity, composed of long black silk gown and broad fluted stiff white ruff, a costume made familiar to us by paintings of the period, impresses us as a picture of any one of those who fought the great fight of Reform may do—as a visible relic of the age of the sufferings, struggles, wrongs, and final triumph of Protestantism.

It should be added, in conclusion, that the chapel is open to the public at both services, and the sittings, with the exception of the royal and the ambassadors' closet, all free; a civil official is in attendance, however, who makes it his business to seat both regular attendants and new-comers as comfortably as possible. The organ, which is of good tone, is excellently played by the resident organist. The service in each instance is simple, but carefully and impressively performed, the congregation grave and devout, as German or Danish congregations invariably are, either in or outside their own country.

C. Beeston.

THE RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, is the great event in the life of every good Moslem. From all lands where the religion of the Koran prevails, multitudes go to visit the holy city and the tomb of the Prophet. Many perish in the long journey, but the Hadjis who return to their homes are welcomed with enthusiasm, and regarded ever after with increased honour. An English lady who witnessed the return of the Cairo pilgrims, has given a lively description of the scene in her charming little book, "Sacred Palm Lands."* Writing on the 16th of February she says:

For the last day or two the pilgrims who had returned from Mecca (whither they went in October of last year) have been encamping outside the Bâb-en-Nasr on the road to Heliopolis, and at the Pilgrims' Lake.

Some of the richer members of the hajj entered Cairo on camels, bearing red litters large enough to recline upon, while some of the poor hadjis have ridden in on the donkeys which had carried them across the desert, their friends rushing to meet them with a storm of greetings. Numbers of the Cairenes went out to see the pilgrims' encampment, and to press the red and green hangings of the sacred camel (inscribed with verses from the Koran) to their foreheads, in order to touch something connected with Mecca. About a hundred children were taken by their fathers this year to the Prophet's shrine, in order that they might be saved a pilgrimage thither when they grew to manhood.

At an early hour this morning all Cairo was astir in eager expectation of the state entry of the Mecca caravan procession into the city; so I mounted my donkey at eight o'clock, and rode down the narrow, crowded streets, and through the grand old gateways of Bâb-el-Futûh and Bâb-en-Nasr, by which latter gate it was to make its entrance. By dint of bribing an itinerant vendor of coffee, our dragoman Hassan obtained an excellent place for me and for the three ladies whom I had joined. Opposite us was a barred window, through whose gratings we could see a number of women standing; others were on the housetops, or mingling with the gaily-dressed crowds in holiday attire. They were much more orderly than a European crowd would have been; only one case of quarrelling did I see amongst them, and the Turkish soldiery were prompt in removing the offender. It was painful to observe the troops so free in using their sticks to keep the line clear, even striking a poor woman on the head.

The procession was headed by a troop of jugglers. They were followed by a company of dervishes bearing huge red and green silk banners, on which were inscribed verses of the Koran. At last the Turkish infantry filed past, preceded by their bands playing European marches, which formed a great contrast to the wild, weird, tom-tom and pipe music of the Tunisian and other dervishes, keeping time to which, these and the pilgrims marched, chanting in unison verses from the Koran, the solemn sound whereof reminded me of the chanting of Italian monks. There was much of quiet earnestness and devotion in their faces; but, except in the case of one fair-skinned dervish with dishevelled hair, none of the frenzied fanaticism one had been led to expect; and, as the band of soldiers who had accompanied the caravan filed past, an element of the comical was supplied by the officer in command issuing the order that they were to dust themselves; in accordance with which out came each man's pocket-handkerchief—flap, flap, they went, up and down, to right and to left, with as much precision as if they had been going through a sword exercise, till they disappeared through the Bâb-en-Nasr.

The beating of big drums now heralded the approach of the sacred camel bearing the Mahmal: all eyes were directed towards the noble animal, with this heavy shrine upon its back, rolling like a ship in a storm at sea. The shrine is a magnificent affair, the covering and the trappings being gorgeous with massive embroidery of gold and silver, and costly gems. Within it is the old Kisweh (carpet or veil) brought back from Mecca, which is kept carefully concealed in its shrine until the Viceroy has inspected it, after which it is cut up into shreds, which the Moslems buy for charms.

As the Mahmal passed, a high-pitched quaver (on two notes) thrilled the female portion of the crowd. To my unbelieving eyes the Mahmal looked uncommonly like a four-post bedstead with a tent stuck at the top of it; but to an old Cairene in a brown turban by my side it seemed endued with some sacramental virtue. When the shrill quavering Allâh-la-la announced its approach, he grew very excited, and when he caught sight of the camel and its precious burden his religious ecstasy knew no bounds; he

* "Sacred Palm Lands; the Journal of a Spring Tour." By A. G. Weld. (Longmans.)

threw both his arms upwards, and gazing at it with his whole soul, burst into a loud thanksgiving to Allâh, and a welcome to the returning caravan, beckoning to the Mahmal with an imploring gesture, as if he were entreating it to stay for ever by his side. All this was so thoroughly spontaneous and evidently heartfelt, I cannot doubt that man would have willingly died a martyr's death for the faith which was so dear to him. Fancy how disgusted I was, to see a young Turk, who was near us on a donkey, laughing all the time at the devotion of his zealous neighbour.

After the Mahmal followed the Sheikh of the Camel bare-headed, and very slightly clad; he was immensely fat, and looked uncomfortable in the hot sun, as he incessantly bowed his head from side to side. I was told this was the fiftieth time he has been in charge of the Mecca caravan. He is said to be an ascetic, living on a mouthful of bread and water (rather a tax on one's credulity), and generally sleeping within the precincts of one of the mosques when not on the four months' journey across the desert.

After the Sheikh came some of the richer pilgrims mounted on camels, most of them with their heads swathed in shawls, some of which were evidently of English or French make. One man had on a European coat and a coal-scuttle hat, another held a child-pilgrim on the saddle before him.

Several camels were ridden by men beating drums, and one carried the two large chests of the caravan. More chanting and banner-bearing bands of dervishes, and pilgrims on foot closed the procession, marching to the sound of the primitive Arab music, through the Gate of Victory, by the narrow streets of the old town of Cairo, to the Citadel.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

August 28.

THE COMMANDMENTS (First Table). Exodus xx. 1-11. Golden Text, Matt. xxii. 37.—'*Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.*'

Connection.—It was now the second month after the departure from Egypt, **the third month** (ch. xix. 1) of the sacred year. There is no reason to doubt the tradition which fixes the day as the 'Pentecost,' or fiftieth day from the Passover. To the gift of manna in the 'wilderness of Sin' had been added that of water from the rock in Rephidim. The people are now encamped in the vast plain at the foot of Sinai. Most travellers identify the summit from which Jehovah spoke to the people with *Râs Sufsâfeh*, a colossal cliff 2,000 feet above the plain (7,000 feet above the sea-level), *er-Râhah*, of which Dean Stanley writes: 'The plain itself is not broken and uneven and narrowly shut in, like almost all others in the range, but presents a long retiring sweep, against which the people could "remove and stand afar off." The cliff, rising like a huge altar in front of the whole congregation, and visible against the sky in lonely grandeur from end to end of the whole plain, is the very image of "the mount which might be touched," and from which the "voice" of God might be heard far and wide over the stillness of the plain below, widened, at that point, to its utmost extent by the confluence of all contiguous valleys.'*

Date of the giving of the Law. The coincidence of this great event with Pentecost, the 'Feast of Weeks,' familiar to us from Keble's Whitsunday hymn, 'When God of old came down from heaven,' is nowhere expressly stated in Scripture, but is sufficiently probable. The three great festivals of the Jewish year would thus be historically connected with the deliverance from Egypt; Sivan 6 was the 'Day of Pentecost' corresponding with the middle of May.†

I. The First Commandment.—*Read vers.* 1-3. **God spake.** For the sublime description of the storm which enwrapt the mountain, see xix. 16, 18, compare Heb. xii. 18, 19. From the midst of the darkness flashing with fire came a Voice which all the people could hear. Moses had descended from the summit, where he had held lonely communion with God (xix. 20, 25). Now he stands, as between Jehovah and His people, awestricken and listening, like the rest. God speaks 'Ten words,' ch. xxxiv. 28; Deut. x. 4 (Heb. see margin).‡ The First Commandment is prefaced by the declaration of God's eternal being, His covenant relation to Israel, and the deliverance which He had wrought on their behalf:

(1) **I am Jehovah,**
(2) **thy God,**
(3) **which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt.**

A threefold claim; upon *obedience*, *trust*, *gratitude*. Therefore is He ever to be supreme in honour and worship. **No other god before Me,** not precisely '*above Me*,' as the word might mean, but 'besides Me' (literally, 'in My sight') or *as My rivals*. I am the only God. Such was the truth specially committed to Israel; to maintain it they were singled out and kept apart among the nations of the earth, Isa. xliii. 10-12; to declare it to all mankind was their special mission. The Christian form of the truth is set forth, 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. The commandment forbids idolatry; not only in its grosser forms, but the more subtle idolatry of the heart. Whatever is first in our thoughts and affections is our God. That place Jehovah claims, not only as the Supreme and Eternal One, but as our Father, God in Christ. The threefold claim upon *us* is thus shown in the Gospel of redemption. We are 'brought out of' a worse captivity than that of 'the land of Egypt.'

II. The Second Commandment.—*Read vers.* 4-6. What is the difference between this and the foregoing command? Augustine, it is well known, regarded the two as one, making up the 'ten words' by dividing the tenth into two. This division also Luther followed: and to this day it is given in the Papal and Lutheran Catechisms.§ The two commandments are, however, essentially distinct. The former excludes all *false*

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* 'Sinai and Palestine,' pp. 42, 43, where see the maps. See also 'The Land of the Pharaohs,' R. T. S. p. 221, for a photographic view of Râs Sufsâfeh and the Râhah plain. Palmer's 'Desert of the Exodus,' vol. i. p. 109.

† Compare the 'Hebrew Almanack' in *Conder*, 'Handbook to the Bible,' pp. 92-104.

‡ A compendious and complete exposition of the several duties enjoined, and sins forbidden, in the Commandments will be found in the Assembly's 'Larger Catechism,' Q. 104-148.

§ Mystical reasons are given for the division of the First Table into *three*; the Second Table into *seven*: for which see *Lange* (Clark's Ed.), p. 77. The divided Tenth Commandment reads thus '9, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife'—the 'coveting' that leads to *adultery*; '10, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,' etc.—the coveting that leads to *theft* (the Biblical order being changed. Altogether the arrangement is forced, and to be rejected for the reason given above.

gods; the latter, presupposing the *true God*, forbids all reverence to or before material representations of Himself, or of any heavenly or earthly beings. When the Israelites fashioned the golden calf it was not the *first* but the *second* commandment that they disobeyed, ch. xxxii. 4, 5. But the violation of the latter is sure in the end to lead to the transgression of the former. No thoughtful idolater in the world will confess that he worships *the image itself*: the Brahmin will say that to him the figure is but a symbol, a representation of the unseen reality which he honours; so will the European devotee before his crucifix or Madonna. But practically it is found that the homage paid *before* the image is transferred *to* the image—certainly by the unthinking, and unconsciously often by the more enlightened. **To bow down** leads to **serving them.** Hence the profound wisdom and significance of this prohibition to adore any symbols. Deut iv. 15–19. To the Jews the words would be especially significant, as they had come from a land where things **in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth**—i.e., below the land level, including the sea, rivers, etc., were everywhere honoured as symbols of the divine. Observe, vers. 4 and 5 are to be read together—**Thou shalt not make . . . . thou shalt not bow down thyself,** i.e. Thou shalt not make for purposes of adoration. Mistakes have arisen from reading the former part of the command *absolutely*. Thus the stricter Jews, and the Mohammedans, regard the representation of natural objects as forbidden in any case. This would put an embargo upon all art, so far as it represents actual beings or objects—a restriction obviously never contemplated. God will have no material things interposed, as it were, between Himself and the soul. Worship must be spiritual, or it will degenerate into idolatry. God is **jealous**—speaking after the manner of men—will allow none of that honour which is for Himself alone to be paid even outwardly to material things, Isa. xlviii. 11. He is 'jealous, because He loves.' But why is it added that He **visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children?** To show the evil consequences of idolatry upon family and national character. To *materialise* religion is to introduce a debasing influence which it is increasingly difficult to surmount. The veil interposed between the soul and God becomes thicker and thicker, and each succeeding generation feels the bitter loss. But, on the contrary, those who live in spiritual, long obedient fellowship with God, receive His mercy, in every form of blessing. **To thousands,** i.e. to the thousandth generation, a striking method of declaring that the lovingkindness of God is far more enduring than His wrath.

III. The Third Commandment.—*Read ver.* 7. Not only is Jehovah to be spiritually worshipped, but His Name is to be held in sacred reverence. The phrase **in vain,** ranges through all gradations of meaning, from falsehood and blasphemy to lightness and irreverence. Hence the words, first of all, forbid the association of the **Name of God** with a *falsehood*. 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself,' Matt. v. 33. All *blasphemous* use of that name is also forbidden, every form of *profanity*, veiled or open. The use of the Name again, in *formal* and *heartless devotion*, is a sin against this commandment, 'vain repetitions' or hollow outward service. All *flippant, thoughtless* employment of the Divine name in ordinary speech in like manner transgresses this comprehensive injunction. It may be violated in *thought* as well as in word or deed. We must think of God as of Infinite Majesty and Eternal Love, then shall we be reverent in speech and act. It is the spirit of the Lord's Prayer: 'Hallowed be Thy Name.'

IV. The Fourth Commandment.—*Read vers.* 8–11. **Remember,** pointing to the already-existing statute: comp. ch. xvi. 28; Gen. ii. 3. **The Sabbath day** (the word 'Sabbath' means 'rest') 'is a primary institution of humanity, a part of God's divine and original order, having its foundation in His own nature, and therefore in the nature of the creature whom He has formed in His image,' but a special 'sign' to Israel, ch. xxxi. 13; Neh. ix. 14. **Holy,** separate from common use: not that the world is to be counted unholy, but the Sabbath is to hallow all the rest. The **six days are for work.** He who commands us to rest, commands us also to labour. Work, like rest, is divine. 'It is the most utter perversion of this law—a perversion from which all others have, perhaps, begun—to separate those things which God has so wonderfully joined together, which He has so wonderfully distinguished, in the course of Nature, and in the kingdom of Grace, to treat the day of rest as if it were His, and the days of work as if they were man's. All worldliness, all ungodliness, is involved in that doctrine. Six-sevenths of man's time is delivered over to Mammon; one-seventh is graciously bestowed upon God. So people believe that they are keeping His ordinances'! **The seventh day,** to be interpreted of one particular period of twenty-four hours in the week by those who occupied the same land; of course to be more liberally interpreted when the commandment becomes worldwide. For to keep to the same precise time is impossible. When it is noon in one land, it is midnight in another. One-seventh of our time, then, adequately meets the spirit of the command; and the Christian who rests on the Lord's Day is as obedient to the law as the Jew who rested on the seventh day of the week. In particular, again, the commandment must be liberally interpreted. **No manner of work,** if taken in bare literalism, would bring all life to a standstill. The Son of Man who is 'Lord of the Sabbath,' has shown that works of necessity and charity are still to be wrought.

> *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*, John v. 17. It is to Hugh Miller that we are indebted for the exposition of these words in conformity with modern scientific belief. When the 'sixth day' was past, God **rested on the seventh day and hallowed it.** But that day has never closed. We do not read, *The evening and the morning were the seventh day.* That morning has still to come! In other words, supposing the six days to denote the successive eras of creative activity, the seventh means the whole era of the world's history; we are living in it, and the Sabbath is its recurring type. But *the Father worketh* during this, His Sabbath, in the ceaseless activities of His beneficent providence; and the Redeemer adds, I work on *man's* Sabbath, in deeds of healing and kindness.

Note the different reasons given for the Sabbath institution, here and in Deut v. 15. Here the ground is laid in the act of God Himself. **Jehovah rested . . . and blessed the Sabbath day.** In the latter passage the appeal is to the grateful memory of the people: *Remember that thou wast a bondservant in the land of Egypt*; therefore, the inference is, be prepared to give this boon heartily to thine own servants. The Sabbath is thus commended in its harmony with the mind of God, and as adapted to the wants of man. Observe the Divine care for **the stranger,** or foreigner. **Within thy gates,** pointing to the time when Israel would be settled in their own land.

Questions.

1. From what Old Testament passage is the Golden Text derived; and on what other occasion was it cited during our Lord's ministry?
2. Show how the Golden Text sums up the commandments of the First Table.
3. How does our Lord extend the meaning of the Third Commandment?
4. Distinguish betweeen the 'moral' and the positive in the Divine commands, and show the moral element in positive commands.
5. Whence arises the obligation of the Lord's Day upon Christians?
6. Of what spiritual blessings is the Sabbath a type? See Heb. iv. 9, 10, revised version.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

III.

CROUCHING against the rock, shivering in the wind, drenched by the rain, George tried to think what had best be done. As nearly as he could guess, it was between eight and nine o'clock. He was aware that, about that time, at the tin-mine which lay between the town and them, there was a shift or change of men; one party went home to bed, while another took their places for the night. Two of these miners whom he knew by name, and had often spoken to, lived near Portreath; their shortest road to the mine would be along the cliffs from which Edward had fallen that afternoon. If he had guessed the time right, then they would be passing soon, and by some means, he must call their attention to their plight below. How he hoped that it was their turn to work the shift that night! how his heart bounded at the slightest prospect of deliverance; for he feared that, if help did not come before the night was gone, in the morning it might come in vain.

He walked away from the cliffs again, and, putting his hands about his mouth, shouted, with the full force of his lungs, "Help! help!" There was no answer, save the answer which echo sends. He called again, "Help! Help!" It travelled far and wide, and again the echoes seemed to laugh at him, but no other answer came. It was gruesome work to stand there, exposed to the merciless fury of the rain, shouting to the night.

While he hesitated, trembling with the cold, hatless, coatless, vestless, helpless before the cutting wind and beneath the pouring rain, half fearful to call out again, he remembered that everything might depend on his making himself heard. In such moments we need no telling that God is Lord of all. Good or bad, we fly to Him alike, as George did now, beseeching Him to be a very present help in time of trouble.

Nerving himself once more, he shouted loud and long, "Help! help! help! help!"

He listened with might and main for any human answer to his call, none came; again he had called in vain! He put his hands up to his face and wept. But even while the first hot tears came gushing to his eyes, a voice shouted from above, "Hullo, below! who's calling there?"

Then George cried indeed, then the tears gushed forth, and he never strove to stay their flow, then a great psalm of praise welled upwards from his heart; it was dumb—it is not the most faithful, fervent singer who uses many words—but it found utterance in tears.

Never voice sounded to his ears as did that voice then: even as fire fell from heaven to burn the sacrifice, even so directly did it seem to George his prayer was answered then. It is not in great things only that the finger of the Lord is shown: if we consider this we shall realise the meaning better than at times we do. It is not the thing we pray for, but the prayer.

How he cried—he who never cried—but they were tears of joy! He shouted, though sobs nearly choked his utterance, "It is I—I!"

Moments of intense suspense were they which followed, in each of which he seemed to live a year. All was still, there was no sound save the voices of the storm. Had they heard his answering cry above, "It is I—I!" He almost doubted it, it seemed too good for truth: what if they should go away again, supposing after all that it was but a sea-bird's cry which had fallen on their ears. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but the cup dashed from the lips of the thirsty man is more than he can bear.

Impressed with this vague alarm, he called again, "It is I—I!" as though they would know his voice on such a night, and would recognise him from its tone. But his fears were groundless: immediately the answering shout came back,

"Below there! Keep up your heart, and we'll let down a lantern on a rope."

"Keep up your heart!" No need to tell him that. Forgetful of the storm, and that he was wet and cold, he ran to Edward beneath the jutting rock, and fell upon his knees, beside him. "Ted, they have come at last!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Ted, Ted!" But the boy still slept on.

"Hi, there, below! Look out, we're letting down a lantern on a rope," shouted someone at last from the cliff.

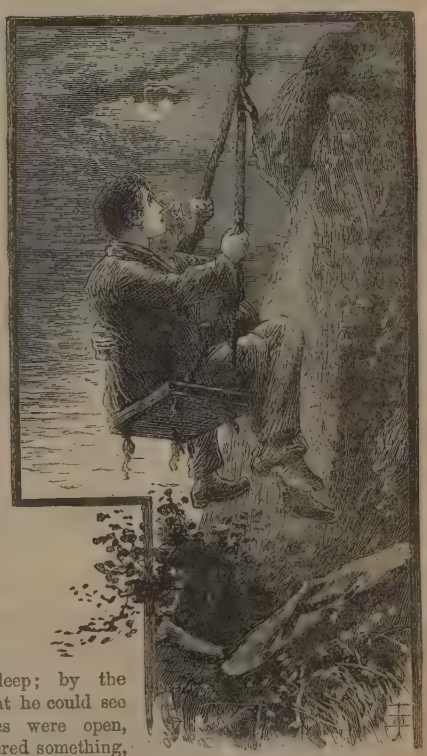
"All right," he replied, "let it down."

And they let it down, he watched it coming, foot by foot and inch by inch: it was light through the darkness, the first gleam of light he had seen since the moon went in: now it struck against the rock, and now it bounded into space: it was a will-o'-the-wisp or a shooting star. At last it came within his reach.

"I have it!" he cried, bringing near the bright light with a touch of his hand. "I have it! another six feet and it is on the ground!"

They lowered it the requisite distance, and then, in response to George's signal, ceased to lower it more.

George proceeded to examine the means by which they were to be rescued from their perilous position, and raised to the cliff above. The rope was thick, and strong, and new: there was small cause to fear its breaking. He took the lantern in his hand, and saw that it was new. At the bottom they had fastened a cross-bar, providentially, for without it he would have found it impossible to rescue Ted: as it was, it would be a difficult task. Even as it was, at first he feared that it could not be done, but after a momentary hesitation he hit upon a scheme by which he hoped he might succeed.



First, he tested the cross-bar to see if it were firmly fastened: there could be no doubt of that, it was secured by a number of intricate knots, which, try how he would, he could not unloose. Then he went to where Edward lay, and lifting him as best he could, bore him towards the rope. He was not asleep; by the lantern's light he could see that his eyes were open, and he muttered something, and George trembled as he perceived that they were but the wanderings of delirium.

Seating himself on the cross-bar, with the rope between his legs, Edward between the rope and him, with one hand holding up his head, and with the other clinging fast, he shouted with might and main,

"Pull! but pull gently, please, for there are two of us, and he cannot help himself!"

Whether they heard all, he could not say, but they heard part, for the answer came at once,

"All right, steady there below—now all together, go!"

And he felt the rope tighten, they were lifted from the ground, and he knew that they were mounting through the air.

What an ascent that was! It needed him to keep all his faculties on the alert to save them from being dashed against the cliff. The bushes grazed against his cheeks, and more than once the rope caught in their stems, and they hung in mid-air. Exposed to the full fury of the wind, it seemed to George it blew a hurricane: it blew them from side to side, angry to find that after all it could not do as it liked with them: the rain, the pitiless rain, dashed in their faces with blinding force.

The worst of it was, he could do nothing to add to Edward's comfort: he groaned, and cried, but though it cut George to the heart to think what his agony must be, he could do nothing to relieve his pain. All at once he lay quite still. Looking at him with sudden fear he saw that he had fainted. What a time that was! What a day and night to be remembered! Would they ever reach the top? Again his heart sank low.

A few more awful moments and he knew that the ascent was nearly made. He heard voices speaking overhead, he could almost hear what they were saying; a few more seconds still, and every word they spoke was plain. Then—surely it was the climax of it all—the last bush was passed, the last few feet of rugged earth; he placed his hand upon the summit of the cliff, they lifted him right up, he knew that it was so, but directly his feet touched solid ground, a great dizziness came over him, the world seemed spinning round and round, and he fell senseless to the earth. It was the result which might have been expected, the strain upon his faculties had been too great, and nature gave way.

The rescuers were, as George had supposed, two miners passing towards the mine. Great, stalwart men, shrewd and strong, as Cornishmen are wont to be, with bearded faces and flashing eyes, faces lined with toil, but characteristic of that enduring, daring nature, the frugal and industrious life for which their countrymen are famed.

"Be they dead?" asked one, using the old time term which is common in those parts.

"They be not dead, but faint," replied the other, who was holding George in his arms, as though he were his son. "We must take them to the mine."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXI.

Double Acrostic.

1. Oh! figure dark and gloomy, who erst in this hadst part
2. His high commission holding Who knew thy sinful heart,
3. Once numbered with the faithful, His loved and loving band,
4. Why earn this fearful title, thine everlasting brand?
5. We tremble at thine ending, shut out from hope of grace,
6. For this thou wert, and therefore art gone to thine own place,
7. The field of blood is purchased, the word is now fulfilled
8. Which God in this hath spoken revealing what He willed.

By prayer and lot selected must one be found to take
Thy place so sadly forfeit, and he my whole will make.

F. M. E.

NO. XXXII.

Double Acrostic.

1. Of all the gods the Gentiles feared,
   And by King Solomon revered,
   Describe the one by Ammon reared.

2. Of all the plains in Israel's land,
   Tell where the foes of Judah planned
   To weaken the Tirshatha's band.

3. Of all the loathsome lepers known,
   God's power was by the prophet shown
   To heal a stranger—one alone.

4. Of all the mothers of mankind,
   The one who cast God's word behind—
   Most guilty, and most punished, find.

5. Of all the Kalendar, I pray
   Find, and describe, the very day
   When Moses did th' Egyptian slay.

   Th' initials laid together spell
   A name too often loved too well;
   The self-same thing the finals tell.

   Of all the things that men desire,
   Whether for booty or for hire
   This they pursue through flood or fire!

W. L.

NO. XXXIII.

Single Acrostic.

1. The first man.
2. The first name of Bethel.
3. The first master of Joseph in Egypt.
4. The first name of the Jewish people.
5. The first High Priest among the Jews.

The initials make the first letter of the Greek alphabet, a name of Christ.

M.

NO. XXXIV.

Single Acrostic.

1. The mother of Ishmael.
2. A prophetess of the tribe of Asher.
3. The mother-in-law of Ruth.
4. A daughter of Zelophehad who asked Joshua for land.
5. The wife of Nabal.
6. A celebrated wicked woman in the New Testament.

The initials give the name of the mother of Samuel.

S. B.

ANSWER TO A BURIED PROVERB.

NO. II.—p. 480.

"Even a child is known by his doings" (Prov. xx. 11).

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIX.—p. 493.—EZEKIEL.—Ezek. xxiv. 15-18.

1. E-unice	2 Tim. i. 5.
2. Z-imri	1 Kings xvi. 18.
3. E-vil-Merodach	Jer. lii. 31-34.
4. K-ohathites	Num. iii. 30, 31.
5. "It is more blessed to give than to receive"	Acts xx. 35.
6. E-utychus	Acts xx. 9.
7. L-uke	Col. iv. 14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER IV.—MEETINGS.

"WHERE is Walter?"

Josephine, sitting under the shade of an old oak, suddenly woke from a day-dream, and uttered these words in a tone of alarm. Their ramble had extended to the outskirts of the copse, and then the widow had declared herself too tired to go any farther without a rest. She had taken her seat on the mossy roots of the tree; and her daughter, with a favourite book, was stationed close to her side.

"He was here a few minutes ago," said Sybil, looking round. "I'll scream to him."

"Don't scream, dear—go and search;" implored Josephine, who knew only too well how thrilling Sybil's scream could be.

Rather reluctantly the little girl laid aside her

book, and began the hunt for her brother; but he was nowhere to be found, and even a shriek, shrill as a railway whistle, failed to elicit any answer. The matter was becoming serious; Sybil returned to her mother with a scared face, and asked what was to be done next.

"I don't know," said Josephine, rising hurriedly. "What could have made him think of running away? Perhaps he is only hiding somewhere."

"He may have been stolen by gipsies," suggested Sybil; "but I don't believe they'll keep him long if they *have* taken him. Nobody would be bothered with such a troublesome boy."

"My dear, don't talk so," said the widow uneasily. "We must do something at once. I daresay he has wandered out into this lane; let us see."

The woodland straggled off into a narrow lane, furrowed deeply with the tracks of heavy wheels, and apparently little used by pedestrians. It was rough work for languid feet to make their way over the ruts, and Josephine sighed and stumbled at every step; it did indeed seem as if Walter had determined to lead his mother along rugged paths that day.

"I can't keep on for ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Chafford, coming to a full stop in sheer despair. "This lane evidently leads to nowhere; I never saw a more dreadfully bewildering place! That child is bewitched, Sybil."

"Yes, I always thought so;" responded Sybil promptly. "You'll have to send him away to boarding-school when he's found."

"Don't mention boarding-schools; I can't afford to think of them! But if we go on in this way, Sybil, we shall lose ourselves, and I shall drop down exhausted."

"Don't get worried, mother dear," and a look of anxious love came into the little girl's plain face, and beautified it in a moment. "See, there's a stile and a field! And there's a man walking in the field; perhaps he's seen Walter."

Before Josephine could reply she had darted off, clambered over the stile, and was running across the field at full speed. Her mother stood leaning wearily against the wooden rail, watching the little flying figure until it had come up with the tall form in the smock-frock, and then following every gesture with eager eyes. At length the man raised his arm, and pointed towards another copse, denser and darker than the plantation they had lately left behind.

"He has seen Walter go into that dreadful wood," thought Josephine with a sinking heart.

She climbed the stile, not so quickly and lightly as her daughter, and made her way to the spot where the two speakers were standing.

"Oh, mother, Walter has gone in there!" said Sybil, meeting her with frightened eyes, and pointing to the copse. "He'll never, never find his way out again."

"He must be followed," replied Josephine, recovering her self-possession. "Can you help us?" she added, addressing the labourer. "Will you go in search of my little son?"

"I s'pose the little chap be yourn, ma'am," the man answered slowly. "He were dressed summat loike a sailor."

"That's Walter, of course!" Sybil cried.

"No doubt of it," said Josephine. "We will go with you if you will take us into the wood to look for him. I am Mrs. Chafford, and am come to live with my uncle, Mr. Sorrell, of Pine Cottage."

"I knows Mas'r Sorrell," responded the labourer, visibly brightening. "Yes, I'll go with 'ee, ma'am."

The walk across the field to the copse seemed interminable to the tired and worried widow; the green plain appeared to lengthen and lengthen, and the grass was just damp and spongy enough to make walking laborious. At last the wood was reached, and as they entered into its deep shadows Josephine seized Sybil's hand and felt really nervous and distressed.

But Sybil's courage was equal to the occasion.

"Don't be frightened, mother," she said, in an encouraging tone; "we shall soon find him now. When we get a little farther on I shall call, and he'll be sure to hear me."

"I think he will," replied poor Josephine, no longer shrinking from the thought of Sybil's railway shriek. "Call now, darling; with all your might."

"Wal—ter!" shrieked Sybil in a voice that made the honest labourer clap his hands to his ears.

There was an instant's silence. And then indeed came an answer in a faint, mournful tone which seemed to die away into a wail.

"Oh, where is he?" cried Josephine in an agony of concern. "Where does the voice come from? Oh, Sybil, pray scream again!"

"Wait a bit, missy," said their guide, with more animation than he had before displayed. "There's a dell half-full of water somewheres hereabouts, and it's loike enough he've blundered in."

"Then he's killed!" exclaimed Sybil, her little Sepoy face turning very pale.

"He isn't killed; he couldn't holler if he was killed," said the man reassuringly. "This here little path leads straight to the dell."

As he spoke he plunged into a narrow strip of a way overhung with boughs and brambles, and matted with ivy and dead leaves. Sybil and her mother followed him; the latter trembling from head to foot, ready to sink to the earth with terror and fatigue, while her daughter took the lead, and kept it with a firmness remarkable in a child of her years.

At last, after a weary, stumbling tramp which lasted five or six minutes, and seemed five or six hours, the path widened into a clearing, and the dell was before their eyes.

It was, in fact, a sort of basin about forty feet in circumference and twenty in depth. Its sides, entirely clothed with a profuse growth of brushwood, sloped sharply down to the dark pool that was always to be found in its bottom, and was scarcely ever known to be quite dry, even in the hottest weather. Here and there the village lads had made breaches and ways through the brushwood, and in one spot there was a clear foot track where the bushes had been pushed aside, and the ground repeatedly trodden. It was to this point that the labourer, with an instinctive knowledge of the doings of boys, at once directed his steps.

"Wal—ter!" screamed Sybil again, unable to bear the suspense. And before her voice had ceased the little plaintive wail made answer once more.

"He's there!" said Sybil. "And he can't be dead. Don't worry, mother; we'll soon have him out."

And there indeed was the unfortunate boy, as

pitiable a little object as the sun ever shone upon, looking up with imploring eyes to his friends overhead. Up to his middle in water, he had been saved from possible drowning by clinging to a stout oak sapling, quite strong enough to support a far heavier weight. At the sight of his predicament Josephine turned faint and sick, and had not strength enough even to utter a cry; but Sybil clapped her hands, and encouraged him with the full power of her lungs.

"Hold on, Walter," she cried. "Hold on; the man's coming."

Slowly and deliberately the labourer descended that treacherous little path that had tempted Walter into peril; and then the strong, toilworn hand seized the child in a firm grasp and lifted him sheer out of danger. White and breathless; his little body chilled and drenched, and his face and hands scratched sorely, poor Walter was restored to safety and placed gently on the ground by his mother's side.

"Aren't you an awful boy?" inquired Sybil, first drawing a long breath of relief, and then giving a little jump of indignation. "Mother's nearly dead with fright, and nobody knows what Uncle Peter'll say!"

Sybil's severe tone and manner had the effect of a tonic on Walter, and roused him instantly to self-defence.

"I'm not awful," he sobbed angrily. "I only tried to follow a little rabbit; there was no harm in that."

"Yes, there was. You ran away from us, and that was dreadfully wicked. And you've spoiled your clothes, and taken cold, and upset everybody."

"Boo—hoo!" wailed Walter; and his poor little scratched hand went up to dash away the tears. It was so pathetic, and yet so ludicrous, to see him stand bemoaning himself, and, moreover, it seemed so difficult to know what to do with him, that Mrs. Chafford began to cry too.

It was just the moment for a new person to appear upon the scene; and, fortunately for all parties, a new person did appear. As Walter's wail grew louder, and his mother's sobs increased, Prudence Winterburn suddenly emerged from the wood, and came quickly up to the bewildered little group.

"What has happened? Oh, I see," she said, before any one could answer her. "This little boy has fallen into the water. Our house is close at hand; it will be best for him to be taken there at once."

The sweet voice and graceful yet decided manner stayed Josephine's tears, and gave her a sudden sense of being soothed and comforted. The two women looked straight into each other's faces, and then a swift, bright smile broke over Prue's features.

"I have an instinct that tells me you are Mrs. Chafford," she said frankly.

"Yes," replied Josephine, conscious of being somewhat charmed, and very much astonished. She had never for a moment supposed that there were any presentable young ladies to be found in Thistledean.

"And I am Prudence Winterburn of Thorn Farm; Mr. Sorrell knows me very well. Please let Dobson carry the little boy straight to our house, and pray come too."

Josephine's assent was ready and grateful, and their faithful guide, now known as Dobson, lifted up Walter and bore him off with all speed. The others followed, Prue acting as guide, and soon conducting her new acquaintances to the gate of the farm-orchard, which was only separated from the wood by a bit of smooth meadow. Dobson, striding on apace, was met at the back door by Delia and one of the maids, and Walter was delivered into safe keeping.

"Don't mind the dogs," said Prue, leading her guests through the garden to the hall door, where the hounds were sunning themselves as usual. "They are both perfect gentlemen," she added gaily, "and always treat ladies with due deference and courtesy."

As if anxious to deserve this flattering character, Bevis and Ruby rose from the threshold, and politely stepped aside with kindly eyes and lolling tongues. Sybil secretly thought this rather a terrible kind of welcome; and the great hound, understanding perhaps that he was not wanted, quietly removed himself to a sunny corner of the garden.

The old house, with its antique furniture and quaint elegance, impressed Josephine favourably, although it was not in accordance with her ideas of the beautiful. Still, there was a "tone" about the dwelling and its inmates which drew from her a respect that she had never expected to pay. Uncle Peter's friends, she had thought, were sure to be bumpkins; worthy people, of course, but quite unfit to associate with a woman who knew the world.

The task of drying Walter and making him comfortable devolved upon Delia, his mother being clearly unfit for exertion of any kind. A trusty farm lad, mounted on a pony, was despatched with a note to Pine Cottage, and had orders to bring back a change of raiment for Master Chafford.

Josephine, established on a large, old sofa in Prue's chamber, began to experience the pleasantness of being gently waited upon and cared for. Once more she felt herself to be a person of importance and an object of attraction; while Prue softly hovered about her, showing by voice and look that she took a deep interest in Mrs. Chafford. Like all true women, Prue opened her heart to any who claimed her compassion; and this agitated, delicate widow was surely much in need of her pitying kindness.

The messenger to Pine Cottage soon returned with the clothes, and was speedily followed by Mr. Sorrell himself. A talk with Delia quickly allayed the good man's anxiety, and the sight of Walter looking quite at ease removed all traces of fear. The boy was delighted with his new friends and their home, and even Sybil seemed to grow softer and pleasanter under their influence.

"Do let them all stay with us till evening," pleaded Delia, with an arm round Walter's neck. "Prue is taking care of Mrs. Chafford upstairs, and the children shall be my charge."

"I will send the fly for them at seven," said Mr. Sorrell gratefully. "You are more than kind, Miss Winterburn; I always hoped that my niece would find friends at Thorn Farm."

"Mrs. Chafford and Prue are quite intimate already," replied Delia smiling. "An acquaintance soon ripens when it begins without ceremony. We meant to make our call in due form; but this meeting is worth a dozen formal calls."

"I fear Josephine is very delicate," said the old man sadly; "her nerves are quite unstrung. But you and Prudence understand the art of soothing——"

Sybil, who had been playing with a kitten at the window, drew near to listen to the conversation, and Mr. Sorrell was silent at once. Simple-hearted as he was, the little girl's ways annoyed him, and he could not get rid of the notion that she was constantly watching and spying. He departed quickly, with a slight cloud on his kind old face.

Meanwhile Josephine was still the petted invalid, and her luncheon was daintily served upstairs. She enjoyed the food and the delicate attentions, and was as little disposed to leave the house as her children. It was delightful to repose in that large, quiet room, where the light was tempered by the crimson foliage of the virginia creepers that shaded the windows, and the furniture, although simple, was far more tasteful than anything in Pine Cottage.

"Are you feeling rested?" asked Prue's musical voice at her side.

"Yes, thanks to your kindness. It is charming here; how happy you must be!"

"We are very happy, Delia and I, although I sometimes wish we could see more of the world outside Thistledean. But we have books, and plenty of occupation."

"You are out of the way of trouble," said the widow with a sigh. "If you were in the world you could not possibly escape suffering."

"No; one has to pay dearly for seeing life."

"Indeed one has! I have seen as much as most people, and am just a mere wreck."

"I am so sorry for you," said Prue, with her graceful impulsiveness. "You must have had deep sorrows; and I am afraid Thistledean seems very uninteresting. Rest is sweet; but perhaps you can hardly say, 'There is no joy but calm.'"

"My life is not quite calm yet," answered Josephine, thinking of all those terrible perplexities that had to be carefully kept out of sight. "The dear children give me great anxiety, and my income is small. I have to struggle a good deal; even my kind uncle can scarcely realise all my difficulties. He has never been a parent, and he does not know how expensive my Sybil and Walter are growing. But I really ought not to bore you with my troubles."

"You cannot bore me," Prue said earnestly. "I want some one to sympathise with, some one to help. If I had a friend like you I should be kept from becoming selfish and absorbed in my own dull concerns."

"I think we are fated to be friends," replied Josephine, with a quick look and smile.

And so the friendship was begun.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

V.—STYLE OF THE NEW VERSION—CRITICISMS—THE USE OF ITALICS.

THE months that have now elapsed since the publication of the Revised New Testament have witnessed an amount and earnestness of public criticism hardly less remarkable than the immediate and unparalleled circulation of the volume. It is yet too early to estimate the net result. Where the language of depreciation and of disappointment has been heard, it has generally been on account of the English style of the version: few critics have ventured to allege unfaithfulness of translation. The expectation that the book would speedily or generally be employed in the public services of Established * or Nonconformist churches is tacitly surrendered. But the value of the work, as a *close-fitting* version of the New Testament, if we may be allowed the phrase, and therefore as a most valuable aid to its comprehension, is increasingly felt. Possibly, indeed, it will be felt on the whole to fit too closely. Translation is something more than the rendering of word for word. The transfusion of a thought unimpaired from one language to another often demands a variation in phrase. To know where literalism has to yield to truth, and in some felicitous departure from the strictness of the original to convey the fulness of its meaning, is among the highest tasks of the translator, to attempt which without adequate knowledge and fine literary taste is to fail. Better by far to be baldly literal than to be unwarrantably free.

In no one particular is the line more difficult to draw than in the use of the tenses; and the Revisers

* Since our former remarks on this subject were written, there has been an interesting correspondence with regard to the words on the title-page of the Authorised Version, "Appointed to be read in churches." The Lord Chancellor has forcibly pointed out that the King's printer would hardly have ventured to publish the words without adequate authorisation, especially in the days of the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court, when punishment was so readily inflicted upon despisers of authority. At the Savoy Conference (A.D. 1661), Lord Selborne adds, the Puritan divines petitioned that in certain parts of the Liturgy (especially the Epistles and the Gospels) the new translation *allowed by authority* might alone be used, rather than that of the "Great Bible" of Henry VIII. At the same time the Calendar of Lessons was put forth—"the same to be read in all churches"—implying, as the Lord Chancellor thinks, one uniform translation, which could only have been that of 1611. That version accordingly has ever since been so employed. Now "it is one of the best established and soundest maxims in law, that for a usage of this kind a legal origin is to be presumed when the facts will admit of it." In reply to the objection that no warrant, proclamation, or order enjoining the use of the book can be produced, Lord Selborne cites the fact that "all the Council books and registers for the years 1600 to 1613 inclusive were destroyed by a fire at Whitehall on the 12th of January 1613." According to his view, the legal obligation to use the Authorised Version and no other in the public services of the Church of England, must be presumed until some further order shall be made by competent authority. The Nonconformist churches, with a few exceptions, seem at present generally disposed to follow a similar course.

have found that they could not possibly maintain uniformity in the rendering of the "aorist" by the preterite. We do not wish to be technical, yet one of the most important points in the translation of Greek is to know when to say, e.g. *I wrote*, and when *I have written*, as a rendering of the same form in the original.* We must sometimes use the latter expression;—and yet there is also an original form for *I have written;* so that the one English phrase may represent two different originals, denoting therefore two different shades of meaning. In the great majority of cases, however, *I wrote* would be the right rendering of the aorist; and on this principle the Revisers have proceeded, to the lightening up of many passages.

Other grammatical points we cannot now mention. Often the apparent stiffness, or the unnecessary break of old associations, will be found to have behind it some solid reason, or to express some subtle distinction† in the original. Thus, Jesus was "led in the Spirit" (Luke), "led up by the Spirit (Matt.) into temptation." Another word is used in the Lord's Prayer of such temptations as befall ourselves. Whether the variation denotes any difference in Divine dealing is a question for the expositor; meanwhile, it was surely not amiss for the translators to mark the distinction by using another word: "*Bring* us not into temptation." Sometimes we cannot but regret the loss of familiar words without any apparently adequate reason. Thus, the Greek words for "to turn oneself," "to turn oneself again," when they denote turning *to God*, seem well rendered by "to be converted." But this word, we believe, has wholly disappeared from the Revised Version; and we have only "Except ye turn, and become as little children" (Matt. xviii. 3). "Repent, and turn again" (Acts iii. 19), etc. We offer this criticism with more confidence, as the correspondent noun is still rendered "conversion" (Acts xv. 3). It is not for love of any theological technicality that we would have retained the word: "the atonement," for instance, we hold to be justly and happily replaced by "the reconciliation," in Rom. v. 11.

Some unfavourable criticisms, undoubtedly, are due to nothing but to the influence of old association. To refer once more to the Lord's Prayer, the Revisers have been accused of marring its euphony by their rendering, "Thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth." The critics have forgotten that the sentence was taken from the Authorised Version of Luke (xi. 2), where, in the received text, we have the same original as in Matthew. Thus, what was familiar, and therefore beautiful in one Evangelist becomes infelicitous, and spoils the prayer in another! To take a second instance. Two *robbers*, we read, were condemned to death with Jesus: the change from *thieves* is bitterly resented. But "Barabbas was a robber." Who would propose to read, "Barabbas was a thief"? Yet the precise point of the incident lies here, that the "malefactors" were members of the robber-band, the banditti, whom hatred of the Roman sway had driven into lawlessness. Still, it is natural, perhaps, that readers should cling to the record of "the dying thief!" A yet more important case is in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. There has been almost an outcry against the substitution of *love* for *charity*. And, no doubt, this chapter has given to English literature the word "charity" in a very noble and exalted meaning. Yet for this it was perhaps hardly worth while to depart from the rendering of the elder versions. Tyndale, Coverdale, Cranmer, the "Bishops'," and the "Geneva" Bibles unanimously read "Love." "Charity" is due solely to the Rheims version, which, be it observed, also reads in 1 John iv. 16, "God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God, and God in him." Are we prepared for this? And is it nothing that English readers should discern at once the essential oneness of this heavenly grace with that which constitutes the perfection of God?

One reason, we apprehend, that has made the translation less acceptable, especially to those who have tried to read it aloud, is the system of punctuation adopted. This is explained in the Preface, and to some extent vindicated; but the number of pauses, especially of those indicated by the colon, is somewhat fatiguing and unnecessary. But while on this point, we should like to give two instances, one of a felicitous change, the other of the omission to note a point that we deem important. The former is in John i. 29, 36. The phrase "Behold the Lamb of God" has become familiar to us all as the great Gospel message to sinners, yet this was not exactly what John the Baptist said. His word simply called attention to the fact that the Lamb of God was there; and the Revisers have rightly punctuated—"Behold, the Lamb of God."* The other instance is in Ephesians iv. 10. Christ has given to His Church apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers "for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ." Now we are clear that what the Apostle intended was that the

* "The Englishman's Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament," by Mr. Thomas Newberry, a work of extraordinary industry, reprinting the Authorised Version without alteration, attempts, by a most elaborate arrangement of marks and symbols, to indicate the particular forms of the original, which are more or less freely translated into English. "Its object is, as far as possible, to put the English reader in the position, and to give him the advantages of a Hebrew and Greek scholar, and at the same time to assist those who know the Hebrew and Greek by keeping the precisions and certainties of those languages ever before the eye." Thus, in reference to the above-mentioned point, the reader of this edition would see at once whether the "perfect with *have*" in any given case represented the Greek perfect or "aorist." So also with the imperfect, the tense of continuous past action. Mr. Newberry has endeavoured (again to employ his own words), "to stamp on the page of the Authorised Version, in every case, as far as practicable, the exact tense of the original, even in those instances in which, from the difference of idiom, it is impossible to transfer the precision of one language to the other. So that the English reader may be certain that he has the very tense employed by the inspired writers, with all its marvellous precision and power, though in English, without paraphrase, he may not be able to express it." The same principle is carried out with regard to other matters, as the article, the pronoun, the particles, etc., also to the Divine names. To those readers who will give time and thought to master the notation of the volume, and who, it may be added, are already familiar with the *principle* of the Greek aorist and imperfect, no help to the understanding of our ordinary version could be more suggestive. The New Testament is published separately. (Bagsters.)

† Sometimes the distinction is very subtle. Thus, Mark xiii. 14, "the abomination of desolation standing where *he* ought not" is inexplicable until we note that a various reading, approved by Lachmann, Tischendorf, Westcott and Hort, gives the participle *standing* in the masculine gender. In Rom. viii. 16, "the Spirit *himself* beareth witness" (see also ver. 26), the change is evidently made for a theological reason, seeing that the pronoun in the original is neuter.

* For an instance of a comma happily removed, see Rom. iv. 1.

purpose of Christ was "the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministration," i.e. that the saints, the members of the Church universally, ought to be fully prepared for their various ministries in His name. There ought therefore to be no comma after "saints."

These things belong to the minutiæ of faithful translation: a far more difficult and delicate matter is the insertion of words necessary to the sense, yet not expressly contained in the original; indicated here, as in the Authorised Version, by italics. Now every language has its ellipses; the links of thought are differently framed, and that which is permissibly a blank in one tongue must be filled up in another. Hence the necessity of these supplementary words, which are generally quite obvious, but in other cases need much care in their introduction, lest superfluities should be inserted,* or the true meaning blurred. The Revisers have used italics sparingly, but generally with admirable judgment.† We may cite a few miscellaneous instances. In Mark xii. 26, where the Authorised Version gives, "Have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him?" the Revisers have: "in the Book of Moses, in *the place concerning* the Bush, how God spake unto him?" This change, besides giving a translation closer to the original, indicates the division of the ancient history into sections, one of which was known as "The Bush." A difficult passage in the seventh chapter of the same gospel (ver. 19), where the words "purging all meats" are simply inexplicable in the current version, has a flood of light thrown upon it by the prefix of the words *This He said*. This involves a slight change in the text. The Saviour's purpose was to show that it was not food that defiles a man; and in His great declaration against the ceremonialism of the Pharisees He "made all meats clean."

In Luke xiii. 35 there is a curious instance of a word, *desolate*, rejected from the text to be brought back in the translation: the Authorised Version giving it in ordinary letters, the revisers in italics. On the other hand, there is a noteworthy passage where the italics seem superfluous (Mark x. 40); the new version reading, "To sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give: but *it is for them* for whom it hath been prepared of my Father." Surely the correct rendering would be, "is not mine to give, except *to those* for whom it hath been prepared," etc. The antithesis is not between Christ and the Father as the Giver of heavenly reward, but between those to whom Christ Himself would give it (Matt. xxv. 34; Luke xxii. 29, etc.) and those who would fall short of the blessedness. Nor is this interpretation a matter of "dogmatic prepossession"; it is distinctly true to the literal sense of the words as they stand, and we cannot but regret that the Revisers did not here, as they have so often done elsewhere, go back to the rendering of Tyndale. Another passage which implies the Divine glory of the Redeemer is rightly given by the Revisers (Acts vii. 59): "They stoned Stephen," as we read in the Authorised Version, "calling upon God"; now we read "calling upon *the Lord*, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It was the Lord Jesus whom the martyr invoked in that supreme hour.

There is another passage in the Acts that is worth mentioning, as an instance of the judicious use of italics: ch. xvi. 12, where the ordinary version tells us of Philippi that it "is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, *and* a colony"—the former statement being perplexing, and the latter without significance. The revisers read "it is a city of Macedonia, the first of the district, a *Roman* colony," which not only harmonises with the facts of the case, but explains much that followed, not only the demeanour of the apostles before the magistrates, but the stress which Paul in writing to the Philippians long afterwards lays upon the honours and responsibilities of a citizen. "Our citizenship" (margin, or *commonwealth*) "is in heaven," Phil. iii. 20, and "Let your manner of life be worthy (margin, *behave as citizens worthily*) of the gospel of Christ." This illustration of a Christian's dignity would come home to those who knew by experience what Roman municipal privileges meant, as it could to none beside.

We may now turn to the Epistles. In Romans viii. 3, there is an addition that has been much canvassed, but that appears defensible on solid grounds: "God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and *as an offering* for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." The words are necessary to the sense, for what meaning could be attached to the phrase "sending His Son for sin"? It will be replied that if the apostle wrote no more than this, our only business is to give the simple equivalent of his words. This is plausible but superficial, as it could easily be shown that the Greek phrase rendered "for sin," had, by constant usage in the Septuagint,* come to be the well understood phrase for "sin-offering," and is used thus undoubtedly in three passages of the epistle to the Hebrews, x. 6, 8: "whole burnt offerings and—for sin," where the word *offerings*, or *sacrifices*, must be supplied as in the Authorised and Revised Versions, and xiii. 11, "whose blood is brought into the holy place by the high priest *as an offering* for sin," as the Revisers correctly read.

Other instances of the wise employment of italics must be more briefly given: Rom. xiii. 11, "Now is salvation nearer to us than when we *first* believed"; 1 Cor. xi. 10: "For this cause ought the woman to have *a sign of* authority on her head, because of the angels." In the latter clause of this verse also a word or words might have been introduced to clear up the meaning, had the Revisers been able to agree as to the Apostle's reference. As it is, it stands a blank, which each expositor must fill up according to his own interpretation of the difficult words.† Perhaps it would have been better in ch. vii. 36, of the same Epistle, to add to the correct insertion of

* Many passages of the Authorised Version may be read so as to give a complete sense by *omitting* all the italicised words.

† We cannot write this word without a passing protest against the spelling *judgement*, which is adopted by the printers of the Revised Version.

* See for instance the book of Leviticus, where the recurring Hebrew word for *sin-offering* is throughout translated by the LXX. περὶ ἁμαρτίας. But the instances are too numerous to need quotation.

† Thus, different interpreters would read, "because of the *guardian* angels," "because of the *evil* angels," "because of the *presence* of the angels," "because of the angels *of the church*," "because of the messengers (or spies) *of the heathen*," "because of *the example* of the angels," who veil their faces in the Divine presence, etc. In view of such conflicting interpretations (and others might be added), this is a case where the text must be left in its simplicity.

daughter, another explanatory word: "If any man thinketh that he behaveth unseemly towards his virgin *daughter* . . . . let them marry." For perspicuity it might have been expedient to substitute for the pronoun in the last clause some such phrase as *her and her suitor;* although to any sensible reader the passage is clear enough as it stands. In the fifteenth chapter of the Epistle, ver. 2, there seems an awkwardness: "the Gospel . . . . by which also ye are saved; *I make known, I say*, in what words I preached it unto you, if ye hold it fast, except ye believed in vain." This is not very clear. The margin (and the American Revisers) seem to adopt a better rendering: "by which also ye are saved, if ye hold fast the word which I preached unto you, except ye believed in vain." Philippians i. 22 is happily given: "But if to live in the flesh,—*if* this is the fruit (or, Amer., *if* this shall bring fruit) of my work, then what I shall choose I wot not." Such, in preference to the alternative readings given in the margin, and to the not very intelligible "Authorised" rendering, seems clearly the meaning of the Apostle. Again, in Philippians ii. 8, the addition of the word *even* removes a popular misconception of the passage: "becoming obedient *even* unto death," i.e. his obedience to God and to the law, as a man, and a "servant," was carried even to the extent of dying the death of the cross. How often is the text quoted as though the apostle meant that "death" was itself the power that Christ obeyed!

Again, we may cite 1 Tim. ii. 5: "There is one God, one Mediator also between God and men, *Himself* man, Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all; the testimony *to be borne* in its own times." How much force the inserted words have added will be seen by comparing them with the authorised text. Hebrews vi. 19: "the hope set before us; which we have as an anchor of the soul, *a hope* both sure and stedfast and entering into that which is within the veil." On the basis of the ordinary rendering, what ingenious explanations have we heard of an "anchor" entering "within a veil!" These are all rendered unnecessary by the insertion of one aptly-repeated word. Ch. viii. 5: Priests "who serve *that which is* a copy and shadow of the heavenly things." The phrase in the current version "serve unto a copy," etc., is generally misinterpreted. In ch. vii. 15, and x. 16, the reader will find the connecting links of somewhat broken sentences supplied so as to give perspicuity to the whole. Ch. xiii. 4, we correctly read "*Let* marriage *be* had in honour among all," instead of "marriage *is* honourable in all;" and verses 7 and 8 of the same chapter shine with quite a new meaning with the slightest possible touch: "Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God, and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ *is* the same yesterday and to-day, *yea* and for ever." It is to be regretted, we think, that in ch. xii. 17 the suggestion of the American Committee was not adopted. The Revisers read (of Esau) "when he afterward desired to inherit the blessing, he was rejected (for he found no place of repentance) though he sought it diligently with tears." The American suggestion is, "He was rejected; for he found no place for a change of mind *in his father*." This addition appears to us fully warranted by the facts of the case and by the meaning of the word repentance.

In 1 Pet. i. 19 we read, beautifully, "Ye were redeemed . . . . with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, *even the blood* of Christ." 2 Peter i. 12, ye "are established in the truth which is with *you;*" not "the present truth," however suggestive this phrase has been often made to be: i. 19, "And we have the word of prophecy *made* more sure," i.e. by the revelation of Christ Himself. Rev. v. 9: Thou "didst purchase unto God with thy blood *men* of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and madest *them* to be unto our God Kings and Priests." We make no comment on the word "purchase" here, to which we are not reconciled; the point is that (according to the approved reading) the word *us* in the received text is omitted and the rest put into the third person. The song is not the tribute of the redeemed, but of those celestial intelligences that celebrate the redemption of men (see Eph. iii. 10). Finally, though many other illustrations of the equally felicitous use of italics might be given, we may refer to 1 John iii. 3, where the Authorised Version reads: "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure," most readers possibly missing the apostle's thought that the hope is "in Him," i.e. in Christ. The Revisers make this plain by reading, "Every one that hath this hope *set* on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

That there are some questionable points in connection with this use of italics we fully admit. The reading "the evil *one*" in the Lord's Prayer is by far the most important of these; and we hope to consider it in an early number, at the same time bringing these notes and criticisms to a close.

PIOUS COBBLERS.

COBBLERS and shoemakers appear, from a very remote time, to have had the reputation of being a remarkable race of men; some have thought them to be, among the humbler trades and professors of lowly life, the most singular in the production, from their craft, of eminent men. It has been thought that in this particular they have been more gifted than either tailors or weavers, printers or ploughmen, carpenters or smiths.* Somehow, the calling has been favourable to the production of students, of men remarkable for their learning, their wisdom, their genius, or their wit. And it would seem that this is by no means an idea of modern growth; one of the very earliest books of which America boasts in her literary history is a very odd one, published in 1647. It appears to have been written in America, but had to be brought over to England to be printed and published; it bears the following title:

> "The simple Cobler of Agawam in America, willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to be paid for his work, by old English wonted pay.
>
> "'It is his trade to patch all the year long, gratis,
> Therefore I pray, gentlemen, keep your purses.'

* In the "Leisure Hour" for the year 1876 a series of papers appeared, in which most of the eminent cordwainers of past times received some mention.

By Theodore de la Guard. 'In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quaque consilia tutissima sunt,' Cic. In English,

"'When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Cobblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts.'

"'This is no time to feare *Apelles granum*,
Ne sutor quidem ultra crepidam.'

London: Printed by J. D. & R. J. for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible in the Pope's Head Alley, 1647."

The "Simple Cobler" appears to have anticipated something of the wit and wisdom of Poor Richard, but the author, although availing himself of the cobbler's reputation for wisdom, was not himself a cobbler; his name was Nathaniel Ward; he was pastor of the church at Ipswich, in the American colonies—in fact, Ipswich and Agawam were one and the same place. Some of the sentences are very admirable, but the word-catching, the style of the phraseology, is as singular as any with which we are acquainted. Thus he says, "No man ever saw a grey hair on the head or beard of any truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face; the bed of truth is green all the year long." The cobbler professes to be a solitary widower of twelve years' standing, on the look out for a mate, and thinking of going to England for that purpose. The book is full of puns and odd sayings. The author came over to England, brought his book with him; he became a minister in the parish of Shenfield, in Essex, and died there in 1653, at the age of eighty-three. We have very often wondered that, in this age of reprints of curious old books, there has been no reprint of the "Simple Cobler," with some account of the chequered life of its author. We may commend this hint to that eminent bibliophagist, and printer of scarce tracts, Edward Arber.

Of eminent cobblers there have been many orders—political cobblers, poetical cobblers; our paper is especially to remark upon pious cobblers. Of these, few are more remarkable than Thomas Olivers. He was born at Tregonan, in Montgomeryshire, in 1725. He was one of the earliest, most distinguished and illustrious converts of Methodism. Previous to his conversion he had apparently led a very sinful life. He went to hear Whitefield preach; the preacher took for his text, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" But John Wesley found him, and instantly he determined that his daring disposition, fiery temper, and stubbornness, disciplined into ardour, intrepidity, and perseverance, were eminently calculated to make him a useful man. He became an eminent writer in defence of Wesley in the great controversy between Wesley and Toplady. Toplady, by-and-by, came to know him, and although the anger had been very hot, the interview appears to have been very pleasant on both sides. Toplady says, "To say the truth, I am glad I saw Mr. Olivers, for he appears to be a person of stronger sense and better behaviour than I imagined; had his understanding been cultivated by a liberal education, I believe he would have made some figure in life." But before this, in some verses, he makes Wesley to speak of Olivers, in a kind of doggerel dialogue, from which the following is an extract:

"I've Thomas Oliver, the cobler,
(No stall in England holds a nobler,)
A wight of talents universal,
Whereof I'll give a brief rehearsal:
He wields, beyond most other men,
His awl, his razor, and his pen;
My beard he shaves, repairs my shoe,
And writes my panegyric too;
He, with one brandish of his quill,
Can knock down Toplady and Hill;
With equal ease, whene'er there's need,
Can darn my stockings and my creed;
Can drive a nail, or drive a needle,
Hem handkerchief, or scrape the fiddle!
Chop logic as an ass chews thistle,
More skilfully than you can whistle;
And thus, when he philosophises,
No son of Crispin half so wise is.
Of all my ragged regiment
This cobler gives me most content;
My forgeries and faith's defender,
My barber, champion, and shoe-mender!"

Olivers must have possessed a very rapid and intelligent mind, for John Wesley appointed him his editor, or corrector of the press, and he held this position for about thirteen years, although he sometimes appears to have vexed John by his *errata*, and especially by slipping many pieces into the magazine without his knowledge and which the patriarch did not approve. They appear, however, always to have continued on terms of tender friendship. He wrote an elegy on Wesley's death, and when he died himself suddenly in March, 1799, he was buried in Wesley's own tomb in the cemetery of City Road Chapel. But Thomas Olivers is the author of that great hymn,

"The God of Abram praise,"

concerning which James Montgomery, we believe with simple truth, says: "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery; it rises like a stately pile of architecture; severe and simple in design. After deliberate examination its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it."

The story of early Methodism is full of the records of those who may be called pious cobblers. We need not refer to the life of James Lackington, certainly a cobbler; the author of a very entertaining autobiography, and, by-and-by, a very extensive bookseller and publisher; but not a character on which we have much pleasure in dilating.

The very eminent preacher, Samuel Bradburn, familiarly called "Sammy Bradburn," and of whom Dr. Abel Stevens writes in his history, "that during forty years Samuel Bradburn was esteemed the Demosthenes of Methodism," and concerning whom the Minutes of Conference write, "He was considered one of the first preachers of the land for all the higher powers of persuasive eloquence," was a cobbler, apprenticed to a shoemaker in Chester.

But of all the cobblers shining in the annals of Methodism, surely not one is so great as the Cornish metaphysician, Samuel Drew. His is a very interesting life. He was born at Polperro, a sheltered recess in a spacious bay, a spot of remarkable beauty, so remarkable that it is said no part of Cornwall exceeded it for picturesque and quiet loveliness. He was born in 1765. From his earliest days his serious mind noticed the ways of Providence, but before his conversion and settled life of religious conviction, his

QUIET HOURS. [*Sketched from Life.*

young career was full of adventures, adventures such as those we associate with the Cornish coast of that comparatively remote time. In his twenty-first year he became a Methodist; in his twenty-fourth a local preacher and a class-leader. He appeared to have derived some benefit from attempting to reduce to practice Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard." Gradually the life of the philosopher awoke within him; while at his shop-bench many glimpses of truth attracted a momentary attention, but he could not satisfy himself with vague and indistinct views of truth; he became a close and intensely logical metaphysician. His character stood very high, and there is one very odd story told in his life. One market day a countrywoman entered his shop, for he not only made and mended, but dealt in shoes now. The good woman having made her purchases, she remarked to him that he would be much more comfortable if he had a wife, for, as yet, he had not thought of this luxury. He admitted the probability of the woman's assertion, but he added jocosely, "I know of no one who would have me." The woman replied that she could soon supply him, and she next week called, to his great surprise, with a young female, saying, "I have brought my daughter, sir, to see if you would like her." The metaphysical shoemaker disclaimed all ideas of entering at present into matrimonial relations, when the girl herself spoke up, especially on Mr. Drew's remarking that he knew nothing of her or her family. "Oh, sir," said she, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." However, he declined the proposed honour, and mother and daughter left the shoemaker in very evident disappointment. He married, however, before long, and still continuing to prosecute his studies, he says as his married life went on, "I have no study; I have no retirement; I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently when I review what I have written I cultivate the art to blot. Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write." Thus were produced his works, which have received such honourable distinction, his "Essay on the Soul," his "Demonstration of an Eternal Being," and "On the Resurrection of the Human Body." These are very extraordinary pieces, and are such that only minds familiar with the abstruse terms and modes of metaphysical thought can read them; by such, however, they can only be perused with exceeding enjoyment. In 1816 he was appointed the postmaster of his district. But when the London University was founded he was invited to take the chair of Mental and Moral Science; this he wisely declined. He became, however, the editor of the "Imperial Magazine," a periodical of great respectability and importance in its day; and whenever he visited London he was always invited to the most eminent pulpits of the denomination to which he belonged, such as those of Great Queen Street and the City Road. Dr. Adam Clark said he had "a plain, patient, business-like, matter-of-fact understanding, which qualified him to examine the details as well as to grasp the whole of any subject. Thus gifted, he would have probably shone in mathematical investigation had he chosen that path to eminence." The shoemaker of St. Austell presents to us one of the noblest illustrations of a lofty intellect, combined with the mild graces of a Christian, in that craft which forms the text of these remarks. The Marischal College of Aberdeen conferred upon him, apparently while yet occupied at St. Austell, the degree of Master of Arts.

These memories connected with Samuel Drew remind us also, how usually the shoemaker seems to have been regarded as a man of stubborn, invincible thought. This was perhaps the reason why Mistress Hannah More wrote her useful little book called, "The Two Shoemakers," taking the shoemaker as the typical character of the little English town or village. Many novelists, like Lord Lytton, have found the shoemaker to be a very interesting character, very often, perhaps even usually, with rather a marked and distinct idiosyncrasy, and nearly invariably leaning over to the thoughtful, too often to the sceptical, side of things, for all shoemakers assuredly have not been of the Samuel Drew order; and, if resembling Daniel Olivers, it would be in the earlier and unconverted years of his career, when the very profanity of his character appears to have taken some colour from the impetuosity of his genius. We have ourselves known rough, rugged, sceptical shoemakers, like Tom Roberts the philosophical cobbler, who fancied himself quite well read up in some of the toughest pieces of philosophical infidelity. A skilful workman in his way, a great reader in his leisure hours, dipping a great deal into abstruse books until he had acquired a way of talking quite above the comprehension of most of those who frequented his little shop, and very often beyond his own. It was a favourite doctrine, for instance, with him, that he would never believe, and nobody ever could believe, anything contrary to experience. A quiet, believing man, went into his little shop for some piece of work which had been left there, and noticed a new picture hanging against the wall of the shop, or the little room.

"What picture is that you have got in the corner, Mr. Roberts?" said he.

"It is Mount Vesuvius," said Tom, "a volcano," evidently proud of his possession of the representation of a very interesting natural phenomenon.

"But what is a volcano?" said his visitor, who, although not very learned, knew as well what a volcano was as Tom himself did, only he was one who had very often been put down by Tom's declaration, that, "we ought to believe and could believe nothing but that which we knew by experience."

"A volcano," said the cobbler, "is a mountain which burns like a glass furnace, throws out red-hot ashes, and such is the heat that the hardest stones are melted as if they were resin, and run down the sides of the mountain like a stream of boiling pitch."

"Did you ever see it?" said his visitor.

"Never been there," said Tom; "there are none of them in this country. But travellers have seen it."

"But you don't believe them?" said his visitor.

"Why not?" said the cobbler.

"Because it is unphilosophical, it is contrary to your experience. Is it not more probable that travellers should tell stories, than that a great mountain should burn like a tar barrel, and the hardest stones run down the sides of the mountain like boiling pitch?"

The cobbler wheeled fairly round, looked his visitor full in the face as much as to say, "You have caught me," and then he seized a piece of leather and commenced hammering upon it with such vehemence that his visitor started back. Tom continued hammering that piece of leather for half an hour.

"He has spoiled a good sole," said his visitor, "and that is a pity, considering leather is so dear."

But Tom was a very fair type of the thoughtful, reading, yet frequently illogical cobbler.

Pious shoemakers and cobblers range, however, through many varieties, from simple villagers who adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour, and

> "Who in the Bible read with glad surprise,
> Their title to a mansion in the skies,—"

to men also like William Carey, Robert Morrison, and John Kitto. Our readers will remember that the Society of Friends was founded by a pious shoemaker, George Fox. And while, perhaps, there are many circumstances in the life of George Fox which may seem extravagant and strange, it may be fairly affirmed that there is, perhaps, not a more interesting piece of autobiography in our language than that in which this remarkable shoemaker shows how it pleased the Lord to reveal Himself to him. There are many very extraordinary words as well as singular adventures. George might have been a little more conciliatory sometimes, but indeed it was a bitterly persecuting and licentious age, and he suffered many martyrdoms. Some of his experiences are very sweet. Take the following:

"One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me; but I sat still. And it was said, 'All things come by nature;' and the elements and stars came over me so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sat still, and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice, which said, 'There is a living God who made all things.' And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose all over it all; my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. After some time I met with some people who had a notion that there was no God, but that all things came by nature. I had a great dispute with them, and overturned them, and made some of them confess there is a living God. Then I saw that it was good that I had gone through that exercise."

So in another page we read: "On a certain time, as I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me; 'Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life, which was before the foundation of the world;' and as the Lord spoke it, I believed, and saw it in the new birth. Then some time after, the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, which was like a briery, thorny wilderness; and when I came, in the Lord's mighty power, with the word of life into the world, the world swelled and made a noise, like the great raging waves of the sea; professors, magistrates and people, were all like a sea, when I came to proclaim the day of the Lord amongst them, and to preach repentance to them."

There are many who would say that the most extraordinary name of all these pious cobblers remains to be mentioned yet, the shoemaker of Gorlitz, Jacob Behmen. But that is a name which stirs too much the spirit of discussion to be dwelt on at any length, although to many—

> "Still from his books, a mystic seer,
> The soul of Behmen preaches."

He was born in the year 1575, he died in 1624, being only in the fiftieth year of his age. His words, it must be admitted, are difficult to apprehend. It is said that King Charles I. read them upon their first publication in England, and on being asked his opinion of them replied, "That if, as he understood the author was no scholar, the works certainly compelled him to believe that the Holy Ghost was now in men."

Such are the noble ancestors of the race of pious shoemakers, the gentle craft of leather. It has been very frequently the fashion for foplings to sneer at it, and the thoughtless to deride it. Once it stood very high among the guilds of trade, and, assuredly every trade is worthy of honour which contributes to human comfort or human dignity; but there seems to be, or there was, something in this art which ministers to independence of sentiment and thought. The quietude of the work helped more formerly than now to thought. Perhaps also independence of feeling grows in a man as he sees a piece of even humble work begun, carried forward, and completed by himself. And it is not altogether a vain idea that a man's character partakes very much of the material in which he works; the man who works in iron is usually a man of iron; the man who works in cloth has often much of the pliability of that material—pliability without toughness. A shoemaker may be characterised as a combination of toughness and pliability—reasonably and manageably obstinate. This may seem a fanciful notion, but a little reflection will suggest a crowd of instances; a man is not only the spirit in which he works, but he imbibes unconsciously the spirit of the thing on which he works. Arts and crafts are losing this individuality, yet still we hope it is yet true that shoemakers have representatives in the ranks of labour to-day worthy of those of whom Whittier speaks in his fine lines on the shoemakers:

> "The foremost still, by day or night,
> On moated mound, or heather,
> Where'er the need of trampled right
> Brought toiling men together;
> Where the free burghers from the wall
> Defied the mail-clad master,
> Than yours at Freedom's trumpet call
> No craftsmen rallied faster."

Noble among some of the great strugglers of the middle ages, as the story of the banner of the clouted shoon testifies, it has been our wish to show some illustrious examples in another department, and, while elsewhere attention has been called to those names which were great in the annals of literature and poetry, these instances have shown a not less interesting catalogue in the annals of piety.

Morning.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SUTTA.

IN thy God's good name go forward,
And, with hearty will and mind,
Do thy work and sow thy harvest;
What is done is left behind.

Look not always on the distant,
But thy nearest duties keep;
He may only rest who labours,
Thou must sow if thou would'st reap.

Ill for thee is idle standing,
For temptations gather fast;
Better far to work in earnest,
And to rest when day is past.

Fear not, then, because thou know'st not
What may happen or go wrong;
Do the right—for God's good blessing
Clears all clouds, and keeps thee strong.

In God's name, then, up and forward!
And, with hearty will and mind,
Do thy work and sow thy harvest—
What is done is left behind.

E. G. EDERSHEIM.

"Children, have ye any Meat?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

CHILDREN, have ye any meat, that ye do not come near
The table that I spread for you, with wine and goodliest cheer?
My white and purple grapes hang low from boughs that arch it o'er,
Nor fruit so luscious and so rich the vines of Eschol bore.

My banquet-house is all adorned to glad my feastful friends,
While on each pause, from harps unseen sweet melody attends;
Come, My beloved, eat and drink; the Father's hand is free;
No price upon these plenteous stores that was not paid by Me.

Children, have ye any meat, that still ye love to roam?
There's milk to satisfy the babe, there's honey in the comb,
I've flagons for the sick and faint, I've apples sweet and red,
Will ye not taste the pleasant fruits with which My board is spread?

Children, come, your fathers thought to feed on angels' food,
The manna-fall around the camp was plentiful and good,
The flinty rock was cleft to let the crystal fountain play,
Yet they again knew want and thirst through many a weary day.

Whoso at My table sits, he shall both eat and live,
No bread, no meat can satisfy like that I yearn to give,
Forsake the cisterns ye have hewn, for he that drinks with Me
Shall find the living stream refresh his thirst eternally.

Wherefore waste your little gains on that which is not food?
Wherefore resist the claims of love, of grace, and Fatherhood?
Or do ye fear because your robes are travel-stained and torn?
I can renew them and give back the dews of life's young morn.

If ye will but come and dine, in answer to My call,
A spotless robe awaits each guest, laid in My tiring-hall,
Each shall be jewelled as a bride, and sit in raiment fair;
Defilement upon those I love My pure eyes could not bear.

Children, have ye any meat, that still I call in vain?
Night-mists are on the mountains hoar, they creep along the plain,
Are ye so happy while ye choose far from My side to roam?
Are husks so grateful to your taste? and is the desert Home?

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 4.

THE COMMANDMENTS (SECOND TABLE).
EXODUS XX. 12–21.

GOLDEN TEXT, ECCLESIASTES XII. 13.—'*Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole (duty) of man.*'

The usual division into Two Tables, containing four and six commandments respectively, has been presupposed in these 'Studies.' The commands were thus delivered to Israel for permanent preservation, engraved on both sides of stone tablets (ch. xxxi. 18; xxxii. 15; Deut. iv. 13; v. 22); broken, rewritten; afterwards deposited in the ark of the covenant (Deut. x. 3–5: 1 Kings viii. 9; Heb. ix. 4). On the one table was declared the law of duty *towards God;* on the other that of obligation *towards men.* A very ancient division, it may however be noted, includes the Fifth Commandment in the First table; filial obedience being made a part of our duty towards God. 'Parent' is more than 'Neighbour.' In any case it may be taken as the intermediate link between the two series of commandments.

I. THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—*Read ver.* 12. **Honour thy father and thy mother,** a most comprehensive precept, meaning more than simple obedience—more, even, than love. It is a mingling of the two, with reverence and care for them in every way. Note the mention of the *mother.* In the law of God woman takes her true place. See the example of Jesus Himself, John xix. 26, 27. **That thy days may be long in the land.** 'The first commandment with promise' (Eph. vi. 2). The commands were addressed to the *collective Israel.* The permanence of the nation would depend in large measure upon the sanctity of family life. A failure in duty here means disorganisation and decay. See Malachi iv. 6; Luke i. 17. From the family springs order, law, obedience, all that unites and strengthens society. There is also an *individual* reference in the promise (Eph. vi. 3). Long life, from the Israelite point of view, was a special blessing (Psa. cxxviii. 6; Prov. iii. 1, 2; iv. 10, etc.). and this privilege is for the obedient. Not that no dutiful children die young; but the *tendency* of a harmonious well-ordered family life is to length of days. Often in Israelite history the disobedient were cut off in their prime (the sons of Eli; Absalom). Stubborn disobedience was visited by awful punishment, Deut. xxi. 18–21.

II. THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH COMMANDMENTS.—*Read vers.* 13–15. These three commandments may be placed together, as containing, in a negative form, our duty to our neighbour, in regard to his *life, family relations,* and *property.* The former two are expounded at large by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 21–32). From Him we learn that the guilt of murder belongs to the angry thought, or the bitter word.

As an example of comprehensive exposition we may quote from the 'Larger Catechism' the following compendium of the 'duties required' and the 'sins forbidden' in the Sixth Commandment. The authors take the mandate, **Thou shalt not kill,** as applying to oneself as well as to others. 'The duties required in the Sixth Commandment are, all careful studies, and all lawful endeavours to preserve the life of ourselves and others; by resisting all thoughts and purposes, subduing all passions, and avoiding all occa-

sions, temptations, and practices, which tend to the unjust taking away the life of any; by just defence thereof against violence; patient bearing of the hand of God, quietness of mind, cheerfulness of spirit; a sober use of meat, drink, physic, sleep, labour, and recreating; by charitable thoughts, love, compassion, meekness, gentleness, kindness; peaceable, mild and courteous speeches and behaviour, forbearing readiness to be reconciled, patient bearing and forgiving of injuries, and requiting good for evil, comforting and succouring the distressed, and protecting and defending the innocent.' 'The sins forbidden in the Sixth Commandment are, all taking away the life of ourselves, or of others, except in cases of public justice, lawful war, or necessary defence; the neglecting or withdrawing the lawful and necessary means of preservation of life; sinful anger, hatred, envy, desire of revenge; all excessive passions, distracting cares; immoderate use of meat, drink, labour, and recreations; provoking words, oppression, quarrelling, striking, wounding, and whatsoever else tends to the destruction of the life of any.'

The Seventh Commandment protects family life and personal purity. **Adultery,** strictly speaking, is the taking of another man's wife; the commandment in its wider reference extends to all that belongs to the relation of the two sexes: our Lord, in enforcing the command, enjoins a watchfulness over the thoughts, and a resolution at all hazards to repress everything that prompts to sinful passion. The application of this law is wide and serious; to the company we keep, the conversation in which we indulge, the books we read, the amusements we permit ourselves; as well as to the rule of temperance in eating and drinking, and to the measure of our self-indulgence generally. May we not here all find some things dear as 'the right hand' or 'the right eye,' that must be cut off and cast away?

The Eighth Commandment in its wider sense protects the rights of property; all that is included in the *meum* and the *tuum*. There may be theft without open robbery. To take from any one, or to refuse to give, his due, is to **steal;** so also is unfaithfulness to contracts, unfairness and over-reaching in trade; with 'all other unjust and sinful ways of taking or withholding from our neighbour what belongs to him, or of enriching ourselves.' Industry and frugality are also enjoined. The Jews had a proverb, 'He who does not train his son to some useful calling, teaches him to steal.' Those who waste their own possessions, and so are obliged to come upon others for subsistence, are guilty of the same sin. In ch. xxii. 1–4; Lev. vi. 1–7; Prov. vi. 30, 31, the compensations for the act of theft are variously specified. See Eph. iv. 28: the opposite to theft is honest industry.

III. The Ninth and Tenth Commandments.—*Read vers.* 16, 17. Here the duty to our neighbour is further declared, in respect of *word* and *thought:* the word that may injure, or the thought which prompts to defraud. The Ninth Commandment really forbids all offences against truthfulness; for **false witness,** even though it may seem for another's interest, is really **against** him. The immediate reference may possibly be to courts of justice, where a false witness was held liable to the punishment attached to the crime falsely alleged, Deut. xix. 16–20. But the reference is much wider: to 'all slander, evil speaking, withholding or perversion of the truth, exaggeration or misrepresentation of others; even speaking the truth unseasonably, or maliciously to a wrong end, or perverting it to a wrong meaning, or in doubtful and equivocal expressions, to the prejudice of truth or justice.' The true corrective to this great and easily-besetting sin is in maintaining the law of charity. Eph. iv. 29–32.

The Tenth Commandment corresponds with the seventh and eighth, and extends to the thoughts. To **covet,** whether **house, wife,** or property, is the first step toward the sinful endeavour to obtain the object of desire. See James i. 14, 15; and compare Gen. iii. 6. '**Oxen and asses, manservants, and maidservants** were the usual signs of wealth in the East (see Gen. xii. 16; xxiv. 35; xxx. 43; xxxii. 5). So the commandment means, 'Be not grieved at thy neighbour's prosperity, as shown by his flocks and herds and the increase of his household (Eccles. iv. 4).' See Heb. xiii. 5; 1 Tim vi. 6.

The Apostle Paul employs this commandment to illustrate the truth that by the law is the knowledge of sin, Rom. vii. 7, 8. In Rom. xiii. 9 the last five commandments are classed by him under the saying, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' the commandment which is 'like unto the first,' Matt. xxii. 39; as proceeding from the same *authority*, based on the same *principles*, and conducing to the same *end*.

IV. Sequel of the Scene.—*Read vers.* 18–20. The Voice that had spoken from the darkness died away; the tempest remained, in its darkness and terror. The word **saw** must here be taken in its widest sense; *saw and heard.* **The people removed, and stood afar off,** entreating 'that the word should not be spoken to them any more,' Heb. xii. 19. They cried out for a mediator. **Let not God speak with us, lest we die.** Such is the language of the soul conscious of sin. The sense of God's presence is an overwhelming dread, Gen. iii. 8–10; Isa. vi. 5. Compare Deut. v. 23–29. It appears from this last passage that the utterance was in part that of *contrition.* There was, with penitent shame, the resolution to obey. Hence the reassuring words of **Moses, Fear not;** although he himself had said, 'I exceedingly fear and quake,' Heb. xii. 21. The utterance of the law was for two reasons: to **prove** the people: it was a test of character: and to *prevent* them, by salutary **fear,** from **sin.** Their cry was heard, Jehovah Himself *added no more*, Deut. v. 22. **Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God** revealed His presence; for the time Moses was mediator between Jehovah and His people, Gal. iii. 19. But in taking this office he only showed the need of a higher and a lasting mediation. Moses points to Christ, 1 Tim. ii. 5, in whom we 'draw near,' no longer standing afar off like trembling Israel, Eph. iii. 12; Heb. x. 22.

V. The Conclusion. (*Golden Text*). To **keep** God's **commandments is the whole** (duty) **of man,** or perhaps, *this is the* (duty) *of every man.* See 'Variorum Bible.' But who can fulfil it? Read and apply as the great lesson of the subject, the words of the apostle Paul in Rom. viii. 3, 4. Christ has fulfilled the Law, by perfect obedience, and by becoming an offering for sin, that He may give it anew to His people, as a law of love, and write it upon their *hearts. Obedience for Christ's sake* is a principle greater than Sinai could disclose: Rom. iii. 31; vi. 14.

Questions.

1. Illustrate the observance and the violation of the Fifth Commandment from the Jewish history.

2. What was the teaching of the Old Testament and the New respectively, concerning one's 'neighbour'? Was there any difference between them?

3. What is the meaning of the declaration (Rom. iii. 20, revised version), 'through [the] law *cometh* the knowledge of sin'?

4. Explain Acts xiii. 39; 'By Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.'

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXV

Double Acrostic.

1. Into whose hands was Paul delivered?
2. The brother of Moses.
3. Who was the seer that saw visions "against Jeroboam"?
4. What kind of wine should not be put into old bottles?

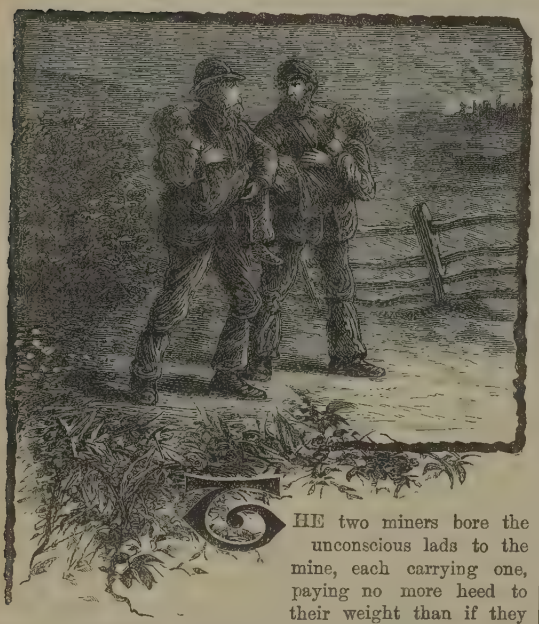
J. E. B.

Pages for the Young.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

IV.



THE two miners bore the unconscious lads to the mine, each carrying one, paying no more heed to their weight than if they were no weight at all. They were already beyond the appointed time, and their comrades would be waiting for their coming, so they hurried along the road. It still rained hard, so they covered them as much as possible with their thick coats, George especially, for, as his bearer expressed it, he was sodden with the wet.

They talked little by the way, for Cornishmen are not too prone to speech: deeds they are fond of, words, if they must come at all, are secondary considerations in their eyes. They were too anxious to reach their journey's end, and find shelter for their charges, to have much time to speak. Down the hill they sped, hastening through the soaking grass: for themselves, they cared nothing for the wet, it would have had to be a mighty storm before they heeded it!—what they cared for was the shortest way to the scene of their nightly labours. It was so intensely dark you could scarcely see your hand in front of you, but, bred and born in that wild country, light or darkness was the same to them.

Suddenly a light gleamed in the sky, livid flames flashed through the midnight gloom: they marked the engine-house of the "Violet Seaton" mine. That, as you know, is the mining country: tin and copper have made Cornwall famous for ages past; within four miles of where they stood is one of the richest mining districts in the world; countless wealth lies buried in the earth, and the strife to bring it within the reach of man has made the men of Cornwall what they are. To their left, if they had stood and turned—over by Carn Brea, they would have seen that not one, but many lights lit up the midnight sky, each marking a famous and a busy mine.

Their mine was the "Violet Seaton," a young one yet, and one which had its name to make. Within a hundred yards of it, George moved in his bearer's arms; the bearded giant felt the movement, slight though it was, and bent to look at him. He seemed struggling as with nightmare, for all at once he cried, "Oh Lord! keep Ted alive!" It had been the last prayer of his heart before his sense had gone.

"Aye," said the miner, smiling at the lad, "if it be well that Ted be kept alive, the Lord will keep him, for all that He does is well."

George opened his eyes, and looked up at the smiling face bent over him, then, with a cry rose in the miner's arms, and put his hands about his neck. "Oh!" he wailed, "save me, save me from the sea!"

"Save thee from the sea, my lad," the miner said gently, touched by the clinging hands about his neck, for he once had a son of his own at home, who now was dead; "you need not fear the sea, my sonny, I'll keep thee from the sea, and everything." George had laid his cheek against the man's rough beard; but now he took his head away, and looked into his face longingly, as though he doubted who he might be.

"Where is Ted?" he asked.

"Ted! be the other Ted? Ted's in yonder's arms, not far away from thou; he'll mind to Ted and I'll mind thee."

"Let me down," continued George, as though he were not quite satisfied, after a pause and another look into the bearded face, "I must go to him, I must not stay; do you think that he'll forgive me if I stay."

"If he'll forgive thee yea or nay, thee'll have to stay; don't think I'll let thee go so easily. Say, sonny, what is your name, and where does your father live?"

"My name is George Trevenna, and I live at Minna Darva, where my uncle lives; father has been dead these many years."

"And thy mother too? does she live with thy uncle, or where is she?"

George paused before he answered, and then said, gravely and quaintly too, "When I was a little boy my mother died, and went to my father's home, and one day, if the Lord forgives my sins, we shall be one family again." The miner looked at him without replying; indeed, there was no time for a reply, for they had reached the mine.

George, his rescuer seemed to think, was still too weak to be trusted on his feet alone, so to the engine-house he bore him, still in his arms.

On their entrance, the engineer, and stoker, and captain of the mine, came crowding round, curious to learn what their burdens were; when they found they were two helpless lads they were full of pity and concern. Some coats were stretched—each man lent one—upon a wooden chest, and on this rude bed was Edward laid. It was curious to see those great men standing by his side, motionless and still, the flaming furnace illumining, with a vivid glare, their work-stained faces.

He was still unconscious, and a piteous spectacle he seemed, stiff, and white, and cold. Nothing could restrain George when he saw him there, his bearer was, perforce, obliged to let him go; with a wailing sob he rushed out of his arms, and flung himself upon his friend.

"Ted! Ted!—speak to me, Ted! look at me, Ted!"

It was in vain: we can always do, but we can never make undone: the future is ours, but the past is past for ever.

The captain of the mine bent down, and listened if he breathed: they held their own breath while they waited to hear how it was with him.

"He is not dead," he said, "he lives; we must have a doctor here. Come, lad," to George, "you will do yourself no good by crying, and may do him harm. Tell us all about it, and for whom we ought to send."

But George would not heed, and he wailed and wept so when they tried to move him, that they had not the heart to persevere.

A week had gone by, a week, each hour of which went by on leaden wings. They say time flies, and so it does when we are happy, but it does not seem to fly at all, but to hang motionless on heavy wings, when we are sad, and a load of care and doubt is lying on us. Only at his peril had they been able to move Edward to his home, the thread of life had been

tretched to its utmost tension, the slightest further strain and t would snap.

That was a season of much sorrow in the home at Minna Darva: the sweet spring-time was being ushered in with many lowers: since that one night of storm the days had all been fine, nd everywhere the land seemed to rejoice at the approach of ummer.

Mothers, no matter who or what they are, will build castles n the air. In their children they are young again, and in their utures are to be realised the dreams they themselves dreamed hey were to realise so long ago. Where they failed, their hildren will succeed; where they sought happiness and found t not, it will be ready to their children's hands. Was there ever mother yet who, in her heart of hearts, did not crave good or her child?

Mrs. Wilson, simple soul, was no exception to this rule: Edward was to her a son, and there was nothing which can be done he could not do. He was a bonny boy, so good, so true; his hopes, like hers, flew high, all her love was returned by him: he was a lad of promise. No wonder he was knitted to her like a son, and so many of her hopes were bound up in him. And now—well now, in the first flush of his young youth, he lay upon his bed, his limbs were shattered, and his life was nearly gone.

She, who had borne so much, and bowed resignedly before the ruling of the Lord, was stricken now.

It was so sudden; to see him, who, in the morning, was so well, and strong, lying there; and to think that he might never rise from his bed again, was more than she could bear.

Mary, little daughter Mary, was the guardian now; she was invaluable, without her nothing would have been done: she soothed her mother, she performed the small duties of the household carefully, and yet found time to watch by Edward's side. The neighbours came in, and lent their aid, and did what they could do, but Mary was the ruling spirit of that woful time.

And all this evil had sprung from what seemed so slight an incident. It is often remarked how great results from little causes spring. This is so, we know it is, and yet how often do we think of it at all? How often, before we act, do we consider what the result may be? How often do we bear it in mind that the slightest deviation from the path of right may, without our intending it, lead us to a goal of which we fear to think?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXVI.

Double Acrostic.

Two things that Abraham gave to Hagar.

1. What did God set in the cloud for a token of the covenant?
2. Where was there a voice heard of Rachel weeping?
3. What wind did God send to make the Red Sea dry?
4. What did Samuel do when God called him?
5. What relation was Rebekah to Bethuel?

M. A. B.

NO. XXXVII.

1. The last king of Bashan.
2. The last of the prophets of the Old Testament.
3. The last of the men who spoke to Job.
4. The scene of Saul's last battle.
5. The last of the three who were cast into the fiery furnace.

The initials make the last letter of the Greek alphabet, mentioned along with the first as a name of Christ.

M. A. B.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE edifying annual gathering in the North of London known as the Mildmay Park Conference took place this year, as usual, towards the end of June, and occupied three days. The subject of the first day's meditation was "Waiting upon God," addresses upon which (after prayer by Prebendary Wilson) were delivered by the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, the Rev. Dr. Fraser, Lord Polworth, and the Rev. W. H. Aitken. In this and the following afternoons various meetings were held in the rooms of the Conference Hall and in tents which had been erected in the garden. As the weather throughout the three days was for the most part fine, these gatherings in the open air were felt to be most enjoyable. On the second day the subject was "Walking with God," the principal address on which was delivered by the Rev. Dr. H. Bonar, who spoke with great solemnity of the present relations of the Church and the world. In many quarters, he said, we find that it is not the world that is poisoning the Church just now, but the Church that is poisoning the world. This unbelief, this spirit which tells us that error and truth are very much alike, is the spirit that is to culminate in Antichrist. "Let us," said he, "beware of the unbelief of the present day, of the books that inculcate unbelief in the atonement, and which would charge uncertainty upon the Bible." The topic of the third day's conference was "Working for God." The principal address was by the Rev. C. A. Fox. In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was administered, the Rev. Dr. H. Bonar and the Rev. E. W. Moore delivering addresses to the communicants. Among the sectional gatherings held during the three days, missions occupied a prominent place. The spiritual interests of India, Persia, Germany, Italy, and other lands, were thus brought under notice. Meetings were also held in connection with the following objects: colportage in England, colportage in Ireland, the Army Scripture Readers' Society, the Young Women's Christian Association, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Prison Mission, Soldiers' Homes, Miss Leigh's Paris Homes for Young Women, Irish Church Missions, various branches of Christian effort for the promotion of temperance, and medical missions. Mr. S. A. Blackwood presided at the conferences.

A DAILY journal reports the number and nature of the congregations on the morning of a recent Sunday, in fifty-seven parish churches and fifteen Nonconformist chapels in the City of London. It appears that, although the total accommodation in the churches was sufficient for 32,455 persons, the total number present was only 6,731. Three churches were closed; on the other hand, a considerable proportion of the congregations were "officials and their families and poor attending on relief." The general congregation, after deducting these, is estimated at 3,853 only, of whom 1,796 were women and 830 children. St. Paul's and the Temple Church are not included; and the returns of the Nonconformist places of worship did not comprise the congregations in five synagogues, computed to be capable of holding nearly 3,000 worshippers. The total general congregation in the fifteen chapels, however, was found to nearly equal the congregation in the fifty-seven churches. There were, it is stated, 706 choristers engaged in these churches.

WE had space last month to mention only the most important feature in the proceedings of the Scottish Assemblies—the decision in the Robertson Smith case. The National Church of Scotland, while that case was proceeding, felt it necessary to admonish, through the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Cathcart, its Moderator, a minister who had laid himself open to censure by his erroneous teaching. This was the Rev. W. L. McFarlane, of Lenzie, the author of two discourses which formed the ground of censure, contributed to a volume entitled "Scotch Sermons." The Committee on Statistics of Christian Liberality in the Church of Scotland, reported the amount of contributions for 1880, exclusive of seat-rents, as being 319,829*l*. The liberality

of the Church was, under almost all heads of inquiry, conspicuously larger than the previous year. A melancholy incident occurred, in connection with the General Assembly of the Free Church. The Rev. Dr. Main, the retiring Moderator, who opened its proceedings, had, before they closed, ceased to live. His successor was the Rev. Dr. William Laughton of Greenock. The income of the Sustentation Fund for the year was reported as being 171,976*l.*, or upwards of 250*l.* in excess of the total reported in 1880. Dr. George Smith reported that the sum of money placed at the disposal of the Free Church for Foreign Missions during last year was the largest that had ever yet been raised throughout its history.

At Exeter Hall, for the fifth time in fifteen years, a public meeting has been held in celebration of the China Inland Mission. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. Mr. R. H. Hill read a report, which stated that the mission was started about twenty years ago by a missionary on his return to England, broken down in health, after several years' labour in China. The first of the five missionaries he desired should go out reached China in 1862, and before the end of April, 1865, four others followed. At this time in all that country with its four hundred millions of people there were then only 97 missionaries, all, excepting a few at Hankow, in the six seaboard provinces. Throughout the whole of eleven provinces, containing an aggregate population of 150 millions, there was not one resident Protestant missionary. A large number of persons offered for work in China, of whom some fifteen or sixteen were considered suitable and accepted. For the outfit and passage of so many a considerable sum of money was needed. Prayer was offered for this, and heard; and in May 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, with fourteen missionaries, sailed for China. The China Inland Mission was thus formally inaugurated, and the work has been continued on the same lines, viz., no guarantee of income to missionaries; no restriction as to denomination of those accepted for missionary labour, if only they were sound in doctrine and gave evidence of being qualified for the work; and no personal solicitation for money. The number of missionaries at the present time in connection with the mission is 72, besides 39 wives of missionaries. By the blessing of God upon their labours more than a thousand Chinese have professed faith in Christ, and have been received by baptism. Of these about 200 are now at work as helpers, and are occupying useful positions as pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, Bible-women, etc. Seventy stations and out-stations are now open. The income during the past year has amounted to nearly 10,000*l.*

The Working Ladies' Guild is an institution which deserves to be more generally known. Its annual general meeting was held recently at Kensington, the Rev. and Hon. E. C. Glyn in the chair. Sir R. Cross, who was one of the speakers, explained that the object of the Association is not simply to gather as much money as possible to help the distressed; it is not to hunt out cases and place them on its books; but each associate is responsible for the cases he or she recommends, and is bound to investigate before recommending, and the guild generally and each member of it assist according to their means and their opportunities. It is the duty of each member of the guild to work together as one common body, whether it be in finding employment in one case, or alleviating sickness in another; in conveying a sick person to the seaside, or in visiting her when there: and, by gifts of suit, or flowers, or books, showing a Christian tenderness and sympathy, so that, instead of finding herself alone, she will find herself among friends and meet with that help and kindly feeling which is so great a stimulant to the recovery of health and strength. Sir Curtis Lampson (an intimate friend of the late Mr. Peabody) said: The experiment has been tried by the president and foundress of the guild of providing suitable places of abode for poor ladies, who suffer more than any class in London for the want of them, and providing them on such terms as to bring in a fair return. The experiment has been successful, and its success has induced me with a few friends to buy a freehold property in Oakley street, near Cheyne-walk. The new buildings will contain 200 rooms, to be rented at 3*s.* the room. Ladies will be furnished with every accommodation, with gas and water free, nothing to be paid but their rent of 7*s.* The cost will be 15,000*l.* or 16,000*l.*, and it will bring a satisfactory return. The houses will be separated from the street, and each lady will have her own room or house as retired and private as if she owned it. In the Royal Homes at Putney, for poor gentlewomen, and similar institutions, this plan is successfully carried out. The inmates ought in all cases to possess some small income for their support. At the Putney Homes, the minimum of 20*l.* a year is required.

The first annual meeting of the London Young Women's Christian Association was held lately at the Finsbury Institute, the Lord Mayor presiding. The object of this organisation is to elevate the condition of the young women who are engaged in the shops and warehouses of London; its agencies are Bible-classes, library, secular classes, and various means of recreation. The most encouraging phase of the work-room mission is stated to be the spirit of intelligent interest and inquiry manifested as the Scriptures are read. The report, which set forth in detail the first year's work of the association, having been read by the Rev. R. C. Billing, vicar of Spitalfields, its adoption was moved by the Rev. Canon Fleming, who drew attention to the increased interest which had of late years been shown in the moral, spiritual, social, and intellectual status of women, and made an earnest appeal with a view of enabling such an institution to carry on its beneficent labours. Other speakers followed, and the conviction was expressed that the work would be abundantly prospered.

The first annual meeting of the Zenana and Medical Mission (Home and Training School for Ladies), 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, has been held at the National Club, 1, Whitehall-gardens, Mr. C. S. Raikes, C.S.I. (late Commissioner at Lahore), occupying the chair. The object of the society is to train ladies to be missionaries, and at the same time to give them a fair knowledge of medicine. The chairman said that during his residence in India he became intimately acquainted with the sufferings of the women, who numbered in that country some 120,000,000, and he found that, owing to the entire ignorance of the native Indians, all the laws of health were neglected and the Indian nurses did more harm than good. Major Cooper Gardiner read the financial statement, and Sir Arthur Cotton, Dr. Sinclair Patterson, M.D., and other speakers addressed the meeting.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children—constituting a series of rescue and educational institutions in the East-end of the metropolis, at Ilford, Essex, and at Gorey, Jersey—celebrated its last anniversary in Exeter Hall, in the presence of a crowded assembly. Earl Cairns presided, and was supported by a number of peers and other influential supporters, besides a choir of 700 children, who, by their creditable manner of rendering vocal selections, testified to the value of their training in the Homes. The report of the year's work submitted by Dr. Barnardo set forth that the institutions now contain 1,036 neglected children, while 2,410 others have therein received education. For all purposes 38,693*l.* had been received, notwithstanding which, however, to meet current expenses, a debt of 5,800*l.* has had to be incurred. Earl Cairns urged the imperative need of such a work in order to the moral and spiritual reclamation of the many neglected children from the dens of danger, vice, and infamy in which they were found, and bore personal testimony to the efficiency and practical value of the institution as now conducted. Earl Jersey and Mr. Waddy, Q.C., spoke of the success achieved, and urged a special effort to increase the financial support accorded to the movement. The Rev. R. C. Billing also advocated the claims of the Homes to public support.

Very great interest has been awakened in the United States by the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament. Everywhere in New York—on the cars, in the ferry-boats, and in other public conveyances and places—attentive readers of the revised book were to be seen on the day of its issue. A New York letter thus describes the scene in that city. "Newsboys with their arms full of Testaments hung around the Stock Exchange, Post-Office, and other business resorts, and reaped a good harvest. The agents assert that more than 300,000 copies were sold here on Friday (the day of issue). It has been a novel, interesting, and sometimes amusing sight—the number of people of all grades and occupations, in street-cars, hotels, shops, restaurants, everywhere, poring over the Revision with absorbing interest." A New York journal publishes letters from thirty divines representing various sections of the United States, and nearly every Christian denomination, giving their opinion of the Revision. These letters come from college presidents, bishops, and other clergy. They give a hearty and cordial endorsement of the New Version, not a book without defects, but as a translation of the Greek Testament which renders it not only with much greater literal accuracy, but also with much greater fidelity to the spirit than the old version. It is generally felt, however, that a further revision is required, before it can supersede the present Authorised Version.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

DEBORAH.

"And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time. And she dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim: and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment."—*Judges* iv. 4, 5.

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HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES.—IV. REMINISCENCES IN THE FIRST EPISTLE.

IF St. Peter wrote this epistle, it is impossible that he could have written it without conscious reminiscences of his Master. Conversely, if we can easily trace such reminiscences, if they come to view naturally, and without any suspicion of contrivance, they form a collateral argument for its authenticity and genuineness.

This is not written as though it were suggested that there are any real grounds for doubting the authenticity and genuineness of this epistle. Hardly any book of the New Testament has been more generally and unhesitatingly accepted, and with good reason, for that which it professes to be. Still this mode of treating the subject has its value. Each new proof of consistency in the Bible gives us renewed confidence, where confidence is our very life; while certainly it is profitable to us, in the practical religious sense, to compare St. Peter as he writes to us and to all Christians, with St. Peter as he was when our Lord's companion and disciple.

For even if there were no conscious reminiscences at all in this letter on the part of the writer, yet it would be well to read it ourselves with a conscious recollection of the Gospel-time. Such recollection is a very useful commentary. It gives new distinctness and force to St. Peter's words, and edges all his sentences with a line of most sacred light. If, while we read them, we are deeply impressed with a remembrance of Gospel incidents, and especially of conversations of Christ with Peter, we read them with a new sense of reality, and with a feeling more earnest and serious. It is as though Jesus Himself "drew near" and were with us while we read.

But, to repeat what has been already said, there *must* have been conscious reminiscences on the part of St. Peter, in the writing of this letter. This might be questioned if it were a very short letter relating to some one specific and limited subject. But, in fact, it is a document of some considerable length, touching various topics, and such topics as were often in the conversations of our Lord with His disciples. And, further, if the mind of the reader is penetrated with this conviction, it is quite reasonable that he should see traces of this kind, which otherwise he would not have observed. He will not be surprised by finding indications, like rare flowers by the way, where he hardly expected to find them, and where he would not have found them at all unless he had looked for them.

Let us begin by taking abruptly some words which occur in the first chapter (ver. 8): "Whom not having seen, ye love." Does not this sound like the words of one who, while addressing those who had not seen, *had himself seen?* It is not so definite and positive as that which we read in the opening of St. John's First Epistle: "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life;" but to the thoughtful mind it is hardly less persuasive. These words, "whom not having seen, *ye* love," we should hardly have found in one of St. Paul's epistles. It is almost certain that he would rather have said, "Whom not having seen, *we* love." And St. Paul's words, whatever they may mean, "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" (1 Cor. ix. 1), we should, on the other hand, hardly have expected to find in the writings of Peter.

And he continues: "In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." Is not this a most evident reminiscence of the Lord's words to St. Thomas, "Because thou hast seen, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"? St. Peter heard those words spoken to the doubting disciple, saw the loving display of those wounds, was witness of the invitation that the hand should be thrust into that sacred side. That scene could never have faded away from his memory, and it must have been in his mind when he wrote. Yet how far from any suspicion of contrivance in the allusion!

All that time between the Resurrection and the Ascension must have been indelibly impressed on St. Peter's memory; and it may be well, once for all, to note here his manner of speaking in this epistle of the Resurrection. We must remember that he had seen the grave, had entered into the grave—had entered first, though to the solemn edge of that holy place St. John outran him. St. Peter had felt all the despair which came before, had felt all the reassurance of that moment, had known all the power of the new hope as none could have known it, except those who had lived with Christ and seen that Light disappear in the darkness.

How much force and freshness these facts communicate to the vehement outburst at the beginning of the epistle, when, after the opening salutation, St. Peter says: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!" St. Peter has been justly called "the Apostle of Hope;" and it is especially in connection with the resurrection, and the glory which it guaranteed, that this characteristic appears. How instinctively the same thought seems to come afterwards, when he addresses his readers as those "who by Christ do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God!" Nowhere in the writings of other Apostles is this expression of hope in connection with the Resurrection so vivid; and if we recollect St. Peter's past experience, we feel it to be quite natural that he who saw the Lord after He left the grave, and gazed as He ascended above Mount Olivet, should so speak (to quote his own words again) of "the resurrection of Jesus

Christ, who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels and principalities and powers being made subject to Him."

Before we turn to certain conspicuous passages still more definitely marked by reminiscences of the Gospel-time, let us just touch upon some other places, which in a more slight and cursory way, and perhaps not quite certainly, bear the same impression. In one place we read, "Fear God: honour the king." How easy and obvious it is to associate these sentences with equivalent sentences used by the Great Master when Peter himself was present! As regards the first, we call to mind immediately a very marked occasion, on which our Lord called unto Him His twelve disciples, and then gave them their commission; and upon this it is added, "Now the names of the twelve Apostles are these: the first Simon, who is called Peter." And then follow in order the names of the rest. Thus Simon Peter was conspicuously with his Master at that moment. The words now to be quoted were addressed to him in a pre-eminent manner. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him, which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." The force of this precept regarding the fear of God and its momentous importance, are perhaps best seen when we contrast it with that poor, despicable motive which has such sway amongst us—the fear of man. St. Peter knew afterwards, and wept with bitter tears, the wretched power of that despicable motive; and we must not separate his Apostolic words from his personal life, his fall, and his repentance; otherwise these words lose much of their weight. And as to that second precept, "Honour the king," it is not easy for us at least to think of St. Peter as writing it down without recollecting that other scene at which he was present. "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? And Jesus said, Shew me the tribute money: and they brought Him a penny"—the silver denarius of the day, with the fine head of Tiberius upon it—"and He said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they say unto Him, Cæsar's: then saith He unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's: and when they heard these words, they marvelled and went their way."

There is the beauty of an extreme calm in another precept, which we find in this Epistle: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." And this calm is felt to be very touching, when we remember the eager, anxious and impetuous nature of the man who wrote it. And is it not an echo—an echo in the far distance—of the Sermon on the Mount? We must presume that Peter heard that sermon. Can we doubt that he did? Whatever may have been the precise date of the choosing of the twelve Apostles, yet he had been one of the Lord's earliest disciples; and from those early days he was among those who lived most closely in His companionship. If we could have been present on that day, and could have seen the Lord Jesus taking His seat, and could ourselves have pressed forward among the multitude, we should have noticed Peter very near to his Lord, eagerly listening, and taking into his perplexed yet believing heart that new system of morals. Among other sayings of the Lord were these—and they have been brought to their true place in many sad hearts, by the help of Peter's loving reiteration—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of these things; but seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you; take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

And let us add to our list just one doctrinal subject. St. Peter says in this writing: "Ye know that ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Shall we say that this was written in forgetfulness of the saying of John the Baptist, looking on Jesus as He walked, "Behold the Lamb of God"? Shall we ourselves forget that one of the two disciples, which heard John so speak, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother? And he, it is added, "first findeth his own brother Simon, and he brought him to Jesus." And conversely, ought we not to take the mature doctrine of this Epistle and to bring it to bear upon the interpretation of that saying of John the Baptist, who indeed had before said with greater fulness, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"? As to the doctrine of Peter, especially as connected with his personal experience, it is enough here to sum up the subject in Luther's characteristic sentence: "Whenever I look at Peter, my very heart leaps for joy. If I could paint a portrait of Peter, I would paint upon every hair of his head, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.'"

These are specimens, and by no means a complete enumeration, of passages in which a connection, slight and unobtrusive, and yet very convincing, can be perceived with incidents and words coming back, through the operation of memory, from the time when Christ lived with His disciples upon earth. But there are passages where the connection is far more palpable, while yet quite remote from any intention to bring this connection before the notice of the reader.

Among the places which have this character very definitely marked, the following, in the fifth verse of the fifth chapter, may be first selected: "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." The word used in this latter phrase is very singular. The use of any word describing "clothing" would hardly be expected in describing humility. Unless some special thought were in the writer's mind, humility would more naturally be spoken of as an inner growth of grace in the heart, as indeed it is elsewhere spoken of in this very Epistle (iii. 4), where we read of "that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." But the word itself is, as has been remarked, very singular. It denotes a servile garment purposely employed for a menial task—an article of dress adapted and fastened on for the occasion. Even if it were otherwise it would be difficult to believe that St. Peter could have written this without remembering how the Lord washed His disciples' feet (John xiii. 1–17), and what He said on that occasion, and specially to Peter himself. If any reader of these pages had been Peter, could he have written it without this recollection? The Lord put on a servile garment for the occasion—He "*girded* Himself" before He addressed Himself to that menial, gracious task, which was a parable in action never to be forgotten. This being so, how

much force, how much life, is given to St. Peter's admonition! When his words come to us loaded with this loving overwhelming remembrance, they bring to us all the weight of what our Saviour did and said on that sacred evening before the Crucifixion.

Another instance is supplied by what we find in the seventh verse of the fourth chapter: "The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." St. Peter had once been with his Lord, along with his brother Andrew, and with James and John—seated together on an eminence of the Mount of Olives, over against Jerusalem (Mark xiii. 3): and the Lord discoursed to the four, of the troubles that were coming on the earth, of the end of the dispensation, and of His own second advent; and He said unto them, "Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. xxiv. 42); and again, "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is;" and again, "Watch, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape" (Luke xxi. 36). Such an occasion could not be forgotten. The scenery, the sky, the city, the solemn tone of the Lord's words in the still air, the stirring of spirit of which Peter and his brother and their two friends were conscious, must have left a permanent impression upon their minds. Wherever St. Peter travelled or rested—in Syria, in Asia Minor, at Babylon—he must often have thought of Jerusalem, and of this view of Jerusalem, and of this moment of his life. If we had no particular end in view as regards the winning of greater confidence in this Epistle, still it would be useful, in the present instance, thus to put one part of Scripture side by side with another. For the larger context, containing the words of Christ, gives both solemnity and point to the Apostle's precept; while as a help to us for entering into St. Peter's full meaning—for seeing, as it were, into his heart, while he thus writes to us—such a comparison of "things spiritual with things spiritual" is invaluable.

Another instance is supplied by a longer passage, found in the early part of the second chapter, where Christ is described as "the Living Stone" in union with whom the living stones of the spiritual temple are "being built up." This passage has already been made the subject of comment in connection with the name of Peter and with the Primacy. Here, therefore, it may be passed by with the simple remark that if the reader will carefully study it in connection with the words of Christ, as given in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 18) and as illustrated by St. Peter's reference in the Acts (iv. 11) to certain other words of Christ, he will be brought to the conclusion that we have here, not simply a strong argument against the Papal system, but most distinct indications that St. Peter, while he is writing, is remembering scenes of the Gospel-time.

And now, with this subject before us, we are reminded of another great conversation between Christ and St. Peter—a conversation which could never be forgotten, both because it related to his own personal history, and because it occurred in that affecting interval which separated the Ascension from the Resurrection. The Lord said to Peter three times—exactly as often as the times of the denial—"Feed My lambs;" "feed My sheep;" "feed My sheep." We might expect some recurrence of this thought in the Epistle; and we find it, not once, but twice. At the end of the second chapter we meet this sentence: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." When we read this, we must not forget that St. Peter heard the parable of the Lost Sheep and the discourse concerning the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep; as well as those words addressed to himself directly, under that comparison. But another passage, a longer passage, near the beginning of the fifth chapter of this Epistle, is more to our purpose in connection with this interval between the Resurrection and the Ascension. Here Peter speaks as a pastor: "I who am an elder, exhort you who are elders: Feed the flock of God, not as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." We see in what relation St. Peter viewed himself as standing to the Great Shepherd above him, to his co-presbyters, and to the Church at large. Nothing could be more simple, more lowly, more affectionate. Here is no trace of any consciousness of a Divine grant of supreme jurisdiction. If the plenitude of teaching and of ruling were vested in St. Peter and his successors, we should surely find the assertion of it here. But we do not find it here. Nor, we may add, did the early commentators find it in the words spoken by Christ to Peter concerning the feeding of His lambs and His sheep. They claim for all the Apostles what is there claimed for Peter. What is special in him is that he had fallen and was restored. So St. Augustine finely expresses it: "Be not sad, Apostle: answer once, answer twice, answer thrice: let confession conquer thrice in love, as presumption was conquered thrice in fear: that must be thrice loosed which thou hast thrice bound."

It is to be observed, as illustrating the reminiscence now before us, that this image of the shepherd and his flock, in regard to the affairs of the Church, is not found in St. Paul's Epistles at all. He does indeed use it in his address at Miletus (Acts xx. 28, 29); but clearly it was not one of his customary and favourite metaphors. This language of St. Peter introduces us to an aspect of this Epistle, which has a special connection with his character.

There is a peculiar tenderness and gentleness in the tone of this Epistle; and we mark this especially in the *sympathy with suffering* which it displays. The writer expects that there will be suffering, he accepts it as a matter of course, and he comforts and strengthens those who suffer or expect to suffer. He remembers what his Lord had said (John xvi. 33), "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." If Peter may truly be called "the Apostle of Hope," he may almost more truly be called "the Apostle of Patience." It might seem as if all that eager impetuous character of the elder days were gone. Once he had deprecated his Lord's sufferings; now it is become his highest joy to go in that Divine path of suffering towards the glory that will follow.

It is well worth while to mark how this vein of the consciousness of suffering runs through the whole Epistle. The letter, as it lies before us in our English Bibles, consists of five chapters. In each one of these chapters is a striking passage to this effect. The mere enumeration of them produces a

deep impression upon us. There is nothing exactly like it in any other book of the New Testament. Does it not seem as though the spirit of the beatitudes rested like a nimbus upon the aged head of this Prince of the Apostles? We shall recur to this. But let it be noted, as bearing on the topic now immediately before us, that there is, in this constant mention of suffering, a reminiscence of Christ, almost more distinct than any of the reminiscences which have been already mentioned, and actually expressed as such. Peter says of himself, that while he is "a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed," he is likewise "a witness of the sufferings of Christ." He had seen that Holy Sufferer—had gazed upon that infinite patience; and the power of that suffering and patience had passed, in the long lapse of loving memory, deep into his heart and character. It might indeed be said that this reference to the past is too direct to be used argumentatively as an evidential coincidence. But is this so? If it were purposely introduced to secure credence to a fictitious document, there would certainly be more in this document of the same kind; and the recollection of Christ's sufferings which permeates all St. Peter's sentences of sympathy and encouragement, is beyond the power of art, though not beyond that power of nature which inspiration has graciously used for our benefit.

Such sentences as the following show that it is specially *as remembering the sorrows of Christ*, as sharing those sorrows, as knowing that they are the prophecy and earnest of glory, that St. Peter urges the duty of patience, and not of patience only, but of joy. "The spirit of Christ," he says, "testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." "Because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps: who, when He suffered, He threatened not." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh." "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye." "If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf."

These are wonderful words to come from one whose impetuous, unrestrained language we remember in the Gospel story: "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?" (John xiii. 37). He had yet much to learn, for himself and for others, when that question was asked. And now it has been learnt, for himself and for others. He would not now strike sharply with his sword at the ear of Malchus. He has entered heart and soul, into the meaning of that loving command, "Follow thou Me" (John xxi. 22). He knows that of which he speaks, when he speaks of the example of Him, given that we should "follow His steps." That we are called both to suffering and to this manner of suffering, the Apostle puts out of question. "For the sum of our calling is—to follow Him. Would ye be at rest, and will ye not follow your Leader in the only way to it? Must there be another way cut for you by yourself? . . . And though there were a way to do otherwise, would ye not, if the love of Christ possesses your hearts, rather choose to share with Him His lot, and would you not find delight in the very trouble of it?" Such are some of the words of Archbishop Leighton in that well-known exposition, of which Coleridge has said that it is to the Epistle "as the vibration of the once-struck hour remaining on the air."

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER V.—FRIENDSHIP'S PRIVILEGE.

"PRUE, you are getting infatuated!"

"Infatuated, Delia? What an inappropriate word! I should be selfish indeed if I were not willing to give hearty sympathy to one who needs it so greatly. And she is such a sweet woman that one can't help loving her."

"I don't think I should call her exactly sweet," said Delia thoughtfully. "She talks so much about herself; and there is something in her that is attractive, yet not lovable."

"You have taken an unwarrantable dislike, Delia."

"No, Prue, not a dislike. But I want to be quite sure that she is worthy of your affection."

"My instincts tell me that she is. The first time we met I felt strangely drawn towards her."

This conversation took place about a month after Walter's misadventure, and the sisters were standing together at one of the windows of Prue's chamber.

Autumn was farther advanced; the note of the wood-dove had ceased, and the swallows had gone away; the virginia creeper that had cast its rich crimson shade into the room a few weeks ago now hung in yellow festoons about the windows, and the walks were thickly strewn with dead leaves. Looking out over lawn and garden and woodland, Prue could see the faded red and tarnished gold of the worn-out year.

Delia had stolen quietly out of the room, not caring

to prolong the discussion. Prue was evidently resolved to be guided by feeling alone, and poor reason had no chance of being heard at all. Josephine Chafford had cast a spell over a warm young heart, and no common-sense arguments could break the charm.

Yet as Prue stood looking out of her window, watching the play of afternoon light and shade upon fading foliage and moist grass, her mind was busy with one of Delia's remarks. Her sister had said that Mrs. Chafford talked too much about herself; and Prue was forced to admit in silence the truth of the assertion.

But then what an interesting life Mrs. Chafford had led! She had been, it seemed, the heroine of a dozen romances, all sensational enough to have filled as many volumes for a circulating library. Her stories of personal influence wisely used, of temptation nobly resisted, and deeds of self-sacrifice bravely performed, had made her appear a kind of saint to the listening Prue. In her genuine humility the girl often compared her own weakness with Josephine's heroic strength: had *she* been thus tried in the fire, could she have borne the terrible ordeal so well?

No; there were few, very few, who could have lived the lofty life that Josephine had lived in the midst of a gay world. It never for a moment occurred to Prue to doubt the truth of these romantic tales: too true herself to suspect others of untruthfulness, she accepted in perfect faith all the statements that fell from the lips of her friend.

It seemed to Prue that it was her special mission to soothe and comfort this sweet sufferer, who had come to Thistledean in search of peace and rest.

Prue's life had been hitherto without a definite purpose; no vocation had apparently been given to her. But here was a broken heart entrusted to her care, and all her attention must now be bestowed upon the work of healing and binding up.

Poor Prudence Winterburn, earnest, generous, and sincere, was the very person to be led away by a will-o'-the-wisp, and go stumbling into bogs of perplexity and trouble. Her calm, smooth life had given little play to her feelings; they had lain quiet and unused, but ready to start up and follow the first light, true or false, that glanced across her even way.

It was provoking that Delia could not see Mrs. Chafford with her eyes, but it was only one of the results of living in too narrow a sphere.

Of course Delia's sympathies were cramped. They needed exercise and use, and by-and-by, when she had watched the progress of the new friendship, and had seen all the good that was sure to arise from it, she would wonder that she had ever hesitated about believing in Josephine. In everything Delia was a little slow; but then she was thoroughly conscientious and true.

While Prue was thinking these thoughts she was moving about her room, taking a hat from a box, and a shawl from a drawer. Then she went slowly downstairs, still meditative, and passed out into the soft air and dreamy light of the autumn afternoon.

It was a day of warm, yet subdued colours, for October was nearing the end of its golden hours, and Prue's slim figure seemed to harmonise with the shades of earth and trees. The knitted woollen shawl, folded scarf-wise around her shoulders, was the soft buff of the fading bracken; the gown was olive, and the gipsy hat bronze. The face looked slightly pensive, but not sad. Prue was just a little disposed to sigh over Delia's want of sympathy, but there was no serious depression.

On she went, along a quiet road, past hedges where the honeysuckle was in its second bloom and threads of gossamer glistened in the sun. There was a low sky, with vague touches of gold in the west, a sky with purple clefts here and there amid its dim autumnal blue, and Prue looked upward with a faint regret for the dying year.

Pine Cottage, bare and grey, had gathered no ivy on its walls, and its windows wore no autumn wreaths of brown or yellow leaves, but Prue fancied that the house had somehow gained a more attractive look of late.

Wherever there are children there is generally an indescribable cheeriness, a pleasant breaking down of stiff formalities, and Walter, seated astride on the low garden-wall, certainly gave a new charm to the prosaic place. His cheeks had grown rounder and rosier, and he was altogether a more substantial little boy than the Walter who had come to Thistledean a month ago.

He smiled a welcome to Prue, and flogged the wall vigorously with a hazel switch.

"Where shall I find your mother?" Prue asked.

"Upstairs in her room. She's got a cold, and Uncle Peter has let her have a fire there. She likes it better than being downstairs, because——"

"Oh, yes; it is cosier," said Prue, who had instinctively caught Josephine's way of checking Walter's revelations.

"Yes, and people can't see her writing letters, and ask questions, and bother," cried Walter, determined to finish his sentence.

Finding the hall door ajar, Prue entered without ceremony, and took her way up those steep stairs which made one of Josephine's standing grievances.

The house was quiet; Mr. Sorrell was out of doors and all the lower rooms were empty. Not a voice nor a sound was to be heard as Prue approached her friend's chamber and gave her usual knock.

"Come in," said the widow, rather wearily.

Prue entered, and found Mrs. Chafford seated at a little table with an open desk before her.

"It is such a lovely day," said Prue cheerfully; "would it not be good for you to come out while the sunshine lasts? The air is very soft; there is no wind at all."

"I don't feel well enough to go out," Josephine answered, in a desponding tone.

"It's one of mother's bad days," explained Sybil, who was sitting by the window trimming a doll's frock. "And Uncle Peter looked grumpy when she said she should like to stay up here."

"Not grumpy, darling," corrected Josephine. "But dear Uncle Peter is always so perfectly well and strong that he finds it difficult to make allowances for weak people. It is quite natural that he should think me whimsical and affected," she added, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Whimsical and affected!" echoed Prue, astonished. "Surely he can't misjudge you so absurdly. He knows, of course, how you have been broken down by one of the heaviest griefs that a woman can bear!"

"And it is just the kind of grief that he cannot possibly understand," said Josephine, still softly crying. "You forget that he is a bachelor, a man who has never, I believe, even contemplated marriage. How can he comprehend the breaking of a tie that he has never formed? How can he realise the extent of my loss?"

"I always thought he had an uncommon power of sympathy."

"Yes, with some people's sorrows. He can enter into Mr. Fincham's parish grievances, and Mrs. Fincham's anxieties about soup-kitchens and penny clubs. But, good as he is, I see that he cannot follow one into deep waters."

Prue was silent and thoughtful. The fire crackled in the grate, and the sunlight getting lower, touched the barely furnished room with gleams of gold. Sybil, with the doll's frock still in her hands, glanced inquisitively from her mother to Prue, and then to her mother again. Meeting a tearful glance and smile from Josephine she rose suddenly, flung down her work, and ran instantly to the widow's side.

"Sweet mother," she said, "no one understands you so well as I do. Never mind; I shall grow up soon, and then I can take care of you."

"Perhaps I shall go to join your dear father before you are grown up, darling," answered Mrs. Chafford in a quiet but tremulous voice. "My greatest desire is to be with him, and at rest."

A pathetic little scene ensued. Poor Sybil sobbed aloud in real anguish at the mere notion of losing her mother, and Mrs. Chafford, having excited herself and the child, wept abundantly.

It is often a difficult task to track tears to their true source, and it seems ungracious to believe that they spring from self-pity or ill-temper rather than from real sorrow. Prue, who had had few chances of studying character in her simple life, was quite overcome by this display of emotion.

"Dear Josephine," she said earnestly; "God has not left you in a friendless world. Only tell me if there is anything that I can do to comfort you, and it shall be done."

The widow dried her tears, pressed Sybil close to her breast, and looked up at the speaker with a patient smile.

"I must learn to bear my own burdens," she replied, in a gentle tone. "It would be unkind to sadden your bright life with sorrows of mine."

"But we are told to bear one another's burdens, Josephine; and I want to fulfil the law of Christ. I don't believe, dear, that any life can be really saddened by sympathy with a friend's grief. To my thinking, the saddest thing on earth is a heart that cannot spare a thought from its own concerns."

"There are many such hearts," sighed Josephine.

MR. SORRELL AT HOME.

"Do you really think so? I hold to the belief that there are a great many unselfish people in the world; it is such a pleasure to show kindness."

"To you, perhaps."

"Ah, I have had so few opportunities of helping others! I suppose few girls have had less occasion for self-denial than Delia and myself; I am growing quite ashamed of our easy lives."

"Why should you be ashamed to walk in the path that God has set before you?" Josephine asked. "It is His will that some should travel through green pastures, and others stumble along rugged ways."

"Is it indeed His will? Oh, Josephine, I can't enjoy my pasture while your rugged way runs so close to mine!"

In her earnestness, Prue had drawn closer to her friend, and unconsciously laid her hand on the little table that supported the writing-desk. She was far too

preoccupied to notice that Josephine quietly slipped a paper between the leaves of her blotting-book; Prue, in those days, was no keen observer of trifles.

"I don't know how to begin to tell you my troubles," Mrs. Chafford said, in an undecided voice. "I must consider, and wait till another day. Meanwhile I am very, very grateful for your sympathy."

If Prue was disappointed at receiving no confidence, she was too thoroughly refined to show the least chagrin. Turning to Sybil, she talked for a few moments about the child's concerns, asked how many frocks the doll possessed, and promised to add to her wardrobe. Then she said good-bye, and quietly went her way back to Thorn Farm.

"Mother," said Sybil, when their visitor had departed, "why didn't you tell Prue about the horrid letters that worry you?"

"They must not be mentioned, Sybil; or, at any rate, I must be certain I can trust before I speak."

"But I think Prue could help you. Hasn't she got some money?"

"I don't know; we are quite new friends. I wish some one could help me."

"It would never do to tell Uncle Peter, you say," said the little girl, with a grave comprehension of the difficulty.

"No, Sybil; of course not."

"There's nobody but Prue to go to then; is there, mother?"

"Hush," whispered Josephine, as footsteps approached the door, and Ellen's knock summoned them downstairs to tea.

Later on, Mrs. Chafford sat at dinner with Mr. Sorrell, and exerted herself to be as agreeable as possible. She was a good talker, and generally contrived to turn the conversation in the direction that suited her purpose.

If her uncle had thought her a little fanciful and fine-ladyfied that day, her small offences were speedily forgotten, and he listened with genuine interest to her recollections of life in India, and her tales of her late husband's usefulness. With these tales she skilfully contrived to weave her own sayings and doings, yet without making the "I" too conspicuous; and Mr. Sorrell felt himself considerably strengthened in his belief in Josephine's excellent conduct as a chaplain's wife.

"It was well for me that I could throw myself, heart and soul, into dear Frank's work," she remarked. "There were not many ladies I could make friends of; women in India are so frivolous and gay. I did not meet any one so nice as your favourite Prue Winterburn, Uncle Peter."

"Ah, she is an uncommonly sweet girl," said the old man, with a pleased look. "I always hoped that you would be intimate with the Winterburns. And Delia is as true as steel, although not quite so attractive as her sister."

"Certainly there is a peculiar charm about Prue. What a happy home they have, dear uncle!"

"A beautiful home; a true abode of peace."

"They are moderately rich, I suppose? There is an air of prosperity about them."

"Well, I think they may be termed fairly prosperous," replied Mr. Sorrell thoughtfully; "but not rich. Farming is an uncertain business, and Mr. Winterburn told me that he had been disappointed in his profits for some years. Of course Miles will have the farm."

"And what provision will be made for those dear girls?"

"They will not have more than three thousand apiece; but they have a little money—just enough to dress upon—left them by a distant relation."

"They deserve to be heiresses," said Josephine. "No girls would make a better use of wealth. Keziah tells me they are most charitable."

"There is no probability of their being heiresses," Uncle Peter answered. "But I agree with you in believing that they would make a good use of wealth if they had it. They are 'unspotted from the world.'"

"It is just that freshness that makes them so delightful," Josephine said warmly. "Genuine people always win my heart; that was why I was so drawn towards my dear Frank."

YORK AND ITS RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

FEW cathedral cities are richer in religious memories than is the capital selected for the jubilee meeting of the British Association. The history of York is bright with poetic pictures of early faith and Christian devotion. It is chequered with deeds of persecution, massacre, and intemperate zeal. Leaving out of view the legendary accounts of its early British church, it is interesting to note that the authentic records of its Archbishops begin only thirty years later than those of Canterbury. They contain the names of prelates equally eminent in piety and learning, in the council-chamber, and on the battle-field. The beauty of the English youths, torn from the neighbouring coast and carried as slaves to Rome by early traders, evoked from Pope Gregory the memorable saying, "Non Angli, sed Angeli." The learning of its Minster-school and the fame of its manuscript-books were treasured in the hearts of the Paladins of Charlemagne. In the days of its Roman glory it had been a city of towers, temples, and palaces. In later ages it was a city of churches, abbeys, and hospitals.

The present cathedral stands in what was nearly the centre of Roman York. There is no evidence, however, that it was built on the site of any Roman temple, like Canterbury Cathedral, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. There were two Roman Yorks—the fortress, and the elegant suburbs, rich with baths, temples, mansions, circuses, and merchant-dwellings. The first Christian church was built outside the fortress on the rising-ground on the right bank of the Ouse, nearly opposite the Castle, then unbuilt. Bishophill is the name of the district to this day, and the two churches existing there have yielded to the antiquary fragments of ancient masonry and sculpture, connecting them with much older

edifices. Who the Bishop was who first pitched his tent here, to preach Christianity, we cannot determine, but there seems little doubt that there was a Christian community in the city in the time of the Romans, protected by its prefects until the Diocletian persecution, when, as Bede tells us, the faithful were driven to the woods and the hills. In 305 Constantius Chlorus accepted Christianity, partly owing to the influence of his first wife, Helena, a British lady, to whom three churches were subsequently dedicated in York, one of which still remains, built, in the first instance, out of the stones of a temple to Diana. Whether Constantine the Great was born in York or not, a bishop of York was present at the Council of Arles in 314, and at the subsequent Councils of Nicæa, Sardica, and Ariminium. If the early churches of York were not all built out of the remains of Roman temples, as may be considered probable, in the Pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, there are special forms of prayer for the consecration of heathen vessels, and the seal of the monastery of Durham was a Roman gem, "a magnificent head of Jupiter Tonans," possibly part of the plunder of Eborăcum.

From Paulinus, the first authentic Archbishop, to the present time, there is the long record of twelve hundred and fifty-four years. Down to 1373 we possess careful and brightly-written lives of these dignitaries by Canon Raine, but the remainder of the story is yet untold, except as great men have left their names on the pages of our common history, and have enriched our libraries with their works of learning and piety. The series opens with an Italian, who left his native land in 601 as a missionary to Britain, and who had the rare fortune to baptize a king, to found a cathedral, and to leave behind him saintly memories in nearly every Yorkshire dale. Edwin, the king of Northumbria, was baptized by Paulinus at York on the 12th of April (Easter Day), 627, with two of his children, and many other distinguished persons. His queen, Ethelburga, had been previously converted by Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury. The baptism

ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK.

of Edwin took place in a wooden chapel, hastily erected at his bidding, and dedicated to St. Peter. Coifi, his pagan high-priest, who had previously declared that in his own religion there was neither merit nor use, was admitted to Christian rites at the same time. A renunciation so startling, a baptism so impressive, must have exercised a marvellous effect. For forty days the strip of unbuilt strand, then lying between the fortress walls and the Ouse, and now partly converted into the Museum Garden, was the scene of the most touching ceremonies. The citizens followed the example of their king, rude countrymen from the hills, the woods, and the scattered villages flocked in, anxious to embrace the new faith, until 120,000 persons had been "buried with Christ in baptism" in the waters of the Ouse. Coney Street, formerly Conynge or King Street, was named after Edwin, and the King's Square also dates from this time. The chapel he had built stood on the site of the present cathedral, amidst the remains of Roman grandeur, and hard by the Imperial Palace that had sheltered Hadrian, the aged Severus, his two sons, and the father of Constantine the Great.

The present cathedral, however, is not the church of Edwin. A square church of stone was built about the wooden chapel, and the chroniclers relate that in 699, its roof was out of repair and birds built their nests within its walls. Bishop Wilfrid repaired the roof, covered it with lead, and "the windows which formerly derived their light from the transparency of linen, or of boards pierced with many holes, he provided with glass." He had seen glass in use in Rome, and he probably brought home with him, in one of his many visits to the Holy City, the first glass ever used for a church in the north. The edifice was burnt down in 741, and Archbishop Albert, assisted by Eanbald and the learned Alcuin, erected the second Minster. Some of the Saxon herring-bone work, still seen in the crypt, is part of their building. It was in this building that Egbert founded the celebrated school of York, and the famous library of which Alcuin wrote so rapturously in his Latin verse. To this school came noble youths from all parts of Europe, and from it went many men of distinguished piety, including Adhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, and Liudger, who afterwards laboured as a missionary amongst the Frieslanders.

The Minster Library and the Minster itself were consumed in the fire resulting from the efforts of the Danes to clear the precincts of the Castle and prepare for the Norman attack in 1069. It was rebuilt a second time, on a much larger scale, in the Norman style, by Archbishop Thomas, who increased the number of canons, mapped out the diocese, and placed each division under an archdeacon. The Norman crypt remains are evidently of his time, though there is a dispute as to whether he merely renovated the cathedral or erected an entirely new one. In less than a hundred years his work perished in the same way as that of his predecessors had done. The fourth Minster is the present one, built in portions at various dates between 1227 and 1470.* The lover of curious resemblances, in fact, may divide the Minster history into two parts, and see the division in the royal figures of its rich perpendicular organ-screen. The seven figures to the north of the choir door represent the kings between the Conqueror and John, and the eight figures on the south-side the kings between Henry III. and Henry VI.

"The Minster at York was never occupied by monks," writes Canon Raine. "The observance of order and discipline may have been pressed upon the Canons" (the old Culdee number, seven, was retained until after the Conquest), "and it may, perhaps, have been partially attended to under a diligent archbishop, but they never became monks in the proper sense of that word. They lived upon a common fund, and had a common dormitory and refectory, from which it may be inferred that they were unmarried, but they were never Benedictines. Had they been so, the minute instructions which Alcuin wrote to the brethren at York would have been unnecessary, and within thirty years after the death of Oswald (i.e. 992), the canons rejected a strict archbishop, and they were thence called *osores monachorum* (enemies of monks)."

The Saxon primates were courtiers and statesmen, shrewd, worldly-wise, and not always untouched by the schemings of their time. Their Norman successors were polished, bold, and ambitious. Indeed, at all times in the constant changes of national politics and favourites, the northern city wavered, and its archbishops went with it. In the long roll of nearly ninety names there have been some remarkable men. Several of them were as powerful as princes. Three or four palaces belonged to them. The present one at Bishopthorpe dates from the time of Walter de Grey, in the thirteenth century, and he it was who purchased York Place from the Black Friars and presented it to his see. Henry VIII. demanded the surrender of York Place from Wolsey. Prior to Gray's time there had been a palace at Cawood, and Archbishop Roger, who preceded him by fifty years, had built a fine palace near the Minster, of which little now remains, for the greater convenience of himself and his successors. But the high ecclesiastics of the middle ages were seldom many weeks in a place. They travelled from palace to palace, attended by long retinues of clergy and domestics, and even by their hawks and hounds. Every fresh archbishop had formerly to walk to the Minster on foot, from St. Thomas's Hospital, outside Micklegate Bar, on a carpet laid down at his expense, which was subsequently sold and the proceeds distributed amongst the poor. Probably he had also to demand admission at the closed gates. Most of the early holders of the see had to borrow money on their installation. Copies of their bonds are extant, many of them from foreigners, apparently Jews, and some from the clergy of the cathedral itself. At least one archbishop was himself a money-lender, on a large scale. William de Melton (1317–1340) has left a register which tells its own story. He lent money to merchants, nobles, and even to the King himself. The splendid collection of plate which belonged to the cathedral in his day was partly left in pledge by the barons who wanted money to make war, or who wished for coin from his mint. One of the articles of impeachment against the great Wolsey set forth that he "of his further pompous and presumptious mind, hath enterprised to join and imprint the

* See "Sunday at Home," 1865, p. 99, for paper on York Cathedral.

Cardinal's hat in your coin of groats made at your city of York."

It would be pleasant, if space permitted, to say something of later prelates. Dr. Thompson, the present Archbishop, is a man of commanding presence and great activity, persuasive as a preacher, a philosophic theologian, and an earnest, estimable friend.

It is not our purpose to describe all the events which cluster round the cathedral, important as was the part it played in the religious life of the time. But we may fairly take a peep at some of its memorable, or splendid scenes. In 1174 Malcolm, King of Scotland, as a mark of his submission to Henry II., deposited his spear, breastplate, and saddle on its magnificent altar. Here, nearly twenty years later, were secured, in large iron-bound chests, the bonds of the two wealthy Jews, Benedict and Jocinus, whose usury, race, religion, and display led to the terrible scene in Clifford's Tower, in the Castle, when some two thousand Jews slew each other to escape the fury of the people. Hither, too, came the citizens, in a rushing angry mob, to burst open the boxes and scatter the hateful bonds and documents on the floor, and burn them. The marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry III., to Alexander III. of Scotland, was celebrated here in 1251, neither bridegroom nor bride being of the age of eleven.

The next scene embodies a recently-discovered incident. It is the Saturday after St. Matthew's Day, 1351. Archbishop Zouche is ordaining a number of priests. Amongst them is a youth of dark eyes, aquiline features, with firm lips, around which linger both seriousness and sarcasm. He had previously been made a deacon at St. Mary's Abbey, whose noble ruins are shown in our engraving. It is John de Wycliffe, the "morning-star of the Reformation." We are indebted to the researches of Canon Raine for this extremely interesting fact. York cathedral is thus associated with Alcuin, the brightest glory of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and with the bold reformer who did so much to revive a Biblical Christianity, to prepare this country for mighty ecclesiastical changes. Edward III. and Queen Philippa of Hainault are the central figures in the next historical event. The king kept the Christmas of 1327 with great ceremonial, and a few weeks afterwards he was solemnly married to his bride in the Minster, in the presence of hundreds of flower-vestured foreign counts and the *élite* of the Scottish nobles in their shining armour. Jousts, pageants and revels were held daily, and "continued feasting for three weeks," according to Froissart himself, who probably heard the story from the Queen's own lips, when he came to see her, to relieve the sadness the marriage of his patroness had occasioned. From the Minster itself, where he had summoned the citizens to arms, Archbishop Zouche went forth to beat the Scots near Durham, as Melton had done before him when he rushed to oppose, with less success, the raiding Douglas at Myton. Richard II. had performed before him in the Minster the play of the Corpus Christi Guild. Here was brought the bleeding corpse of Scroope after his execution for rebellion; here Edward IV. swore his false oath; here Richard, the crookback, said mass to his memory. Here the seventh and the eighth Henry worshipped in royal state; here James I. was received by the Dean, on his way to London, who read him a Latin speech on his knees, and here he touched the superstitious for the king's evil; here Charles I. repeated the same futile attempts at cure, and the Bishop of Winchester washed with white wine the feet of as many poor men as the King had years over his head, kissing and blessing them; and here the third Lord Fairfax exerted his best efforts to spare its treasures at the triumph of the Parliamentarians. All these scenes and incidents pass through the mind of the imaginative visitor to York Minster. We may as well add here that the new Minster Library in the Close, though not so rich as Alcuin's and Albert's, is still possessed of many treasures, amongst the rest a MS. copy of Wycliffe's New Testament, with Queen Elizabeth's autograph on the vellum.

York was particularly rich in abbeys, priories, and hospitals. William Rufus himself laid the foundation-stone of St. Mary's Abbey and the Priory of Holy Trinity; and Stephen rebuilt the Hospital of St. Leonard's, founded by Athelstan. Portions of the first and the third are still preserved. The first was scarcely much inferior to the Minster in beauty. At the time of the dissolution of the religious houses the city contained forty-one parish churches, seventeen chapels, sixteen hospitals, nine religious houses, the Abbey of St. Mary's, and the cathedral. Thirteen of this large number cannot now be identified by their sites, twenty have been destroyed, and of the remaining thirty-eight some have either been since closed, or have fallen into decay. The monastic buildings were used to house kings and nobles when the court was at York, and to accommodate members of Parliament when it was sitting. Education was almost wholly in monastic hands, and possibly the monks had become unpopular long before the Reformation. It is certain that when the change came the courtly leanings of the citizens of York were greatly helped by the teachings of Archbishops Lee and Markham; the latter an earnest reforming monk, hateful to Mary, and thrown by her into the Tower. The people turned more readily than the nobles. The national feeling in them was always intense. When St. Louis sent over Italians to York, and Archbishop De Bovill was suspended, and the Minster put under an interdict, the people blessed him for resistance to these intruders. As they had been against monks in the Minster after Alcuin's time, so they were against the Pope when it became a struggle between him and the kingly power. They joyfully piled up the spoils of the churches in the streets, and made bonfires of them. They plundered the lead from the roofs, and searched the vaults and the stone coffins. "This reformation went so far here," says Drake, "as almost to put a stop to religion." Wealthy families remained staunch, however, and they rose in arms in Elizabeth's time, joining the Earl of Northumberland in the Marian revolt, and paying the penalty of their heads, stuck on Micklegate Bar, after execution on Knavesmire. Northumberland was executed on a scaffold erected on the Pavement, where all the public administrations of justice except hanging usually took place.

In the early portion of the Middle Ages the miracle-play was a common source of instruction and amusement in the city. More famous than all the rest were the plays and pageants of Corpus Christi Day. They consisted of fifty-seven pageants, each played by a distinct guild of workmen; and though each narrow street had formerly had its pageants, and the citizens ran from one to

others, it was eventually decreed that only twelve places should be so honoured. The doors of the Lord Mayor's and the sheriffs, the Pavement, and the Minster gates were the chief places. The pageants were performed on travelling scaffolds, consisting of an upper and lower compartment, the former for the acting, the latter for dressing. The day was anticipated by an annual procession. The jewel-decked shrine of the Guild of Corpus Christi has disappeared, as well as the manuscript of the plays, which had been left with Archbishop Grindal when efforts were made to revive them in 1575. Little now remains to bear public testimony to the existence of the guild and its pageants but the indulgence cup of wood, with silver rim and cherubs' feet, given to it by Archbishop Scroope, and still shown in the vestry of the cathedral.

As may be guessed, the changes in religion of the reigning sovereigns were puzzling and distressing to citizens of a courtly turn. Grindal wrote of them in 1570 that they had three evil qualities, "great ignorance, much dulness to conceive better instruction, and great stiffness to retain their wonted errors." The primates who succeeded him laboured hard to cure these defects. Under Charles I. the Reformed party were much harassed. If they had not the countenance of Archbishop Neile, they were supported by Lord Mayor Vaux. John Shawe, a lecturer at All Hallows, much displeased Neile, who sent for him and would have dismissed him from his diocese had he not learned that he was chaplain to the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke. He told him, however, "that he would break Vaux and the whole of the Puritan party." After the battle of Marston Moor, Fairfax besieged York, and when it surrendered one of the articles of the treaty was that the churches and public buildings should neither be plundered nor defaced. He was especially careful of the cathedral. John Shawe became chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations, which met weekly in the chapter-house. Four preachers were appointed by Fairfax to preach by turns in the cathedral. Cromwell visited York after the battle of Marston Moor, and again in 1650. There was still a strong Royalist party in the city, however, and Cromwell was burnt in effigy, as well as Judge Bradshaw, in the Pavement, at the Restoration. A little later eleven men were hanged, quartered, and their heads stuck on the city bars, for taking part in a gospel insurrection. Under James II. the Reformed party was sorely distressed. The Castle at York was full of Protestant and Nonconformist tradesmen, and so was the gaol on Ouse Bridge. Judge Jeffreys, who did his part in filling these places, railed fiercely at some of the better class. The quarrel between the Corporation and the Crown commenced in an affront offered by the Lord Mayor and aldermen to Charles II. in not meeting him on his entry into the city, lasted for some time, and as Reresby tells us in his "Memoirs," York was for awhile "an archbishopric without a bishop, a city without a mayor, and a garrison without a soldier."

When news came that William of Orange was about to leave for England, Lord Danby headed an armed insurrection in the city, which was unsuccessful. The common people, rose, however, and took possession of the city, even plundering the churches of books and ornaments, and burning them in Coney Street and the Pavement. The end of religious persecution had now arrived, and the Lord Mayor, Thomas Raynes, an attorney, publicly addressed the citizens, and desired them to espouse the Protestant religion. Communities of Catholics still remained, and their descendants have built a florid pro-cathedral almost under the shadow of the Minster itself.

It was impossible that any strong national movement should leave York outside its influence, and hence we are prepared to find that Nonconformity was active amongst its citizens, producing earnest men, who preached in each others' homes, suffered for conscience sake, and at length reared their meeting-houses. Oliver Heywood gives us a picture of the time. "He lodges at Sir John Hewley's, preaches at Lady Watson's, spends the evenings at Lady Hewet's. Some of the persons he visits at York are Lords Clifford and Fairfax, Sir Gilbert Gerherd, and Sir John Brooke." Bowles, who was appointed a Minster preacher, was a great friend of Drs. Tillotson and Stillingfleet, who much wished him to conform. Calvert, a Christ church preacher, wrote copiously and learnedly, earning the title of Rabbi. He was driven from the city by the Five Mile Act. The Rev. Ralph Ward, Timothy Hodgson, and Dr. Colton, were other eminent Nonconformists. Most of the parochial clergy obeyed the Act of Uniformity, but their flocks rebelled. George Fox visited York in 1651, where he found several people that "were very tender." At that time, the four preachers already mentioned were taking duty. It was Bowles's turn on the Sunday Fox selected for his visit. "Accordingly I went," he says in his Journal, "and when the priest had done, I told them I had something from the Lord God to speak to priest and people. 'Then say on quickly,' said a professor who was amongst them, for it was frost and snow, and very cold weather. Then I told them, 'This was the word of the Lord God unto them, that they lived in words; but God Almighty looked for fruits amongst them.' As soon as the words were out of my mouth, they hurried me out, and threw me down the steps." The first meetings of the Friends were held in a private house, but they were soon too large for such accommodation, and a chapel was built on the site of the present more commodious structure.

The Friends have always taken an active part in the public life of York. At the Retreat they built for the mentally afflicted the non-restraint system was first introduced. Lindley Murray, the grammarian, was a Friend, and his bodily weakness gives a new zest to his book, "The Power of Religion on the Mind." The Independents were always rather strong in York; they had a public place of worship as early as 1646, if not more than one, although their early history is obscure. The Rev. James Parsons of York was at one time a burning and a shining light. His fame was in all the churches. Indeed, he was better known than the archbishops of his time. The Presbyterians built their meeting-house in 1692, and in the days of their early activity and faith they were a powerful body in the city, and had famous ministers. Methodism was introduced into York by John Nelson, the first lay preacher sanctioned by Wesley. His meetings were held in Bedern, and then in Pump Yard. The first chapel, on Peaseholm Green, was opened by Wesley in 1759, in one of his many visits to the city. There are now several fine chapels in the city, capable

of seating between five and six thousand persons. There is a good story of Wesley and the Rev. Mr. Cordukes of St. Saviour's church. The latter warned his congregation against going to hear "that vagabond Wesley" preach. Two or three days after, Wesley went to St. Saviour's church in full canonicals. During the reading of prayers Mr. Cordukes espied him, and he sent the clerk to ask him to occupy the pulpit. Wesley complied, preached from Matthew vii. 21, and then departed. After all was over the clerk was asked by Mr. Cordukes if he had ascertained who the stranger was. The reply came racily, "Sir, he is the vagabond Wesley of whom you warned us." "Aye, indeed," retorted the vicar, "we are trapped! but, never mind, we had a good sermon." The Dean threatening to report the matter to the Bishop, Mr. Cordukes saw him himself, and told his story. "And you did right," said the Archbishop.

E. G.

The Crown.

"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."—1 *Cor.* ix. 25.

OH! many are the crowns of earth,
And bright their leaves and rare;
And many a brilliant gem hath place,
And many a perfumed flower will grace
The brow that in the earthly race
Prevails that crown to wear.

And deem not all a poison-wreath
The prize of earthly fame;
Nay! for if honoured be the strife,
And pure and high the aim of life,
With love and truth and blessing rife,
To wear it were no shame.

But oh! remember, though its leaves
Be fair and verdant now,
Alas! they grew on earthly soil,
And but a scorching sun may spoil
The garland that long earnest toil
Hath twined around thy brow.

Remember, too, there is a crown
Stored in the realms above;
A never-dying, fadeless one
That hangs beside th' eternal throne,
'Twas purchased by the grace alone
Of Jesu's dying love.

But ye who seek that crown to win,
Bethink you how they speed
Who for the earthly treasure strain
Each nerve, and spare nor toil nor pain;
And hope ye then the bliss to gain
That now ye will not heed?

Nay, ye must strong and earnest be,
And strive with heart and soul,
And ever steadfast be and true,
And ever keep the end in view,
And ever haste with ardour new
To reach the brightening goal.

And yours no doubtful race, if run
In Jesu's strength alone;
Not in yourselves can ye prevail,
But stayed on Him ye cannot fail,
And He your journey's end will hail
With welcome to a throne.

L. E. BINGHAM.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 11.

IDOLATRY PUNISHED. EXODUS XXXII. 15-28.

GOLDEN TEXT, 1 JOHN v. 21.—'*Little children, keep yourselves from idols.*'

CONNECTION.—Moses had been absent from the people now for about six weeks, ch. xxiv. 18. [Where was he? and for what purpose?] The people were impatient at his long delay: tired of waiting in the dreary wilderness: might he not have perished in that dread darkness mingled with flame into which they had seen him go?—and they appealed to Aaron to fashion for them some visible symbol of the Divine power. **Make us a god, who shall go before us** (for so ver. 1 should read). Thus, while Moses is on the mountain, receiving a religion from God, the people in the valley are devising a religion for themselves. Aaron weakly complies, fashioning a calf out of the golden ornaments of the people (earrings were worn by men as well as women). This emblem of the supreme God was the familiar Egyptian idol Apis.* Aaron presented it to the people as a symbol of JEHOVAH. Thus it was the *second* commandment, rather than the *first*, which was broken. The image was not *instead* of their God; it was meant to *represent* Him. God Himself announces the sin of the people to Moses in the mount. Moses intercedes on their behalf, and turns, sorrowfully, to descend the steeps of Sinai.

I. RETURN OF MOSES TO THE CAMP.—*Read vers.* 15–18. **Moses** had taken with him **Joshua** as 'minister,' or *attendant* (xxiv. 13); 'a young man' (xxxiii. 11) afterwards so famous in Israel's history. Probably Joshua had waited for his master during those forty days somewhere on the mountain (fed by manna). For he plainly was ignorant of what was going on below; and yet we are not told that he shared the fellowship of Moses with Jehovah. The great lawgiver now leaves the scene of that solemn communion; the **Tables of the Testimony**, containing the Ten Commandments, prepared and **graven by God** Himself are **in his hand**. As he rejoins his faithful attendant, the shouting of a distant multitude breaks upon their ears. Joshua, the soldier, naturally regards it as the **noise of war**. Moses knows already something of the fact—God has told him. So he rejoins that the cry is not the shout of *victory*, or the wail of *defeat*, but **the noise of them that sing** ('responsively'), referring to such choral songs as were wont to accompany religious festivals in Egypt. In these feasts after the offering of the sacrifices, those parts of the animals that were unconsumed set forth a banquet, followed by songs and dances, often of the wildest kind. (In ver. 6, by **play** understand *dance*.)

II. THE INDIGNATION OF MOSES.—*Read vers.* 19, 20. As the two friends descend the mountain, turning perhaps the angle of some projecting rock, the whole scene bursts upon them!

> 'Often in descending this hill, while the precipitous sides of the ravine hid the tents from my gaze, have I heard the sound of voices from below, and thought how Joshua had said unto Moses as *he* came down from the

* See *Dict. Bible*, art. 'Calf.' The emblem was intended to represent the power of nature. Heliopolis, or On, was the centre of this worship.

mount, "There is a noise of war in the camp." ' Palmer's 'Desert of the Exodus,' vol. i. p. 115.

The sight was one that for the moment Moses could not bear. He was prepared for the signs of a guilty departure from God, but not for such wild licentious orgies as now he beheld! There is such a thing as a righteous anger—a burning zeal for the honour of God (compare John ii. 15). Moses loved the people well; he had prayed for them earnestly in the silence of the mountain (ver. 11). He had even renounced the opportunity of greatness for himself so that they might be forgiven; but his very affection for them made their sin more bitter to his soul. 'His indignation and his compassion sprang from a common source.' **His anger waxed hot**; and as a sign that Israel had already broken the covenant, he **cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them** before he advanced to the people, whom we may imagine as brought to a sudden stand by his presence—silent and conscience-stricken. What follows is told in one verse, but must have occupied some hours. It would seem as though Moses did not stay to speak with the people, even to rebuke them; he went straight up to **the calf**, ordered it to be hurled from its high place and cast into **the fire**. [It would be made of a wooden frame overlaid with the gold; hence would soon be reduced by the action of the flame to a shapeless mass.] This then was broken up, beaten thin, and **ground to powder**, or reduced to small pieces (read Deut. ix. 21) which were cast upon the stream that flowed from Horeb; so that, to the disgrace of the **children of Israel**, they had to drink of what they had so recently worshipped!

III. Remonstrance with Aaron.—*Read vers.* 21–24. The appeal is a touching one, as though Moses would say, '*Have these people injured you, that you have done them such frightful harm?* For we cannot possibly inflict a greater harm upon another than by causing him to sin (Matt. xviii. 6; where 'offend' means *cause to sin*). Aaron, addressing his brother Moses with great respect—**my lord**—yet answers in a poor feeble manner. It was all the doing of **the people . . set on mischief**! Suppose they had been! it was Aaron's duty to resist them—even at the risk of his life.

> Aaron and Hur (Miriam's husband, according to *Josephus*, Ant. iii. 2 § 4) had been left in command during the absence of Moses (ch. xxiv. 14). There is a not improbable Jewish tradition, that Hur had resisted the demand of the people and had been stoned to death in their rage. This would help to intimidate Aaron into his weak and guilty compliance.

Make us gods, rather *a god:* see ver. 1. **Moses** had been to them the visible symbol of the Divine presence and power, 'instead of God' to them (see ch. xviii. 19); they had leaned on him, so that when he had left them all seemed lost.

> Such is idolatry in its largest sense: the dependence on some person or some outward thing to bring God near to us. We are all in danger of this, as it is difficult to realise the invisible; we crave some outward help, something that we can see, or feel, or hear; an earthly image of the Divine. Hence the injunction of the Apostle (Golden Text). Now this need of outward help before we can 'see God' is the germ of idolatry. So the heathen needs his image, the Papist his crucifix, the Protestant, too often, his favourite minister, or form of service. These once lost, it seems as if God himself had vanished! The externals of religion are valuable, only as they *help to remove*, not *serve to interpose*, a cloud between ourselves and God. The Israelites had so depended upon Moses that they could not do without him, or some substitute; and this they found in the form of 'an ox that eateth grass,' Psa. cvi. 20. The true safeguard against idolatry is the habit of personal communion with God through Christ, 'the image of the Invisible.' 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'

Aaron goes on to make his own share in the matter as slight as possible. Read vers. 2–4 and compare it with the account which he himself now gives. How miserable his explanation: **There came out this calf!** as though the gold had taken that shape by accident! Moses seems to have turned away without further word, the excuse was too absurd to talk about. And yet he *prayed for Aaron* (Deut. ix. 20) that he might not be destroyed for his sin and folly; and so he was spared, and even made the head of the tribe distinguished for its consecration to God. On the mountain Aaron had already been designated as High Priest, ch. xxviii. 1; but he had not as yet assumed this office.

IV. Punishment.—*Read vers.* 25, 28. **The people were naked**—the word rather means *disorderly, reckless*, or *licentious*. ('Annotated Par. Bible.') This, **among their enemies** now or hereafter, would be a shame—a dark reproach. See Deut. xxvii. 37. It was necessary to punish, in order to show that God would not be mocked, and to warn the people against further guilt. But let it first be seen that all were not mixed up in this great transgression. Thrilling must have been the cry from the lips of Moses at the gate of the camp, **Who is on the Lord's side?** The reply was from one tribe alone—his own tribe—the tribe of Aaron who had transgressed—the smallest of all the tribes of Israel (Num. iii. 43, comp. with i. 20–42). **The sons of Levi**, it would appear, had not fallen into the sin of the rest, and to them was committed the terrible task of executing the just judgment of God upon the transgressors. **Go . . . throughout the camp**—certainly not to inflict *indiscriminate* slaughter, but to put down the rebellion with a strong hand. The multitude would undoubtedly have retired to their tents; but where any remained, persistent and defiant, they must be smitten. Else would the cause of idolatry triumph, and the whole deliverance from Egypt be vain. **Every man his brother**, etc., i.e. even natural relationships and affections were not to stay the hand of justice. To this there may be an allusion in Deut. xxxiii. 9: 'Neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor know his own children,' teaching to all times the solemn lesson that God and His law must ever be first in our regard. (See Matt. x. 37.) **Three thousand men** now suffered, that whole generations might be deterred from idolatry and spared its punishment.

> When a whole army has broken out into mutiny, *Calvin* remarks, it has at times been *decimated*. Here how much lighter the punishment! Instead of one in ten, one in two hundred is cut off—3000 out of 600,000 (Num. i. 46).

The part which the Levites took in this solemn act of justice was regarded as a proof of their allegiance to God, and brought a blessing upon them. See ver. 29. In the stern and terrible work to which they were called, there was a kind of *consecration*, setting them free from natural ties that they might live only for the spiritual.

Questions.

1. State what you know of the Apis-worship as practised in Egypt. Do the Hebrews seem to have fallen into this idolatry during their bondage?

2. When, and by whom, was the worship of the 'calf' re-instituted in Israel? How long did it last?

3. Give some reasons for the terrible severity with which idolatry was punished among the Hebrews. Cite other instances.

4. What curse had hitherto rested on the house of Levi? See Gen. xlix. 5–7. How was the curse turned into a blessing?

5. Explain the language of Stephen regarding the idolatry of the Israelites in the wilderness. See Acts vii. 40.

Pages for the Young.

THE BOUQUET AND THE BEES.

THE wonderful imitations of all kinds of flowers which are exhibited in the shop windows wherever we go, remind me of a traditional story told in the East respecting Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Although not recorded in our Bibles, it is not without instruction or unworthy of the wisdom of King David's peaceful son. As we know, the Queen of Sheba had heard a marvellous account of King Solomon's court and his wisdom; and the wonders she had heard induced her to travel all the way from Ethiopia to Jerusalem in order to discover the truth, and to prove the wisdom and understanding with which he was said to have been endowed. A tradition relates that on arriving at his Court, she was introduced to the wise man; and tried his wisdom by many hard questions, but always received a solution; he proved equal to every difficulty submitted to him. At last, standing at some distance from him, she produced two splendid bouquets, one in each hand, one composed of real, the other of artificial flowers, and she demanded of the King, that, without a nearer inspection, he should decide which bouquet was of nature's production, and which was the work of art: and she said, "I desire to try the wisdom of your majesty, and that of your court, by this test. Can you or any of your courtiers, without further examination, tell me which is God's work, and which is the work of man?"

The King turned to those about him and bade them give an answer. But none, without a nearer inspection, would venture on a reply. For a moment the Queen thought within herself, "I have now overcome the boasted skill and penetration of the wisest man in the world!" But her thought was suddenly checked, as the King, turning to his courtiers, reproved them gently for their want of penetration. "Can you not," said Solomon, "even here, discern between the things that so truly differ? Open the casement and let in the bees; they will teach you at once which are the true flowers." On opening the windows, in an instant the bees buzzed through the hall, and perched upon the bouquet of nature, not even deigning to notice the other. "See," said the King, "herein is the work of God, which has in it both food and sweetness, therefore does it attract. Man's imitations are but like his corrupt nature, deceitful."

Whether this traditional story has any foundation, or is simply an Eastern apologue, it may remind us that there are still two ways, good and evil, true and false, the broad way which leadeth to destruction, the narrow way to life eternal; there are the religious forms and ordinances of man's invention, yielding neither food nor sweetness, and there is salvation through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, yielding both peace and blessing to all who come unto God through Him. And we have to beware of dead works, mere rites, and man's philosophy, dry formal ordinances, giving no cleansing to a guilty conscience, no peace to the heavy-laden soul. How far different is that gospel which preaches peace by Jesus Christ, cleansing by his precious blood, and giving everlasting life to all those who truly believe on Him. What more fitting to human needs! "Come unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Here then are food and sweetness for all who will taste of the preciousness off Jesus, and wash in the fountain opened by Him for sin and uncleanness.

THE TWO FRIENDS;

A STORY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

V.

IT was no consolation to George Trevenna, and he found it none, to tell himself that he had not meant to do what had been done; when, on the cliffs that sunny afternoon, the two friends fell out upon the way, it had never for a moment entered into his thoughts that the end would be like this; but what excuse was that? It is vain for us to say, we will not do *much* evil, for when we begin to do evil at all it is impossible to tell how much will be done.

Edward lay near to death, so near he could approach no nearer without death claiming him for its own. So manifold were the injuries he had received, and so serious, that the doctor deemed it wonderful that he had not died where he had fallen. His arm was broken; his back was hurt; it was probable that, even if he lived, he would never be the tall, upright Edward he had been of old, but shapeless and deformed.

This was bad enough, but if he died it would be worse: the fear of it haunted George by day and night. What should he do, what could he do, if it were so? At first, nothing could keep him from Edward's side, but now, though he was always hovering round the house, nothing would induce him to go in. He himself had suffered in that memorable day; he could not use one arm, but was obliged to carry it in a sling. His face depicted the condition of his mind; he was the shadow of what he once had been.

To no one had he told the story of that day. As yet it was more than he could do; he dared not think of it himself. George's grief caused little surprise, their friendship had been so great. As for Mary, that little maiden, she was like a very sister to him now. Who, living, can be nearer and dearer than a sister to a brother in his distress? She sighed with him, and his grief was hers; and she tried to comfort, but not all the comfort she could impart was of any avail.

The day came when the doctor said the end was nigh; the crisis had arrived. Edward had not once known the faces bending over him; nor recognised the voices which whispered in his ear; fever and delirium had held their sway.

"To-night," the doctor said with a grave face, as one bright sunny morning he stood at the patient's bed; "to-night I think will decide it. The crisis is at hand, and when it has passed, we shall know, as far as human knowledge goes, whether he will live or die. I will come again towards evening, and do what can be done. The issue," turning sadly away, for he was a kindly man, and it grieved him to think such a fresh, young life, and so promising withal, should so quickly fade away; "the issue is with God, but all that we can do shall certainly be done."

They brought the news to George, who was pacing restlessly to and fro in the patch of ground behind. He heard it without a word, and when they had told it all, dropped his head upon his breast and burst into a flood of tears. From experience they knew it was vain to try to comfort him, so they left him. Then under the old apple-tree which stood in the corner, and was already white with bloom, he fell upon his knees in prayer. He rose, as one always does, refreshed. None ever fell upon his knees and called on God in spirit and in truth, who did not meet with his reward.

The day went on, the shadows lengthened, the night was come. In the garden, George was waiting; even now he would

not come inside. His excitement was intense; he was possessed with a whirlwind of emotion. What would the end be? He could not keep still; he could not walk fast enough to keep pace with his excitement.

The minutes fled; only the rushing of the river and the dull rumble of the water-wheel at the tin stream-works close by, broke the silence of the night. But, when suspense had become intolerable, and his fears were at their worst, the cottage door was opened, and a little figure issued into the moon's soft glow: a little figure with tearful eyes and stretched-out hands. It was Mary.

GOOD NEWS.

"George," she cried, and running to him she put her hands about his arm, and pillowed her face upon his shoulder, "George, the doctor says the worst is past."

But George heard as in a dream; it seemed too good for truth.

One scene more, and the two friends—George and Edward—will pass from our ken, perhaps for ever.

It was a day in May: the sun was in the western sky, his setting glow had filled all the firmament with the radiance of his myriad hues, hues beyond the painter's, and the chemist's, and the dyer's art. Since that first day when first the sun went down, the glory of his setting has been the poet's theme; and generation after generation of believers, looking towards that western sky, have wondered, if this be the glory of the dying day, what will the glory be when the day shall die no more?

The cottage window was thrown wide open; Edward's bed was drawn right under it, and he lay, propped up with pillows, looking towards the gorgeous sky. George sat by his side, and these two were there alone. Every now and then the door was opened, and Mrs. Wilson would peep in, and then when she had vanished, Mary's happy face would appear, in her proper turn. But that was understood. Mary and her mother would not have felt comfortable had they not looked in every ten minutes or so, to make quite sure that Edward had not flown away, for he was still so thin and shadowy that they really seemed to think it was quite possible.

In truth, he was improving rapidly; the doctor pronounced him better each time he came. "If," he said, "he continued to behave so well, he would soon be out of bed, and about the house, and strolling through the fields again." Edward smiled at this, and the whole household kissed him solemnly when the man of medicine had gone; but if you had asked what prompted them to such a curious proceeding they would have been puzzled to explain. His back, for which they had feared such dreadful things, was now quite well, and the doctor declared that he had been mistaken in his prophecies of evil after all.

They had been silent for some minutes. George was lying across the bed, with his head and shoulders outside the window, and his elbows resting on the sill. Edward broke the silence: his eyes looked towards the sun, and its last rays illumined the smile upon his thin, white face.

"At such a time as this, I think the Lord would like everybody in the world to rest from labour, just while the sun went down. The sky, the air, and the land are all at peace, why should man alone be out of harmony with the sunset calm?"

George thought before replying. When he spoke, his words were calm and practical as they were wont to be.

"I am not sure he is not in harmony, if that means he is doing what the others do. The air does not cease from its labour, or we should soon be dead; the land still yields up her fruits; and why should not man do what he ought to do? If it is his hour to work, you wouldn't have him lazy because the sun is not setting in a storm?" He paused, then, "But if harmony means like sunset calm, man is not that, for it is as the Lord would have it, and I do not think that man is ever that."

And so the two talked in the quiet evening, till they came back upon the old themes of friendship and love. It was Edward now who recalled the words: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." George felt them to be piercing as a sword. Yet these two sworn friends had fallen out. They had learnt how vain are the best resolves without perpetual watchfulness, how even love itself needs to be carefully tended lest some gust of passion extinguish its flame.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXVIII.

A busy scene, illumined by the waning moon; ten stalwart figures labour mightily to hew down matted oaks, the sound of their axes striking strangely on the silence of the night. Their youthful leader stands in their midst, crowbar in hand, overturning steadily and surely the pile of huge stones on which his feet are planted. His quick eye directs the movements of his assistants, as, with the air of an anxious listener, he bids them hasten their work of destruction.

The initials of the subjoined will give the answer to the above.

1. The messenger of glad tidings whose name means "God is my strength."
2. A town of Galilee taken by Benhadad, King of Syria.
3. The tribe that first set up idolatry in Israel.
4. The number of the course of Abia in the priesthood.
5. The scene of the Ascension.
6. The place which first rejected Christ.

NO. XXXIX.

Double Acrostic.

Two extremes which meet in the grave.

1. A man of Macedonia, Paul's companion in travel.
2. A place at which the children of Israel pitched their tents and found no water.
3. The prophet at whose door Naaman stood.
4. Eve's second child.
5. The father of a man whom the enemies of the children of Israel wanted to make king.

J. E. B.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE RAINBOW IN THE GLEN.

"For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

IX.—FAIR COLOURS.

THE rainbow is, from many points of view—the scientific, the poetic, the picturesque, the religious, the natural, or the atmospheric—one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in nature. It is a bridge over which we pass to the perception of many truths; Wordsworth was far from being the only one who has said, or certainly felt,

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky."

But is there not something of the same effect produced upon the mind by a magnificent sunrising, or by the glowing colours of sunset? Another poet has vividly described this impression:

> "When Day, with farewell beam, delays
> Among the opening clouds of Even,
> And we can almost think we gaze
> Through golden vistas into heaven,
> Those hues that make the sun's decline
> So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine!"

Thus colour is a Divine window—if we are not too fanciful in the expression, a stained-glass window—in the palace of the Great King. For let any one but think for a moment of a hueless or colourless world; suppose all the decorations of light to be taken away—the emerald verdure of the grass, and the purple glory of the heavens, and the brilliant crimson of flowers to be all obliterated; what a different world it would be! But colour is not merely a source of sensual pleasure; it is not merely, as John Ruskin has said, a subordinate beauty; the truth is, the very "foundations" of the world may be said to be "laid with fair colours." God is a God of colour; He has not only caused the pencil of light to paint the landscape in its rich dyes and many liveries; He has not only given its particoloured coat to the tulip, and clad, as Cowley says, "the virgin lilies in their pure white lawn, of almost naked light"; He has not only given its crimson garment to the rose, and condensed the flame in the jewels; but, more than this, every colour has its own chemistry, and performs its own mechanism—for, in nature, chemistry and mechanism are *one*—and thus colour is God's own Divine work. Matter is, indeed, necessary to the production of colour, for colour is the thinning, the attenuation, the radiation of light—all radiation is but the attenuation of light; and we hope we shall not be thought guilty of attempting fine writing, or falling into feeble writing, when we describe colour in the rainbow, in the cloud, or in the flower, as the transmigrations of a sunbeam. Thus the rainbow, whether it arch the heavens or the roaring waterfall, gives the same lesson as that beautiful, and most philosophical, of all child's toys, a soap-bubble; and in the unrivalled play of colours on the attenuated film teaches the same lessons; it is the same, again, often seen in the beautiful mother-of-pearl-like tints on the feathers of many birds; in the rings produced in the cracks of rock-crystal it is the interference of light or rays proceeding from the same source, but crossing each other on their way.

Naturally enough, poets have been prolific in their words about the rainbow; Lord Byron's words are magnificent, but they are of the very insanity of description:

> "The airy child of vapour and of sun,
> Baptized in purple, cradled in vermilion,
> Brought forth in molten gold, and swathed in dun;
> Glittering like crescents in a Turk's pavilion,
> And blending every colour into one."

On the other hand, for their sweet and full poetic expression, their religious truth, and high philosophic teaching, Thomas Campbell's lines have, we believe, never been equalled, and, probably, never will be surpassed; but we can only quote an extract from a poem which ought to be well known:

> "Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
> When storms prepare to part,
> I ask not proud Philosophy
> To teach me what thou art.
> Can all that optics teach, unfold
> Thy form to please me so,
> As when I dreamt of gems and gold
> Hid in thy radiant bow?
>
> When Science from creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws!
> And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
> But words of the Most High
> Have told why first thy robe of beams
> Was woven in the sky.
>
> When o'er the green undeluged earth
> Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
> How came the world's grey fathers forth
> To watch thy sacred sign!
> How glorious is thy girdle, cast
> O'er mountain, tower, and town,
> Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
> A thousand fathoms down!
>
> For, faithful to its sacred page,
> Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
> Nor lets the type grow pale with age
> That first spoke peace to man."

And the validity of the sign suffers no fracture even if we suppose—which is most likely the case—that the rainbow spanned the groves of Eden as it surely overarched the ark on Ararat.

The words, the speculations, and even the demonstrations of philosophers, still leave much in the kingdom of colour unexplained and inexplicable, but we are reminded by an admirable and suggestive writer of that which we have so often felt, that the sublime requires the unknown as an element. The fairest portions of the earth and of the sky are like stained-glass windows in some great cathedral, throwing their rich chromatic splendours around us. Having looked at the rainbow, take a step from the spot where you are gazing at it to some of the higher Alps: must it not be by some operation of the same law which gives to that sublime and evanescent arch of coloured cloud its beauty, that in the higher alpine places, such as the Bernina heights, millions of flowers are strewn at your feet, not merely so numerous, but so unmixed in their colours, notoriously more pure, more entirely free from the admixture of taint and stain than they are when found in the plains? The cloud has done more for them than the earth; they are more truly the children of the sunshine and the rain; they seem to have something of the purity and the ethereality of the rainbow. It is true that, with only a few exceptions, they give no fragrance—this is derived mostly in humbler regions, and by some wonderful and subtle chemistry which, in that case, however he may seek to apply his chemicals, is beyond the perfumer's art. Indeed, the same remark applies in a great measure to the flowers of the plains. We may be heretical, but we never did love, however we might admire, fair colours in a conservatory; the forests of fox-glove in a Devonshire lane, the rich trails of honeysuckle and jasmine disport themselves much more naturally and pleasingly than those rich and costly flowers, the principal merit of which, to a rich man, is very frequently that he has something which others cannot buy. There is a real truth of nature in the words of the poet Campbell:

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Even now what affections the violet awakes!
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water lily restore!
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

The wondrous and infinite beauty of fair colours is most splendidly realised in mountain regions, and it seems especially so in the Alps; for great travellers who have almost exhausted other regions, seem still to find among those sublime giants of Europe the mightiest effects of colour, light, and shade. We scarcely remember any writer who has put this more affectionately than Horace Bushnell, in a letter to his wife, written from Berne, and recently published in his biography. He says: "Nothing can exceed the beauty of these Alpine views, when from the high ground we look down into some deep gulf of green, and across to a snow-crowned region of peaks, now and then displaying their outline and sometimes making a landscape above the clouds and under them at the same time. The light is so magical, blue and white, shade and sun, depth and height, all blended into one picture, and that varying its forms and colours every moment. The changes of light and shade, cloud and sun, distance and proximity, how shall I ever make you see these with me? Could I but give you a glance at the sunset-scene of this very evening from the city of Berne, I should open a new world of glory and grandeur on your eyes. From a terrace rounding out above that of the cathedral, I watched for it. Berne must be forty-five or fifty miles from the Oberland Alps, in a country of hill and valley, as verdant and luxuriant as can be conceived. Across this, lighted up by the slanting sun, your eye passes to a high, and still another higher, range of mountains sinking away into a blue, dim colour. Then, above all these, rise the white sky-piercing peaks of the Oberland, filling up about one-eighth of the circle of the horizon. Between three and four o'clock you see only two or three of those, and having their shaded side towards you, their profile alone is lighted, and they rise so high above the common floating clouds that they seem themselves to be only a higher cloud anchored in the sky. By five o'clock the tops of the whole range are out, clear and white above a long dark stratum of cloud that lies stretched between them and the lower mountains. The sun pours into the interstices below, revealing patches of white, interspersed with rock, and the summits are seen floating in the dusky cloud-region above, a realm of icebergs. But just at the setting the clouds rise up and fade away, then stand out, first in a pale, sickly white, as if the cloud had only become invisible, without being removed, and finally, in a few minutes more (and by a change perfectly perceptible, as if life were returning to the pallid face of the dead), yellowed in the rays of the sun, swung round so as to pour his full tide into their faces, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finster-Aarhorn, Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, Blumlis, a wall of glittering ingots piled up to the sky. And yet I am frank to say that none of these things move me unless when I connect the visible with the invisible and see in the forms of grandeur around me, types of that tremendous Being who inhabits and glorifies all."

Has not Dr. Bushnell, in this noble passage, opened for us a fine window in the palace of the Great King?

To the same laws which produce the ordinary appearance of the rainbow belong all the phenomena of atmospheric reflection, and the numerous instances of atmospheric deception in the appearance of steeples, houses, towers, and towns turned upside down in the sky. More remarkable are the well-authenticated cases of far-distant places brought within the ordinary sphere of vision. Thus in the year 1788, the coast of France was distinctly seen at Hastings; the account is recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. In the county of Huntingdon, in the morning of July 16th, 1820, at half-past four o'clock, when the sun was shining in the cloudless sky, over a little field near St. Neots, suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its

farmhouses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and different grass fields were distinctly seen visible in a beautiful aerial picture, extending from east to west about four hundred yards. Such stories are innumerable. The mirage, or "Fata Morgana":

> "Fairy visions
> Of the gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i' th' plighted clouds;"

the shadowy spectral figures of the contending horsemen, seen by a whole parish at the foot of Souter Fell, in Cumberland; and the well-known spectres of the Brocken—these all illustrate the singular effects of light playing in certain happy combinations of circumstance among the clouds.

But, as we have seen, these wonders of reflection have not been confined to the Hartz Mountains, or to Eastern deserts. Sir David Brewster in his Treatise on Optics, quotes an instance from Dr. Buchan, who says: "Walking on the cliff, about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning of the 18th of November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun, I turned my eyes directly towards the sea just as the solar disc emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented precisely opposite to me at some distance on the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered our own figures standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a windmill near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood, and the false cliff seemed to fade away and to draw near to the real one in proportion as it receded towards the west. This phenomenon lasted about ten minutes till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared like the drawing up of a drop scene in a theatre. The surface of the sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun. The sun's light fell upon the cliff at an incidence of about 73° from the perpendicular."

But we have already said that colour is no subordinate actor, or beauty, but has really a place in the very foundations of nature, and things. Every colour has its own chemical character. Thus, colour enters into the life of the entire kingdom of trees and vegetables, and flowers; it is scarcely too much to say that colour is life. There is a distinct chemical action in every colour. Seeds will not germinate beneath unmixed light. They may have warmth, they may have moisture, but they need colour. And every colour has its own prerogative; even beneath the soil, the solar power behaves as variously as it does in the atmosphere; a seed or sapling we are told will not germinate beneath a yellow ray. This has been tested by a yellow glass; but, employ a blue medium, and the power of the beam is more active, and germination more readily takes place. Thus, beneath the soil there go on the same phenomena which we have noticed in the varying effects over the sea or the sky, as a poet says,

> "We could not love a scene
> Where the blue sky is always blue,
> And the green earth always green."

So we have said colour is life, and its greater or lesser intensity gives the medium of the law of germination. Light is beautiful, "and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," but it must be broken, parted into rays, softened and made amiable. Grasses, flowers, and trees, like human souls, can only grow beneath broken lights.

Among the interesting circumstances about colour is this, that some are floating, transitory and fluid, and others are *fast* or *fixed*, and it is to this a wonderful text refers in Isaiah i. 18: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Crimson and scarlet were regarded as the most fast or fixed, of colours, nothing could remove them; they could not, it was supposed, be bleached away, and hence they were used to represent the permanency of sin in the character, the fast, fixed, and rooted influence of sin in the heart, fast and fixed as the scarlet colour in the web of cloth, and yet, so fast beneath all human means, tho mercy of God is able to make them pure as a snowflake, or white as wool beneath the bleaching sun and rain.

And, as we have said, all colour depends on matter, so this is only to say that the colour of the leaves of trees and flowers depends on their varying absorbing, or radiating powers; they have all of them powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warm sunbeams, and radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere. So it is that we possess the white chalice-like cup of the pure lily, and the intense colours of the dahlia; the variegations of the tulip, the brilliancy of the anemone; and, if the question be asked, why the varieties of colour in the same flower; it seems to be answered by the variety of colours which play in the rainbow, or the soap-bubble. This is no mere play of fancy, but has been proved by experiment and induction. All, indeed, is not explained, but enough to show the influence of matter upon light in the introduction of colour.

But there are "stones of fair colours," that is, precious stones. The children of vanity and fashion who prize them for their rarity, or decorative splendour, and gorgeous and brilliant coruscations, seldom, we suppose, inquire concerning their mysterious origin, or significant beauty. Superstition has very strange stories to tell of precious stones; to us they are the most remarkable as illustrations of the most magnificent of fixed colours. What a happy combination of circumstances must have existed to produce these natural crystallizations, to give to them, at once, their natural transparency and their colour, so pleasing and so desirable; but most of those who wear them think only of what is unusual, and think nothing of the pathology of these singular minerals. Of course when vanity covets rarity it creates imposture; and, for many years now, there has been an extensive manufacturing, and artificial formation of crystals and minerals, which seems to be as easy as the manufacture of barley-sugar, or sugar-candy. But these are not the fair colours which are the foundations of the building "not made with hands," and indeed, it has been supposed that precious stones have become more rare. The flaming opal, which rivals the carbuncle, the ruby and the chrysolite, was once found in various parts of the world; it is now extremely rare,

but specimens have proclaimed the impossibility of deception as the light played upon them, assuming every instant new tints, new hues, ascending, descending, glittering, playing ineffably into each others' intricacies—a wonderful vision of fair colours. We believe the only authentic opal of this description is in the crown of the Emperor of Austria.

We have reached our limits, and yet what an universe of fair colours is left unindicated: the marvellous phosphorescence of the waves, the singular beauty and variety of colour in many insects—especially such as those of which Mr. Darwin gives an account, a beetle of a brilliantly luminous description, but which always became more brilliant in proportion to its irritation—a very human sort of beetle indeed! But we must forbear; only noticing how all these "fair colours" ultimately date from the sunbeam; and we may not inappropriately close with two sweet verses in homage to the physical and the Spiritual Beam:

"I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

Sunbeam of Summer, oh, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!"

THE REV. CANON FLEMING.

VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, CHESTER SQUARE, CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.]

Yours sincerely
Jas Fleming.

THERE are few clergymen of our day more widely known or deservedly popular than James Fleming, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, and Canon of York. As a churchman sound and liberal, as a minister earnest and eloquent, as a man bright and genial, he is beloved by all who know him. When his name was mentioned as chaplain to the present Lord Mayor, who is a Nonconformist, the appointment was hailed with satisfaction by dissenters and churchmen alike. He was already honorary chaplain to the Duke of Westminster, and has for some years been one of the

chaplains-in-ordinary to the Queen. To the readers of the "Sunday at Home" it is of nearer interest to say that he is one of the most active supporters of the Religious Tract Society, in its great work of spreading the gospel at home and abroad through the agency of the press. He is honorary secretary of the society, jointly with the Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

When a man has risen to high position in comparatively early life, without the aid of family connection or patronage, and without special distinction of learning or authorship, his elevation must be due to personal fitness and character. It is therefore the more useful to learn something of his past life and history.

Born in 1830, at Carlow, the youngest son of Patrick Fleming, Esq., of Strabane, M.D., James Fleming was when very young brought across the channel, and was educated at Shrewsbury Grammar School. He was an intelligent and diligent scholar, and held a good place in the school. Thence he went up to Cambridge, and was entered at Magdalen, where, having graduated in his twenty-second year, he was nominated Travelling Bachelor to the University, an appointment much prized. He took his degree of B.A. in 1853, M.A. in 1857, and B.D. in 1865.

Before, however, these academic degrees were acquired, he was heartily engaging in the work of the ministry, to which he had devoted himself. In 1853 he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich to a curacy in Ipswich, but removed thence, in the following year, to a second curacy in Bath. In 1856 he was appointed to the incumbency of All Saints Episcopal Chapel in the same city. After ten years of service in this position, he was called to the metropolis, to become the successor of the eloquent Henry Melvill and of Daniel Moore, as minister of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, which had long had a district assigned it, and was called Camden Church. Here the fame of the preacher grew, and the congregation became crowded. It was no doubt his increasing popularity that led, after seven years' work at Camberwell, to his being preferred to the important vicarage of St. Michael's, Chester Square, where he ministers to a crowded congregation, largely consisting of persons eminent in professional and intellectual as well as social life. Preparation for preaching in such a post must be no light labour, but it does not interfere with the pastoral duties of his office, and attention to the details of parochial work. In not a few instances, personal friendship has grown out of official fidelity. In 1876 he was appointed honorary chaplain to the Queen, which was followed four years afterwards by his being made chaplain-in-ordinary.

On the elevation of Dr. Thorold to the Bishopric of Rochester in 1877, Mr. Fleming was appointed by the Crown Canon Residentiary of York. It may be remembered that a difference arose between the government and the dean and chapter of York in relation to this appointment, the latter body maintaining that the prebend's stall void by the same elevation should first have been filled and then the canonry, the Archbishop at the same time choosing to exercise his acknowledged right by appointing another to the prebend's stall. The matter was finally brought up in Parliament; but the Earl of Beaconsfield, who had nominated Mr. Fleming, declared his determination to maintain him in his canon's rights, though of course without the usual accompaniment of the stall. This difference, it is to be observed, had no personal ground, and would have happened whoever had been appointed under the same circumstances. It was a contest, after the manner of Englishmen, about legal rights.

The popularity of Canon Fleming in the city of York was from the first very great and would no doubt do not a little to make amends for the unpleasantness that arose from the official dispute. During his first residence he was invited to preach in succession in all the churches of the city, where large congregations waited on his ministry. He has since assumed his rightful and now unchallenged position in the Minster, the Archbishop having appointed him lately Succentor of York Minster, and so conferred on him a stall, and with it the right of preaching.

It will be obvious that the high position Canon Fleming has attained is the direct result of his work in the Christian ministry. Whatever may be his political opinions they are so little obtruded as to be unknown to us. He does not affect great intellectual exploits, nor profound scholarship. He propounds no novelties, nor dreams of weaving philosophical subtleties. He is pre-eminently a preacher, and the chief work of a preacher is to set forth, with all the force of sentiment and aptness of illustration and grace of style which he can command, "the gospel of the grace of God." This, Canon Fleming evidently aims at doing; and it is gratifying to find, in these times, when so many are led astray by priestly assumption and ritualistic formalism, that the good old evangelical preaching and the usual observances of the Church of England, are valued in the important church of which Canon Fleming is the minister.

We are happily able to adduce two recent examples of the style of Canon Fleming's ministrations.

On Good Friday of this year he delivered to a crowded audience in St Paul's Cathedral, a sermon on the cross of Christ, which we give on another page, as a characteristic specimen of the tone and style of his preaching.

The other occasion was of a more special kind.

On Friday morning, May 20th, he preached one of the annual sermons of the Religious Tract Society in the beautiful church of St. Mary Aldermary in the City of London. Thither, therefore, many friends of the Society bent their steps with high expectations. Nor were they disappointed. It was cheering to see that many busy city men had gathered so as to fill the grand old building. The shortened liturgy met the occasion, and the bright quick singing of Psalm and song kept step with the eager thoughts of busy men. The preacher found a receptive audience, men who lent a willing ear to his words. And no wonder: the matter and the manner of the speaker were alike winsome. The text was taken from Ezra vii. 22, which probably none present had ever heard discoursed from before; "Salt, without prescribing how much." The principle laid down was that the salt of Christian truth was for the purifying and healing of the nations; this being so, it should be diffused in unlimited quantities, "without prescribing how much." The application of this idea to the Religious Tract Society was easy as it was happy. Let such Christian literature as this agency provides be sent out everywhere without stint, for it will go to purify and sweeten the world. This good

work the Society was doing; it diffused Christian literature in no less than 138 of the languages of the world, and extended its operations through Europe, in America and Australia, Japan, China, India, and the Islands of the Seas. It was auxiliary to missions abroad and at home; its publications were found in hospitals and asylums; in unions and prisons, as well as in houses ranging from the mansion to the cottage, in every town and village and hamlet of the land. Referring to the assertion sometimes maintained in these days that Christianity is losing its hold on men, and that the church's power is waning, the preacher boldly maintained that although there was undoubtedly change in the atmosphere, yet this is not the age of infidelity, but the age of Christianity. Men who were afraid of change forgot that it is by change we reach knowledge, and anything like settled conviction. But never was Christianity such a force in the world as it is now, never were there such bodies of Christian men and women, never such organisations for the spread of Christian truth, never so much scholarship employed in Christian literature. In support of the latter point, the scholarly care taken to produce a perfect version of the Scriptures was adduced. The Revised New Testament, published that very week, had been a matter of the deepest interest to the people, as was evident from the fact that more than a million of copies had been pre-ordered, and that not of a new book, for which the world is on the tiptoe of expectation, but of the oldest book in the world, which is already in the hands of the people.

Though Canon Fleming has always been pre-eminently the preacher, he has not been regardless of other means conducive to the moral and social elevation of the people. He was, for example, an early promoter and conductor of penny readings. During his short term of service at Ipswich, he became acquainted with this method of getting hold of the working people on week evenings, the idea having not long before been originated by the editor of one of the Ipswich newspapers. Mr. Fleming took up the idea and wrought it out in striking form, and when he removed to Bath, he took it with him, and introduced what was then a novelty into this and many of the towns of the west. "The object of this movement," he said on one occasion, "is the education of our fellow-men. We are convinced that wherever we can raise the mind we raise the man. Nor are we of that class who consider literature to be opposed to religion. Our first desire, therefore, is that our Readings should be elevating and instructive. At the same time we do not forget that after a hard day's work, both mind and body are tired, and need wholesome recreation. For this cause we deem it desirable not to exclude wit and humour from our selections, believing that a hearty laugh is a good medicine for a wearied mind, and that there is a season for everything."

Mr. Fleming's excellent voice and admirable elocution eminently qualifying him for the effective rendering of the pieces he selected for reading, he soon made himself a name in this department of popular service. Large audiences were attracted by his readings, and in the opinion of many who were able judges he equalled in some of his renderings, if he did not surpass, the celebrated reciter Bellew, who soon took up the practice of "readings," and followed it for his own pecuniary advantage. Macready also, who was a close personal friend of Mr. Fleming's, seems to have been considerably interested in what he heard of Mr. Fleming's work in this respect among the masses, and forwarded him a subscription to assist in carrying it out. For some years he made these readings for the people a speciality in his successive spheres, and travelled also from time to time into distant parts of the country, to give "An Evening with Tennyson," or some rendering of Shakespeare, or "A Selection from the Poets," sometimes, indeed, reciting a poem of his own, composed for this special purpose.

The practice obtained by his readings, as well as his effective style of address, have made him a powerful platform speaker. As an advocate of the Bible and Tract and Missionary societies, and of other social and religious objects that command his sympathy, he gains a hold on large audiences. In regard to these objects there is nothing exclusive in his selection. His sympathies, it will be observed, are broadly evangelical, and wherever these sympathies are met, he is ready with his warm support and earnest advocacy.

The Evangelical Alliance has long commanded his active sympathies, as do all things that make for peace and united effort among Christian men. His feeling in this respect was nobly expressed in a speech on the Wesleyan missionary platform in 1875: "I have learned to love Christ better than any church, and the truth of God better than any sect, and I am reminded this morning, that while many may assume titles and badges, and even vestments, like the phylactery of the Pharisees of old, Christ gave no such distinctive mark or badge to his church, except a robe to the heart, as simple as it is beautiful, as sublime as it is original—a love that wells forth all that is good and great and noble in the world. 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.'"

Perhaps it should be said that Canon Fleming's chief platform theme is temperance. Soon after his removal to Bath, the great temperance orator, John Gough, lectured in that city, and Mr. Fleming became a convert. From that time forward his services were laid under tribute to the temperance cause. He has ever zealously urged it on the attention in particular of the working classes, and with this feeling he has been an ardent promoter of the "Coffee Palace" movement, having started a most successful "Coffee Bar" in his own parish.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

WHAT a fair dwelling is this world of ours,
Varied and beautiful on every hand,
The fertile vales, the mountains tall and grand,
The fresh green fields all carpeted with flowers.
The genial sunshine, the refreshing showers,
The great deep awful sea, the teeming land,
The solemn forests that majestic stand;
Day's cheering light, the night's dark silent hours.
Within, without, above, below, around,
Afar and near, whatever land or clime
He hath made beautiful in every time,
In whom is beauty and perfection found.
O wondrous world, or hidden or revealed,
God's handiwork with His own signet sealed.

JOHN ASKHAM.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

"Who means no guile be guilèd soonest shall."

IT was Sunday, and the party from Pine Cottage set out for church on a misty autumn morning. The weather was still set fair, and the sun shone softly through the haze that wrapped a thin veil round the village of Thistledean. Yellow vine-leaves hung, limp and faded, on cottage walls; the fluted velvet of dahlias was dimmed by little beads of moisture; even the brave sunflower showed a broad disc of tarnished gold. It was one of those still damp days that imperceptibly steal the last warm colours from garden and woodland.

As Mrs. Chafford and her children reached the churchyard gate, Mr. Sorrell stepped back to speak a word to an infirm old labourer, leaning on crutches. Josephine, with a child on each side, walked slowly and gravely towards the old Gothic porch, and was about to enter, when two or three persons came suddenly round the angle of the church wall.

There were several "short cuts" leading from the village across the churchyard; and although it suited Mr. Sorrell's convenience best to keep to the main road, many of the parishioners availed themselves of the by-paths. The little party who came thus suddenly upon Josephine consisted of a Mrs. Hatherick, a lady who was her guest, and the two Winterburn girls.

The Hathericks were well-to-do people, commonplace, but pleasant and neighbourly, living in a fine old farmhouse, that was only second in importance to Thorn Farm. Mrs. Hatherick had not been married more than two years, and her husband had first met her in a cathedral town, twenty miles from Thistledean. She had come, therefore, to the village as a perfect stranger, and being quiet and good-tempered, had soon become a favourite in the place.

Josephine greeted her affably enough with a ready smile and hand-shake; and then Delia Winterburn, who was an observant girl, saw a sudden flush rise to the widow's face.

"Miss Woodfall! I am so surprised! I did not know you were in this neighbourhood," said Josephine, speaking fast, and holding out her hand to Mrs. Hatherick's guest. The hand was accepted, but not very cordially. Miss Woodfall, a dark, keen-looking woman of thirty-five, answered with a certain coldness of manner that did not escape Delia's notice.

"I am staying with my cousin," she replied; "I arrived only yesterday."

"Indeed! I shall be glad to see you often, and talk over old Indian days; how pleasant it will be!"

"I shall not stay long," said Miss Woodfall quietly. "My home is in Blankshire."

"Nonsense, Laura," said Mrs. Hatherick; "I am not going to part with you for months. How very nice it is to find that you and Mrs. Chafford are old friends!"

Old friends! Something in Miss Woodfall's countenance hinted that she was not quite willing to claim the honour of Mrs. Chafford's friendship.

After exchanging a word and smile with the Winterburns, Josephine moved on into the church, her face still a little flushed, and her manner a trifle discomposed. With a half-suppressed sigh of relief she sought her corner in Mr. Sorrell's square pew, and sank on her knees; but although she knelt longer than usual it was not to pray.

When at length she rose and seated herself, she had quite regained her self-possession, and had made up her mind to win Miss Woodfall into friendliness.

"I will call on her to-morrow," she thought, "and I will be so affectionate and agreeable that she won't be able to resist me. How exceedingly unlucky that she should have turned up here! I must contrive to make Uncle Peter distrust her if she stays too long and talks too much. But she never will stay long in this horrid little place."

The service commenced, but as far as Josephine was concerned, it was addressed to deaf ears. The sweet old words of the Liturgy awoke no response in her soul, nor recalled any holy recollections of dead friends and bygone years. Deceit, long practised, had hardened the heart, and all the deepest feelings were entirely buried under a thick crust of selfishness and hypocrisy. Yet it must be remembered that this hardening process had gone on for a long time, and that Josephine in her earlier days had been another creature. A motherless girl, the eldest of a family, she had never known the watchfulness that a naturally lax character so greatly needs. No one had gently reproved her first slight deviations from truth, nor checked her tendency to gloss over all her own little omissions and errors. And later on, when her deceitful habits were becoming more confirmed, and her passion for pleasure was waxing stronger, no one had firmly taken her by the hand and brought her face to face with that real self which so many of us have never seen at all.

So Josephine had gone her own way, scheming, fibbing, and deceiving herself as well as others. Intensely vain, she really had the strongest belief in her own powers of fascination, and fancied herself clever enough to manage everybody. Hence it followed that she often committed the blunder of underrating other people's abilities, and her preposterous vanity frequently destroyed her best-constructed plots. It was a sad life, that life of hers, and few women perhaps had known so little of real happiness as Josephine Chafford.

It was with no small satisfaction that she heard Mr. Fincham coming to the close of his sermon, and looked forward to an afternoon of solitude and repose.

With a becoming show of zeal she had offered her services in the Sunday-school, but Uncle Peter would not permit her to teach. She was not strong enough for that kind of thing, he had said kindly; and Mr. Fincham and his wife had declared themselves unwilling to let her exert herself. So Josephine gave in gracefully, and spent her Sunday afternoons at home.

It was Mr. Sorrell's habit to stay behind the rest of the congregation, and leave the church in company with his old friend, the vicar. For the first time, Josephine now rejoiced in this custom, although it subjected her to Mrs. Fincham's prosy talk—good Mrs. Fincham, who had no idea that the sayings and doings of her grandchildren could ever be uninteresting to any one! But even those tiresome nursery tales were more welcome to Josephine in her present mood than Prue's innocent questions about her old acquaintance with Miss Woodfall.

Before the hall-door had closed on Mr. Sorrell and Walter, Josephine had sought her room, and was lying wearily on the bed, while Sybil occupied her favourite seat by the window. Not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the afternoon, the mist still hung over the adjacent fields and veiled the westering sun, and the figures of the village children on their way to school were soon lost in a golden haze. For some time Sybil watched the passers-by in silence, and then turned her attention to the magpies flying in and out of the pines. At last, hearing a low sob from the bed, she spoke in her shrill, yet plaintive voice:

"Mother, *do* tell me what is worrying you. We are all alone in the house, you and I."

"I can't explain everything to you, darling," replied Mrs. Chafford, feeling the comfort of the child's sympathy. "I have seen somebody I didn't

A CONFIDENTIAL WARNING.

It was over at last—that quiet morning service that ought to have been a blessing, and was simply a weariness to Mrs. Chafford. The disturbed heart rejected the only things that could give it peace, and Josephine had been so used to make "a fair show in the flesh" of religion, that she never thought of connecting it inseparably with her innermost life. In all her perplexities she trusted more to her own schemes than to God's help and guidance, and yet she could talk eloquently about His over-ruling providence and fatherly care. Poor Josephine! If she had simply rested her soul on Him she would have left the old church with a lighter heart that day.

Little Walter accompanied Mr. Sorrell to the Sunday-school, and pleased the good old man by his interest in the lessons. Uncle Peter and the boy were fast becoming close friends, but Sybil, devoted to her mother alone, refused on Sunday afternoons to leave her side.

want to see—somebody who may, perhaps, make a great deal of mischief."

"Oh, was it the dark lady with Mrs. Hatherick?"

"Yes; she knew me in India, and did not like me; and when people don't like us, Sybil, they are often dreadfully hard on us."

"She can't be a nice person, mother, if she doesn't like you," said Sybil, with boundless faith in her idol.

"Oh, I don't know, darling. Every one does not, of course, worship me as you do; and sometimes we make enemies quite unconsciously. If I could only get away from this place, Sybil, and back to London, it would be better for us all."

"But we have got to stay here because we are poor," said the little girl with a sigh.

"Yes, dearest; and we must never let Uncle Peter think that we are not perfectly contented. My head aches, so I will not talk any more now; perhaps I may fall asleep."

And while her mother dozed, Sybil sat as still as a mouse, now intent on the pages of a Sunday story-book, and then looking out upon the cloudy fields and hedges tinged with melancholy gold. Her heart was full of unchildlike cares and anxieties. Little had Josephine realised the harm that she had done in making a *confidante* of Sybil; little did she guess that the child was staggering under the weight of burdens that were far too heavy for her years. In her constant perplexity and trouble the widow found relief in opening her heart to this faithful little companion, and never thought that Sybil was any the worse for sharing her secret griefs.

Sunday passed by; and although Monday afternoon was damp with drizzly rain, Josephine set out to pay a visit to the Hathericks and their guest.

"I am afraid you will get a wetting, my dear," said Mr. Sorrell, in kind concern. "Can't you put off the call till another day?"

"No, dear uncle. Miss Woodfall will only stay a short time at Chestnut Farm; and I don't wish her to feel herself neglected. She is just the kind of person to imagine a slight."

"Did you know her intimately in India?"

"Oh no; her father, Major Woodfall, died a year after she came out; and she had to return to England. She was not very well liked, poor thing; there was something unsociable about her, people said. But I always took her part."

"Well, my dear, you are right in showing her a little attention. But you mustn't walk to Chestnut Farm on a damp day like this; Keziah shall run to the railway station for the fly."

So the fly was sent for, and, with many thanks, Josephine and Sybil entered it together. Not only did this arrangement spare the widow an unpleasant walk; it would make, she thought, her visit seem of more importance, and Miss Woodfall would be flattered and pleased.

The ladies were at home. Mrs. Chafford was ushered into a drawing-room filled with handsome modern furniture, but it lacked the quaint elegance and refinement which characterised the rooms at Thorn Farm. Mrs. Hatherick, a rosy, plump little woman, with a cordial manner and a ready smile, was the very reverse of her grave guest. The warmth of her greeting made Miss Woodfall's coldness all the more apparent.

But that marked reserve only put Josephine on her mettle, and made her exert herself to the uttermost. She spoke and smiled with a graceful tact that very few could resist, and was altogether so interesting and agreeable that Mrs. Hatherick was completely fascinated; and even Miss Woodfall thawed a little before the visit was over.

"What a captivating woman she is!" said Mrs. Hatherick, when the widow and her little girl had departed. "And she very seldom goes out, Laura; her call was a particular attention to you."

"An attention I do not value much," replied Miss Woodfall, freezing again.

"My dear Laura, why not? I thought you were rather frigid."

"I know her better than you do, Emma. But we will not discuss her at present; I have letters to write."

"Dear Laura, I don't want to discuss her in the least! Go and write your letters, and say that you are not going home for weeks and weeks; we can't spare you yet. I hope it will be a fine day to-morrow; I want you to enjoy Thorn Farm."

"I should like to see more of the Winterburns; the younger sister is singularly charming," said Miss Woodfall, pausing on her way to the davenport.

"Everybody says so. But, do you know, Laura, she is Mrs. Chafford's most intimate friend?"

"Is she? I am very sorry to hear it; depend upon it she will repent the friendship before she is many years older."

"Oh, I hope not, Laura; you make me feel quite uncomfortable with your prognostications and prejudices," said little Mrs. Hatherick, with a faint touch of annoyance in her manner. "Thistledean is as peaceful as paradise itself."

"The serpent crept into paradise," responded Miss Woodfall grimly, as she dipped her pen into the ink.

Mrs. Hatherick left the room with a shudder, and went up to the nursery to divert her mind from unpleasant thoughts. Her baby, plump and rosy as herself, crowed away all remembrance of Miss Woodfall's words; and when she rejoined her cousin at the tea-table, the disagreeable hints about Mrs. Chafford seemed to be quite forgotten.

The next day was sunny and sweet as summer, although "the wan autumnal sun" had not dried the sodden leaves and moist ground. Still, the light was warm enough to bring out the rich tints of the old red brick house, and set its ivy-wreaths a-glittering; and seldom, perhaps, did Thorn Farm look more beautiful than in the wane of the year.

"What a lovely old place!" said Miss Woodfall, as they entered its open gate. "One feels instinctively that the Winterburns must be happy people."

"Happy and good," Mrs. Hatherick replied. "I don't think those dear girls have ever had any troubles; and I'm sure they don't deserve to have any! They are the kindest, truest women I ever met. Delia is not, perhaps, quite so taking as Prudence, but just as nice."

"They have never seen much of the world, I suppose?"

"Oh no. But they are clever and accomplished—Prudence especially. No doubt they would shine in society."

"And lose their brightness," added Miss Woodfall in an undertone.

The sisters received their guests cordially; yet Delia's welcome was not without a certain touch of old-world stateliness, while Prue's manner had the frank, easy grace of an unreserved nature; and it was to Prue that Miss Woodfall turned her attention. Seeing that her sister had attracted the stranger, Delia left them to improve the acquaintance, and delighted Mrs. Hatherick by asking questions about the baby.

It was not difficult to sustain a conversation with Prue. Hers was the useful and charming gift of investing common subjects with a quaint grace; everyday things were described in language that was never fine, but always a little unlike the ordinary babble of the day. Then too, her face was far pleasanter in animation than in repose; it was not until she talked that you realised the charm that lurked in her eyes and lips.

The visitors had been invited to stay to tea in the

good old country fashion; and Prue, really pleased that Miss Woodfall had fallen in love with the old house, conducted her to the schoolroom.

"Do you still keep up your studies?" Miss Woodfall asked, looking round at the well-filled bookshelves.

"Yes," Prue answered; "a little while ago I should have found time hang heavily upon my hands if I had not fallen into studious habits. But lately a friend of mine has made me think of other things. By the way you are an old acquaintance of Mrs. Chafford?"

"I knew her in India," said Miss Woodfall quietly.

"She is so good, and so very, very fascinating," continued Prue, "that her friendship is the greatest boon. Her coming has made my life seem richer and fuller than it ever was before. She lets me into the storehouse of her experience, and I find it filled with treasures. It is easy to see that she has made a right use of worldly wisdom."

There was a brief silence. While Prue was speaking, Laura Woodfall had gazed absently out of window at an old cherry-tree, now painted with rich yellow and red, and fast shedding its leaves. That western light, which always warmed the schoolroom at eventide, shone softly on Prue's sensitive face and grey eyes; and Laura's glance came back to her earnestly and sadly.

"I suppose you will not take a warning, Miss Winterburn," she said, with a sigh.

"A warning!" Prue echoed, with a puzzled look.

"Yes; a warning against Mrs. Chafford. She is not the person that she seems to you. In India she was gay, vain, and deliberately false; and she broke her husband's heart. Believe me, she will bring you trouble if you let her life mingle with yours. I have known her bitterly cruel and untrue to the women she has called her friends."

There was another pause. Laura Woodfall had not counted on a second hearer, but a glance towards the doorway convinced her that Delia had heard all. She had come to summon the loiterers to tea, and had entered the room just as Laura had begun her little speech. Reserved and self-controlled as Delia habitually was, her face at that moment expressed strong feeling—alarm and anxiety were evidently written there.

"I have listened patiently, Miss Woodfall," said Prue, with quiet haughtiness; "but now that you have finished, I must request that you will never mention my friend to me again. You have misjudged her, and wounded me."

Miss Woodfall sighed again, but was silent. And then Delia, stepping forward with rather a constrained manner, announced that tea was ready.

In gloomy silence the pair followed her to the dining-room, where Mrs. Hatherick was engaged in a lively chat with Mr. Winterburn and his son. And if it had not been for the little woman's cheerful humour, the meal would have been dismal to the last degree.

An angry red spot burnt on Prue's pale cheek, and her soft eyes were unnaturally bright. It was only by a mighty effort that she succeeded in preserving an everyday manner, and occasionally joined in the conversation. Miss Woodfall scarcely spoke, and seemed depressed; Delia, striving to be at ease, was not quite like herself, and suffered under a consciousness of unreality.

At last the Hathericks' wagonette came up to the door, and the two visitors departed. When goodbyes had been exchanged, and the wheels had rolled away, Delia looked round for her sister, but Prue had vanished.

BY THE CROSS.*

"By the cross of Jesus."—*John* xix. 25.

IT was high noon in Judæa. The holy city was bathed in the sunlight. Its eager population had that day been convulsed since early dawn, and their tired passions were lulled in temporary repose.

That morning's sun had shone upon the mock trial of our Divine Lord and Master. His reckless condemnation had followed. For three hours the Son of God had hung upon a naked cross, going from faint to faint, his quivering limbs stretched on the fatal wood. The iniquities of a world hung on his soul; the agonies of crucifixion racked his body; and the shadow of death hovered over his eyes. The Saviour of the world had accomplished his wondrous mission. His atoning death was the crowning act of his life. Nature was in sympathy with her Lord; the bright sun eclipsed, the noonday shrouded in night, the heavens draped in sackcloth. Even a world *pauses* while the Son of God expires. Angels, unseen by human eyes, environed their King, and reverently gazed on the deep mystery of his sufferings and death. Yet in all that world for which He died, not one Apostle, not one hero, not one man, had been found near Him at this extremity. "*They* all forsook Him and fled." At that moment, when to own the Nazarene was to court death; at that moment, when Christianity seemed to be expiring with its Founder; at that moment when a disciple so quailed before a maid as to deny his Divine Master with oaths and curses; at that moment, found courageous where all else were cowards, faithful where all else were faithless and fled, "there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." It is reserved for woman alone to be true to Him to the last, and true to her nature. Wherever suffering is found in this suffering world, you shall find her. Woman has brightened the gloom of the prison, like an Elizabeth Fry. Woman has followed the skirts of the battlefield, like a Florence Nightingale, amid torn standards and broken swords, stooping down to staunch the blood of the wounded, and to moisten the lips of the dying. Woman has stood, like a ministering angel, over the bed of pain and suffering in the wards of every hospital, and in the homes of poverty and squalor. And, when Christ was dying, woman stood by the Cross. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

To day, at the inviting voice of our own Church, we would all take our reverent station "by the Cross." Men, women, and our children, we would on this great festival of Atonement stand "by the Cross."

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* Preached on Good Friday last, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Fleming.

Every sin, every sorrow, every care, every work, every word, every wish, we would bring to the Cross to-day. And our every prayer we breathe "by the Cross": for Him who died on it, "Thy Kingdom come," that He may "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." And each soul for itself, "Lord, remember *me* when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom"; taking our place, the best of us with the worst. For there is one way of salvation for king and beggar, for purple and rags, for clown and scholar, for the purest and the vilest. And our prayer, too, shall be offered "by the Cross" for those who will not come to it to-day; for every absent one who is still "afar off;" for every sick one who cannot come; for every mourner in the hour of sorrow, that they may be comforted; for every thoughtless, Christless friend; for the sceptic who *cannot* believe, for the infidel who *will* not believe; for every son of infamy, for every daughter of shame—that "by the Cross" all may be drawn, won, convinced, rescued, redeemed. And who shall say this is too large a prayer to breathe "by the Cross," when Jesus himself has said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me"? Lord! Thou art lifted up to-day among us, "evidently crucified." Draw us all "by the Cross," and hear the cry of our Litany made unto Thee—"By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy Cross and passion—Good Lord, deliver us."

But why do we gather round *this* Cross. Is not ours a world of crosses? Why by *the* Cross? The emphasis of this one monosyllable is the key to the event which the whole Christian Church commemorates to-day. It is this which elevates that one rugged cross above all other crosses the world has ever seen. This is not the death of a man only, nor of a martyr only, nor the death of an angel—it is the death of the sinless God-man, Christ. Short of this his Cross is no more than any other cross to me.

Do you tell me Christ died to furnish an example to his followers how to die? But every man must die alone. And to tell me, a sinner, to die like Christ, is only to set before me the impossible. Rather put upon me any task less hopeless than that. Tell me to rival the genius of a philosopher, and with his intuitive insight, which I do not possess, to master the secrets of nature and human life. Tell me to rival the pencil of a Rubens, or the chisel of a Phidias, and with their skill, which I have not, make the canvas live and the marble breathe. Tell me to rival the song of the poet, and with his music, which I never knew, to pour out the melody of his winged imagination. I will try to toil after the swift-paced philosopher; I will try to follow the painter and sculptor; I will try to soar to the level of poetic ecstasy; but do not tell me, the sinful, to die as the Sinless, for that is, in the very nature of things, impossible. If example only was the end of Christ's dying, then it was not accomplished. Nay, I would rather, then, go to the death-bed of some saint to find an example I could follow. I would rather stand by the aged martyr Polycarp, who said, "Eighty-six years I have served the Lord, and shall I deny Him now? Bind me to the stake." I would rather look upon the Scottish maiden, who, as the tide is rising, sings hymns of holy cheer, till they are hushed in the ocean, to be finished amid angel-harps upon the "sea of glass."

If Christ is to be my truest Example, it must be by his ministering life—for an example is something I can copy—then let me gaze upon his character, and look upon his life. Let me see Him as the boy going up to the Temple, amid the doctors of the law, puzzling them by his questions, and astonishing them by his answers; as the Man standing for baptism in the Jordan, the Dove from heaven descending on Him, and the voice from on high proclaiming Him "the beloved Son of God"; in his miracles of mercy, when He broke the five loaves into provisions for five thousand; when He arrests the tempest in the mid lake of Galilee, and bids it die before the breath of his will; when He opens the blind eyes, unstops the deaf ears, cleanses the leprous limbs, raises the very dead to life. Bid me follow Christ in imitating the boundless activities of his meridian life.

Why, then, did Christ die? How this question grows in interest. It is the answer to it that makes *the* Cross. Blessed be God, the Gospel furnishes a final and satisfactory answer to the question.

He died that by dying He might make an atonement for human sin, and furnish a ground of justification to the penitent by which he may be justified before God as if he had never sinned.

You know all the figures and images by which Holy Scripture sets this fact before us, that "his body was broken for the life of the world," that "his blood was shed for the remission of sins," that "he died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God," that by his blood we are cleansed from all sin.

Do you say you cannot understand this "great mystery of godliness"? Of course you cannot. If you and I could understand it, then it would be a human scheme, not a Divine one. How many facts do we accept that we cannot understand? Who has traced life to its origin? How does it commence? Who has analysed his own spirit—that which thinks, lives, loves, plans, and dares? There is mystery everywhere. But there is no other explanation of the death of Christ than this, that He died to make an atonement for sin. It is this which makes his cross *the* Cross. It is this which causes all the Evangelists to record his death minutely. They do not all record the song of angels, nor the visit of the wise men, nor the interview with the doctors in the Temple, nor the walking on the water; nor do they all record the Transfiguration on the Mount, or the raising of Lazarus from the dead, but they all describe with the utmost minuteness of description the death of Christ, because that was the most essential and supremest part of his work on earth, to which everything else was tributary. And therefore it is that the Church everywhere celebrates that transcendent event with joy and gratitude, and that we are found with reverent homage and holy worship "by the Cross."

The Cross of Christ is the great fact of human history. It shall yet overshadow all other facts in the world. It shall survive them all. It shall be an object of love and wonder when they are all forgotten. Human history shall run its course, and be folded up. There shall be no vestiges of kingdom, state, or throne; only the Cross shall remain.

But when we speak of the Cross we mean Him

who died on it, in his great redemptive work, who took away the sin of the world, who solved the mystery of forgiveness, who "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." It is Christ's redeeming work, associated with the Cross that shall for ever perpetuate the memory of our world. A day is coming when this globe shall be lost in the myriad planets of God's universe. But Christ was born here. Christ lived here. Christ died on a cross here, and by his death did a work which took hold on all the future, and shall fill Eternity. That is poor earth's monument. That great deed, that atoning sacrifice, shall snatch it from oblivion, and make it evermore dear in the coming ages of eternity.

The world has its history, in which stand prominent the names of its great men, men of renown, but the dead past shall one day bury them with its other dead. They have a mystic hold upon us now, but this spell shall be broken. The inspired poet shall fold his pinion, the tired statesman shall fall asleep, the teeming brain shall be stilled, for all that is human must step out of the temporal into the eternal. But the Church, whose estimate of greatness differs from that of the world, holds in her heart one name that can never be lost—Jesus—and points the world to one spot on earth that can never lose its interest. It is Calvary! It is *the* Cross! That not only hallows Palestine, but embalms the world.

There comes a day when all the spots of earth which are now the Meccas of our hearts shall be disenchanted, and when the whole world shall be commonplace, save as concentrated by the one great fact of redemption by the Cross.

Christ alone did the work which concerns every being in the universe; the work which never recedes, never decays, never grows old, never becomes a thing of the past, but which shall excite new wonder, give birth to new love, and call forth new notes of praise, while ages on ages shall roll away. That wondrous humiliation, that incomparable sacrifice, that brotherliness of heart with us in our sorrow, and that kinship of soul with us even in our guilt, by which Jesus Christ obtained eternal redemption for us, "by his own blood," that alone shall stand. When the last temporal king has vanished from earth, and the last saintly woman that ministered by the Cross shall be no more remembered, the song shall go up in sweeter cadences and louder acclaim—"Worthy is the Lamb."

Other empires shall cease for ever—but "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his government there shall be no end." There is but one interest in the universe that can be eternal. It is the great work of love, whose symbol is the Cross, and which is for ever linked with the sacred story of Calvary. Love in the form of sacrifice, stooping down, humbling itself unto death, even the death of the Cross, going after the lost, working out redemption from guilt, triumphing over the dark fact of sin. This is the everlasting kingdom of love, beginning in the Father's heart, beating in the Son's soul, culminating in the Saviour's death, girdling the world with salvation, and striking the last note of the angel-anthem, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will towards men."

Brethren, we stand to-day with the holy women "by the Cross." Let us pray that we may not leave it behind when we return to a busy world. Men may live without it, but they cannot die without it. When the time of our change comes, then the Cross is our only hope.

When the shadows of death are dimming our eyes, when the nearest and dearest on earth cannot detain us, when the pomp and pageant of earth sickens rather than soothes, when "the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern"—when our hold on earth is giving way, and the world is slipping from beneath our feet,—then what a glorious thing that we can cast ourselves upon a great beating heart, whose mighty love saved us, and whose sustaining power shall thaw the chill of death, and warm us into eternal life.

"HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATH."

"I CANNOT find the book I want," said a Christian worker, about to visit a man dangerously ill. "I'm so sorry, because I know it's exactly the right thing to leave with him; but I must not spend any more time looking for it."

"Suppose you take that book of readings for a sick-room, which poor Mr. A—— liked so much," rejoined his wife; "here it is."

"I'm afraid it's not the right sort. You see, Mr. A—— was a *Christian* sufferer. However, I will take it for want of a better," and the missionary started to see a publican, who had consented at last, at the entreaty of a friend, who thought the sick man's end was very near, to admit this Christian visitor.

"I'm so sorry, sir," said the wife, who answered his knock at the door; "he's had a bad night, and isn't able to see a stranger this morning. Could you call again this evening, about eight?"

"Yes, certainly. Will you be so kind as to give him this little book from me? He might like to read a few words of it himself, or, if he is not able, perhaps you could read to him a little?"

All across London the missionary, whose work was specially among publicans, had come to pay that visit; but he cheerfully repeated the journey in the evening. This time the wife received him with bright eager welcome.

"Please, sir, come upstairs directly; he's been watching for you. The gentleman that's written your name and his name in that book you left this morning was the clergyman of C——, where my husband came from, and he's longing to have a talk with you about him, and to know if you were ever at C——."

And that first cordial meeting in the publican's sick-room, which ended in Scripture-reading and prayer, was the first of many. For three months the missionary visited the invalid daily, and had the joy of seeing him not only recover bodily health, but "enter into life" through a living faith in the Son of God.

We record this incident because, as the good missionary told it to us, we thought it a very striking fulfilment of the promise, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." As we heard it was by his being led to take what seemed to him the wrong book, and

simply by the inscription on the fly-leaf of the book, that he thus prospered in his way, we were reminded how He alone can thus guide His servants who sees the end from the beginning; and so we may trust Him to lead us by a right way, though often it be by a way we know not.

A. J. T.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 18.

THE PEOPLE FORGIVEN. EXODUS XXXIII. 12-23.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM CXXX. 4.—'*But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.*'

CONNECTION.—The preceding lesson closed with 'judgment'; the present tells how 'mercy' followed, Psa. ci. 1. The people are bowed in penitence and shame, see vers. 4, 6, of this chapter.

They put off their ornaments by the mount Horeb—rather '*from* mount Horeb' onwards throughout their journey; wearing them no more, in sign of perpetual penitence. Moses has erected a tent, or **tabernacle, without the camp** (a sign of God's alienation from Israel)—called the **tabernacle of the congregation**, or 'of meeting'—a temporary structure until the Tabernacle itself should be prepared, of which the pattern had been 'showed to him in the mount' (ch. xxv. 40). Here the leader of Israel holds communion with God.

I. THE PLEADING OF MOSES.—*Read vers.* 12, 13. The prayer breathes a deep longing, expressed with holy boldness. **Moses** speaks at first as one to whom a task has been entrusted almost too heavy to be borne. **Bring up this people.** *But how can I? If they are weak or rebellious, and Thou art angry, what am I to do?* **Thou hast not let me know whom Thou wilt send with me.** God had promised to send an *angel* (ver. 1), but—it is as if Moses would reverently say—this would not be enough. The angel (ver. 2) would be some great and mighty being who could drive out the foes of Israel; but what of their own sins? Canaanites, Amorites, and the rest, would be easier to overcome than the rebelliousness of the people themselves. It was not *an Angel before them*, but *God in the midst of them* that Israel needed. Moses pleads for this, employing as an argument God's promises to himself: **I know thee by name**, etc., referring, perhaps, to xxxii. 10, 'I will make of thee a great nation.' See also iii. 4, where God calls him twice by name, and ver. 12, 'Certainly I will be with thee' (compare Isa. xliii. 1; xlix. 1; John x. 27). See *Christian Year*, St. Thomas's day, last verse and note. If, then, Moses would say, I am regarded by Thee with this special favour, **shew me now Thy way**: let me know more clearly and fully what Thy purpose is. REVEAL THYSELF; that I may know Thee—not for my own sake, but for the sake of **this nation.** Let grace to me be grace to them: Thou hast called the nation *mine*, ch. xxxii. 7—whom *I* have brought up out of the land of Egypt, xxxiii. 1—but *Thou* didst bring them up; xxxii. 11; and **consider that it is Thy people**—Thine, not mine! Compare Joel ii. 17; Rom. xi. 28, 29. The length and urgency of this pleading is shown in Deut. ix. 18, 25, 29. It was a sublime example of *unselfish* prayer. Compare ch. xxxii. 32.

II. THE PLEADING SUCCESSFUL.—*Read vers.* 14-17. For forty days this pleading has continued. Day after day, the people, standing at their tent doors, have seen their leader go and return in his agony of intercession. Joshua remains in the tabernacle all the time. No other thought or business or care can have place in the camp until this great matter is settled. Jehovah waits, not because unwilling to be gracious, but because He will have the people filled yet more and more with sacred longing, and possessed by the thought of the greatness of the blessing sought. At last it is granted: **My presence shall go with thee** through the journey; **and I will give thee rest** in Canaan. (For the word *rest*, see Deut. iii. 20; Joshua i. 13, 15; xxii. 4.) The promise, spoken to Moses, is for the people. Does Moses after this repeat the prayer, as though, at first, he could not grasp the full import of the promise? It would seem so.* *Yea, Lord*, he seems to answer, *let it be so, and, oh, assure me again that it is not for myself alone, but for me* **and Thy people**: *and let it be manifest that* **Thou goest with us**—with *us*—not *me* alone. He repeats the phrase, **I and Thy people**, as though to make assurance doubly sure; anxious also that the fact should be **known here**, among the heathen, and everywhere, as the great distinction of Israel from **all the people that are upon the face of the earth.** This blessing also is granted, in its fulness, in answer to the prayer of Moses: **I know thee by name.**

> So we have the type of a greater Intercessor, and a more prevailing Name. Apply here the Golden Text. Still **there is forgiveness with God**, obtained through our great Advocate (1 John ii. 1) **that He may be feared**, held in reverence. Awful was the heart-searching suspense with which Israel waited through the forty days of that great intercession, and very solemn and humble must have been the feelings with which they received at last the glad tidings of reconciliation. So the Divine pardon, through Christ, comes to us in a manner which shows us the awfulness of sin, and makes us reverent while we adore, Jer. xxxiii. 9. In this fear is the principle of all holy service, 2 Tim. ii. 19; Heb. xii. 28.

III. PRAYER TO BEHOLD GOD'S GLORY.—*Read vers.* 18-23. Moses, having obtained all he had ventured to ask on behalf of Israel, now offers for himself a yet greater prayer—the boldest petition surely ever offered by a saint of God. **I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory**, Thyself as Thou art. Encouraged by the grace with which Jehovah draws near to His people, Moses would pierce the yet remaining veil, and no longer amid clouds and thick darkness as on Sinai, or here in the tabernacle where God spoke from the mysterious 'pillar' although 'face to face' (ver. ii.), but as in the light of heaven itself, would look on God. It was the cry of the longing soul, brought so near to Infinite love as to desire a perfect revelation; like the prayer of Philip to Christ in the 'upper room,' *Lord shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us!* This prayer of Moses, too, is answered, but not in his own way. For *glory*, God promises a revelation of **goodness**—suggesting the deep truth that His glory *is* His goodness. GOD IS LOVE (1 John iv. 8, 16). This is His **Name**, which He Himself promises to **proclaim** to Moses. And with goodness there is the assertion of sovereignty (Rom. ix. 15), reminding us that in the just and holy Will of God all our hopes for grace and mercy must lie.

But even thus we cannot know God as He is. Such is the contrast between His **Face**, and His **back parts**, or the *skirts*, the train of His glorious majesty. **There shall no man see me and live.** Comp. Judges xiii. 22. For 'no

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* Ewald, however, gives a different turn to the passage; making ver. 14 a question. 'Must *My* presence go with thee? Wilt thou be satisfied with nothing short of this?' Ver. 14 thus becomes the reply of Moses. But the explanation we have given above seems preferable.

man hath seen God at any time,' John i. 18. He is the 'King eternal, immortal, *invisible*,' 1 Tim. i. 17; vi. 16. The revelation of His glory in a vision overwhelms the prophet with dread, Isa. vi. 5. Comp. Job xlii. 5, 6. Such knowledge is reserved for the revelations of the future world, Psa. xvii. 15; 1 Cor. xiii. 12; 1 John iii. 2; Rev. xxii. 4.

The subject is one which may profitably be pursued still farther. What is meant by the statement regarding Moses and the elders that 'they saw Jehovah, the God of Israel,' ch. xxiv. 9–11? In reply we turn to Deut. iv. 12, 15; 'ye heard, but *saw no similitude*.' There was an intense sense of His presence, a revelation to the 'inward eye,' a vision of the soul, accompanied with such symbols as the glorious, unclouded 'sapphire' heavens on that mountain height could show. So when our Lord declares, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' Matt. v. 6, He refers to this 'vision and faculty divine,' in a yet higher, more spiritual sense. There shall to the pure be a sense of His presence, a knowledge of His character, a sympathetic response to His perfect love. But the great answer to the petition of Moses and the appeal of Philip is in the revelation of GOD IN CHRIST, John i. 18. 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father,' John xiv. 9. He is the 'image of the invisible God,' Col. i. 15; Heb. i. 3.

The circumstances amid which the prayer of Moses was partially granted, were of great significance, **A place by me... a clift of the rock**, on Mount Sinai itself, ch. xxxiv. 2, 6. [In the same locality, perhaps in the same rocky cleft, Elijah afterwards stood before Jehovah, while the wind and the earthquake and the fire heralded the coming of Him whose true presence was in the still small voice, 1 Kings xix. 12.] It was the mountain of the Law, consecrated as it were to the announcement of Eternal justice, with judgment upon the transgressor. Yet here the revelation of goodness is made, and God declares Himself, to His appointed lawgiver, 'merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth,' ch. xxxiv. 6. Thus does the voice of mercy begin to sound from Sinai itself, in anticipation of Calvary. On Sinai 'the skirts,' the passing, vanishing revelation of that glory alone appear; on Calvary it shines with abiding splendour: 'God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give THE LIGHT OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE GLORY OF GOD, IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.'

QUESTIONS.

1. How are we to understand the appeal of Moses in ch. xxxii. 32—If Thou wilt not forgive, 'blot me out of the book which thou hast written'?

2. Are we to distinguish between the 'angel' spoken of, xxxiii. 2, and the Angel of Jehovah's presence, Isa. lxiii. 9, etc.?

3. In what respects does the mediatorship of Moses prefigure that of Christ? Where does the analogy fail?

4. What circumstances attended the renewal of the broken covenant on Mount Sinai? How did the reappearance of Moses on the second occasion contrast with that on the first?

5. Give New Testament passages that speak of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXX.—p. 528.—SKY AND SEA.—Job xxxvii. 18; Psa. xcv. 5.

1. S-abbath-*s*	Ex. xxxi. 13.
2. K-in-*e*	Gen. xli. 2.
3. Y-e-*a*	Gen. iii. 1.

Pages for the Young.

THOUGHTFUL JOE.

ONE day, a mother, who had a very young baby on her knee, called to her elder child, a boy under three years old, "Klein, dear, reach mamma that footstool."

"Klein," or "little one," was the child's pet name. He was sitting at the moment with his lap full of toys, and not wishing to be disturbed in his game, he looked rather cross, and answered "No."

His mother gave him a sorrowful glance, and said, "Thoughtful Joe would have fetched *his* mamma a footstool at once."

Klein coloured, hesitated a moment, as if thinking, and then started up, scattering the toys in all directions, and fetched the footstool, which he placed under his mother's feet. Then lifting his rosy lips, he received the forgiving kiss he mutely sought.

The reference to "Thoughtful Joe" had done its work, and rendered rebuke needless; but this requires a brief explanation.

A picture story-book, entitled "Thoughtful Joe," was published, a few months back, by the Religious Tract Society. It is written by Ruth Lamb, a well-known author of charming stories for little folks, and the illustrations, by Robert Barnes, are remarkable for their artistic beauty and truth to nature.

A copy of this book had been given to Klein, and his mother had read the story to him again and again. Though unable to read for himself, the dear little fellow could soon tell the story of each picture, and he talked a great deal about the young hero. Hence the allusion to "Thoughtful Joe," which proved more effectual than a rebuke for disobedience.

Let other mothers get this pleasant story-book, and its influence will be wholesome in forming the character of their children. A few extracts from "Thoughtful Joe" will show its tone and purpose.

"HELPING THE HELPLESS.

NOTHER day comes. Two of the schoolboys are chasing something round the playground, and Joe runs to find out what it is. It must be a very small creature, for he looks about but cannot see it.

"'What are you running after?' he asks.

"'A mouse! a mouse!' and 'How fast it can run!' they cry; and Joe catches sight of the little brown thing, at which they have just thrown a stone. If the stone had hit it, the mouse must have been killed; but it just missed, and Joe is the only one who now sees the mouse. It has run behind a lump of earth, and lies quite still between it and the wall. Joe stoops very quickly, and catches the little creature in his hand.

"'Put it down, Joe, and let us hunt it again,' say the boys. 'Mice do harm, and ought to be killed.'

"'If it were in a house, and spoiling food, you might say that, but here it does no harm to anything. It is cruel of you to torture it. See, its heart goes thump, so that its sides pant, and it is afraid to stir. Besides, I do not think it is brave for you two big boys to be after one little tiny mouse not so big as my hand.'

"Joe thrusts his hand under his jacket, with the trembling mouse held gently in it. Perhaps if some other boy had tried

to save it, the rest would have taken it away from him. But Joe, Thoughtful Joe, was always so kind to all that they would not grieve him. So they only called him a queer fellow, and said, 'To think he should want a mouse! Shall you take it for old Jowler to eat, Joe, or give it to your cat?'

"'No,' says Joe, 'I shall carry it a little way off, and then let it go. It will find its nest again, and do no harm in the field.'

"'But to think of caring for a mouse! What makes you wish to save such a little thing?'

"'Because God made it,' says Joe in a very gentle voice. He will not name God's holy name in a rough and careless way, for he has been taught that it must not be taken in vain. So he says, 'God made it,' in a low, solemn voice, as if he tried to think how far above him is that great and holy God, who made the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is.

"And the boys feel it too. They make way for Joe to pass without saying another word. He crosses the field, and when far enough from any house, he lets the trembling mouse go free. Then he turns back to the playground, and joins the other boys in a gentler and less cruel game than that of hunting a poor mouse to death.

"But Joe has one more kind thought for a dumb creature. He has seen something in the last field, and after school he says to his friend Jack:

"'Go a little way with me; I want to fetch a plant out of that field.'

"Jack is willing, so Joe and he walk until they find what Joe wants. It is some nice groundsel, such as the birds all love to peck. Joe pulls it up by the root, and turns to go home again.

"'I never knew you had a bird. Where do you keep it?' asks Jack.

"'I have no bird; but there is one at the next house to ours. The woman that lives there has no time to fetch fresh green stuff for her bird, though she feeds him well with fine dry seed. But I know Dick likes groundsel, root and all; so I often take him a bit as I pass the house on my way from school. I think the bird is getting to know me, for he jumps down to his lowest perch, and takes the groundsel, as I hold it for him to peck at.'

"'Why did you not get the groundsel when you were in the field before, instead of going twice to the same place?' asks Jack.

"'It would not have been so fresh if I had pulled it then. If I bring it at all, I will let Dick have it quite green, and as good as I can get it for him.'

"In such ways as these Thoughtful Joe cares for all the creatures that God has made, and will not be unkind to them in the smallest thing. He thinks, 'God made them as well as me; and if they were not too small for Him to care for, I should be glad that I *may* care for His creatures in my little way, and do them all the good I can, for His sake. He loved me so that He gave His dear Son, Jesus Christ, to die for me.'"

"KIND THOUGHT FOR THE AGED.

"THOUGHTFUL Joe is on the way to take his father's dinner. His father is hard at work in the wood, and as Joe walks quickly on, he hears the sound of the axe as it strikes the tree that has to be cut down.

"There is a very poor cottage in the lane on the way to the wood, and in it an old woman has come to live. Joe has seen that her hair is white, and that she bends very much as she walks slowly along. He does not know her, but he has heard some one say that Old Sally is so poor that nobody knows how she gets food and fire; and it is hard for her to bear, because she once had a nice home and good friends. He has seen her by the roadside picking up bits of stick, and seeming as though it hurt her to stoop so low.

"On his way home after his father's dinner is done, Joe comes to a place on the road where there are plenty of dry sticks lying about. So he puts a string on the ground, and then he runs and picks up the sticks as fast as he can, and when he has enough he ties them up. He looks glad that there is a nice large bundle, though it is heavy to carry, and he has to stop more than once on the way to rest and take breath.

"What is Joe going to do with his bundle of sticks? His mother does not want them, for there is a large pile in the wood-yard at home which his father has brought with him, a bundle at a time. And Joe is not going to make a fire with them himself, so what can they be for?

"He walks on again with the sticks on his back, until he comes to the poor cottage in the lane where Old Sally lives. He places them on the ground by the door, and stops a moment to wipe his face.

"Though it is not a warm day, he has made himself very hot by walking quickly with such a heavy load.

"Next he raps gently at the cottage door.

"Joe waits a little while, but no one opens the door, so at last he raps again, though still gently, as if he were going to ask for something, and was almost afraid. But he is not at the door to beg. The old woman has heard his second rap and comes to open the door. When she sees it is a boy, she is going to shut it again, for some boys are rude and rough to her, because she is old and poor.

"Then Joe takes off his cap, and says, 'Please, ma'am, do you want a few sticks, for if you do I have some at the door?'

"While he speaks, he can see that there is a very little fire in the grate, and Old Sally has a ragged woollen shawl wrapped round her to keep her from the cold.

"She says, 'Thank you, my good boy, I should be glad to have some sticks, but I have no money to buy them with, so you must take them somewhere else.'

"'I do not want any money, ma'am,' says Joe, 'and we have plenty of sticks at home without this small bundle which I picked for you as I came through the wood, after taking father's dinner. I saw you getting sticks one day, and I thought you were not strong; and if I could bring you a few sometimes I could save you from being tired, or from going out in the cold.'

"'Well, you *are* a thoughtful boy!' cried Old Sally, 'Many boys and girls forget that they may one day be old and poor, and need the help of kind hands. But you are not one of these. You bring me the very things I wanted, of your own good will, without being asked, or looking for pay.'

"Joe looks as glad as though he had just got a present, and, lifting the bundle of sticks, he follows Old Sally into her house. He looses the string, and packs the sticks into the little coal-hole, and then turns to go. Sally stops him by laying her trembling hand upon his head. 'I have nothing to give you, dear boy,' she says, 'but God will reward you for your goodness to a poor old woman. He has said that even a cup of water given in His name shall not go unblest to the giver. I shall pray to Him to bless you, and grant that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.'

"Of all the thanks Joe has ever had for being kind and thoughtful, none ever seemed so sweet in his ears as these words. His pale face turns red with joy, and he says, 'Thank you for saying you will ask God to bless me. I do want to grow up a good man. I shall bring you more sticks yet; but now I must run, or I shall be late for school.'

"He does not forget his promise, but each day, as he passes through the wood, he brings a few, and keeps a cheerful fire for Old Sally in the cold, short days of winter. He cannot give much; but he is a cheerful giver, and he has told one or two people about poor Sally, and they have done what he could not do for her by himself. They have sent her clothes and food, so that she is no longer hungry or cold; and she thanks God that she ever knew Thoughtful Joe.

"'Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.'"

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

DELIA RECOGNISES MISS WOODFALL.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER VII.

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

FAILING to find her sister downstairs, Delia went up and knocked at the closed door of Prue's room. For a moment or two there was no answer, but at the second knock the door opened, and Prue's face, flushed and agitated, appeared.

"What do you want, Delia? Are they gone?" she asked.

"Yes, they are gone. I only wished to tell you, dear, how sorry I am that you have been annoyed," replied Delia, entering the room.

"Oh, you heard all, then?" Prue said in a voice that fairly trembled with indignation.

"Yes; I could not help hearing. You know I came to the door while Miss Woodfall was speaking."

"Was there ever anything so spiteful and ill-bred, Delia? She knew quite well that Josephine was my intimate friend, and yet she could not control her desire to backbite."

"It was ill-judged, Prue, of course. And yet Miss Woodfall did not seem to me a mere scandal-monger."

"She ought to be tried for slander! But, after all, it is best to let such defamers alone; even in Arthur's Court there was a Vivien. And 'the white flower of a blameless' life can silently refute all falsehood by its purity."

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Delia was silent and troubled. Dusk was deepening into night, and a solitary candle on the toilet-table threw only a feeble light across the spacious old chamber. As Delia looked around her at the familiar objects, now but dimly seen, she thought of her sister's peaceful slumbers and happy wakings in this room; and her soul was darkened by a presentiment of evil. Already she seemed to foresee a time when the night would be broken, and the morning sad with heart-heaviness. And yet—was it well to yield to the influence of these vague forebodings?

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" she said to herself, and then added aloud—

"I am feeling morbid this evening, Prue; I think the spirit that 'haunts the year's last hours' has been walking by my side. Let us come downstairs into the warmth of fire and lamplight."

"I should like better to stay here," Prue answered, almost pettishly. "That woman has made me quite miserable with her falsehoods."

"But why should you punish us for Miss Woodfall's offence? The father and Giles will be dull without you, and I shall sit down to my work in a dismal mood. Be bright and happy for our sakes, dear Prue."

Delia's gentle pleading was accompanied by a kiss; and Prue yielded out of very shame. But the elder girl knew, only too well, that a little cloud was rising between her sister and herself; a cloud that might thicken and spread until it hid Prue's inmost self from her loving eyes.

Next morning brought a message from one of Mr. Winterburn's oldest pensioners; a woman of fourscore, whose husband had worked for years on Thorn Farm, and lost his life through trying to extinguish a blazing hay-rick. Poor old Becky Todd was fast going to join her goodman, and had sent a little grandson to beg that Miss Delia or Miss Prudence would look in upon her that day.

"I will go this morning," said Delia. "You have letters to write, Prue; so I will leave you at home."

There was a look of relief in Prue's eyes. Last night's agitation had not yet quite subsided, and she was hardly tranquil enough to visit a dying woman.

With only Bevis for a companion, Delia set out through the miry autumn lanes, now strewn from beginning to end with sere leaves. The air was close and heavy with the scent of rotting foliage, and sunbeams struggled faintly through the mist; even the hound seemed to feel the languor of the day, and followed his mistress at a slow pace.

At length the moss-grown thatch of Dame Todd's cottage was visible through the half-stripped boughs of oak and beech, and a few steps more brought Delia close to the low garden-fence.

Mrs. Todd had always prided herself on her dahlias, and there they stood in all their velvet pride, yellow and scarlet, and dark crimson, rearing their stately heads above the bare stalks and withered plants around them. A lady was standing beside the little paling, looking at the flowers, but it was not until she turned her head that Delia recognised her as Miss Woodfall.

The sight of Mrs. Hatherick's guest was not pleasant to Delia at that moment. Her thoughts were still busy with Prue and her disquietude, and this stranger had been the cause of it all. She had entered their happy family circle just to break up its peace: and Delia met her with a faint smile and a chill greeting.

"Good-morning," said Miss Woodfall, coming eagerly forward. "I am taking my farewell of your pretty village, Miss Winterburn, for I am going home to-morrow."

"So soon?" responded Delia, much relieved.

"Yes, my brother is taken ill, and has sent for me. His letter came this morning."

"Mrs. Hatherick will be sorry to lose you."

"She is vexed; but it cannot be helped. My brother is a confirmed invalid, and I am his head-nurse. I should have enjoyed a longer stay with Emma, but I was not unprepared for a hasty summons. How is your sister?"

"Not quite so bright as usual; I left her with a headache."

"I fear I am to be blamed for that headache. Last night I yielded to an impulse, and told her some unpleasant truths about her friend Mrs. Chafford. I am sorry to have given her pain; and yet, Miss Winterburn, it was because I liked her so well that I spoke."

Delia looked up, met the steady gaze of the keen brown eyes, and thought within herself that Miss Woodfall had not the face of a slanderer or a deceiver.

"Mrs. Chafford is a new-comer," she said after a pause; "but we have known Mr. Sorrell for years, and he was anxious that we should be intimate with his niece. I have never seen my sister so much attached to any one before."

"There is a certain power of attraction in Mrs. Chafford," Laura Woodfall replied; "and she is the most accomplished social actress I have ever known. Sometimes, when I have watched and listened to her, I have been almost taken in; and yet I knew, all the while, that she was merely playing her part. She was wonderful at giving good reasons for everything that she did, and making people believe that she was acting for every one's happiness but her own."

"It is very sad," sighed Delia. "Her uncle believes in her, I am sure."

"Of course he does. The best persons are often the most easily deceived. But, Miss Winterburn, you must guard your sister as much as possible. Do not let her warm feelings hurry her into making sacrifices for Mrs. Chafford."

"What sacrifices?" Delia asked anxiously.

Miss Woodfall hesitated.

"I am saying serious things," she said at last. "There are some women who seem to be born with predatory instincts; they prey on all those who are caught in their net. Mrs. Chafford's money matters were always in disorder, and her wants were far beyond her means. It is a bitter truth that she made an unfair use of her friends, and accepted sacrifices which never ought to have been made."

"Oh, how shocked Mr. Sorrell would be if he knew this!" cried Delia, astonished and distressed.

"He will not know it; it is only for your sister's sake that I am telling you this wretched tale," Miss Woodfall answered sadly, yet firmly. "My father was poor Mr. Chafford's dear friend; his helper in all schemes for good, and his adviser in perplexity. When I arrived in India the first lady who made warm advances to me was Josephine Chafford."

"And you repulsed her?"

"Not at first. I might have been captivated if my father had not warned me; naturally he did not desire the intimacy. And then other things came out, things which I will not speak of, but which must have agonised Mr. Chafford. Then my dear father died; and soon after my return to England I heard that Mrs. Chafford was a widow."

There was a brief pause. The two grave faces seemed to grow sadder in the silence. Deeply grieved and much shocked as Delia was, it never occurred to her to doubt the story. There was a stern steadfastness about Laura Woodfall that could not possibly be associated with insincerity.

"Good-bye, Miss Winterburn," she said, holding out her hand. "And remember that I have spoken to shield your sister; not to hurt Mrs. Chafford. Do you believe me?"

"I do," said Delia, almost solemnly. And then they parted.

Old Becky Todd found her young lady as kind and sympathising as ever, and as ready to minister to her wants; but Delia acted and spoke mechanically. Her mind was full of troubled thoughts, and the forebodings of last night returned, and assumed a more definite form. How was the ill-omened intimacy to end?

As she walked homeward in the misty sunlight she tried to nerve herself for an argument with Prue; and then her instincts told her that all reasoning and entreaty would be thrown away. With all her noble qualities, there was a wrong-headedness in Prue that was hard to cope with. Delia remembered the burns and cut fingers that had resulted from her sister's early tendency to be guided by her impulses. She remembered, too, how fiercely Prue had once championed a gipsy boy who was an irreclaimable thief, and had refused to believe in his guilt in spite of the plainest evidence. It was not until she had overheard him chuckling to a comrade over Miss Prue's gullibility that she began to doubt his perfect innocence and honesty.

What chance would her warnings have against her sister's infatuated attachment to Mrs. Chafford? Then too, Miss Woodfall had frankly admitted Josephine's powers of artifice and insinuation. Even if Delia could persuade Prue to listen for one moment to her misgivings, would not Josephine's wily tongue be more than conqueror afterwards? Poor Delia sighed heavily as she became convinced of the hopelessness of the case.

With a slower step than usual she drew near home, and walked languidly up the carriage-drive. Three persons were coming away from the house. The two little Chaffords, under the care of Keziah, had been making a morning call.

Despite her instinctive mistrust of Josephine, little Walter had found his way into Delia's heart. He came up to her at once with his sweet, frank smile, and stole his hand into hers. Sybil followed, self-possessed and shrill-voiced as ever.

"Mother is very poorly to-day," she began. "We came with a note for Prue; she is coming to spend the afternoon at Pine Cottage."

They went their way, and Delia passed on into the house, while Bevis dropped down upon the threshold and stretched his limbs with a mighty yawn. Prue met her at the top of the wide staircase.

"How is Becky?" she asked. "Is she really so ill as she thinks herself?"

"She is very feeble and helpless," Delia replied. "The end cannot be far off now."

"How tired and pale you look!" said Prue in a tone of concern. "Have you been sitting too long in that close cottage?"

"Oh no; but the weather wearies one. There is scarcely a breath of air stirring. I am beginning to long for a strong wind to blow the mists away."

She went on quietly towards her own room as she spoke, but Prue did not follow her with anxious questions in her old sisterly fashion.

In Prue's mind there was an unspoken consciousness that Delia looked coldly on her friendship with Josephine; she had thought her sister far too sparing in her blame of Miss Woodfall; in fact, nothing less than a hearty burst of vituperation would have contented Prue, and she had felt that Delia's wrath was not half great enough for the occasion.

"I hope Delia isn't growing morose," thought the younger girl as she went downstairs.

Prue set out for Pine Cottage as soon as the early dinner was over, Mr. Winterburn and his son went off to the fields, and Delia was left alone. But solitude, as a rule, was not distasteful to her. Quiet as she was by nature, hers was not an uncheerful temper, and her everyday life was full of duties and pleasant occupations. She was wont to move about the house silently, yet with an enjoyment of domestic tasks that was all the deeper for its serenity.

But now there was a painful break in the calm. And although she got her work-basket and tried to go on as usual, the effort was in vain. Tears gathered in her eyes. At last the needle was laid aside, and Delia went to hide herself in her own room.

"Why am I so weak?" she thought, when the door was closed, and she was safe from intrusion. "Why can I not feel that Prue's life is under higher care than mine? It seems ever so much easier to trust God with ourselves than with those we love."

She wept quietly for a few seconds, and then knelt down, with her clasped hands resting on a Bible, by a little table near the window. As she knelt, she looked up to the pale blue sky, seen through the yellow and scanty foliage of the trees, and her spirit seemed to rise slowly, yet steadily, above the cares of earth.

Hitherto, Delia's path had been a very smooth one—a pleasant level road, monotonous but beautiful. Now, for the first time, she began to see and feel the tokens of a change; and well was it for her that she was preparing for that change by seeking a higher strength.

The book on which her hands rested had been her mother's, and Delia had loved it for that mother's sake before she prized it for its own. She could not perhaps have told you the day and hour when old truths began to make their charm felt and shed their influence over her whole life; but certain it is that this influence was a reality. As a child, she had passed and repassed the balm that grew in the garden, and had liked to rest her eyes upon its fresh soft green. But one day she had plucked a leaf and crushed out its wonderful sweetness, and after that she longed for its fragrance continually. It was the same plant that it had ever been, only that she had

penetrated into the secret of its virtue, and made it her own.

And now, in this perplexity and distress, she had recourse to a balm of another kind. After a little while spent in that quiet room, bright with afternoon sunshine, she went down again to her common duties, refreshed and strengthened.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Winter, and rough weather."

"DELIA," said Miles, "that woman at Pine Cottage is making a slave of Prue."

It was now late in November; only a few melancholy leaves still clung to the trees about Thorn Farm, and a wintry wind was piping its dreary song round the old house. The leaden clouds promised rain; out of doors there was the grey light of a waning day; and Miles and Delia were sitting by the fire together.

"I wish they were not quite so intimate," replied Delia, who was at work upon flannel for the old women of the village.

"It is absurd," said Miles impatiently. "She superintends the children's studies when their mother is too ill—or too lazy—to teach them herself; and her sole aim in life is to make Mrs. Chafford's existence as easy as possible. This is doing more than her duty."

Miles was a silent fellow, not given to making long speeches; and it was not often that he spent an afternoon by the fireside. But a severe cold had made him invalid enough to be kept indoors.

"I am trying not to mind it," Delia responded. "Prue does not like to be interfered with."

"No; she always was a wilful little puss. And somehow her very faults have a touch of nobleness."

"Yes; she has taken up Mrs. Chafford chiefly because she is a woman who tells about her troubles. Prue conceives it to be her mission to bear the widow's burdens."

"For my own part I don't like Mrs. Chafford," said Miles bluntly. "Her metal does not ring true. It is hard to see Prue lavishing her pure gold, and getting a cheat in return."

"Yes," answered Delia, "it is hard. But it is just what God sees every day in His world. We watch the foolish spending, and pity the impoverished heart; but His eyes behold the recompense."

"Can there be any recompense in this life?" asked Miles doubtfully.

"I think so. There may be the gain of experience and wisdom, and of that dignity which often follows the consciousness of great loss."

"Yet I wonder," said Miles, "that Heaven does not keep people from making such fools of themselves."

Delia laid down her work, and smiled.

"We must remember, Miles, that if 'our young affections run to waste,' a great deal that may be very well spared is drained away with them. And God knows that we shall be all the better for losing some of our superfluous sentiment and egotism."

"You are right," said Miles slowly; and he smiled too.

A silence fell upon the brother and sister as the light faded. Delia did not resume her work, but sat with her hands lying idly in her lap, looking fixedly at the fire. Miles, leaning back in the easy-chair, was gazing out into the dusk, watching the swaying branches that seemed to grow blacker and blacker against the darkening sky. Presently an ivy tendril smote sharply upon the window, and then came a dash of rain.

"Prue will get a wetting," said Miles. "Of course she has gone to Pine Cottage as usual."

A sudden blast shook the house, the wind roared angrily down the chimney, and the rain fell in torrents. There was a banging of doors upstairs, followed by the hasty footsteps of the maids as they ran to close the windows.

"It is four o'clock," said Delia, glancing at the timepiece. "Prue is now on her way home, I am afraid. How drenched she will be!"

A few minutes passed, and then Mr. Winterburn was heard hanging up his overcoat in the stone-paved hall, and talking to the dogs. He came in, damp and rosy, and complained of the low fire.

"Put on another log, Miles," he said; "this is a cold rain—the kind of rain that chills you to the bone. Let us have the lamp, Delia. What has become of Prue?"

"She has gone to Pine Cottage, father," Delia replied.

"Pine Cottage! always Pine Cottage! My good friend Mr. Sorrell must be astonished at her devotion to his niece. I wish it would not take her out in such terrible weather."

The son and daughter were silent. Miles heaped more fuel on the fire, and Delia lighted the lamp.

"Did Prue wear her waterproof?" Mr. Winterburn asked. "If not, she will be wet to the skin."

"She did not wear it," Miles replied; "I saw it hanging on its peg after she was gone."

"Thoughtless girl," said the father in a vexed tone. "She is not so strong as you are, Delia; and yet she neglects herself as you never do. She must have seen that the clouds were threatening when she started. Why did you let her go?"

"Let her? You should know Prue's nature too well to ask such a question, father," laughed Miles.

"The child is headstrong," Mr. Winterburn confessed. "But she has always seemed amenable to Delia's influence."

"To a certain extent," said Delia. "Lately, however, she has turned restive if I have ventured on a word of advice."

From her babyhood Prue had been the pet of the household; the little home-fairy whose witcheries always won the assent of her elders to any of her playful plans. To her father she was peculiarly dear, as the last-born child of a wife whom he had all but idolised. Prue's mother had only survived her birth six months, and the infant had been trebly spoiled and caressed on account of its bereaved condition.

Just as Mary the housemaid was bringing in the tea-tray there was the welcome sound of Prue's knock. Delia ran to open the hall-door, and her sister entered, a limp figure, dripping from head to foot, and followed by a gust of wind and rain.

"We have all been worrying ourselves about you," said Delia. "What a state you are in, Prue! Do, pray, go to your room at once, and let me help you to change your clothes."

"Don't make a fuss," rejoined Prue irritably. "I must be a poor creature if I cannot stand a wetting. Of course I am going to my room directly, but I do not need any one's help, thank you."

She took a candlestick from the hall-table, and ascended the stairs, leaving a glistening trail behind her. Delia looked after her for a moment, and then returned to the dining-room with a saddened face. She had meant well, and Prue's tone had pained her.

"So she has come in looking like a kelpie," said Miles, laughing. "Never mind, Delia, a cup of hot tea will be the best thing that we can give her. Take your seat and don't disturb yourself any more."

"Send Mary to her," said Mr. Winterburn anxiously.

"She will not have any one to wait on her," Delia answered sadly. "Prue is changed; it must be the result of——"

She stopped short, bit her lips, and began to fill the cups. Miles knew well enough why she had checked herself, and he noticed that her hand trembled as she grasped the handle of the old silver tea-pot that had done duty at many of their grandmother's tea-drinkings. He sympathised heartily with Delia, but he said nothing.

Prue came downstairs, shivering a little, and prepared to be defiant if anybody attempted to lecture her. But no one made the attempt. Delia had communed with her own heart and conquered her irritation, and she had a smile ready for her sister.

Warmth and comfort soon brought Prue into a happier frame of mind, and Mr. Winterburn, seeing that she looked bright and ate and drank as well as usual, ceased to fidget about the wetting.

"Old Barnett says that we shall have a severe winter," he remarked after a pause. "He expects sharper cold than we have known for years."

"How can he tell what the weather will be?" Delia asked. "He is always predicting."

"And always right," replied Miles. "Nature seems to take him into her confidence. Depend upon it, there are freezing days at hand."

"You girls must have some new fur," said Mr. Winterburn. "Your last winter's jackets are shabby."

"We have decided on sealskin paletôts," returned Delia, always pleased when the father took an interest in their dress. "We will go and buy them next week."

"I have not decided," Prue said, with flushed cheeks. "I cannot afford fur."

The others looked at her in astonishment.

"There are so many other things to be bought," she went on rapidly. "And—and I don't care very much about sealskin——"

"You liked it the other day," said Delia coolly.

"What do you mean by saying you cannot afford it?" demanded Mr. Winterburn. "You have money enough to dress yourself handsomely, and there are no claims on your purse."

There was sufficient annoyance in the voices to make Prue feel uncomfortable. She had a difficult part to play, and was by no means equal to the occasion; dissimulation had never been required in such a simple life as hers. Moreover, there was a sharp pain in knowing that she was concealing something from her friends.

She looked round on the three familiar faces, and thought of the free, happy years that had come and gone in their company. Things were altered now. The old freedom was at an end, and the heart that had been entirely open to the household gaze must be locked up securely, although it cost her a terrible struggle to turn the key.

"I think my old jacket will do very well," she said in a constrained voice. "It only wants brushing; there is no need to buy a new one yet."

"I shall not like to be prancing about in new seal, while you are wearing old cloth," observed Delia.

"But your dress need not be regulated by mine."

"Not necessarily. Yet it is natural that I should dislike to be pranked out in costly things if you persist in being shabby."

"May we not know the reason for this saving fit?" asked Mr. Winterburn, with a more searching glance than his kind eyes were wont to give.

Prue coloured deeply.

"I—I thought I should like to try to do without things," she answered, with difficulty. "Other women have to practise self-denial, and one ought not to care so very much about one's appearance."

"I like my daughters to be handsomely dressed," stated Mr. Winterburn frankly. "Your mother was remarkable for her good taste, and a certain rich, quiet style. You are not wealthy girls, but still I have made provision for you, and your good aunt left you seventy pounds a-year apiece. Why should you be trying to do without things that it is only reasonable for you to get?"

Prue was silent, with cheeks that still glowed.

"It is my desire to see you in that sealskin," her father went on. "Remember that I shall be very much displeased if you let your nonsensical notions prevail against my wishes. It is seldom that I interfere with your personal matters, Prue; but I won't have you growing whimsical and Quixotic if I can help it."

Mr. Winterburn had not raised his voice, nor was there the slightest heat in his manner; but he was quietly determined to make this trifle a test of his

power. Delia had admitted that Prue had cast off her influence. The father thought that his younger girl was taking her own way, unchecked, and apart from them all. Unity had always been a marked trait with the Winterburns; why should Prudence wish to separate herself, and choose a distinct path of her own?

Miles was watching his sister's flushed face with earnest eyes. He saw that her breathing was quick and laboured, and her lips trembling with suppressed feeling. Mr. Winterburn, too, perceived these signs of emotion, and attributed them to ill temper; but Miles judged differently. Here was a mystery that he could not fathom; but he did not believe that his little Prue was in a rage with them all.

Delia, sitting demurely behind the tea-pot, had already begun to wish that sealskin had never been introduced to this country. How absurd it was that such an unimportant thing as a paletôt should create a family disturbance! She was vexed with herself for saying those few words that had been better left unsaid; and now she felt a hearty compassion for poor, agitated, blushing Prue, who was silently struggling with tears.

After all, what had Prue done that she should be set upon in such a determined fashion? Delia secretly resolved to aid her sister.

Suddenly, yet with her usual sedateness, she broke an awkward silence by asking her father a question about Poppy? Now, Poppy was, as everybody knew, the most beautiful cow in Thistledean, and a great pet with her owner; but she had lately shown symptoms of ill health, and had been an object of devoted attention. Did Mr. Winterburn think that she had really quite recovered?

"Recovered! Of course she has," the father answered. "Her ailment was nothing serious. Hatherick was looking at her to-day, and saying that you couldn't find her match in the whole county."

"Mr. Hatherick is going to sell that chestnut mare of his," said Miles, coming to Delia's assistance. "A handsome thing, but a queer temper. She backed into the duck-pond the other day, and nearly gave her master a sousing."

Questions and answers followed, and Prue was let alone. The hot flush slowly died out of her cheeks, the lump in her throat subsided, and she drank her tea in peace; yet the agitation had left her spent and sad. As soon as possible she slipped away from the family group, and retired to her own room to think, and be alone.

Not another word was said about the sealskin; but Prue's mind was ill at ease for several days. One morning, however, Delia called her sister into the schoolroom after breakfast, and Prue saw something brown and glossy hanging over the back of a chair.

"Dear Prue," said Delia, kissing her, "I have bought a paletôt, and I want you to be exactly like me. You must wear this sealskin as my gift."

It was a gift that made Prue's heart ache for many an hour with mingled pleasure and pain. But Mr. Winterburn, not guessing that Delia was the donor, believed Prue to be thoroughly cured of her whims, and congratulated himself on his fatherly firmness.

Yet Delia's sisterly love, although it had won back Prue's loving manner, could do no more. It was plain to a close observer that Prue was carrying burdens that she wished to hide from the eyes of her household. She went as often as ever to Pine Cottage, but Mrs. Chafford was not a frequent visitor at Thorn Farm; her instincts had discovered that Delia, calmly kind as she always was, had no real liking for her sister's friend.

November came to an end, Christmas went by, and then, indeed, old Barnett's predictions began to be fulfilled.

Snow lay thickly all over the country, and every sheet of water in Thistledean was frozen into a crystal mass, capable of bearing plough-boy feet without showing a crack. The skies cleared after the snowfall, and winter sunlight shone upon a white, glistening world, a regal scene of ermine and diamonds that dazzled the eyes with its strange beauty.

On one of these brilliant mornings, early in January, Prue took her way briskly to Mr. Sorrell's house, wearing the sealskin, and burying her hands in a muff. A black velvet toque fitted closely to the ruddy-brown head, and set off the clear pallor of the pensive face—more pensive than ever now-a-days. Miles said that Prue's smiles had all vanished with the departed summer.

The prim garden that surrounded Pine Cottage had lost its straight lines, and little round beds, and was covered with an unbroken sheet of snow. Only the central path to the house was kept perfectly clear, and as Prue traversed it she could see the gleam of firelight from the windows. As usual, the hall-door was unbolted, and her accustomed hand knew the trick of the latch. Opening the door without ceremony, she entered, and the first sound that met her ears was Walter's voice, proceeding from the breakfast-room where Josephine usually sat with her children.

But it was not Josephine who occupied the couch by the fire. Walter's companion was a man of eight or nine-and-twenty, whose sallow face, sharpened and wasted by sickness, was quite unfamiliar to Prue. A little startled, she met the gaze of a pair of languid hazel eyes, and then the stranger raised himself slowly, and with evident pain.

"It's our cousin Garret," said Walter, accomplishing the introduction after a fashion of his own. "He can't be *very* polite, you see, because one of his legs is smashed, and his left arm hasn't got any strength in it. But he's a very nice fellow."

Garret Montague laughed outright, a soft laugh that was very pleasant to hear, and all formalities were forgotten in a moment.

"Walter has spared me the task of apologising for myself, Miss Winterburn," he said easily. "I only arrived last night, and am feeling very stiff after the journey."

When Josephine came downstairs a quarter of an hour later, she found that Prudence Winterburn and Garret Montague were already on the footing of old acquaintanceship, while Walter, standing between them, put in an observation now and then, and was evidently well pleased with himself and his companions.

If Josephine was not pleased, she was too well-trained to betray dissatisfaction; and her manner to her cousin was quite perfect in its way—a grave, elder sisterliness pervaded every look and tone, and she seemed full of pity for his shattered condition.

"He gave us short notice of his coming," she explained. "His letter did not reach Uncle Peter

till yesterday morning, and he followed it in the evening. I am afraid he has not found things so comfortable as they ought to be for an invalid."

"Everything is delightful," exclaimed Mr. Montague. "I had been boxed up in a dreary house in a narrow street till I could bear it no longer. Cold as it was, I had an irrepressible longing for the country, and here I am!"

"You will get well very fast, I hope," said Prue.

"Thank you; I am already better than I ever thought to be. I don't think Uncle Peter expected to find me so brisk, and Josephine was evidently astonished to see me hopping gaily upstairs."

Josephine smiled and sighed, and said that she hoped Garret's good spirits would last.

ALCUIN OF YORK.

S it possible to find any interest in the sayings and doings of an English pedagogue a thousand years ago? Surely this may be so when the pedagogue was a founder of British intellectual and spiritual advancement, and, in addition, was a native of York. Such was Alcuin, the first of our great schoolmasters, the opponent of the Rationalism of his day, the friend and counsellor of Charlemagne. He was born in the year 735, whilst York was the capital of the sub-kingdom of Northumbria, and just as Venerable Bede died in his monastery at Jarrow after having given an immense impulse to historical and ecclesiastical study. Greek had been introduced by Archbishop Theodore, and verse was made and sung by Aldhelm, first abbot of Malmesbury. Alcuin in after-years speaks of his early education at York in an apostrophe to the monks of the city: "You cherished the weak mind of my infancy with maternal love; you also bore with patience the wanton days of my childhood; and you brought me to the perfect age of manhood by the stripes of paternal castigation." He soon learned to rejoice in the treasures of the library here, which he characterises in the full flowing style of the period, thus: "Here may be found monuments of the ancient fathers' works produced in Latium by the Romans themselves, and those which were transferred to them from the glorious land of Greece; truths received by the Hebrew nation from above, which Africa has with pure light extended." He enumerates among the contents of the library the works of fourteen of the fathers, ten of the classic writers, six of the grammarians, and six of the poets. When about twenty years of age his master, the good Archbishop Aelbert, took him on a visit to Rome, and on his return he assisted in the school during the life of Aelbert and succeeded to it on his death in 766. Then began his career of remarkable success in this office, so that pupils from all parts flocked to York to be under his care. Although laymen as well as clerics were trained here, the teaching of Holy Scripture was part of the regular course. We gather from his writings that the formality then prevalent in the mode of instruction did not prevent him from minute attention to the individual, moral, and intellectual character of each pupil. He sought to establish a true fellowship with each one.

We do not, however, here purpose to follow the facts of his useful and important life, but merely to refer to him as the staunch advocate of the supernatural in the Bible and in the world. The Rationalism which had been extinguished in the Eastern Church, had begun, in another form, to disturb the Gallican and Spanish churches under the tenets of Adoptionism, i.e. the opinion that Christ is the adopted and not the actual Son of God. Charlemagne selected Alcuin as a champion of orthodoxy, and persuaded him, on the ground of the importance of the occasion, to leave his beloved York and attach himself to the Imperial court. He threw himself with all his learning and force of mind and enthusiasm into the debate, and became the leading champion of the spiritualists. Not content with maintaining the sole authority of Scripture and its plain testimony to Christ, he insisted on finding Christ everywhere throughout its pages, not only in the direct revelation, or in type and illustration, but in symbolical, and, so to call it, spiritualistic interpretations. The effect of this is to mix up fact and fiction, to the injury of the former, and by a sway of the pendulum to carry the opposition to Rationalism far beyond the true centre of simple faith. Thus, in his commentary on Genesis, in question and answer, he says:—"Why was the woman made of the rib of the man while he was sleeping, instead of being formed like him out of the dust?" to which the reply given is, "Evidently on account of the mystery, to indicate that Christ, out of whose side the source of our salvation flowed, for the sake of the church fell asleep on the cross." The like vein of pious ingenuity runs through his commentary on the Psalms and on the writings of Solomon. In his commentary on the Gospel of St. John he allegorises in the same manner, in the midst of much true Christian exposition. In the miracle at Cana, the six water-pots are the pious hearts of the Old Testament saints, they are of stone to represent that the hearts of the just are strong. Zechariah speaks of the stone having eyes, that is, Christ dwelling in the universality of knowledge. In this manner, whilst accepting the true interpretation he allegorised it, and thus treated all the books of Scripture, so that these supposed secondary and ultimate meanings became quite fashionable, not only in the dreamy meditations of monks, but in the ordinary talk of the courtiers around the Emperor.

The latter wished to know why—if Peter's sword is, as Alcuin said, the word of God — it should cut off the ear of the adversaries, as it is through the ear that the word penetrates to the heart. Alcuin at once replies that the ear of unbelief is to be cut off that it may be healed again, that by putting away the old man we may be transformed into new creatures. In spite of all this excess of zeal and mistaken exegesis, we must look on Alcuin as one who contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. His successful six days' debate at Aix-la-Chapelle in 799 against Felix, the leader of the Adoptionists, entitles him to this place, whilst his general efforts for the diffusion of learning in the midst of a dark age, entitle him to the consideration and gratitude of the present times. He died at Tours in the year 803, and was buried with great pomp in the church of St. Martin there. The antiquarian society of Normandy published, in their *Bulletin* of 1862, a full account of his tomb,

with many curious particulars relating to his life and influence. We add one only of the Latin verses of the epitaph composed by himself.

"Ut flores pereunt vento veniente minaci,
Sit tua namque caro, gloria tota perit.
Tu mihi redde vicem lector, rogo carminis hujus
Et dic: Da veniam, Christe, tuo famulo."

S. R. P.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

VIII.

"Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God."—*Psalm* cxliii. 10.

THIS is not only a prayer for teaching in general, but a prayer to be taught a special lesson, viz. to do the will of God.

Every one who prays at all, prays often, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If this prayer were fully answered, earth would indeed be like heaven; but whose will is now done on earth?

Every one who has any power of reason or thought has a will of his own. Satan, the great enemy of God and of man, has a will of his own. God for his own wise purposes, allows these wills to be partially followed, for the present.

The Lord God Almighty has also a personal will, in part only revealed to man.

The Apostle Paul prays for the Colossians that they might be "filled with the knowledge" of God's will (Col. i. 9). He asks also, in another epistle, this question: "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" and he adds, "Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii. 11).

Do we not feel that no one in the world, even those who know us best, can tell with certainty what our will is sure to be on every possible occasion? How much more certain must it be that man cannot always, by the light of his own reason, discern what is the will of God?

Yet the believer has learnt that doing his own will often leads him astray, and that God's will alone is safe to be followed. He earnestly desires, therefore, both to know and to do the will of God. The prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will," is in fact a double request. To be taught to do the will of God must imply to be taught to know what that will is. It seems to ask, that we may "perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also have grace and strength always to fulfil the same."

Reader, can you, from your heart, render this prayer your own? No one can do so who cannot also add, "for Thou art my God."

Whose will do you habitually follow? "His servants you are to whom you obey." "You cannot serve God and Mammon." "If the Lord be God, then follow Him." All Scripture is against the idea that God will accept a divided allegiance.

Examine yourself now, and see how it is with you. Do you always follow God's will when you know it? or do you only serve Him a little, more out of fear than from love?

Many persons seem to feel that as God is their creator, and is very great and powerful, they would not dare openly to refuse to do his will, where it is clear and plain. But they know nothing of the loving obedience of children. They have never yet understood, and in all simplicity acted upon the blessed assurance of the Lord Jesus Christ. He came down from heaven not to do his own will, but his Father's, and He says to us: "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him may have everlasting life" (John vi. 38, 39).

And thus having never attained to "peace with God" through faith in his Son (Rom. v. 1), they are far from desiring to know more of his will, and they secretly wish it were not sometimes so clear when it goes against their own will. They think that life would be very dark and gloomy if they might never follow their own wishes without thinking of the will of God.

Satan still tries to beguile us with the same subtlety with which he deceived Eve in Paradise. He still whispers, "Hath God said?" and suggests that to act according to our own wishes may be to our advantage, and that disobedience to God may not bring any very dreadful consequences.

Do not listen to him, or to your own evil heart, when it would suggest that God is a "hard master," but ask any one who has unreservedly taken the Lord for their God, and whose whole desire is to do his will, what they feel about it, and they will assuredly answer, "His service is perfect freedom. We never knew real happiness till we determined only to do the will of God."

Let us never forget what the Lord Jesus says of every one who does the will of his Father: "The same is my brother and sister and mother" (Matt. xii. 50). Should not this assurance stir us up earnestly to seek to know our heavenly Father's will, and when we know it to do it?

A diligent study of the word of God, and a daily setting before ourselves, as our pattern, Him who could always say, "I delight to do Thy will, O God," will, with the Holy Spirit's teaching, given in answer to prayer, enable us also to walk so as to please God, and be counted one of the blessed "family" of Christ.

Sad and Alone.

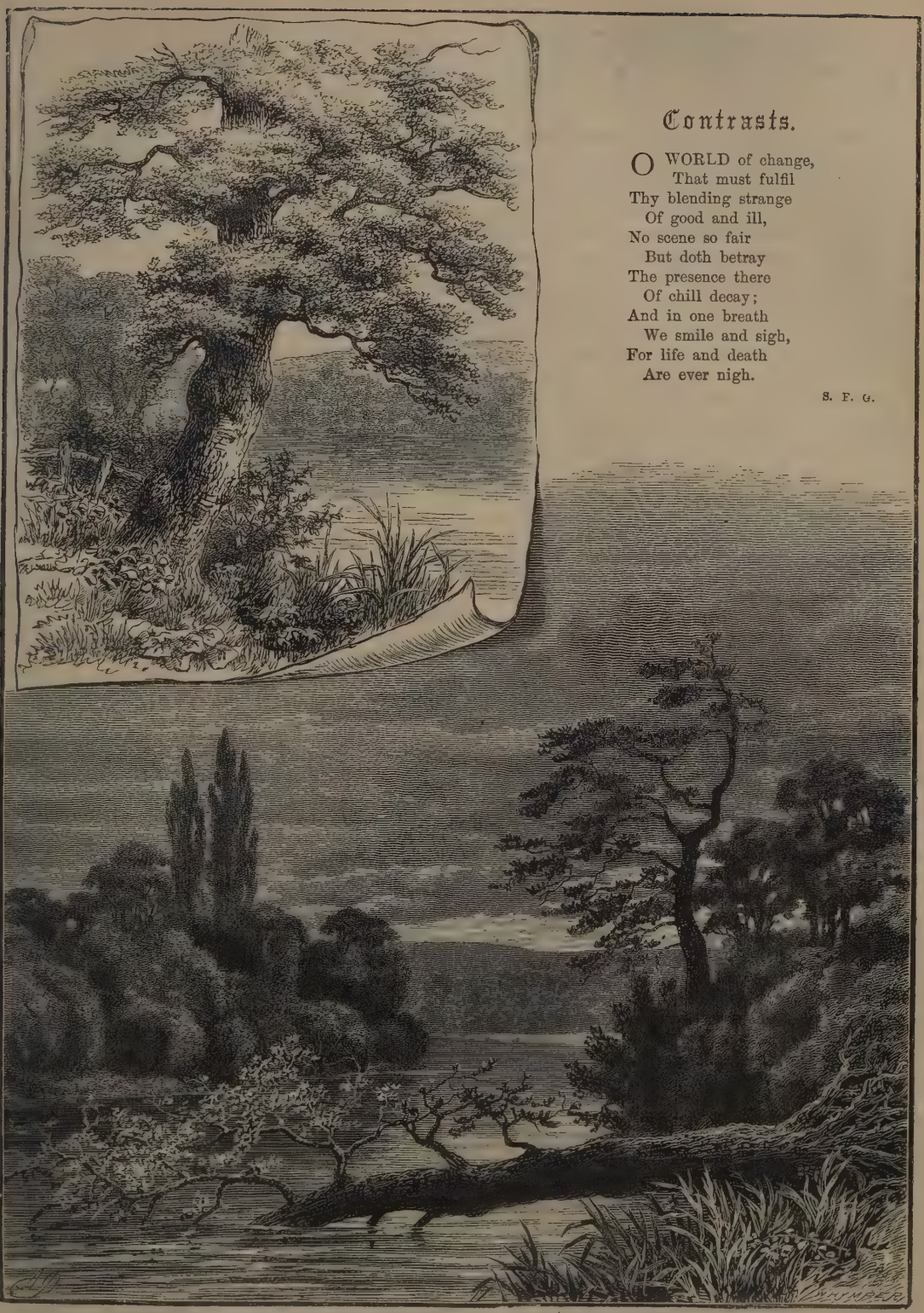
A RONDEAU.

Sad and alone, and seeking rest
From cares that agitate the breast,
I saw beneath a shady bower
A tall and tapering lily-flower,
Nodding at ease its turbaned crest.

Hard by, a bird in mossy nest,
Her speckled eggs securely prest,
And felt not, brooding hour by hour,
Sad and alone.

O vision sweet of peace and power,
And bright with more than Nature's dower;
O bird and lily, ye have blest
With healing balm a heart distress'd:
Nor will I feel, when shadows lower,
Sad and alone.

RICHARD WILTON.



Contrasts.

O WORLD of change,
That must fulfil
Thy blending strange
Of good and ill,
No scene so fair
But doth betray
The presence there
Of chill decay;
And in one breath
We smile and sigh,
For life and death
Are ever nigh.

S. F. G.

HOMES FOR POOR GENTLEWOMEN.

A PARAGRAPH in the daily papers not long ago recorded the death, by her own hand, of an educated lady, who, being dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and having lost her situation, sought a speedy death rather than endure any longer the privations and hardships to which she had been subject. And death from starvation is a not unfrequent occurrence. Two summers ago a lady was found dead under a hedge between Hendon and Hampstead. She was a daily governess. Having been attacked by fever, she lost her pupils, and shrinking from the degradation of poor-law relief she died from want.

Except for a very small number whose lot is cast in generous homes, few of the governess class can save enough to provide for years when health fails. "Homes" or pensions afford shelter and food for a small proportion only, when the means of subsistence fail. One needs but to look around to see that the suffering amongst gentlewomen in reduced circumstances is both great and real; none the less great because it is silent, nor the less real that it does not obtrude itself before our sight.

One cannot imagine a situation more hopeless than that of a refined and cultured lady, no longer young, failing in health, friendless, penniless, with no prospect of help save that obtained from the parish or union.

Let us consider for a moment how it is that so many ladies by birth and education should be thus reduced to such sore straits. It is sometimes said by those who, comfortably provided for themselves, find it difficult to enter into the feelings of those who are less fortunate, "But these ladies know what is probably before them; they ought to make some provision for their old age."

Many of these destitute ones have as little idea of their future sad and helpless lot as any of the most wealthy of those who thus censure them. Unsuccessful speculations, commercial crises, failures of banks or insurance companies, or other causes bring poverty to many homes, and the circumstances of ladies may without a day's warning be changed from opulence to penury.

Again, in the case of widows and daughters of professional men, the untimely death of their supporters is often the cause of their distress; confident of promotion and trusting to the opportunity afforded by the consequent increase of pay to lay by something for the future, when death meets them it too often finds them unprepared and their families left penniless.

But even when some young lady, with unusual prudence and forethought, should attempt to provide for age and poverty, how difficult, almost impossible it is to find employment in any degree lucrative, so as to admit of saving. In the few branches of work which are open to women, the number of applicants for employment is so great, and when obtained, the pay so small, that with the utmost care, a competency for old age could be saved but by a very few.

Most of us are indebted to a governess for the rudiments of our education. We are under her charge probably for a few years till old enough to go to a regular school. Then she leaves us, and save in a few exceptional cases is forgotten, except when some chance allusion in after-years recalls the days of childhood, and with them the memory of our governess, and we wonder vaguely what has become of her, and hope she is happily settled somehow, and then forget her again.

What has happened to her in the meantime? The history of one taken at random from a large number would, with but slight modifications, apply to a great many cases. The same misfortunes which forced her to seek a situation as governess, compelled her also to assist in the maintenance of a widowed mother to whom she sent all she could spare from her scanty earnings. This lasted for some years, till the mother died, and not long afterwards, the continued strain upon her own energies began to tell, and slowly but surely her strength gave way. After a few months' further effort her health failed completely, the small sum she had been able to save was soon gone, and too infirm to work, too proud to beg, the friends of her youth all scattered, she was left, after a useful and well-spent life, with no prospect before her but the workhouse.

It is not only governesses who thus, through no fault of their own, become dependent upon charity. Ladies in all ranks of life, as we have said, are liable to misfortunes which may make them entirely destitute. Cases occur to one's mind too numerous to mention. A sample will suffice. A merchant in prosperous circumstance found his business suddenly ruined by a commercial crisis. There was nothing before him but bankruptcy and disgrace; the shock was too great; his health gave way, and he soon died, leaving his wife and daughters to the tender mercies of a busy if not heartless world. The daughters, having expected nothing but wealth and luxury, had never learned any means of making a living. For a little while sympathising friends helped them, but soon their attention was called off by some fresh claims, and the orphans were forgotten. While still young they managed to struggle on and make a living somehow, but as years passed by, their health broke down. In the long struggle for existence they had had no chance of saving more than a mere trifle, and now, when they are no longer able to support themselves, these delicately-nurtured ladies, but that the hand of charity has been stretched out to rescue them, would have to seek a shelter amongst the miserable and degraded people who crowd our workhouses.

Or, again, take the case of the unmarried daughters of naval or military officers. During their father's life the small pension he draws is sufficient to maintain them; and after his death they try to eke out the little that is left by teaching music, painting Christmas cards, or writing little tales, with which they go from publisher to publisher, imploring that they will take them, or look at their drawings. Of course, for nineteen out of twenty, this ends in disappointment, and weary and despairing, they have to take back the work from which they had expected so much, and begin again to plan, hoping against hope, some other device by which to make a little money,

till, worn out with striving, and heart-sick with hope deferred, strength and courage fail.

Some few years ago, a lady who had fallen in with several cases of distress of this kind, and was moved with compassion for their sufferings, determined to try to alleviate in some way the troubles of a few of those she had met. With the assistance of a few friends a house was taken, and two or three of the most destitute allowed to live in it rent free, each lady occupying a separate room, coals and gas provided, and she was at liberty to go in and out without any kind of restrictions, except a few simple rules for the common comfort.

After a time a committee was formed, the work extended, and the "Royal Homes for Ladies" were instituted, the patronage of the Duchess of Teck and the Princess Frederica of Hanover having been obtained. They now consist of four houses, occupied by some twenty-eight poor gentlewomen, and are under the management of a lady superintendent, whose tact and sympathy enable her to smooth over any little difficulties which may arise, and ensure harmony and goodwill amongst the inmates.

On visiting the homes, under the guidance of one of the ladies of the committee, whose presence was evidently welcomed, we are first shown a large iron room, built in the garden of one of the houses. This is a public room, furnished with a piano and bookcase, where the ladies from the various houses can meet together; and a very sociable, cosy place it is, with its walls covered with pictures, and a number of new books on the table, supplied through the generosity of a friend by a subscription to Mudie's.

We then go into one of the houses. The door is opened by a servant who does the cooking and rough work of the house. Its inmates are expected to make their beds and keep their rooms neat themselves. Knocking at the door of the first room, a voice bids us enter, and our guide introduces us to an elderly lady, the widow of a barrister. We find her in an easy-chair by the window, deep in the report of last night's debate in parliament. She greets us as one expects to be greeted by a lady, and makes us welcome to her home. Conversation flows readily. Being used to good society she knows how to make her guests feel at their ease, and we talk of new books, music, and so on, till we think we must have made a mistake; this bright intelligent woman surely cannot be a recipient of charity. But a few minutes' further conversation brings out her history; and the tone of the conversation is very different from the conventional commonplace of passing topics. There is time in this calm retreat for thought about things beyond life's little horizon. There is a rest from care now, which is favourable to the enjoyment of that rest of spirit which faith brings to the weary and heavy laden. A series of misfortunes after her husband's death left her with a very scanty income which she was anxious to increase. Joining with a friend, they united their efforts, and expended their little all in starting a school, which failed, and their capital was lost. Fortunately she had purchased an annuity, and so had secured some twenty pounds a year; but it was impossible to live on that sum. Happily, just then, some friend told her of the homes for reduced gentlewomen, and at the next vacancy she was admitted. She was most grateful for the shelter and peace afforded her. "I could not possibly have lived on twenty pounds a year," she said; "and what would have become of me I do not know. I was nearly in despair; no one would take my work, there was nothing before me but slow starvation, and just when I had given up all hope, the Lord had pity upon me, and sent me here."

One of the rules of the homes is that no one shall be admitted who has less than twenty pounds a year, and this is little enough to buy food and clothes; nor are any eligible whose yearly income exceeds fifty pounds.

Another room was occupied by a lady who, it was evident from the pictures with which her walls were hung, took an interest in the sea. "Oh, yes," she said, in answer to a remark about one of them, "my brother commanded that gun-boat, and was mentioned in the admiral's despatch for his bravery! My father and brother were both captains in the Navy, and my grandfather was an admiral." Then followed much the same story as we had heard from so many others; reverses, a long struggle, despair, and then, just when there seemed no more hope, a shelter and home at Wandsworth. Those of the ladies who are able, occupy themselves in various ways. Some by teaching a little eke out their slender income, others employ themselves by visiting amongst the poor, and, having suffered much themselves, know well how to sympathise with those who are in sickness or trouble; all are most anxious to testify their gratitude by doing anything in their power to render the working of the homes easy, and nothing gives them more satisfaction than to be asked to do any little piece of work for one of the visitors, or committee.

No ladies are admitted under fifty years of age—the majority are considerably older—and must present letters of recommendation from a clergyman, a medical man, and a lady; and, as before stated, must be in receipt of not less than twenty pounds a year. When the applicant has not this sum, the amount is often made up by friends, who also, as the terms of admission require, undertake to defray any expenses incurred by her severe illness or death whilst in the home.

An instance may be cited to prove the unwillingness of the inmates to be a burden upon their benefactors. One of them, a short time since, feeling herself to be dying, gave to the lady superintendent a packet containing ten pounds, which she had, by the most severe self-denial, contrived to save out of her income, that the expenses of her funeral might not fall upon the friend who had undertaken the responsibility. A moment's reflection will show the rigid parsimony it must have required to save that sum out of so small a yearly income, and will compel us to admire the noble spirit of her who, though forced to accept of charity, was determined to be as little burden as possible to those who had assisted her. She left unfinished, too, a beautiful piece of needlework which she had undertaken as the only way she could show her gratitude to her benefactress.

But we must not linger too long over this Wandsworth Home. The institution is still in its infancy, and the funds will not allow of the admission of a tithe of the needy ones who would be thankful for its shelter. Help is at hand for poor ladies in one or two other directions. There are several homes conducted on much the same

principles as those at Wandsworth; as for instance one at St. John's Wood, which provides a home for poor and deserving ladies at a very low charge; another at Bayswater for those with an income of not less than twenty-five pounds; the Institute for giving pensions to the widows of naval and military officers, and various others.

The accommodation in the institutions already in existence is utterly inadequate to the demand for admission, as is proved by the long list of ladies waiting their turn whenever a vacancy may occur. And even the few already existing are often so short of funds as to be unable to fully carry out the work of charity of which they are otherwise capable. Scores of ladies who ought to be enjoying a peaceful old age by right of birth, education, high moral character, and, it may be, a past life of self-denial and hard struggling effort, are, instead, suffering pinching penury. Many of those whose education and early associations have given them a delicacy and sensitiveness unknown to the lower classes, have to spend their old age amidst scenes and society from which they shrink with pain and horror, and happy are they who by dint of strict economy are just able to keep themselves alive without having to choose between the workhouse * and the dread alternative such as that with which this paper began. For in truth, to many proud spirits, the one would be scarcely worse than the other. Would that every poor lady could find a refuge in old age, and end her days in peace in some such haven of rest as the Home at Wandsworth.

DORA HOPE.

The Pilgrim's Song.

"I will fear no evil."

As onwards I am travelling, sweet holy words I hear,
My Saviour's blessed promise enravishes mine ear;
"No evil shall befall thee," He gently says to me,
So I will fear no evil, wherever I may be.

"No evil," still no evil, for in the Lord above
There is no limitation to His redeeming love,
No waning of His pity, no lowering of His grace,
No bounds to His affection towards the human race.

"No evil," for the Shepherd doth guard His wandering sheep,
"No evil," for the Guardian His faithful watch doth keep,
"No evil," for the Parent protects the child in sleep,
"No evil," for the Saviour doth comfort them that weep.

"No evil shall befall thee"—I know His words are true,
And "I will fear no evil," this I can answer too;
Because He thus doth guard me, I now will strive to say
That henceforth and for ever my fears are cast away.

Hushed is the din of battle; my spirit's cries have ceased,
From Satan's dread dominion I feel myself released;
Vain are the swelling surges, vain is the tempest's roar,
Where'er my Lord is leading, affliction reigns no more.

Beside my life's still waters I spend mine earthly days,
I breathe the air of safety, I tread the path of praise;
No flowing tide of evil can come to mar the calm,
I dwell within the keeping of Him who shields from harm.

Then, as a happy pilgrim, my staff in hand I take,
And sing sweet heavenly anthems, and bid my lyre awake.
Yea, I will fear no evil—with David I have passed
Beyond the reach of evil, up to God's peace at last.

ELEANOR GRANT.

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* The building and endowment of almshouses was in former times a favourite and most admirable form of charity. The new poor law system, while it put an end to many abuses, had one evil result in checking the individual sympathy for suffering poverty which had caused these almshouses to be established. Excepting by corporations and companies, few refuges of this kind are founded in modern times. The establishment of almshouses by private beneficence is a rare occurrence now. An association of kind benefactors, as in the establishment of the Royal Homes at Wandsworth, is a move in the right direction. But such homes are needed all over the country. Why should there not be almshouses attached to the Poor Law Unions, where the respectable poor, on the payment of a small sum by themselves or friends, could find shelter, without having to herd with the common crowd in the workhouse, too many of whom are criminals as well as paupers? The principle is adopted in the paying wards of hospitals and infirmaries, and might be extended so as to provide shelter for poverty and old age without the degradation of ordinary poor-law relief. By requiring a sufficient sum for maintenance, the burden on ratepayers would be slight.—ED. *S. H.*

Sabbath Thoughts.

ZEAL.

"They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."—*Rom.* x. 2.

THERE may be much zeal where there is so little knowledge that its effects are worse than useless. There is something very sad in the consideration of earnest and active zeal bestowed upon objects apparently of high importance in the service of God, and yet so misapplied as to do harm instead of good, because it is "not according to knowledge." Such was the zeal of Saul when he sought to slay the Gibeonites (2 Samuel xxi. 2). Such also was the zeal of Jehu, when he rode forth in his haste, and took Jehonadab with him in his chariot, to see him destroy all the family of Ahab, saying, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord" (2 Kings x. 16). Such, also, at a much later time, was the zeal of Paul himself, before Christ called him; when he was yet "as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church" (Phil. iii. 5, 6). Innumerable instances might be brought forward from history of cases in which the words of Christ have been fulfilled in the treatment His followers have met with in the world—"whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John xxi. 2). Shall we then say, "Let there be no zeal; Let us all be Laodiceans, neither cold nor hot!" If such a thought arises—let us remember Laodicea's doom: "I would thou wert cold or hot," says the Lord, who tries the Churches. Better even misdirected zeal than lukewarmness! But let us be humble, watchful, prayerful, earnestly seeking that our zeal, if we have any, should be "according to knowledge;" and remembering that though our zeal can never save us, "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing" (Gal. iv. 18).

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 25.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

READ ACTS VII. 17–36.

THERE are two main lines of thought in the Lessons now under review, which may both be retraced with interest and profit so far as time will allow. The sacred narrative shows us, first, the training of a noble *life*, and, secondly, the birth of a great *nation*. MOSES, and ISRAEL, are thus the two topics of our thought.

I. Let us begin with the BIOGRAPHY. Recall the parentage of Moses, his household connections, the circumstances of his exposure and adoption. What ends were thus subserved? *Safety*: the future leader of Israel was protected, in the palaces of the king. *Education*, not only in knowledge, arts, sciences, philosophy: but in military skill and the management of men. *Godliness*, for his mother was his nurse, and as the parents of Moses had acted 'by faith' we may be sure that the lessons of that faith would be taught from his earliest years. So was his youthful mind preoccupied against the fascinations of Egyptian idolatry. He learned that he was one of 'a chosen nation'; he received into his heart the hope of 'the Christ' who was to come. All art and science in Egypt seemed inextricably mingled with idolatry: for Moses alone was the happy lot of acquiring the knowledge without the taint attaching to it; 'learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,' yet faithful to the traditions of God's Israel! How was all this shown when he was 'come to years'? Not only by his act in slaying the Egyptian. Before this, it would appear, he had made his choice, had left the palace, and had gone forth to 'his brethren.' Note the several points in the great description of his choice, Heb. xi. 24–27. What he *refused*—his decision between **affliction with the people of God** and **the pleasures of sin**—his strong sense of the *temporary* character of earthly happiness, **for a season**—and, above all, the great *anticipation* that sustained him: the **reproach** was that **of the Christ**—plain proof that the spirit of prophecy was already awake in that young soul, and that, like his forefather Abraham, Moses 'beheld Messiah's day, and was glad.' And all is summed up by the words which describe faith in God, *everywhere* and *always*: **He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.**

Here then, in the prime of life, at the age of forty, see the leader, ardent and enthusiastic, 'mighty in words and deeds,' eager for his task! Why cannot he take it up *at once*? Many reasons might be given. Perhaps the nation was not yet prepared for deliverance: certainly Moses was not yet fully qualified to guide them. He needed to *know more*, of God and of his own heart; he required also *further discipline* in heart and temper, that he might become a gentler, better man. So 'Midian' became his school: for how long a time? What new domestic ties did he now form? Where are these noticed in his after-history? But whatever the influence of these may have been, the chief effect of this long quiet life was upon his thoughts and *character*. He was doubtless prepared for his call by long meditation, and the revelation of the NAME of Jehovah came as the answer to many deep questions that he must have pondered all through those 'forty years.' Thus too he became 'the meekest of men,' which he certainly was not when he 'slew the Egyptian'! Long waiting, and communion with his own heart, taught him patience and humility. How did he show this latter virtue, even to excess? What natural infirmity formed his excuse for reluctance to obey the Divine call? How was this difficulty met?

> The thoughtful student will notice parallels in the history of the Apostle Paul. See especially Gal. i. 17, 'Arabia'; and 2 Cor. x. 10, 'speech contemptible.'

So we see a combination of qualities in Moses, in every particular marking him out for greatness. It might be added that life in the desert would give Moses a *practical acquaintance* with many things important for his future course which he could not have learned in Egypt. He became familiar with the scenes in which the last forty years of his life were to be spent; and Jethro, the chieftain, was skilled in the requirements of such a life. See Exodus xviii. 21–23. To one thus qualified in all points, by character and circumstance, came at length the *prophetic call*. 'He is the first, as he is the greatest example of a prophet in the Old Testament.'* 'Moses the man of God' (Psa. xc. *title*).

Notice the traits of personal character that appear throughout the history; his *intrepidity*, before Pharaoh (when once the timid reluctance of Moses is overcome, he stands forth a true hero); his *boldness in pleading with God*, speaking frankly, simply, all that was in his heart, as a bewildered child might go to a father, with conviction, too, that God would be sure to hear him. See ch. v. 22, 23; vi. 12; viii. 29; xxxii. 11–14, etc. Observe, also, his *strong and tender nature*—how he loved the people! His very anger when they had broken God's law proved the strength of his affection; he renounced the thought of greatness for himself, so that they might but be spared, xxxii. 10 (comp. Num. xiv. 12), and was willing to be 'blotted from the book of the living' (xxxii. 32) if they were only forgiven!

> The best explanation of this impassioned prayer is that Moses would have borne their sin for them—*if he could*, would have died to save them; see Rom. ix. 3. But it was impossible! Only One could bear the sins of His people.

Further illustrations of the character of Moses will be given in the two final Lessons of the next quarter's course, which treat of his last days and death.

II. THE BIRTH OF A NATION: out of Egypt, Hosea xi. 1; out of slavery, Exod. xiii. 3; xx. 2. The Passover night made them a people. Observe the several steps by which the nation was drawn farther and farther apart from the world, and made 'peculiar' (1 Pet. ii. 9), 'a people for God's possession,' Deut. vii. 6; xxvi. 18, 19.

1. The proclamation of *Jehovah's Name*. I AM. It was the main design of God in separating Israel from the world, to keep before the minds of men the truths which that name implies, His *unity* and *self-existence*. The nation was preeminently 'His witness,' Isa. xliv. 8. His Name was 'recorded,' 'named,' among them.

2. The *deliverance*, marked by the Paschal feast.

3. The passage through the *Red Sea*; the 'baptism,' as it were, of the people into their new covenant relation, 1 Cor. x. 2.

4. The *miracles* that supplied their wants; 'bread from heaven,' 'water from the rock,' the signs that God had undertaken to feed and cherish them as His own.

5. The *Sabbath* (Neh. ix. 14) 'a sign' between the people and God; given originally for mankind, Gen. ii. 3, but in a special manner re-instituted for Israel as a further pledge that they were claimed by God. It was also a bond of mutual union;

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* The late *Dean Stanley*, who adds, 'The name is, indeed, applied to Abraham before (Gen. xx. 7), but so casually as not to enforce our attention.'

a sign of fellowship throughout all ages (Ex. xxxi. 16). Nothing tends to maintain a distinctive national life so much as a simple, often-recurring, universal observance like this. (So, the Lord's Day and the Lord's Supper declare the unity of the Church (1 Cor. x. 17).

6. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS: as the national law; or rather as the universal Law of God re-enacted for the nation. In these commandments, point out the special sanctions enforcing them upon the Hebrews. See especially the re-enactment of this 'covenant,' Deut. v. 6–21. The continuance and prosperity of their national life were to depend on the observance of these 'commandments, and statutes, and judgments,' ver. 33.

7. The *Ceremonial Law*, of which more will be said in following Lessons.

8. The very *punishments* inflicted by God were designed for the same end, to separate the people among whom God thus awfully manifested Himself as King and Judge, from all other nations of mankind. This 'terror of the Lord' among them declared and sealed them as His.

> The word *Theocracy* is often used to designate the administration of Israel, as distinguished from that of all nations beside. It was a community 'governed by God,' who dealt with them directly through His appointed and inspired ministers.

9. It may be added that the *hope of the Messiah*, the Christ who was to come, was the birthright of the nation. As we have seen, it was this which gave Moses strength to break the ties that bound him to the court of Pharaoh: and this faith underlies the whole history. Through all the time to which these Lessons refer there were 'types' and 'shadows' of the coming Redeemer: the Passover pointed to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world;' the Manna prefigured the 'Bread from heaven,' and He Himself in his preexistent nature was the 'Angel of Jehovah's presence.' Nor only so: Egypt, the birthplace of the ancient church, sheltered His infancy too, Matt. ii. 15. And the deliverance from the Red Sea, the pilgrimage through the desert, and the anticipation of Canaan, were all as pictures of what would be brought to pass in a higher sense, by His people's redemption. 'These things were *our* examples, or, 'in these they became figures of us' (rev. ver. marg.). Christ and His Church are thus the antitypes of the whole wondrous history.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXI.—p. 544.—MATTHIAS.—Acts i. 26.

1. M-inistry	Acts i. 17.
2. A-postleship	Acts i. 25.
3. T-welve	Matt. xxvi. 47.
4. T-raitor	Luke vi. 16.
5. H-anging	Matt. xxvii. 5.
6. I-dolater	Eph. v. 5.
7. A-celdama	Acts i. 19.
8. S-cripture	Acts i. 16.

NO. XXXII.—p. 544.—MONEY.—1 Tim. vi. 10.

1. M-ilco-*m*	1 Kings xi. 5.
2. O-n-*o*	Neh. vi. 2, etc.; x. 1.
3. N-aama-*n*	Luke iv. 27.
4. E-v-*e*	2 Cor. xi. 3.
5. Y-esterda-*y*	Acts vii. 28.

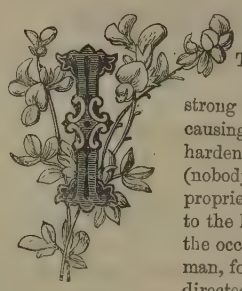
NO. XXXIII.—p. 544.—ALPHA.—Rev. xxi. 6.

1. A-dam	Gen. ii. 19.
2. L-uz	Gen. xxviii. 19.
3. P-otiphar	Gen. xxxix. 1.
4. H-ebrews	Gen. xl. 15.
5. A-aron	Exod. xxviii. 1.

Pages for the Young.

THE SWAN'S NEST FARM.

CHAPTER I.



T was a cold winter's day in December. A carriage drawn by two strong horses was passing along the road, causing a crackling sound on the snow hardened by a recent frost. Aunt Dinah (nobody called her by any other name), the proprietor of the Swan's Nest, a farm close to the highway, observed a sign made from the occupant of the carriage to the coachman, followed by a sharp lash of the whip directed towards the back of the vehicle, which dislodged an urchin of four or five years old, who had been hanging on behind. His little hands swollen by the cold, smarting from the cuts he received, he was forced to let go his hold, and fell heavily to the ground.

His fall was seen by Aunt Dinah, who under an appearance of roughness, possessed more sensibility than the people in the village gave her credit for; she did not talk much, it is true; indeed for many years she had not been known to laugh. She had "given sackcloth" as the villagers termed it, to many suitors; and when the subject of marriage or a wedding wa spoken of in her presence, it brought a moody frown on her countenance. Her words were few; she thought it better to be silent than to give utterance to idle nonsense.

We have said that she had not laughed for many years. Parted from those she loved, father, mother, brothers, sisters, the only earthly consolation that remained to her was a little orphan (her brother's child) whom she had taken under her roof. Alas, when we feel that we are left almost alone in the world what marvel is it that the laugh comes not to our lips as readily as heretofore?

Dinah Wusting had sagaciously looked beyond the honeymoon when marriage more than once was proposed to her. Here and there she observed that, once the first cream taken off, the milk remaining was not worth much; and if she had "given sackcloth" to Hans, and Denis, and to Evrard, it was because Michael, her first love, was unforgotten, who, when she was in her eighteenth year, and he only nineteen, had gone away with Napoleon to Russia, where he found a grave.

She never forgot Michael; for he had paid her attention when she was but a simple girl in the fields; whilst other suitors had solicited her hand after she had become the proprietor of the Swan's Nest, less for herself, she believed, than to gain possession of the farm. But Aunt Dinah, as we have said, had more kind-heartedness than the people in the village gave her credit for; therefore, no sooner did she see the child fall from behind the carriage than she hastily ran, and raising him up, asked his name, and where he lived. He evidently belonged to the poorer class, for his clothes were in rags. Benumbed with cold and with pain he could hardly speak.

"Gurth," cried the proprietor of the Swan's Nest to her farm-servant. "Carry this child quickly to the kitchen; he looks wretchedly ill."

And he really was so. Only after taking some warm milk, and resting quietly a little, could he at length answer the questions his hostess put to him:

"Where do you come from, child?

"From the house."

"From what house?"

"Father's house."

"What is the name of your father, my boy?"

"Denis—but he is always so harsh with me—so violent," said the boy, "just the same as Tax!"

"And who is Tax?"

"Tax is our dog; he flies at every one, and bites them."

"But your father does not bite?"

"No, he does not bite, no, no, but he beats me. He gives me cruel blows, and generally when he returns home in the evening, with 'a windmill in his head,' as Bart says, it is then he strikes the hardest—and then I cry—and when he sees me cry, it is worse still! he threatens me—and above all, this morning——"

"What! This morning?"

"Yes, this morning," said the boy, "when I went out to fill the *Jeannette* as they call it, I was obliged to bring the bottle back empty; for they refused to give father credit any longer. He got so angry that he beat me, and I cried; and then he said, 'Are you going to stop blubbering, idiot?' And as I did not stop all at once, he took me by the arm, and pushed me out of the door!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Aunt Dinah. "And then?"

"Then I ran along the road, still crying, looking behind me always, to see if father was coming after me—then a carriage passed—I got up behind it but a moment afterwards. Oh! I thought the sharp cut of that whip would kill me! But now he cannot catch me here, can he?"

"Who, your father?"

The boy answered by an affirmative gesture.

Aunt Dinah shook her head sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, Denis, Denis!"

And Denis had been one of her lovers.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, Aunt Dinah, comfortably seated in her tilted cart, set off to the village close by, with the intention of speaking to Denis; but she left little Paul at the Swan's Nest, to be taken care of by Annette, the young orphan whom she had adopted.

After seeing Aunt Dinah depart, the timid Annette, who was only four years old, stood close to the kitchen window, with her finger in her mouth; when Paul disturbed her moodiness by asking if she, Aunt Dinah, ever beat her? Annette did not venture to answer a word, indeed she did not quite understand her companion's question; she had been told *that* was what the hammer of the clock did, when about to strike the hour; but Aunt Dinah did not do so, no, she had never done that!

Annette was doll-like in her appearance; a pretty, fair child, with light auburn hair; she had lost her parents when scarcely three and a half years old. They were, Aunt Dinah told her, with the good God in Heaven; and although Annette could not comprehend how this could be, for she did not see any opening in the immense blue sky above her head, and could not understand how they got there, nevertheless she believed what was said. "But when I am going to church Aunt Dinah shows me a spot in the cemetery, where she says they are sleeping: It is there—*there!* she cried, pointing to their grave."

To play about all day long was her chief occupation. Athough she went to school she often coaxed her aunt to let her remain at home. Since she had learnt to read, however, she willingly attended it; but what disconcerted the child, was to come back to the house quite alone. From the school to Reinders did not signify, for thus far, she was accompanied by Gis and Mieneke, but after she had gone that distance, Gurth the farm-boy was not always punctual in meeting her. She was not exactly frightened, but there was a ditch to cross, near the orchard; the plank over it was very narrow, and the rail too high for her to reach.

Paul who waited in vain for an answer to his question, was considering how he could introduce the subject he had at heart in some other way, when the little girl, thinking it was time for her class, asked him with an embarrassed look; "Are you going to live with Aunt Dinah? and are you going to school?"

Now school had always been a sort of menace to the poor boy: "If you do not do this or that, you shall go to school," was dinned into his ears every day, and naturally, on these occasions, dreading a shower of blows, he had made rash promises, in order to escape from what he supposed must be like a prison.

"Ah, I already am perfect in my letters," said the little girl, nodding her head in a sign of personal satisfaction. "Listen! '*A B C*——'"

"I do not know as much," said Paul, evincing an admiration which was almost grotesque.

"And when I shall be bigger I am to have a pen, a ruler, and slate; but if Gurth does not come soon, I shall not dare pass over the plank."

"The plank!" repeated Paul; "must you pass over a plank?"

"Yes, and it is so slippery to-day."

"Well, but I could help you over, I have no fear; I think I could even carry you."

"No, no, no!" cried the little girl, whilst Paul putting out his strength, lifted her from the ground, and was going to make an excursion with his precious burden as far as the grange.

"No, no!" said Annette, but her alarm soon passed, when she saw herself safely deposited again. Then she asked, "But do you think that you could carry me, like Gurth, on your back?"

Without replying, the young boy immediately took her on his back, and pretending to be her horse, trotted about with her in the courtyard till both of them became quite tired, she from laughing heartily, and he from his exertions.

Paul said, "You see I can and will carry you."

"I should always like such a horse to take me to school!" replied Annette.

* * * * *

During this time the proprietor of the Swan's Nest arrived at the village, and having left her cart and horse on the high road in the care of William, the farm-servant, she took a pathway to the left, which conducted her to the cottage of Denis Dissel. She knocked, but receiving no answer opened the door, and penetrating into a small dirty room she saw, to her great astonishment, Denis asleep on a chair, breathing heavily and irregularly. Evidently it was no ordinary, or natural sleep. "Already, so early in the morning," said Aunt Dinah to herself; "Denis, then, is no longer employed in the farm, and what the child told me is perfectly true, and approaching nearer to the intoxicated man, she tapped him on the shoulder, calling, "Dissel, Dissel!"

"Eh?" said he, rubbing his eyes.

"I wish to speak to you, Dissel. Do you not recognise me? I am Mrs. Wusting of the Swan's Nest."

"The Swan's Nest!" he said, without raising his head. "What do I care? I want to sleep."

"No, you must wake up," said his visitor, shaking him on his chair. "Do you not wish to know where your little Paul is, who left you yesterday?"

"Paul! Paul! Is he still away? The little scapegrace!" saying which Denis at length opened his eyes, and gazed in an absent manner.

Aunt Dinah must have possessed some courage to place her foot within the dwelling of such a man. This same Denis Dissel had formerly been employed as a workman on her farm, and he thought to profit by his position to aspire to the hand of his mistress, who, at that time (twenty years previously) was still young; but, like Hans a year preceding, and Evrard a month later, all he obtained was a decisive "No," accompanied by a prompt dismissal. Dinah was not ignorant that from that day forth, Denis had said all kinds of spiteful things against her—that she was a bigot, avaricious, and that it was she who had wished to marry him, but that at the moment of

concluding the arrangement, she withdrew from him, fearing he would spend all her money.

It was, therefore, very repugnant to this good woman to see the man again who had so calumniated her, to make a personal request of one who had so debased himself; but not deeming from the account she heard the evening before, from his unfortunate child, that the evil was so flagrant as it really was, she had followed out her noble and generous intention, and had gone to see him. Without further preamble, she communicated to Denis her wish to keep little Paul at the farm to fill one of the vacancies which death had caused in her establishment.

How is it that we always find such painful contrasts in the scenes of daily life? Why does charity, which raises up, ennobles, and saves, so often meet with an ungrateful return, not appreciating the benefits bestowed? Is it that the blessed office of charity may appear the more worthy of admiration, by the dark shadows prevailing behind and around it?

From the day this degraded workman saw himself frustrated in the projects he had ventured to form, he retired to the village of D——. For several consecutive years he had changed from one service to another. He was sent away everywhere, on account of his evil tongue and for the intemperate habits he had contracted. At length he seemed anxious to settle down in the advantageous employment he had found in a farm. The motive for this improvement of conduct was the prospect of a good matrimonial settlement. Gretchen in linking her fate with his, thought to render him a better man; but unfortunately trials awaited them, as though their union had not been blessed by the Almighty. Five young children died one after the other, before they were old enough to quit their mother's arms; and she, alas! seven years after her marriage, died in giving birth to her sixth child, Paul. Denis had not failed to appreciate the good qualities of his wife. Gretchen, withal, was of a kindly disposition, and besides, was an excellent manager, for after attending to her husband and children, she found time to go out on some employment, such as washing and cleaning, for her more prosperous neighbours; bringing back payment which increased their little store. Was it possible for Denis not to follow so encouraging an example? His life became quite changed; he passed now for the best labourer in the village, and for some time enjoyed general esteem. But poor Gretchen died, and in his first violent paroxysm of grief he execrated the little son who had caused her death, and he became hateful to him, as though it was the poor innocent's fault that his mother died.

Alas! her death was a fatal blow too, for himself. After that sad event he went back to his old habits; being deprived of the help of his wife, he had not sufficient strength of mind to keep in the straight path of duty. He blasphemed God, and regarded his little son, not as a gift from Providence to aid him to support the loss of her he mourned, but as a sort of ill-fortune which had been substituted for former happiness!

Poor Paul! To have no longer a mother; to depend upon the commiseration of a stranger; to be ill-treated by his father, who regarded him as his evil destiny, was very sad. In a few days, Denis had demolished the moral edifice which Gretchen had assisted him to rear, for it had no better foundation. Indifferent to all that appertained to an honest life, and regarding himself as unfit for work, he gave up his service at the farm to enter into another service dominated by an evil spirit—drunkenness.

At the end of an hour, Aunt Dinah left the miserable abode of the man who formerly had raised his eyes to the possession of the Swan's Nest, and in her cart returned home. Dissel had given his consent, not without having added some harsh expressions, and feeling his old rancour revive against the rich proprietor of the farm. The benevolent proposal which had been made in the interest of his child had been badly received, as well as the encouraging words which had been added for his own welfare. But at last he had agreed to her taking charge of Paul.

It was all the same to him. "It was better that it should be so," he said; "for, after all, Paul was a good-for-nothing boy, not worth the bread he ate."

The conclusion of the matter was that Dinah should send a sum of money every year to Denis equal to what the boy might earn in the hayfields or attending to the tobacco plantations, which formed part of the crops at the Swan's Nest and other farms in that neighbourhood.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XL.

1. Son of deep sorrow, yet son of the right hand,
Dying bequest of a precious departed,
Brother beloved of a lowly-born ruler,
Ancestor great of a tribe lion-hearted.

2. Who art *thou*, coming to comfort the mourner?
How dost thou solace the poor wounded soul?
Knowing not yet that the Lord, not in anger,
Proveth His children, and then maketh whole.

3. Sacred was *this* as the God-chosen symbol
Setting apart, with its holy anointing,
Kings for their governing, prophets for warning,
Men for the work of Jehovah's appointing.

4. Wonderful *words*, which the fishers obeying,
Turned lowly labourers to teachers of men:
Wonderful words, which for ages and ages,
Have called man to Christ, and will call him again.

5. *He* comes in the strength of his armour colossal,
The panoplied might of the chief of the band;
Yet a prayer and a sling and a stone and a stripling,
Are the instruments used by God's conquering hand.

6. No longer *this blood* of the beasts sacrificial,
This smoke of much incense, encumbers the altar;
Atonement is made, once, for ever and ever,
And the prayers of our faith need not tremble nor falter.

7. *Thou lowliest of bulbs*, for thee Israel, longing,
Forgot her sweet freedom, and pined for the land
Whence the cry of her bondage had risen to heaven,
But where succulent herbs grew and ripened at hand.

8. Over the face of the dark troubled waters,
Patriarch Noah sent *this messenger* flying;
She, with the olive-leaf homewards returning,
Left, for all time, a sweet lesson undying.

9. Bring forth the ring for the hand of the wand'rer,
Sandals bring forth for the poor weary feet;
"*This* for the feast shall ye kill in his honour:
Let us be merry and glad, as is meet.

10. *So*, in their gladness, the children all shouted,
Sang, as the Lord rode and entered the city.
Thus, as our little ones sing to Thee, Saviour,
Look on them still with regard and with pity.

11. Woe to *thee*, father of children so godless!
Well may thy last days be clouded with gloom;
Foretaste of terrible news that is coming,
News trebly awful, that tells of their doom.

12. *Here* bloom'd fair blossoms, and ripe hung the fruitage;
Beasts that now raven were harmless in play:
Days brought no trouble, and nights brought no danger,
Man was still holy, and Nature was gay.

13. *This*, rich and free, on the just and the unjust,
Falls like heaven's mercy, that knows not a bound.
On the evil and good the fair sunshine alighteth,
So God's loving-kindness is everywhere found. M. E. R.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

RECREATION.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER IX.

"Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

"I LIKE the Winterburns, Josephine."

"Do you? I should not have dreamed that you would have cared for simple country girls."

"But they are not a bit rustic; and your friend Prue is really charming."

"I have never thought her pretty, Garret."

"Not exactly pretty. Yet I have seen scores of pretty girls who are not half so attractive."

Josephine laughed softly.

"How easy it is to captivate an invalid!" she said good-humouredly. "You have been lying on your back for months, seeing nobody but your nurse in her lavender gown and white cap; and

now the first nice girl you meet is glorified into an angel."

Garret Montague was silent; and, after a glance at his face, the widow went on:

"Of course, Garret dear, it is very pleasant to see you so well contented with rural society. I feared you would find it terribly dull here; your old life was always so gay."

"A kind of gaiety I shall never know again," he replied.

"And you regret it. Dear Garret, it is good in you to make the best of your lot, and take your trials so patiently."

"The patience was long in coming, Josephine. But when it did come, I found it so sweet that I think I shall never part with it again. As to the regret, it is less bitter than you suppose."

"But the old habits, and associations?"

"I miss them, of course; yet there had been a loosening of old ties before the wrench came."

"Ah, that made it easier to bear. I heard after I left India that there was a change in you—a change that would have made my husband rejoice if he had lived to see it, Garret."

"Good old Frank; he was always anxious about me," said Garret softly. "Yes, Josephine; there has been a change. I have learnt, as Frank would have said, to know the things that belong unto my peace."

A flush stole over his pale face as he made the avowal. Garret Montague was not one of those men who find it easy to speak of the inner life.

"I am very glad—very thankful," said Josephine, with quiet earnestness; and then after a pause she added,—

"I, too, have thought more of those things since Frank's death. While he lived I was often careless and forgetful, and far too easily ensnared. But a great gain came to me through my loss."

She watched her cousin furtively and anxiously to see the effect of her words. But his stay in her neighbourhood in India had not been long. He had been moved to other quarters; and while he was near she had felt it politic to be on her guard. Although there was no great fear, in those days, of stern judgment from Garret Montague, she never forgot that he was her rival in Uncle Peter's good graces, and that he kept up a correspondence with the old man at Pine Cottage.

Yet it was possible that rumours of some of her doings might have reached Garret's ears; and he had seen enough of her conduct to know that she had not been the helpmeet that Frank Chafford had desired. It was wise, therefore, to come before her cousin now-a-days as a new creature, chastened and purified by sorrow, and living a holier life.

But no doubt of Josephine's sincerity forced its way into the mind of Garret Montague. He had never kept any strict watch upon her actions in the Indian days; in fact his own life, with its gaieties and plans, had fully occupied his whole attention; and when he had thought of Mrs. Chafford he had always been quite ready to excuse her frivolity on the ground of her good nature. She was a trifle too light-minded, perhaps, for Frank's wife; but that was easily forgiven.

"Indeed, Josephine," he said gently, "it is a true saying that 'our cedars must fall round us, ere we see the light behind.' But there is bitter anguish when the goodly tree is smitten."

The widow's hand shielded her eyes for a moment, and Sybil, watchful as usual, crept up to her side. Garret was inexpressibly touched; the little girl's wistful look went to his heart at once, and called out a new tenderness for Josephine and her children.

As January days passed away the snow melted, leaving the nakedness of the damp brown soil exposed to the wintry sun. The redbreast trilled his cheery little song outside Garret's chamber-window, perched on the bare boughs of an old pear-tree; and then, in the prim garden-beds below, the snowdrops glistened in the morning light. The country sights and sounds were growing very sweet to Garret Montague; strength was returning; life was pleasant again, and Pine Cottage had become a veritable home.

Mr. Sorrell was delighted with his nephew's companionship. Little Walter was his cousin's devoted friend, or faithful foot-page, ever on the alert to spare Garret's halting steps, and minister to his wants. Sybil, when she could tear herself from her mother's side, did not fail to pay him small attentions in her own fashion. And Mrs. Chafford while she watched Garret and her uncle with jealous eyes, took care to make the house agreeable.

As Garret's strength increased, and spring winds brought health and vigour on their wings, he limped out into the sunshine after breakfast, and invariably took the road to Thorn Farm. It was only a half-mile walk. He could sit and rest in the pleasant old rooms as long as he pleased, and often enough he did not return to Pine Cottage till after luncheon. The Winterburn hospitality was so genuine that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to take a meal in that old house. They all got used to him, and speedily grew attached to him. Mr. Winterburn and Miles were helpful and kind; Delia showed her liking in her sedate way, and Prue was his constant companion.

Sometimes they sang together in the drawing-room, where the morning sunshine was always brightest; and his tenor and her contralto were in perfect harmony. The afternoon sun, creeping round the house, often discovered them in the school-room, choosing passages from their favourite poets, and talking as only those whose minds are in unison ever can talk. And all the while the spring was working its wonders around them, freshening the moss-velvet on the banks, and bringing out the purple bloom of the violets. Young lambs were heard bleating in the folds; birds made merry on the budding trees; primrose clusters thickened and spread, and every day added some new charm to field and wood.

April seemed to forget her fickleness and assume the sunny calm of the later months. The winds dealt in such gentle fashion with the fragile blossoms that the garden was a paradise of bloom. By this time Garret Montague had laid his crutch aside, and could walk along the paths, leaning on a stout stick, till he reached Prue's favourite seat.

"Life is becoming a *Te Deum*," he said one day, when sunbeams and blooms were in full glory. "I came to Thistledean expecting only a very moderate share of content, and I have found delight."

"But are you not easily delighted?" Prue asked.

"Once I was very hard to please," he answered, with a smile. "There is nothing that satisfies a

restless heart, and mine was very restless in bygone days. When peace came, I discovered that small things make happiness."

"You are speaking of that peace which the world cannot give," said Prue softly.

"Yes; one does not care to talk much about the inward experience; but there are certain influences which draw one's hidden thoughts into the light. Sitting here with you, in the sunshine, I feel strangely inclined to be communicative."

"And I am strangely inclined to listen," Prue replied.

It was a very simple heart-history that Garret had to tell; just one of the common stories of the inner life. In such stories there is little variety, but rather a sweet sameness that is like the every-day tale of nature's doings.

The history of Garret's heart was the old story of a little plot of ground, left untilled for years, and bearing only wild grass and gay weeds. Perhaps he could scarcely recall the day and hour when the great Husbandman began His work; but he could remember moments of anxious thought, troubled musings that were as the breaking up of the hard clods. Gradually and silently that work went on; rain and dew softened the soil, and the south wind breathed upon the spot, until passers-by began to notice the first upspringing of the green blades, and the new aspect of the place.

And then, just as the "peaceable fruits" were beginning to show themselves, there came upon him that great disaster which changed all the plans of his life, and left him a crippled man in the prime of his years.

Calmly and very patiently he spoke of his altered prospects and slow recovery; but while he talked Prue found tears gathering in her eyes, and turned away her head to hide them.

"The fresh air has done wonders for me," he said in his cheeriest tone. "I never thought to have such available limbs again. There must be a magical influence in Thorn Farm, for when I set out to walk here I always find my strength lasts till I get to the door."

"I can't think why you like it—it is so simple and old-fashioned and homely," answered Prue, with a slight tremor in her voice. "But we are very glad that you have got used to us and our country ways."

"So used to you that town ways will never seem pleasant any more," he responded lightly, looking up to the rosy blooms of the apple-trees—

> "'Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'"

"You will not leave Pine Cottage yet?" said Prue. "Josephine hardly expected you would take to village life so kindly."

"I don't think my uncle wants to part with me at present," Garret replied. "Of course I must go out into the world by-and-by to seek my fortune. Yes; Josephine is a little astonished at my developing rural tastes; she detests the country herself."

"But how good of her to adapt herself so readily to such a quiet life!" cried Prue, eager to praise her friend. "If I had been courted and admired in society as she was, I believe I should have found it hard to retire from the world. How calmly she has settled down with all her little commonplace duties, and she would do a great deal more than her duty, if she had sufficient strength!"

"You have a very high opinion of Josephine?"

"Yes, indeed; I have never had so dear a friend. And I owe her a great debt of gratitude, Mr. Montague."

"Gratitude?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes," said Prue, flushing as she always did under the influence of strong feeling. "Before she came I was leading an aimless, selfish life, thinking only about my own narrow interests and pleasures. She talked to me, in her sweet way, and led me out of my miserably small circle into hers, teaching me how much nobler it is to minister to others than to pamper oneself. Oh, I owe her more, far more than I can ever tell?"

Garret Montague was surprised, and even startled by the girl's intense earnestness. She had, he thought, given him a new view of Josephine's character, and he began to accuse himself of having undervalued his cousin's excellencies and over-rated her defects. He had believed Josephine to be much softened and sweetened by sorrow; but he had never deemed her capable of exerting an ennobling influence on another; his old remembrance of her vanity and frivolity had, half unconsciously, made him a little mistrustful of her present discretion. And he had been wrong;—he must have been wrong! Prue Winterburn with her unworldly eyes could see farther and deeper than he could.

Poor Prue in her mistaken loyalty and devotion had uttered words that told terribly against her afterwards. As Garret watched her sensitive face and listened to her voice, he found himself swayed by this earnestness of belief. It did not then occur to him that it was exaggerated feeling, if not mistake or delusion.

"Yours is a grateful nature," he said kindly. "But I can't quite believe that you were ever so selfish as you suppose. Still, a woman who has seen life may be a valuable help to one less experienced than herself."

"Josephine has indeed helped me," Prue murmured, speaking more to herself than to her companion. "I can never do enough for her—never."

A silence fell upon them both; but birds, leaves and insects filled up the pause with a sweet summer din. The fruit-trees dropped down a delicate petal or two upon the pair, and the sunbeams played about their quiet figures; it was almost too delightful a calm to be broken by words.

It was not until the close of the day that Garret Montague walked slowly home to Pine Cottage.

Hawthorns scented the hedges; the greenery was still bright and new, all untouched as yet by the heat and dust of later summer, and the breath of kine came fresh from fair pastures. Every meadow was a world of buttercups glistening under the touch of the westering sun, and rustling when a soft breeze swept down from the low-lying hills to breathe upon the sheltered village.

As Garret drew near Pine Cottage he saw his uncle slowly pacing up and down the road, outside the gate.

"A lovely evening, Uncle Peter," he called out cheerfully. "I hope this weather will last a long while."

The old man looked up with a start, and it in-

stantly struck Garret that there was an indescribable change in his pleasant face.

The ready smile was wanting; the ruddy cheeks were a shade paler than usual, the eyes duller. The voice, too, had lost its old ring of gladness, and his words came slowly, as if spoken with an effort.

"Yes, yes; it is fine weather, certainly," he answered. "But I suppose the farmers will be crying out for rain by-and-by."

Garret, who still limped considerably, quickened his steps and came up close to Mr. Sorrell.

"I am getting up my steam for a walking-match," he said gaily. "What do you think of my pace now?"

"Better, a great deal better," replied the old man, still in a constrained tone. "You will quite lose your lameness in another month or two."

"No, no, uncle, that's expecting too much. I shall be a poor maimed pilgrim always—a Mr. Ready-to-halt for the rest of my days."

"Ready-to-halt; ay, he was an honest man. I wish you may make as good an end as his."

It seemed to Garret that there was a flavour of bitterness in the words, accompanied, as they were, by a very slight shake of the head. His own tone grew colder as he answered—

"I shall not lack his guide, uncle, to help me through the journey."

Mr. Sorrell said no more, but his eyes followed his nephew wistfully as the young man went limping through the garden gate.

Chancing to glance upward before entering the house, Garret caught a glimpse of Josephine's face at the open window of her bedroom. She was bending forward with a strange, eager look as if she had been listening greedily to the little dialogue in the road.

As his eyes met hers she called up a sudden smile, but the change in her expression almost startled him, and the smile seemed to be put on, quickly, as a mask.

"What has come to me?" he thought as he went indoors. "Am I growing morbid and suspicious? Pine Cottage scarcely feels like home to-night."

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

VI.—TWO CONTROVERTED PASSAGES: TEXT AND MARGIN.

REFERENCE was made in a former paper to two passages as affording types respectively of alterations in text and in rendering.* Criticism was then purposely forborne; but the way is now open to ask whether the course adopted by the Revisers in these cases can be fully sustained. Certainly there are no passages in the New Testament in which the alterations have been more canvassed, or, we may add, more regretted by the non-critical public. The prepossession in favour of the old readings is in these cases peculiarly strong, and the translator may be almost tempted to forget that his first duty is to the truth, even to the sacrifice of the most cherished associations. Yet the opposite temptation is as real and yet more subtle, to give undue weight, from very scrupulousness, to that which our inclinations would lead us to oppose. Whether the Revisers have unconsciously been thus influenced in the two passages now before us, it is not for us to say.

These passages, as every reader will have anticipated, are the Angels' Song at Bethlehem, and the final petition of the Lord's Prayer: and after a careful review of the evidence for the alterations made, we are compelled to the conclusion that in both instances the elder reading is the better sustained, and that the text and margin in the Revised Version should change places.

I. In regard to the angelic song, Luke ii. 14, it appears to us that the alteration, accepted as it is by most critics, is due to a too exclusive regard to the four great uncial MSS. (Alexandrian, Vatican, Sinaitic, Beza), which undoubtedly contain the reading,* and of the Latin versions and Fathers. This weight of testimony would, indeed, in ordinary cases be conclusive, but there are two strong counter considerations. The one is that the "received" reading is found in nearly all other manuscripts, some of which, although in themselves later, may be taken to attest the readings of an earlier date, and in all the ancient versions, except the Latin, with those taken from it; while it has the virtually unanimous concurrence of the Greek Fathers.† The external authority for the two readings is thus divided, and there is room for difference of opinion, to say the least, as to the side where the preponderance lies. The question thus becomes one, secondly, in which we must appeal to internal evidence; and the rule "to prefer the more difficult reading" will hardly apply, seeing that reasons of equal weight may be given for the change either way.‡ We are thrown upon the *meaning* of the text in its two rival forms; and, once brought to this, we can scarcely hesitate. The reading which our Revisers have taken from the four uncials and the Latin, is hardly

* "Sunday at Home," June, p. 375.

* The difference is between ΕΥΔΟΚΙΑ and ΕΥΔΟΚΙΑϹ, one letter only, causing, however, a complete change in the construction of the sentence. Of the most ancient MSS., the "Codex Ephrem" is deficient here. It is observable that the Alexandrian MS. though giving the reading *εὐδοκίας* in Luke, has *εὐδοκία* in an appendix (Greek morning hymn).

† Dr. Scrivener, "Criticism of the New Testament," 2nd ed. p. 513.

‡ The C (*s*), which makes all the difference, may have been added by a transcriber in mere carelessness: there is an instance of this (probably) in Heb. xii. 7.

intelligible. "Peace on earth to men of good will" is, to say the least, obscure. The Revisers have made the best of it by a bold and ingenious paraphrase: "Peace on earth to men with whom He is well pleased:" but this is scarcely allowable. The constructions cited as parallel—"the Son of His love" and "vessels of election," fail to sustain the interpretation. "Men of good will," *homines bonæ voluntatis*, if the phrase means anything at all, can hardly mean anything else than "well-disposed men": and yet it is simply impossible to accept this as the purport of the angels' hymn. Moreover, the very aim and purport of the great message as reported by Luke, "the Pauline evangelist," was to declare God's "good pleasure" to *mankind*. The good tidings of great joy were for the world. It was no place for limitation; and the restriction, like a jarring note, mars all the sweetness of the music.

In comparison with this objection, that which is based upon the rhythmical construction of the strain is but secondary, though in itself very strong. Let the reader compare the two:

"Glory to God in the highest (heavens)
And on earth peace:
(There is) goodwill among men!"

The one thought, the descent among men of the Divine goodwill (good pleasure, εὐδοκία, revealed in Christ*), brings joy to heaven and blessing to earth. It is a glowing triplet, expressed in the very spirit of the inspired Hebrew poetry. Now take the other reading:

"Glory to God in the highest (heavens)
And on earth peace to men of goodwill!"

In this couplet there is indeed the twofold parallelism between *heaven* and *earth*, and between *glory* and *peace*. Thus far the strain is rhythmical; but the concluding clause comes in to disturb the harmony as well as to flatten the sense. We therefore with little or no hesitation stand by the received text and the older version; while the Vulgate reading should of course stand in the margin, literally rendered—"to men of good will": for we would hardly consent in any case to have the knot cut by the interpretation which our Revisers have given.

II. In reference to the petition "Deliver us from the Evil one," the case stands thus. "The evil one," and "evil" in the abstract, are both expressed in the New Testament by the adjective with the article. In the nominative and accusative cases the difference of termination leaves no doubt as to whether the masculine or the neuter is intended: thus in Matt. xiii. 19, 1 John v. 18, it is clear that the true rendering is "the evil one," and in Rom. xii. 9, it is equally certain that the words mean "that which is evil." But in the genitive and dative cases the masculine and neuter are alike in Greek, and only the context can decide which of the two is meant. Such instances in the New Testament, besides

(*a*) The petition in the Lord's Prayer, now in question, are,

(*b*) Matt. v. 37, "Let your speech be yea, yea; nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one," *or* "of evil."

(*c*) Matt. v. 39, "Resist not *him* that is evil," *or* "resist not evil."

(*d*) Matt. xiii. 38, "The sons of the evil *one*," *or* "the children of evil."

(*e*) John xvii. 15, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them from the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil *one*," *or* "from the evil."

(*f*) Eph. vi. 16, "Taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil *one*," *or* "of evil."

(*g*) 2 Thess. iii. 3, "The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and guard you from the evil *one*," *or* "from evil."

(*h*) 1 John iii. 12, "Cain was of the evil *one*," *or* "of evil."

(*i*) 1 John v. 19, "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil *one*," *or* "in evil."

In all these passages the Revisers adopt the personal sense; in all but *d*, *f*, *h*, the Authorised Version has the neuter. It is plain, therefore, that the sentence in the Lord's Prayer cannot be treated alone, as though the rendering depended upon the verb used for *deliver* or upon the preposition for *from*. Even were it so, it could be demonstrably shown that neither of these words demands the personal rendering. Thus in 2 Tim. iv. 18, we read, "The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom;" the verb, the preposition, and the adjective for *evil*, being the same as in the Lord's Prayer. But we need hardly dwell upon this instance, conclusive as it seems, or upon the fact that in the Septuagint the verb in question is used "in reference to deliverance not merely from personal enemies, but from every kind of evil," the preposition employed in the Lord's Prayer (*apo*) not infrequently accompanying it in this sense.* It seems impossible that the Revisers can have rested their case upon the verb and preposition; in fact, Bishop Ellicott, in his address to Convocation on the day when the Revised Version was issued, expressly put the alteration upon another ground. "In many of these passages, perhaps, on which hereafter we may be most severely criticised—as for instance in the 'deliver us from the Evil One' of the Lord's Prayer—it will be found that we are but reproducing that which had always been the interpretation of the best and earliest writers of the Greek-speaking Primitive Church." The point is no doubt important, although it must not be forgotten that these Fathers held views upon the agency of Satan and of dæmons generally in human affairs that should lead us to take their interpretation with some caution. The fact, however, needs to be a little qualified. Canon Cook, whose authority on this matter stands high, says, "I may err, and it is proverbially an unsafe position to assert a negative, but I venture to assert that no allusion to this view of the meaning of the petition is to be found in the so-called Apostolic Fathers, or in Justin Martyr, or in Irenæus, or in Clement of Alexandria, or any of their contemporaries, or, in short, in any Greek-speaking Father earlier than Origen," i.e. about the middle of the

* See Eph. i. 5, 9; Phil. ii. 13; 2 Thess. i. 11.

* Canon Cook, "Letter to the Bishop of London," Murray, 1881, a brief and masterly discussion on the change in the last petition of the Lord's Prayer. See Gen. xlviii. 16 (LXX.), "the angel which redeemed us from all evil," Job xxxiii. 17; Psa. xxxviii. 9, xci. 3; Ezek. xxxvii. 29, etc. In the last four passages the preposition *apo* is used with the verb.

third century. And Origen, from his proneness to allegorical and mystical interpretation, is not always a trustworthy guide. For instance, he discerns the Evil One in the tenth Psalm, ver. 15, where our Bible reads, "Break Thou the arm of the wicked and the evil *man*." Surely the Revisers, instead of following the interpretation of the Greek expositors, who were separated from the Apostles by at least two hundred years,* would have done better to rest upon the usage of the Jews among whom Christ spoke, and to inquire how they must have understood His words. This line of investigation yet waits, so far as the Targums and Rabbinical writings are concerned, to be followed up; but thus far, at least, it seems to lead to the conclusion that the hearers of our Lord must have apprehended His reference as being to moral and spiritual evil generally. The evidence of the Septuagint all points the same way, the phrase being constantly employed as denoting evil generally, but never as equivalent to Satan. On the whole, therefore, we must regret the change, supported as it is by names of high authority as well as adopted by at least two-thirds of the Revisers.† It was at least a case, it appears to us, where the *consensus* of previous translators, and the acknowledged difficulties of the case, demanded that the new rendering, if introduced at all, should have been relegated to the margin.

The matter can hardly rest where it is: in this, as in some other matters, the Revision will evidently need to be revised. No doubt in the final settlement of the question, there will be the unconscious influence of theological belief on one side or the other. Those who disbelieve the personality of Satan will be prepossessed against the Revisers' rendering; those who believe it, will, on the other hand, welcome what they regard as a new testimony to an important truth. But on either side these ought not to be the determining considerations.

Nor, again, should we be influenced by habit in our use of the Lord's Prayer. The fact which recent discussions have brought out is not a little remarkable, that multitudes who have used this prayer from infancy, in the current liturgical form, have now noticed for the first time that they do not repeat it as given in the Authorised Version, either of St. Luke or St. Matthew. The Prayer, in fact, as contained in the English Liturgy, is not taken *verbatim* from any of the English translations of the Bible; and there is no likelihood that the form will now be changed because of this Revision. Whether adopted for public *reading* or not, the altered phrase will not prevent successive generations of worshippers from *praying* in the grand, comprehensive petition which includes so much more than an appeal against a personal enemy; DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

To glance for a moment at some of the other passages quoted above:—strong reasons might be given for adhering to the old rendering of Matt. v. 37, "Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Surely our Lord could never have meant to say, not only that every oath, but all deviation from perfect simplicity of speech, is prompted by Satan himself! So in John xvii. 15, we cling to the thought, not that our Lord was praying for His followers that God would guard them from the devil —the foe *already* defeated and humiliated!—but that He would keep them from every form of the world's evil, moral and spiritual. Similar considerations would apply, though perhaps with diminished force, to Matt. v. 39, 2 Thess. iii. 3, 1 John v. 19,* and even to Matt. xiii. 38.

Other passages we have left ourselves no space to discuss. We close, as we began, by expressing our sense of the immeasurable boon that all English-speaking communities have received in the publication of this new rendering of the familiar Book. The eagerness with which it has been received and discussed is surely a memorable sign of our times. No more impressive testimony has ever been given to the honour in which, amid all the questionings and infidelities of this era, the words of Christ and His Apostles are still held, not only by His professed Church, but by the whole people. That much of the feeling awakened is mere curiosity, that cold criticism is also aroused, are inevitable accompaniments of the occasion. But on the whole the effect, we strongly believe, will be to attract not only the minds but the hearts of our countrymen with new reverence and love to the Divine Word. As they stand to watch this fresh unsealing of the living spring, the voice of Him who stands beside it will fall with fresh force and tenderness on many ears: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

* In fact, Chrysostom seems to be the great authority for this rendering: A.D. about 400.

† For *the Evil one*, among modern authorities may be quoted Olshausen, Meyer, Ebrard, Wordsworth, Godet, Hilgenfeld, Ellicott, Keim, Plumptre, Dr. Davidson (in his translation of Tischendorf's New Testament); for *evil*, as in the Authorised Version (with Tyndale, Cranmer and the Geneva translators), Weiss, Keil, Ewald, Tholuck, Bleek, Lange, Stier, Alford, Mansel. See note in 'Speaker's Commentary,' Matt. v. 13.

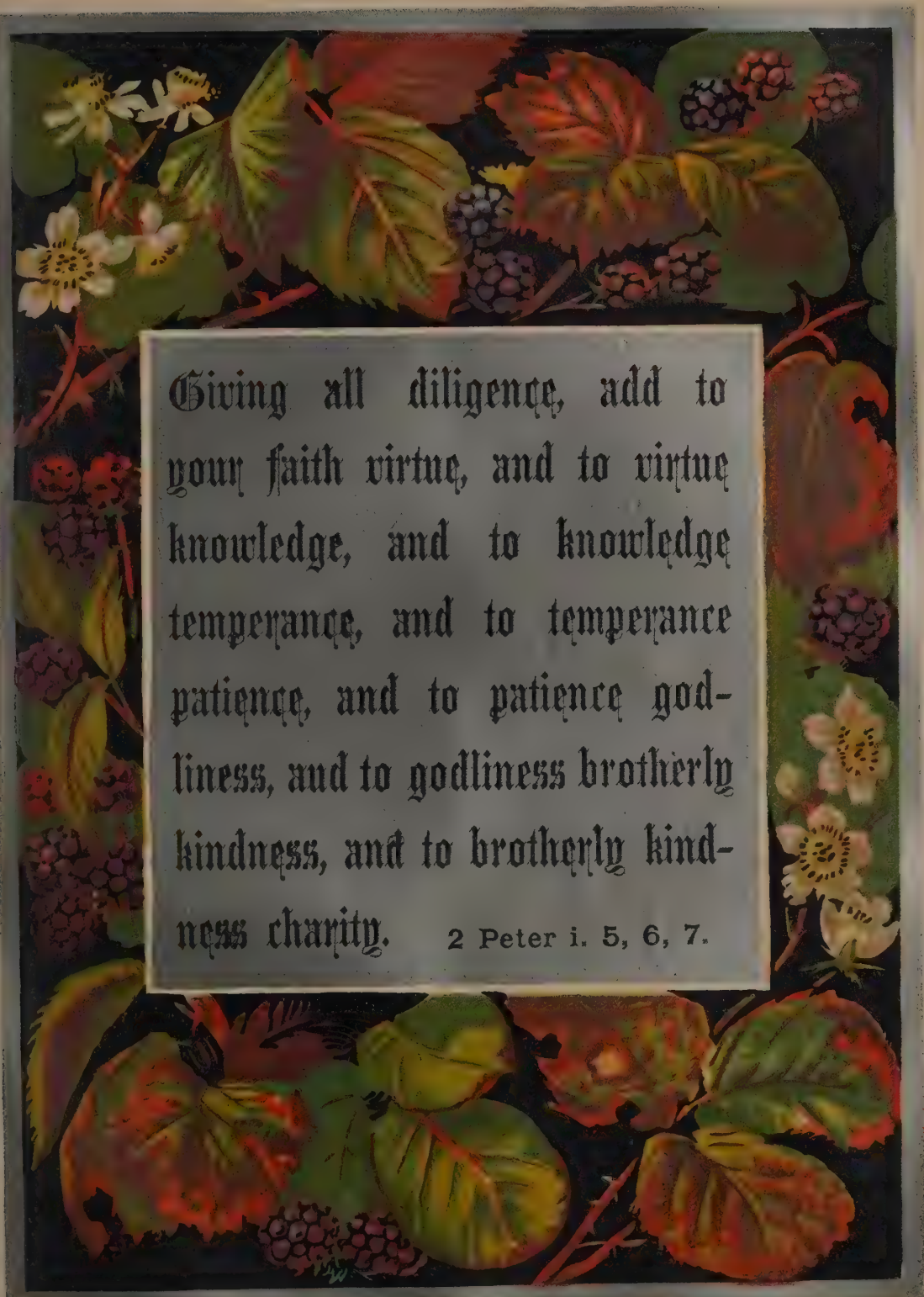
"BESIDE ALL WATERS;"

OR, THE GOSPEL IN BILLINGSGATE.

"SUPPOSE we try the London City Mission," said a city alderman, six years ago, at a meeting of ratepayers who were considering the best means of suppressing the profane and coarse language which made Billingsgate a by-word; and so a London City missionary was sent to work in Billingsgate market. "It was up-hill work at first," he lately told us. "I tried the early morning hours, from four till seven, but found that then, when the market and every adjoining avenue is so blocked with fish-vans that all other traffic is often stopped, the crowd and bustle hindered me entirely. So I went from seven till ten, and had many an opportunity of speaking a word to the costermongers who come then to buy fish cheap; and to the porters, of whom there are many hundreds registered, besides countless hangers-on at the market. I used to begin by offering a picture tract, a 'British Workman,' or the 'Illustrated Messengers' of the Religious Tract Society. One of these, called 'Why did He die?' gave me the text of an address, eagerly listened to, at the end of which at least forty hands were stretched out for tracts.

"'Do you remember this, sir?' said a man one day,

* With regard to this passage, it may be worth while to remark that the expression "(the people) is *in wickedness*," is found in the *Hebrew* of Exodus xxxii. 22; rendered in A.V., "they are set on mischief."


Giving all diligence, add to
your faith virtue, and to virtue
knowledge, and to knowledge
temperance, and to temperance
patience, and to patience god-
liness, and to godliness brotherly
kindness, and to brotherly kind-
ness charity. 2 Peter i. 5, 6, 7.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON.

Kronheim & Co.,

pushing his way to me through a crowd. It was the Gospel of St. John, very much soiled and defaced with many a fish-mark. Written inside was my name and address, which I find it well to put in every such gift. 'I took it home to my wife, sir, she's the best scholar; but we couldn't make much of it. Then she says to me, "Let's go and hear what they've got to say about these things at the Mile-end Mission." So we did, sir, and we heard the gentleman talk about the love of God shed abroad in our hearts; and now we understand it, sir, and we've got it. Take the Word, mates,' he added, turning to some around him. 'Would you give me a clean copy of this, sir?'"

There was held one evening lately the first annual meeting of the Billingsgate District Association, which started with the opening of a room in the heart of the district, where a lending-library, now amounting to five hundred volumes, is kept, additions to which are earnestly asked. The members, already one hundred and twenty, pay a shilling a year. One object of the Association is "to exert personal influence to suppress intemperance, and correct bad language." In the aforesaid room noon-day prayer-meetings are held twice a week, and in the evening Bible readings and temperance meetings.

"I've just been through Billingsgate for the first time," a stranger in London lately remarked. "Either the place has been maligned, or it's marvellously improved. I heard no bad language at all." Surely it was wisely resolved, for the reform of Billingsgate, to "try the London City Mission;" in other words, to try that message of redeeming love, the setting forth of which in all its greatness and simplicity, is the one aim of that agency. Would that the vices of speech not only here, but everywhere, could be cured! Surely our schoolboards also might do something to check the meaningless use of coarse and profane phrases.

A. T.

SUNDAYS IN SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

AMONG THE TATARS.

ONE of the first things missed by the British traveller when he goes on the continent is the quiet and repose of an English Sunday. This feeling, moreover, is intensified if he extend his journey into Asia, and I confess to being unable to look back upon my Sundays in Siberia with unmingled satisfaction. In a journey of eight thousand miles, from the Urals to the Pacific, over a sparsely populated country, it could not but be that Saturday night sometimes found us miles away from any town. On such occasions we were compelled to spend the Sabbath either in some wretched post-house without decent food and accommodation, or we pushed on to a town where there was, perhaps, a church whose priest we might see and supply with tracts, or a hospital, or prison, into which we might carry good news to many who in a double sense were prisoners and captives.

The first Sunday I spent in Siberia, with my interpreter, was among the Tatars, remnants of those who in bygone centuries under Gengis Khan overran Asia, and afterwards devastated Eastern Europe. Another interesting Sunday was spent east of Lake Baikal, among the Buriats, one of the largest of the Siberian aboriginal tribes, who, for Englishmen, have a peculiar interest attaching to them in that the London Missionary Society commenced to labour among them early in the present century, which led to the translation into their language of the Scriptures. Other Sundays of sunny memories I spent on the Lower Amur, and the coast of the Pacific, where on two occasions I had the privilege of conducting the first English service in the place, and of addressing congregations small, though appreciative.

By posting from Tiumen to Tobolsk we purchased our experience of the difficulties of travel on early summer roads, for we had to go through mud and water up to the axles, we broke our shafts, and were travelling forty-eight hours on the road instead of twenty as we expected. It was not all loss, however, for we saw by the way what we should have missed had we gone by boat, namely several villages peopled exclusively by Siberian Tatars.

These people differ in one important respect from most of the other nations living with the Russians in Siberia, in that they have a history, and can look back to great princes who have made a name for themselves in the annals of the world. They pushed their conquests to the Volga, and Kazan became the capital where their great khans lived and reigned, and whence they long proved formidable antagonists to the Russians. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, however, the Russians took from them Kazan, and all else west of the Urals; and those on the east of the mountains in the region of the Irtish were afterwards subjugated by Yermak and his followers: the same Yermak, that is, whose monument (the finest in Siberia) now exists at Tobolsk.

The Tatars inhabit a district stretching south to the Kirghese hordes, and south-east as far as the Altai Mountains, and so joining the territory west of Irkutsk peopled by the Buriats. Mr. Wahl, in his "Land of the Czar," which contains much information, gives the number of the Siberian Tatars of the governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk at 40,000. Dr. Latham, in his "Native Races of the Russian Empire," points out that the area covered by the Turkish stock is perhaps larger, as far as mere extent of surface is concerned, than that of any other race in the world.

The Tatars live among and are subject to their Russian conquerors, but the two races do not blend, one race being Christian, the other Mohammedan. The traveller is reminded of this by noticing that the Tatars when on a journey carry with them their wooden basins, for they will not drink from a vessel used by Russians; and so, in some parts, Russians will not drink from Tatar cups, though this exclusiveness wears away to some extent where Russians are many and Tatars are few.

The Tatars have a good physique; dark eyes, swarthy skin, black hair, and high cheek-bones. Their strength of body is such as to make them excellent workmen, as may be seen by the enormous burdens they carry in loading vessels at Nijni-Novgorod and Kazan. They are much liked in the capital as coachmen, for they understand horses well. I heard good accounts of them likewise as servants in the hotel at St. Petersburg. They are not drunken, and therefore valuable as waiters.

Their women are supposed to wear veils, and do

so in the cities. In the villages they content themselves with shawls, which are drawn nearly over the face when a stranger approaches. Men and boys, whether in the house or abroad, wear a small skull-cap, sometimes highly embroidered; and on high days some are seen with white turbans. These with their long cassock-looking coats, give the men in summer a decidedly Oriental appearance. Our engraving of a Tatar gentleman represents the exile in winter costume. Both men and women wear top boots, and generally goloshes over them, so that on entering the house or the mosque they have only to slip off the goloshes to secure clean shoes.

The natural home of the Turk and the Tatar is the steppe, where they dwell in tents and are herdsmen, horsemen, and in some cases camel-drivers. Those in the villages through which we passed, gain their livelihood by agriculture, by the breeding of cattle, and by the transport of goods. Their houses were neat and cleanly, and compared favourably rather than otherwise with those of the Russians.

Dr. Latham points out that the Turkish stock are, as to their religion, Christians, Pagans and Mohammedans: Christians where they have been won over by the Russians to the Greek Church; Pagans where they have not been reached even by Mohammedanism, but have remained in the darkness of aboriginal Shamanism, as is still the case with a few of the Yakutes; and Mohammedans, which is the case for the most part with those of the country through which we were passing.

In the Tatar villages the green domes and pinnacles of the Russian Church surmounted with the cross, were of course wanting, and in their places were found Mohammedan mosques with minarets surmounted with the crescent. These latter reminded one of the shingled steeples of English village churches.

Our first sight of Tatar worship was on board the steamer at sunset, on the Volga. Three Tatars approached the paddle-box, on a clean part of which they spread a small carpet. Leaving their goloshes on the deck, they knelt on the carpet, bowed their heads to the ground, and rubbing their hands as if washing, chanted their prayers. They then appeared to pray silently in deepest reverence with closed eyes, and as if in total oblivion that a crowd was looking on. We were told that the pious pray thus at least three times a day, wherever they may be; which certainly is in a sense "praying before men;" yet I confess to learning a lesson from these Mohammedans, which suggested to my mind that our Anglo-Saxon religion goes to an opposite extreme in that many a man who would not like to be thought ashamed of his religion, and who at home would not think of going prayerless to bed, yet does so, nevertheless, when travelling or sharing a room with strangers.

At Kazan we had an opportunity of seeing Mohammedan worship in a Tatar mosque. Permission was given us to enter, if at the bottom of the stairs we would take off our goloshes; or having none, our boots; to which I had no objection, save that we feared they might be gone on our return. The Mohammedan reason for this exaction seemed to be that they did not wish to bring into the place anything soiled or unclean, and when we saw Tatars taking off their goloshes, bringing them up the stairs in their hands, and putting them in an outer room, we did likewise.

The building inside had a square room with the barest of bare white walls, without attempt at ornament of any sort or kind. The only piece of furniture even was a high wooden rostrum approached by stairs much like the pulpit of an old-fashioned English chapel, and from which exhortations are delivered on Friday, the Mohammedan festival. There were no chairs or benches, or any resemblance to an altar or table.

RUSSIAN BARGES.

Those who assembled early sat on the ground with their legs beneath them, apparently for private prayer, reading and meditation; but upon some one beginning to murmur in a low strain, all jumped up, ran to the front, and arranged themselves in ranks. They commenced their prayers by placing the thumb into or on the lower part of the ears with the palms outwards. Then they stood, bowed, knelt, and then lowered the head to the ground, which last is done a certain number of times according to the hour of the day—twice at early morning and increasing till five or more at the last of the five daily services. At the conclusion of prayer they stroked their hands over their faces.

All these external devotions were done by each row with the precision of the movements of a rank of infantry, and the histrionic effect, as some would call it, was complete; only that to one in the rear the spectacle was somewhat grotesque. In the less demonstrative parts of the service, however (with the single exception of a man who bestowed a glance on us strangers), there was not an eye that wandered nor a man who did not behave in a manner becoming the occupation in which he was engaged. Some few who came in late did not join those whose service had begun, but commenced a separate one for themselves.

The floor was covered with clean matting, on which lay here and there a common rosary made of date-stones, ninety-and-nine in number, and divided by beads into three sections.

They objected to give us a translation in Russian of the prayers they said thereon. We heard elsewhere that they have ninety-nine names of God, and a Tatar exile in prison, apparently a gentleman, told me that they had a separate prayer for each bead. The uneducated, however, do not know these many names of the Deity.

On the following day we had the opportunity of asking a monk concerning the Russian rosary, which differs from both the Mohammedan and the Romish. The mention of all three invites a short study in "comparative religions" which may be briefly made as follows.

The complete Roman rosary consists of upwards of one hundred and fifty beads, on a string divided into fifteen decades, between each of which is a large or distinctive bead. Where the two ends join, there are five other beads attached, and at the loose end a crucifix. It is used thus:—On the crucifix is repeated the creed, on the first bead the Lord's Prayer, on each of the next three, the "Hail, Mary," and on the fifth bead the Lord's Prayer. This is by way of introduction. Then on each of the first ten beads are said these words, "Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen." When this has been repeated ten times, the Pater Noster is said on the dividing bead, and this is continued till one hundred and fifty prayers have been offered to the Virgin and fifteen to "Our Father." Then the odd beads are used in inverse order for a conclusion, as before for an introduction.

The Russian rosary looks smaller, but has also certain beads larger or at least distinguishable from the others. I was told by a nun at Moscow that they say on each bead, "May Jesus Christ have mercy on sinners," but a monk at Kazan said (what is not irreconcilable with the former) that on each bead they say, "Lord God of heaven and Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us," and on the larger and distinctive bead they say

TATAR EXILE.

a prayer either to Jesus Christ or the Virgin, the latter beginning something to this effect: "Thou mighty Mary, hear our prayers, and take away from thine unworthy servants all sin," etc. Lastly we were told that the Mohammedan continues to say on his rosary, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and that if they do not know the ninety-nine names of God they merely count the beads. Surely all three savour very much of using "vain repetitions!"

The Tatar language as printed is very much like the Turkish, so much so that Tatars can read the Turkish scriptures, to which apparently they are not indisposed, provided it does not attract attention. A colporteur at Moscow told me that he sold fifty-seven copies to Tatars in the villages between Kazan and Perm, though the people became angry if he attempted openly to sell them in the Tatar quarter of the larger towns.

I took with me a few Turkish gospels, and among the prisoners at Barnaul found three Tatars, none of whom could read my books. As we re-passed the doors of their room, all three were seen sitting with their legs beneath them, the two illiterate ones listening with eager attention to their scholarly friend. We met several of this race in prison and elsewhere as we proceeded onwards, but I do not remember passing through whole villages of Tatars after we left the district of Tobolsk. Hence we were the more glad not to have missed these. So much then for the Tatars who are Mohammedans.

MY SECOND CURACY.

IV.—MENDICANTS AND CASES OF IMPOSITION.

I SUPPOSE all clergymen, whether situated in town or country, are subjected at times to impositions, but those whose sphere of duties is narrowed by the paucity of population can scarcely credit the immense number of persons who in the large towns, and particularly in the metropolis, are gaining their living by mendicancy. It is supposed that two hundred thousand pounds a year is given away indiscriminately in the streets of London alone, and most of this large sum is thrown away upon unworthy objects. Perhaps those clergymen in the west of the metropolis are more subjected to annoyances of this kind than their clerical brethren in other districts. Frequently, too, they occur under the cloak of religion: inquirers after truth, converts from Romanism, godly children cruelly used by godless parents, or other such plea. It is strange that people should take such pains and trouble to obtain so small an end as many of them do, but I suppose they find that it succeeds.

The usual time for cases of imposition is about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. A ring is heard, a message is sent up desiring to see the curate. He goes down, and has to listen to a tale of woe and desolation. He promises to give his best attention in the morning, or even to accompany the applicant to her home, but this does not suit; relief is wanted at once, the case is so urgent. Half suspicious, the curate resolves to test the truth of the story, and volunteers to go at once. In two cases in which I so acted, after proceeding a few yards the woman took to her heels and ran away, one of them with my umbrella, which she had stolen from the hall. The thing which is generally asked for is a cab fare to take a near relative in a dying state to the hospital.

One evening a mother brought her daughter to my lodgings, earnestly pleading for a cab fare to take her to a neighbouring hospital. Singularly enough, I knew about the woman and her daughter, for it had been their practice for years, every night to issue forth upon some errand, as they came to me. When a gentleman was seen approaching, the mother would seize hold of her daughter, who forthwith commenced to groan, thus exciting the sympathy of the passer-by, who most frequently stopped to inquire the cause of the moaning. The same tale was told with pathetic emphasis, appearances justifying the truth of the story, and the result was a silver, or at least a copper harvest. On the occasion of this woman's visit to me, I simply told her that if she did not depart instantly I should call the policeman from the opposite side of the road, and give her into custody. She saw that I was in earnest, and also the policeman. The two combined produced instant effect, for the nearly insensible daughter, gradually growing cold, according to the mother's statement, suddenly recovered, and encumbered as she was, took to her heels, followed by the mother at a rapid rate.

Another case puzzled me and my fellow-workers immensely. It was one in which a man shammed illness to an alarming extent. He was confined to his bed, and apparently stiff and rigid, without power of moving or of speech. His limbs if placed in one position remained there until removed to another, in fact, they acted as if they were the limbs of a Dutch wooden doll, and not those of a human being. In this sad half-unconscious state he remained for some weeks, during which time I visited him constantly. The parish doctor tried various remedies, and ordered him all the nourishment he could take, which his wife assured me he was only able to swallow in a liquid state. I got my own medical man to visit him. He was quite nonplussed; he had never previously met with a similar case. It attracted considerable attention, and many persons went to visit the rigid man, the wife reaping a rich harvest from the gifts of the charitable. At length I received a hint from a neighbour that if I suddenly made my appearance towards midnight I should not find my patient quite so senseless as he seemed. Accordingly, I watched my opportunity, and ringing the wrong bell on purpose to disarm suspicion, I gained access to the house, went upstairs and quickly opened the door. The bursting of a bombshell in the room could scarcely have created greater consternation than did my unexpected appearance. The man was sitting at the table dressed, with a pipe in one hand and a quart pot in the other, which he was in the act of raising to his lips, but his fright was so complete at my sudden visit, that it dropped to the floor, as his eyes opened widely with amazement. The table was covered with good things. His wife jumped up with a scream and flew towards me. I had taken the precaution to arm myself with a stout stick, which I held firmly in front of me, fearing an attack. I told them their hypocrisy was discovered, and that unless they were out of the parish by noon the next day they would be prosecuted as impostors. I beat as quick a retreat as possible, for I began to fear the nails of the now enraged woman. As for the man, he never spoke. It is needless to say that discretion proved the better part of valour, and the parish was rid of them by the time specified.

Naturally in a large parish, with crowded streets and lanes, one is often imposed upon. It becomes, however, a nice matter to settle any standard of imposition, when truly many a person speaks of great want and destitution. When may one without false excitement open one's heart and one's purse-strings? I feel that I give very much away to undeserving cases. But I am not sure but that many of these undeserving ones are hard put to it, and for a time destitute. I often know that the alms I am enabled to give are fully misapplied. I give a ticket for grocery; my friend thinks a mouthful of gin would be more comforting, and makes an exchange with some ready neighbour. I know, too, that church attendance is a constant vehicle of imposition, especially in winter and weekday evenings. I always suspect stragglers. A man used to trouble me a good deal. He would come in rather late to church, seat himself very reverently, make a great show of his devotions, respond audibly if he could get a Prayer-book, and if not make up for lost time in the

more familiar part of the service. At last he asked to see me. I went down to see him, and after a good deal of religious palaver he said that he was—though manner and appearance bespoke the public-house—literally starving. Yet he pleaded he was a scholar brought up in Dublin, and now cut off from all employment just for the want of half-a-crown. It was the old story; and of course there was the ordinary sequel—hearty abuse when I told him to leave the premises.

One of the most absurd interviews of this sort was, however, with a respectably-dressed man, affable and engaging in manner. He was anxious to borrow our school-room to exhibit a panorama and some marvellous pictures of Scripture subjects. He described their size and beauty. For this exhibition, which would, he assured me, take immensely, he promised free admission to my children. I would not give him leave; well he was very sorry; he was vexed at himself for intruding; he should never have dared to take such a liberty. I was bowing him out, glad to get rid of him, when after much fumbling in his pocket, he said, would I give him half-a-crown; he was anxious to get some dinner before he went off by the train, and so on.

One day, a ladylike-looking woman of about forty-five years of age, dressed in shabby-genteel mourning, with black kid gloves full of holes, and a faded veil, made her appearance and wished to see me. She commenced her story, with the words, "I am no beggar, but will you lend me 5*s.* till to-morrow." I reminded her that she was a stranger. She told me she had lived in a neighbouring parish for six years, and was going on with a long story, when I cut the matter short by referring her to the clergyman of that parish, who if her tale was true would certainly relieve her. "Do you, a Christian minister, refuse to lend a lady 5*s.*?" "Certainly," I replied. "I shall faint; fetch me a chair," was her next remark. This was done, but instead of sitting down, she rushed forward, hysterically threw her arms around me, and begged I would get her a cup of coffee. This I refused. She sat down, throwing her arms upwards she exclaimed in a theatrical manner, "I die." I began to get rather frightened, and knew not how to get her out of the house, when, seeing that I was unmoved in my determination of assisting her, she jumped up, struck me on the shoulder, and said, "I have no blood of the gipsies in my veins, but may a pestilence light on you and yours." With this remark she took her departure, after hindering me for upwards of twenty minutes. As a sequel, I may add I saw her the same evening fearfully intoxicated; some one had evidently been taken in with her seemingly pitiful story.

A woman came the other day and wanted relief. I asked her if her husband was in work. "Oh, yes," she replied; "he is, but he sends me little. He is away working at W——." She mentioned a place some forty miles away. He was earning 23*s.* a week, and yet he actually, for herself and three children, only sent 1*s.* a week, and deducted the stamp for the letter containing the magnificent sum. This I found he had done regularly. I only mention this fact to show the selfishness of some husbands. I may add also that he recommended her to ask the clergy of certain parishes each to allow her so much in order that she should not want, and he be allowed to keep his earnings. In default of this he plainly told her to get her living as best she could.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

OCTOBER 2.

FREE GIVING. EXODUS XXXV. 20–35.

GOLDEN TEXT, 2 CORINTHIANS IX. 7.—'*Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.*'

CONNECTION (see Lesson, Sept. 18). Moses remained on the mount with God for a second period of forty days and forty nights (xxxiv. 28). When he descended from the mountain after this season of communion his face shone, as with the reflected light of God's glory, and was veiled from the people's sight. See the use made of the incident by St. Paul, 2 Cor. iii. 12–18. Among the first commands delivered by Moses on his return to the people, are those relating to the construction of the Tabernacle, or the tent for Divine worship. Details are left for the next lesson. The passage now to be read shows how willingly the people, who had so lately been punished for their idolatry, now came forward to contribute to the work.

I. WILLING OFFERINGS.—*Read vers.* 20-24. **Moses** had gathered **the congregation,** or whole assembly **of the children of Israel,** to deliver to them God's commands. They **departed** to practise what they had heard. But there was no compulsion in this matter of giving. **Every one** gave **as his heart stirred him up** and as **his spirit made** him **willing.** What made them so ready? It was **Jehovah's offering,** not for any purposes of their own pride or convenience, but all for HIM. If once we feel that *we ourselves* are His, we shall be ready to give Him all He claims in other ways. Three objects are specified—(1) the erection of **the Tabernacle** itself; (2) provision for **its service;** (3) **the holy garments** for those who were to minister.

[These were the fitting accompaniments of Old Testament worship; the work of the Church to-day has a far wider scope, and demands corresponding liberality]. As if to prevent all mistake, we are told a second time (and a third, ver. 29) that the offering was from those who **were willing hearted.** Were any not so? Then there was no authority in priest or Levite to demand the gift. The amount of **gold** contributed was something remarkable.

> Observe two points. 1. The levy which the Israelites had made on the Egyptians when leaving the country, had furnished them with a large store of the precious metals (ch. xii. 35, 36, where read, not *borrowed* and *lent*, but *asked* and *gave*). 2. The Israelites themselves had left off wearing these ornaments, as a sign of penitent shame (xxxiii. 6) so that they could bring them with unsparing profusion.

Of the articles mentioned,* **bracelets** should probably read *brooches*, and the **tablets** were either necklaces of gold beads, or armlets of the same precious metal. These ornaments were all worn in Egypt, as the monuments testify. The various colours, **blue, purple and scarlet,** designate the woollen yarns, dyed in these hues before weaving (Heb. ix. 19). **Fine linen,** spun from a peculiar kind of flax, was one of the famous products of Egypt. The **goats' hair** was the ordinary material for tent-cloth. The **skins** both of the **ram** and of the **badger** (or rather the *dugong*, a large species of seal found in the Red

* The precise character of some of these ornaments is uncertain. They were articles of personal adornment, and the likeliest account, on the whole, is that given above.

Sea) tanned into leather and coloured, were to form the outer covering of the Tabernacle. The **silver** and the **brass** had their place with the more precious metals. It should be observed that of silver there was a levy of half a shekel (= about 1*s.* 4*d.*) for each grown male person (ch. xxx. 13). Rich and poor were to contribute this amount alike. The **wood** mentioned was that of the acacia, or thorn bush of the desert, the only timber that the region furnishes. When the Temple was built the wood was of cedar and fir.

II. Ready Workers.—*Read vers.* 25, 26. **The women,** who might not have these rich offerings to present, might at least bring the labour of **their hands. Wise hearted** here means *clever, skilful.* So **wisdom,** ver. 26 is *cleverness.*

> 'Spinning was done by the women in very early times, particularly in Egypt, where women are represented on the monuments as busily engaged with the spindle; and at a later period amongst the Hebrews (Prov. xxxi. 19). At the present day, the women in the peninsula of Sinai spin the materials for their tents from camels' and goats' hair, and prepare sheep's wool for their clothing. . . . The woven cloths for the Tabernacle were prepared by men, partly perhaps because the weaving in Egypt was mostly done by the men, but chiefly for this reason, that the cloths for the hangings were artistic works, which the women did not understand, but which the men had learned in Egypt, where artistic weaving was carried out to a great extent.'—*Keil and Delitzsch.*

The lesson of all this, as expressed in the Golden Text, is very simple. The gift which pleases God is that which comes from the heart: it is our own—what we *have,* as the contributions of gold and silver, or what we *can do,* like the work of the women. And no gifts or givers are so **cheerful** as those engaged in such service. **The Lord loveth** them, and the secret of true blessedness is with them. Acts xx. 35.

III. Gifts of the Richer Classes.—*Read vers.* 27–29. **The rulers** were the wealthier members of the community, and their offerings the more precious. Two **onyx stones,** on which were engraved the names of the children of Israel, six on each stone, were used to clasp the front and back pieces of the high-priest's **ephod** on his shoulders, Exod. xxviii. 9–12. An onyx was placed in the high-priest's **breastplate** (xxviii. 17-20) among the other **stones to be set. The spice, oil and incense** were also among the most costly of the offerings: they would be obtained from the caravans of merchants that crossed the desert, and would command a high price. The rulers are honourably mentioned for their gifts, but all classes shared. **The children of Israel** generally, **brought a willing offering unto Jehovah; every man and woman,** rich and poor, **whose heart made them willing to bring.** (Note how this point of willingness is insisted upon, again and again.) And nothing was omitted. **For all manner of the work** enjoined, there was a plentiful supply. Never surely had there been so noble a contribution! What was the end of it? Every morning new supplies came pouring in (xxxvi. 3). At length proclamation had to be made—not of a deficiency needing to be supplied, but of an overplus. More than enough had been brought by their ready liberal hands. The command was to cease from contributing: 'So the people were restrained from giving.'

> For the sum furnished in silver and gold, see ch. xxxviii. 24–26. Of gold 29 talents, 730 shekels; or (as a talent consisted of 3,000 shekels), 87,730 shekels, 1½ ton, worth, roughly speaking, 175,000*l.* Of silver the amount was 100 talents 1,775 shekels, or 301,775 shekels, i.e. half a shekel per head for 603,550 adult males (compare Num. i. 46)—say 4⅘ tons = 40,000*l.* in value. The brass or bronze weighed 212,400 shekels, or about 3 tons. Other gifts were of value uncounted.

IV. The Direction of the Work.—*Read vers.* 30–35. Observe how every good gift comes from God (comp. ch. xxxi. 2–6. Skilled artificers are declared to have their ability from Him, as truly as the lawgiver, or the prophet. These two men represent the two great divisions of labour—(1) workers in metal, stone, and wood; (2) workers in cloth, whether woollen or linen, including all weaving and embroidery. **Bezaleel** was the head of the former class or 'guild' of workers, **Aholiab** of the latter. Both were not only able to **work,** but to **teach,** i.e. to instruct those under them, and to direct the work in every way. **Hur,** the grandfather of Bezaleel, may have been the Hur mentioned, ch. xvii. 10; xxiv. 14; but this is uncertain. The following words and phrases in this paragraph should be noted: **curious** and **cunning works** = *works of skill;* **the engraver** = the *artificer,* generally; **the cunning workman** = the *skilled weaver,* i.e. of the heavier work, as the curtains and vail of the Tabernacle (ch. xxvi. 1, 31), the girdle of the ephod and breastplate (xxviii. 8, 15). **The embroiderer** 'worked with a needle, either shaping his design in stitches of coloured thread, or in pieces of coloured cloth sewn upon the groundwork. His work was employed in the entrance curtains of the Tent and the court, and in the girdle of the high-priest (xxvi. 36; xxvii. 16; xxviii. 39);' *Speaker's Commentary.* **The weaver** wrought the material for the ephod, and the priestly robes (xxviii. 32; xxxix. 22, 27).

> Essentials of Free Giving.—1. *Purity of Motive.* Is it 'for the Lord'? 2. *Readiness,* 'not grudgingly,' unwillingly, 'nor of necessity,' because others expect it of us, or to save our self-respect, by not appearing shabby. 3. *Proportion,* according to our means, or our powers. He who could not give gold gave silver; he who could not afford silver could offer brass, or go out into the mountain valley and cut down and prepare some beams of acacia wood while the women could spin and dye the yarn. 4. *Intelligence.* We should understand what we are giving for—mere vague thoughts of kindness, or 'doing good' are insufficient. We, too, need to be 'wise-hearted' that we may give to right objects, and in a right way. 5. *Self-consecration.* Read and apply 2 Cor. viii. 5.

Questions.

1. Give parallel instances of willing gifts, from the Old Testament and the New.

2. How does the Apostle Paul enforce liberality from the example of Christ?

3. On what occasion did our Lord Himself contribute 'the half-shekel' for the service of the sanctuary?

4. Enumerate some of the objects which call for 'free giving in our own day.

5. What do you understand by 'simplicity' in giving, Rom. xii. 8?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. xxxiv.—p. 544.—Hannah.—1 Sam. i. 20.

1. H-agar	Gen. xvi. 15.
2. A-nna	Luke ii. 36.
3. N-aomi	Ruth i. 22.
4. N-oah	Joshua xvii. 3.
5. A-bigail	1 Sam. xxv. 3.
6. H-erodias	Luke iii. 19.

No. xxxv.—p. 557.—Rain—snow.

1. R-oman-*s*	Acts xxviii. 17.
2. A-aro-*n*	Ex. iv. 14.
3. I-dd-*o*	2 Chron. ix. 29.
4. N-e-*w*	Matt. ix. 17.

Pages for the Young.

THE SWAN'S NEST FARM.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT Dinah soon perceived that by the happy disposition of Paul, she would find a compensation for the sacrifices she had made. The child inherited that from his mother; for she had known Gretchen by her accompanying her father when he came to pay his rent. She remembered her, an amiable girl, and when she had become the wife of Denis, she sincerely pitied her, because of his irregular conduct. It is true that since then, like the rest of the world, she acknowledged the happy change wrought in him by his wife's example. Her compassion had been awakened every time she heard of the death of one of Gretchen's children, and especially when Gretchen, who had worked so hard, and had rendered Denis a better man, died also. The fate of the poor orphan boy Paul had excited her profound sympathy, and when she was told that for the last six months Dissel was always in a state of intoxication, and that Paul would soon be on the parish, she had seriously thought of doing something for him, and she decided to bestow maternal care on the boy. Little Paul had a tractable temper; the few defects in his character were soon subdued by prudent treatment, and like a young plant which takes the direction given it, Paul visibly, from day to day, evidenced the good results which had been produced by such careful training.

Although he had early imbibed a dislike to school, it soon became agreeable to him to attend it. The pleasure of conducting Annette there, and bringing her back, made him submit without a murmur to the long hours spent at his class. He was desirous to learn all that Annette knew, and he applied himself so perseveringly that he soon surpassed her in their tasks.

It was interesting to see these two children at their evening employment. Annette would bring her little stool to sit close to Aunt Dinah, to listen to the stories she read, especially those out of the old Dutch Bible. Paul visited the stable, and gave a bundle of hay to the spotted red cow. Annette would run after him, and caressing its neck whilst it was feeding from his hand, the spotted red cow became her favourite; for was it not Paul's?

And Aunt Dinah—the people of the village had called her stingy, hard, and avaricious; she did not hear their gossiping, and had she heard it, would not have heeded it, for the affection of these two young beings had made her almost forget Michael in Russia, and also think less of her relations who were dead and gone.

She seemed to have formed new family ties; she regarded Paul and Annette as though they had been her own. Few children would have loved their mother better than did Paul and Annette Aunt Dinah, albeit her look was sometimes gloomy when she sat quietly at her spinning-wheel, and certain epochs of her life recurred to her memory; but Gurth, the farmer's boy, could no longer say, as previously, that he never saw Aunt Dinah smile. The magic influence of her two youthful companions would bring back the genial expression which was now seen frequently to rest on those long-contracted features; and when Paul, leaping upon a mass of hay, invited Annette to come up to him, and they both rolled down together, Aunt Dinah scolded the little girl that she should be playing at boys' games, yet she could not help responding to their gladness. Gurth joined in their hilarity; Paul and Annette revelled in their mirth; the cows bellowed (which is their way of laughing), and the great dog jumped and gambolled about, giving short, joyful barks; the fowls and turkeys cackled, so that there was a general manifestation of contentment and happiness such as had not been known for a long time past at the Swan's Nest.

Aunt Dinah felt grateful to God for the many good qualities her young niece Annette possessed; thankful for the promising fruit she saw ripening from the careful training she had bestowed on Paul.

Yes, life had become more precious to her. Although in the former times of severe trial she had so often with sighs expressed a hope that God would soon take her to Himself, the presence of these merry children soothed and comforted her, and brought sunshine to her heart, as she felt she was now spending her life more usefully.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years rolled by, and every year Aunt Dinah saw the young plants she had watched over reward her for the care she had taken of them. Annette was nearly sixteen years old; the vivifying dew which in the springtime of youth falls sparkling in golden drops, shone brightly on her girlhood. Paul, two years older, like the vigorous oak, gave shelter to the delicate plant growing up by his side; and Dinah, satisfied at the result of the culture she had bestowed, contemplated the oak and the flower with inward delight. Annette's auburn hair clustered round a sweet, smiling countenance, and it was not only her attractive exterior which elicited praise and admiration, but she was clever and intelligent: she could knit, sew, and milk the cows, and make excellent butter with her tiny, plump hands.

Paul had become a fine young man, with a frank, contented look. He was steady and persevering in his work, active when it was necessary to guide the plough through the heavy and compact soil, and when corn and grass had to be cut and stacked. He was never known to drink spirits, nor did he appear amidst the frequenters of taverns. It was evident to everybody that Paul and Annette had a sincere affection for Aunt Dinah, and no one doubted that they loved each other also.

One evening after the young people had been domiciled at the farm, scarcely had they retired to rest when a violent knocking was heard at the door. Kees, the watch-dog, barked furiously; one might have supposed that someone was endeavouring to strangle him.

Gurth went to see what was the matter, and came back much agitated, to announce that Denis Dissel wished to speak immediately to his mistress.

It was, indeed, Dissel! He appeared in a still more miserable plight than when Dinah had gone to see him. His rude bearing showed that he had just left the company of the jeannette, or bottle. He spoke so indistinctly that it was some time before Aunt Dinah could understand that he wished to be equipped to take his departure for India, that he might work in the tobacco plantations.

Denis had heard, in some chance conversation, that he could live the life of a prince in India, and had decided on going there, a resolution which Dinah approved.

After having taken half an hour to explain his intention, he concluded by saying, "If you will furnish me with clothes, and pay my passage, you may then keep Paul; but if you refuse, I shall be obliged to take him away."

These words grieved and distressed her exceedingly. She became agitated, a sudden pallor overspread her face, and it was only after some minutes' pause that she could reply to the father of her little *protégé*.

"Come back to-morrow evening," at last she said; "I shall then be prepared to give you an answer."

And Denis returned the next day. A paper was on the table ready for him to sign—a document by which he consented to leave his son in the care of Aunt Dinah in exchange for a

fat cow she was to bestow on him; moreover, the two severally engaged, Denis on his part never to reclaim the child, and Dinah to bring him up suitably at her house.

He did not say that he was not able to keep a vow, and such a contingency did not occur to Aunt Dinah at the moment. He seemed very glad to get possession of it. He affixed his name to the paper, and on the following day he did not fail to return at an early hour, carrying away with him the prize agreed on for the possession of his child.

CHAPTER V.

The grass had been mown, the corn and oats already formed two immense stacks in the yard of the Swan's Nest. As Gurth was preparing to unload his cart, filled with sheaves of corn, he perceived Dinah at the entrance of the barn, and he announced to her that by the supervision and great activity of Paul, the last portion of the harvest would be gathered in that very day, and indeed the so-called "waggon of honour" was on its way home in triumph, surmounted by large branches of beech bedecked with poppies and cornflowers. Paul was seated in front of the waggon, and he gave a free rein to the spirited young horses, which had been bought by Aunt Dinah the previous spring, for all seemed to smile gaily on the happy youth when Annette was by his side! She also had assisted in binding the last sheaves, and was longing for the *reistenbry*.* with which Dinah had promised to regale them at supper-time.

"Paul, Paul, be careful," said Annette, all at once. "It seems to me the horses are pulling too hard. They are going so fast."

"If you are frightened, sit more inside."

"Frightened!" said Annette. "Oh, no, I am not frightened; but remember they are young horses."

"But I know how to control them. Have you already forgotten our return from E—— last winter?"

"In that great fog, do you mean?"

"Yes; when the ground was so slippery that it was almost impossible to keep the horses on their legs."

"Oh," said Annette, rendered still more timid at the recollection of their past drive.

"And do you remember, Annette, how many times you took hold of my arm not to fall?"

"Yes, yes."

"And what you gave me as my reward when we arrived safe at home?"

"I do not remember that," said the young girl, turning her face towards the left side of the road.

"And what shall I have now, when I shall have conducted you to the farm?"

"Ah, well, Aunt Dinah will give you some *reistenbry*. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Annette.

All at once he felt himself seized by the arm; the horses pricked up their ears, and fell back upon their haunches. When he applied the whip, it was still worse: they kicked and plunged, whilst Annette screamed through fear. The cart, notwithstanding that it was heavily laden, backed to the very edge of the road, and would inevitably have been upset into the ditch, but the trunk of a tree happily arrested its progress.

Its occupants instantly jumped down. Paul took hold of the bridle of the horses to lead them into their proper track, when his young companion exclaimed:

"Be careful, Paul! There is a man lying just across the road."

"In that case," he said, "you must take my place, and I will go and see who it is."

Annette staticned herself before the horses, now quieted by Paul's intelligent management. He approached the man stretched at full length on the road. It was useless shaking him or shouting in his ears, for he returned no answer. Paul at once saw that he was not dead, but in a senseless, helpless state of intoxication.

"I cannot do anything with him," said the young man. He therefore contented himself by placing him on the grass at a little distance from the road, then came back to his horses, and led them onwards by the bridle until they passed the object which had so startled them.

"Will you mount up again?" said Paul.

She resumed her seat, but the remainder of the way was constantly looking whether any other object obstructed the road, and noticed if the horses pricked up their ears.

After they had been conducted to the stable and unharnessed, Aunt Dinah sent Paul back with Gurth to search for the man they had nearly driven over, by which conduct Aunt Dinah gave evidence that she possessed more sensibility than she got credit for amongst her neighbours.

"The man cannot possibly stay there," she said, "for, after all he is a human being, and must be cared for. You will bring him here, then. He can sleep on the straw in the goat-house, which is now empty. To-morrow morning, when he comes to his senses, he can go where he likes."

The worthy woman's order was immediately executed, and half an hour afterwards, whilst the stranger continued his sleep on his bed of straw, all the labourers of the harvest were gaily assembled in the spacious kitchen, enjoying a good dish of *reistenbry*, nicely flavoured with cinnamon and sugar.

* *Reistenbry* is a mess of boiled rice sweetened, with which it is the custom to regale the reapers at the gathering in of the harvest.

A HIDDEN TEXT.

II.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

Swiftly the seasons come and go,
Seed-time and harvest pass away;
There is a time for everything,
Just as the moments make the day.
The end of all things is at hand;
The day of grace will cease to be;
And when the final hour arrives,
A burning world mankind shall see.
And, oh, may we in that dread day
With the dear Lord in safety rest,
By heavenly reapers garnered home,
Where are the saints for ever blest,
Who join in the harmonious lays
That angels round the throne upraise,

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXVI.—p. 559.—BREAD—WATER.—Gen. xxi. 14.

1. B-o-*w* . . . . . Gen. ix. 13.
2. R-am-*a* . . . . . Matt. ii. 18.
3. E-as-*t* . . . . . Ex. xiv. 21.
4. A-ros-*e* . . . . . 1 Sam. iii. 6.
5. D-aughte-*r* . . . . . Gen. xxiv. 24.

NO. XXXVII.—p. 559.—OMEGA.—Rev. xxi. 6.

1. O-g . . . . . Numb. xxi. 35.
2. M-alachi
3. E-lihu . . . . . Job. xxxii. 6.
4. G-ilboa . . . . . 1 Sam. xxxi. 8.
5. A-bed-nego . . . . . Daniel iii. 20.

Monthly Religious Record.

A DAY of humiliation and special prayer, on account of "the state of our country," has been observed lately in different parts of England and Scotland, as the result of an invitation issued by circular, to which were appended the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of twelve other prelates of the Church of England, as well as those of a number of leading members of the Wesleyan and Nonconformist bodies. The Bishops of Bath and Wells and Liverpool took up the matter very warmly, and circulated the "Invitation to Prayer" amongst the clergy of their dioceses. Every archdeacon in England, indeed, was communicated with, and from all parts the warmest sympathy was expressed, whilst none disapproved of the principle of the movement. Among the churches and chapels in the metropolis at which the day was observed, were All Saints, Marylebone; Trinity Church, Marylebone; Kensington Parish Church; St. Paul's, Brompton; English Presbyterian Church, Queen Street, Bryanston Square; and the Congregational Chapel, Camberwell Green.

THE Convocation of the Province of Canterbury has been lately in session. The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding in the one House, and the Prolocutor of the other, spoke in terms of high eulogium of the learning, the ability, and the kindly disposition of the late Dean of Westminster, and several members of each House added their tribute of praise. In the Upper House a discussion took place on the proposed constitution of a board of missions. The Bishop of Exeter presented a report of the Committee on the Miles Platting case, which suggested that some modifications of the existing law might be provided, so that such a remedy as imprisonment should not be resorted to. The report was adopted. The Bishop of London called attention to the City of London churches, and maintained that sixty churches, most of them beneficed, were not required to meet the wants of the City population. The Archbishop of Canterbury agreed that there was a considerable waste of ecclesiastical strength not only in the City of London, but in many cathedral towns. In the Lower House there were discussions on a project for giving religious instruction to seamen, and on a proposition to secure Church questions being brought forward simultaneously in Church conferences and synods. Canon Hopkins in presenting the report of the committee on the religious education of children, said that the importance attached by the country at large to religious teaching was manifest from the increasing income from endowments. The income from endowments in voluntary schools had risen from 50,000*l.* a year in 1871, to 143,000*l.* in 1880. He proposed that the President be requested to take such steps as he might think most proper to procure the appointment of a Royal Commission to review the whole field of elementary education in this country, and to inquire generally into the working of the Education Acts, particularly as regards the effect upon denominational schools. The resolution was carried *nem. con.* A discussion on the Miles Platting case also took place in the Lower House, resulting in the adoption of a resolution requesting the aid of the bishops to secure the Rev. S. F. Green's release from imprisonment.

As we write, the one hundred and thirty-eighth annual Wesleyan Methodist Conference is being held at Liverpool. Eight hundred ministers were present at the opening sitting. The retiring President, the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A., took the chair, and the roll of the Legal Hundred was called, when it was found that four members had died during the year—the Revs. Dr. Morley Punshon, Dr. Jobson, Samuel Coley, and W. O. Simpson. These vacancies having been filled, and the Legal Conference duly constituted, the next business was the election of President. The Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., having stated that his present state of health rendered him incapable of filling the office, a ballot was taken, which resulted in the election of the Rev. Dr. George Osborn. The Rev. R. Newton Young was elected secretary by a practically unanimous vote. The ex-President having called the Rev. Dr. George Osborn, the newly-elected President, to the chair, congratulated him on the vote which had placed him in that position. The President, in acknowledging the vote, stated that he was now the oldest minister who had sat in the President's chair since Mr. Wesley. He went on to say that he trusted the gracious revival by which the past year had been distinguished, might be continued during that on which they were now entered. On a subsequent day a letter was read from the Bishop of Liverpool, in which his lordship said that he could not regard the Conference in that city with any feelings but those of deep interest. He would esteem it a favour if the President would convey to the Conference his heartfelt thanks for the great service rendered to all branches of Christ's Church in England by Wesleyan Methodism. Although they belonged to different communions, their points of agreement were very much more important than their points of difference. They were in different regiments, but he rejoiced that they fought under the same banner, and were led by the same Captain. He could say with all sincerity, "grace, mercy, and peace to all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." The President said that no such event as this, or any approach to it, had happened before, in the history of Methodism. The Conference authorised the President to express to the Bishop their sincere, cordial and hearty reciprocation of the sentiments expressed by his lordship.

THE Bishop of Manchester presented, at the Crystal Palace, the principal prizes of the 4,000 Bibles and Testaments given by Mr. Francis Peek and the Religious Tract Society to pupil-teachers, candidates, and scholars attending the London Board Schools for proficiency in religious knowledge. Among those on the platform were Mr. E. N. Buxton, Chairman of the School Board for London, and several other members of the Board. Mr. Francis Peek having referred to the loss which the cause of education had sustained by the death of Sir C. Reed and the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, the Bishop of Manchester distributed the prizes. The Bishop then addressed the gathering. He said he saw from the report of the examination in Scripture knowledge that for the preliminary examination 141,000 children presented themselves, or within one or two thousand of the whole number of children in ordinary daily attendance in the London Board Schools. This indicated that the parents of the children desired them to receive religious instruction, and in the face of that desire no theorist had a right to interpose his crude ideas and say that the children should be taught only secular knowledge. It was not so satisfactory that there was a decrease in the number of pupil-teachers presenting themselves for examination in Scriptural knowledge. A lady writing to his wife from Paris on the anti-clerical struggle in France said that the current of public opinion in that country was that the religion of science was the only religion which intelligent men could teach or learn. If the religion of science were that of Newton or Faraday, he had no fear of its ever coming into conflict with the revealed knowledge and will of God. But if it meant the science of Professor Haekel and Dr. Büchner, it was a different thing. In conclusion, the Bishop said he hoped the teachers, whether connected or not with any religious denomination, would count it not only their highest duty, but their chief honour and privilege to keep alive in the hearts and intellects of those committed to their charge the spirit of a simple, reasonable and apostolic Christianity.

THE annual meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place at the house of the Society of Arts, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. The meeting was very fully attended. Prior to the delivery of the address, "On the Credibility of the Supernatural," by the Lord O'Neill, the honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, read the report, from which it appeared that the total number of members was now upwards of 900. During the year papers and short communications written in furtherance of the Society's objects—namely the investigation of philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of revelation—had been contributed by several leading men of science, including the Duke of Argyll, Sir J. Fayrer, F.R.S., Professor Stokes, F.R.S., and others. The treasurer's report showed that a considerable advance had been made by the Institute. Amongst the speakers were Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., F.R.S., Sir J. Fayrer, K.C.S.I., F.R.S., and Mr. J. Bateman, F.R.S.

A DRAWING-ROOM meeting was lately held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Swanston, Kensington, at which the Rev. Dr. Trowbridge, President of the Central Turkey College at Aintab, addressed the company, and dwelt upon the spread of religious education among the Armenians in Asia Minor. The American missionaries, he said, had laboured in that region for half a century, and had established 400 schools, which were attended by 15,000 scholars. One of the most cheering signs for the future of Asia Minor was the interest which all the Christian races were beginning to take in the education of women. High schools and seminaries for the training of girls had been established by the Americans at many of the principal cities in Asiatic Turkey. Not less than thirty-two unmarried educated American ladies devoted themselves to this special department of work, and with the happiest results. There were also several institutions for the special training of young men for the Christian ministry.

THE annual meeting of the Evangelical Protestant Deaconesses Institution was held recently at Tottenham, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The institution has for its object the training of Evangelical Protestant women for works of charity and benevolence. In connection with the institution there is a hospital with fifty beds and a large orphan home for girls, both of which establishments are entirely supported by voluntary contributions. The report submitted by Dr. Laseron stated that there were 22 deaconesses at present in the institution, and 14 probationers, making 36 in all. The financial statements showed that the income from all sources was 3,018*l.* Mr. John M'Call, the Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser, Sir E. Lechmere, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Lord Radstock and others addressed the meeting.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, according to custom, lately presided at the annual inspection of the "Chichester" and the "Arethusa" training ships, where boys are trained for a seafaring life, as part of the work done by the refuges for homeless and destitute children. The visitors on mounting the deck of the "Arethusa," found the 222 boys who comprised her crew drawn up in line. They were drilled before the company. Lord Shaftesbury then presented prizes, which had been given for the encouragement in well-doing of the lads, five of a guinea each being given by his lordship himself to as many lads for diligence, Bible knowledge, swimming, and general smartness. Other prizes were given by "Rob Roy" and others. Mr. Williams then read the reports, which were highly satisfactory. The work, it was stated, received no Government aid whatever, and during the sixteen years it had been carried on some 2,500 lads from being street boys of the deserted class, had become English sailors in her Majesty's navy or in the mercantile marine. Lord Shaftesbury, in replying to a vote of thanks, remarked that any one who should attempt to write the social history of England at this period would not successfully execute the task unless he devoted a good long chapter to the history of the "Chichester" and "Arethusa."

WE regret to learn from France that the authorities are refusing the Protestant churches the right of accepting bequests for their charities. This is being taken up very seriously as a great grievance. The Senate has rendered the sending of children to school obligatory; and at the same time has modified the law by which religion was abolished in the teaching. It has resolved that the teachers shall instruct their scholars in their duty towards God. The processions of the *Fête Dieu*, in France, although more restricted to the interior of churches or churchyards this year, have been the occasion of annoyance and disturbance. Two cases of Protestant soldiers being sent to prison for conscientiously refusing to kneel before the wafer, at the word of command, have caused some little stir, the more so that they had respectfully requested, in vain, to be exempted from the duty on conscientious grounds.

AN exciting scene, which occurred in Rome lately, would seem to show that the Roman populace have not forgotten the oppressive sovereignty of the Vatican, and are not so eager to return to the temporal rule of the Papacy as is so often alleged by the priestly organs. The removal at midnight of the remains of Pius IX. from their temporary resting-place in St. Peter's to their final tomb in the Church of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of the city, in accordance with directions left by the late Pope, was the occasion of scandalous proceedings. Along the Via Nazionale the scene was indescribably painful, the procession being received with alternate clappings and hootings, as in a theatre. A running fight was kept up to the church, and of six thousand torches surrounding the bier at St. Peter's, only a few hundred reached the cemetery. During the final ceremonies of interment in San Lorenzo, the noise of the crowd outside was distinctly audible. The doors of the San Lorenzo had to be hurriedly shut as soon as the heavy coffin was got inside, and numbers of persons who should have attended the funeral rites were excluded, in order to avoid further scandal.

THE Pope has issued an Encyclical letter, dealing with the recent attempts upon the lives of Sovereigns. He declares that the precepts of Christ are eminently fitted to comprise both those who obey and those who command, and to produce between the two sections of the community that unity of purpose which engenders public tranquillity. The Encyclical points out that political authority comes from God, but that no form of government is repugnant to the Catholic Church. After developing this idea and quoting many texts from Scripture in support of it, the Pope proceeds to explain the duties of governing and governed according to the doctrine of the Church, to which the world owes the best interpretation of those duties. In conclusion, the Pope exhorts the Bishops to inculcate upon their flocks a full understanding of their duties in this respect, and commends modern society to the prayers of the faithful.

FROM Russia we hear that the Moscow Court of Justice has confirmed the judgment of the Novgorod tribunal, ordering a newly constructed house of prayer belonging to the Old Believers to be pulled down and the materials to be sold for the benefit of the local Zeemstoo. The *Golos* remarks, in reference to the matter, "No wonder there is discontent amongst the masses when the people are not allowed to follow the faith of their fathers."

THE death of Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the amiable, accomplished and popular Dean of Westminster, the historian of the venerable Abbey of which he was the custodian, as well as the historian of other celebrated places and notable persons, has been deeply felt in all ranks of English society. This is not the place to mention any of the incidents of his career. His remains were interred on July 25th, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, next those of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, amid every demonstration of the deepest respect and sorrow, on the part of a company of mourners, representing all classes of the nation. The Rev. Dr. Stoughton, preaching at New Court Chapel, Tollington Park, said:—"There were those who loved the Dean strongly, but differed from him in their conceptions of the doctrines of the Gospel, and who wished that he had given greater prominence to what they esteem the distinctive truths of the Gospel. But his own view, I know, was this—that there is much in the teaching of the Old and New Testaments which transcends our comprehension, much which, running along lines of mystery, he felt himself unable to follow; but, at the same time, he would remark there is more that is plain which a wayfaring man, though a fool, may receive and 'not err therein.' To these plain things he said he desired to cleave, these plain things he endeavoured to preach. The main difference between others and himself, in this respect, was that certain Evangelical principles were plainer to them than to him; and such persons he did not attack, he did not ridicule, he did not condemn. To such persons he could bid God speed; and, without entering into theological controversy, I can testify that he appreciated the earnest Gospel preaching of brethren who followed lines different from his own. His appreciation of the effectiveness of such preaching as Wesley's, as Whitefield's, as Robert Hall's, not to speak of living men, was distinct and decided, and often did he dwell, even with enthusiasm, on their works of faith and their labours of love." The Rev. Dr. Cumming, formerly minister of Crown Court Scotch National Church, so well known by his efforts to popularise his views on unfulfilled prophecy, and by his opposition to Romish error, is also dead. He was in the seventy-first year of his age. The death of the Rev. Dr. Fisch, of Paris, took place lately in the Canton of Vaud. Dr. Fisch was one of the pastors of the Taitbout Chapel in Paris, although his chief energies were directed to the carrying on of the evangelistic operations at the "Chapelle du Centre," also in Paris. For many years he was the Secretary of the Evangelical Society of France and at the same time the heart and soul of the Union of Evangelical Churches of France. He was a loving, disinterested, generous Christian, who combined a strong faith with a most conciliatory spirit. He was well known in British religious circles, and he spoke at some of the recent May meetings with his usual fervour and zeal on behalf of his beloved France.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER X.

"My friend was already too good to lose."

FOR the first time since his coming to Pine Cottage, Garret Montague woke in the morning with a weight upon his spirit.

Out of doors there was all the freshness and sweetness of a perfect May. Swallows were flying in and out of their nests under the eaves—nests that Mr. Sorrell left untouched from summer to summer. While the old man lived the birds would never want a home; his kind eyes always gave the truants a welcome when the sunshine lured them back to their old shelter. But the eyes that beamed so lovingly on the swallows were growing cold to Garret Montague.

"He thinks I am getting well too slowly, perhaps,"

sighed Garret, opening his casement to the sweet breath of the morning. "He feels it is time that I was out in the world, working for myself. Well, I dare say it is hard to realise how nature dallies with my cure. He can't understand the shock to the system, and the shattered nerves that are worse than shattered limbs. And yet he seemed as if he could not tire of me."

Walter's laugh, ringing out from the garden below, reminded him that the household was already beginning its day. Yesterday he would not have concerned himself about being last at the breakfast-table; he had been the invalid, the privileged pet of the family.

But last night had quite changed his position in the house. Not that Uncle Peter had been less hospitable; he had, in truth, been more punctilious in observing all the duties of a host, and had pressed Garret to eat and drink with a studied courtesy that took away the poor fellow's appetite. But who does not know the difference between formal politeness, and that frank share-with-me welcome that gives the sweetest relish to the food? Garret, in the stifled pain of a sensitive spirit, had felt as if his dinner would choke him.

While he dressed he recalled the strange look he had surprised on Josephine's face, when she had appeared at the window.

"I must have been in a suspicious mood," he thought. "It is not her fault, poor thing, if my uncle has wearied of me. She was very kind and attentive to me last night, but I thought she seemed a little nervous once or twice. Perhaps she is afraid that he will change to her too." And then as he left his chamber, and went slowly downstairs, he found himself longing for the cheery looks and voices at Thorn Farm.

In that dear old house he could never feel himself an intruder; father, son, and daughters, had taken him into their family group, and already looked upon him as one of themselves.

One of themselves! Garret was conscious of looking forward to a future, dimly bright as yet, when he might indeed ally himself with the Winterburns.

It was May time, the outer world was full of freshness and hope; he would not suffer these indoor annoyances to depress him too much. If Uncle Peter preserved his chilling demeanour he would leave Pine Cottage as soon as his strength permitted him to depart. He had the promise of a secretaryship in town; the salary would be small, but the work was light, and would give him leisure to seek for a more lucrative post.

At any rate if not a wealthy man he was unencumbered with debts and difficulties. He could face the world boldly with a clear brain and an easy mind. After all, perhaps he had thought too seriously of the change in Uncle Peter's manner; but if it was indeed a real change Garret felt that he had done nothing to deserve the loss of Mr. Sorrell's affection.

The family were seated at the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Chafford was beginning to fill the coffee-cups as he came into the room.

"You are up early, Garret," she said with her brightest look; "I think you are really getting well at last."

"Yes, I shall soon be in working condition, I hope," he answered, glancing at his uncle, who gave him a stiff little bow and a spasmodic smile.

"What are you going to work at, Cousin Garret?" Walter inquired eagerly. "You won't be able to fight, will you?"

"No, old boy; the Queen doesn't want lame soldiers."

"Soldiers can do other things as well as fighting," said Josephine smoothly. "And I am sure Garret is clever enough to work at anything."

"Don't make me vain of my abilities," rejoined Garret, laughing. "I have yet to be put to the test."

"Indeed, Garret, dear Frank used to say you were decidedly gifted," Josephine remarked.

Uncle Peter gave a deep sigh, and Garret helped himself to toast with a flush of annoyance on his pale cheek. He interpreted his uncle's sigh as a lament over misused talents and wasted time.

"I want to be a hero," said Walter, filling up a pause. "A regular tip-top splendid hero, to be hurrahed at, and waved at, and all that."

"Want to be a good man first of all, Walter," replied Mr. Sorrell gravely. "Make up your mind to rely upon God and yourself, and do your duty."

They were commonplace words enough and the boy's remark seemed naturally to have called them forth; but Garret felt instinctively that they were aimed at him.

In spite of Josephine's efforts to make everything agreeable the meal did not pass off with comfort. Garret felt grateful to his cousin for her kind attentions and pleasant speeches; but they failed to set him at ease. That his uncle was really estranged from him he could no longer doubt; and he was puzzled, as well as deeply wounded. What had he ever said or done to change Mr. Sorrell's good opinion of him?

It was a relief when breakfast was over and Uncle Peter had set out on a round of charitable visits. Walter ran off into the garden to play until his mother called him to his lessons; but Sybil lingered by the widow's side.

"I want to speak to you, Josephine," said Garret, who did not desire the little girl's presence at that moment.

"Yes?" responded Josephine, colouring slightly, but quite ready to give him full attention.

"I want to speak with you alone. Can't Sybil play with Walter for a few minutes."

"Oh, I don't care about playing," cried Sybil in a shrill whine. "Mother never sends me away while she talks."

"She will send you away to oblige me," said Garret with most unwonted sternness. "I do not choose to speak of my affairs when children are listening."

"Run into the garden, dear," said Mrs. Chafford in her gentlest manner. And Sybil, muttering indignantly, obeyed.

"Josephine," Garret began, speaking in a low voice; "does my uncle think that I am making too long a stay here?"

Josephine hesitated, and then laid hold of a stray jessamine tendril that had crept into the open window.

"I don't know how to answer you," she said, toying with the spray. "He—he is so difficult to get on with sometimes. Oh, I hope I shall never

live to be old; I think old people are far more selfish than the young!"

"I see," murmured Garret; "it does not do to depend too much on his first invitation. He is tired of me; I have been an invalid, a troublesome guest."

"Never troublesome to me and my children!"

"You have always been good to me, Josephine; and I am grateful. But it pains me to feel myself a burden to my uncle."

"Dear Garret, he has never said you were a burden."

"Not in plain words, perhaps."

"As I was saying, old people are not quite to be relied upon. They are fond of us while we are absent, but when we take up our abode with them they find us a trouble. And I should be scarcely surprised, Garret, if Uncle Peter wearied of the children and myself. I often fear we are all nuisances."

Josephine's lip quivered as she spoke; and the white hand that had been playing with the jessamine went up to her forehead.

Like all true men, Garret was quickly touched by the signs of a woman's distress; and he remembered that the woman beside him was a widow. At that moment he felt himself drawn nearer to his cousin than he had ever been before; laying his hand on her shoulder he spoke tenderly, and, with real feeling in his tone.

"Don't fret, Josephine," he said. "I do not believe my uncle desires to part with you. As to the children, he is devoted to Walter; and of Sybil he sees little, as she is always under your wing. No, no; I am the lazy encumbrance."

"Pray don't call yourself names," pleaded Mrs. Chafford tearfully. "Oh, if dear Frank had lived, how different everything would have been! How gladly we would have given you a home till your strength came back!"

"I know, Josephine, how kindly you feel to me. But indeed I am fast getting well, and I am resolved to go to work as soon as I can."

"But you will remain here till you are really strong; you won't leave in haste, Garret?

"No; I will trespass on my uncle's hospitality a little longer, just till my nerves are steadier. But I shall let him know that I am thinking of moving."

"You will not be sorry to leave Thistledean; it is a fearfully stupid place. If I were a man I would not be buried here," said Josephine, speaking the truth this time.

"I have been happy; Thistledean will always be full of pleasant memories," returned Garret musingly. "I think I shall run down here sometimes from town."

"Shall you indeed?" Josephine asked in surprise. "I thought you would find London too attractive to leave. In fact, I believe you will soon forget this dreary village."

"It has not been dreary to me. I have found good friends here."

"Oh, the Winterburns. Do you really think you shall remember them?"

"I am sure that I shall."

While Garret was speaking he gazed absently through the open window to the buttercup meadow in front of Pine Cottage. The road that went winding round that meadow led to Thorn Farm; and already his heart was out-running his footsteps, anticipating the welcome that ever awaited him there.

He did not notice his cousin's slight start, nor the sudden paling of her cheek. The unconscious earnestness in his tone had revealed a secret.

"This house will seem ten times duller without you," she said after a pause. "I suppose your plans are settled for the future?"

"Yes; the Insurance Company has been firmly established for some time, and the directors have been keeping the post of secretary for me. The former secretary died quite suddenly, soon after my accident."

"I wish the salary were larger," sighed Josephine.

"So do I; but it is as good as can be expected. I shall write to-night to Mr. Serle, the chief director, to tell him I hope to begin work in a fortnight."

"In a fortnight? Oh, Garret, that is too soon!"

"Not a bit too soon," he answered resolutely. "And now, Josephine, it is time for the children's lessons. I must not keep you from them any longer. Thank you, dear, for all the kind things you have said."

"Indeed, Garret, I wish I could do kind things instead of only saying them."

The children were summoned indoors; but study was a mere farce that morning. Never a painstaking teacher, Josephine was now so weary and absent that Walter's most glaring blunders were quite unnoticed and his blotted copy was pronounced "very good."

"Oh mother, look at his great smears, and that big blotch at the end!" cried Sybil in remonstrance.

"She can't bear you to call me a good boy," growled Walter, "and the copy isn't bad; only my thumb always gets inky and makes smudges of its own accord. I don't know why it is; but I believe I could write better without a thumb."

"The mother is tired," Sybil said, more softly. "She has a headache; we will put the lessons away."

And the lessons were put away, but rest could not still the widow's throbbing nerves. She sent the children out walking after luncheon, and shut herself up in her own chamber to scheme and think.

Hidden by her window-curtain she watched Garret Montague slowly taking his way along the road that led to Thorn Farm. He was feeble still, leaning heavily on his stout stick, and pausing once to rest, but no thought of pity stirred in her heart as her eyes followed his figure. Selfishness and desperate need had made Josephine Chafford as hard as a flint, and deadened all feelings of compassion and affection.

"It shall not be," she muttered. "I will stop the intercourse before it gets too close. If I let it go on she will be drawn into making disclosures; she is just the girl who could conceal nothing from a lover. No, it shall never be."

She turned away from the window, never heeding the soft breath of the May wind and the low rustle of leaves. For her there was neither music nor beauty in the outer world; her mind, always absorbed in the study of self-interest, had not a thought to spare for God's earth. Even the children often bored her with their spontaneous love of nature; and Sybil, that devoted mother-worshipper, would sometimes wonder that her idol found no pleasure in the flowers that were laid at her feet.

Later on in the afternoon Garret Montague and Prudence Winterburn sat together under the shade of an old oak in the home-field. Only the slope of the orchard divided them from the house; the branches of the fruit-trees stretching across the orchard-gate, almost touched the boughs that sheltered them under a broad shadow.

Three wicker-work chairs stood beneath the tree, but only two were occupied. Delia's work-basket lay on the vacant seat, and Delia herself had been summoned to the house on domestic business. Garret's face wore an expression of sunshiny content, not a trace of the morning's trouble clouded his brow, and although he spoke of leaving Thistledean there was no sadness in his tone.

"You will not be sorry to go?" asked Prue, with half a sigh. He turned and looked earnestly into her grey eyes.

"I am not sorry to begin working," he answered; "but I shall never leave Thistledean in the spirit, Prue. My thoughts will always be here."

She was silent, but a faint colour rose to her cheek, and it seemed as if the bees and May-flies around were murmuring twice as loud as usual. Every little sound was intensified in that momentous pause; she almost fancied she could hear the throbbing of her own heart, and the beat of the heart beside her.

"Dear Prue," began Garret, taking her hand in his, and holding it in a close clasp, "I hope——"

The sentence was never completed; it died on the lips of the speaker, and he dropped the little hand in haste.

A small elfish-looking figure stood suddenly before the pair, and a well-known voice cried shrilly, "Prue, here's a letter from mother, and she wants an answer directly, please."

Sybil spoke breathlessly, and was fresh from a little conflict with Delia. Miss Winterburn, unwilling perhaps that the couple under the oak should be abruptly pounced upon, had said she would take the note to her sister herself. But Sybil had insisted upon delivering it with her own hand; and had rushed on, rudely, ahead of Delia, determined to carry out her mother's instructions to the very letter.

Garret's glance at his little cousin was by no means amiable, and it was only by making a strong effort that he kept back a sharp reproof for her bad manners. Prue, who had flushed deeply, rose from her seat, and asking Mr. Montague to excuse her, desired Sybil to follow her to the house.

About fifteen minutes elapsed before Prue returned, and then it was to find her seat occupied by Mr. Winterburn, who loved a friendly chat with Garret.

So the words that Garret had begun to speak were still left unsaid; and Prue's face wore a look of anxious pain that he remembered long afterwards.

"Something in Josephine's note must have upset her," he mused. "I wonder what it could have been!"

"That woman will utterly make an end of Prue's peace," thought Delia impatiently. And she could not help telling Mr. Montague that Sybil Chafford was a very forward little girl.

Remembering the important letters that had to be written that evening, Garret left the farm before five o'clock, and turned his steps towards Pine Cottage.

The cottage was quieter than usual; afternoon tea, generally a meal to be lingered over by the children, was quickly despatched, and Sybil and Walter were sent out on an errand. Mr. Sorrell went off to dine at the vicarage, and Josephine and Garret were left alone.

YOUNG INDIA.

BY RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

UNDER the rather obnoxious term "Young India," we include the growing communities of educated, English-speaking natives, clustering around the great colleges and schools of our country; found in a very flourishing condition in our large cities and towns, but scarcely missed in sequestered villages and obscure hamlets. The position occupied by these communities, motley in one respect, but unified in a higher sense, is similar, partially, if not thoroughly, to that occupied by the learned in Europe before the vernaculars of that continent began to be cultivated with the enthusiasm and assiduity to which their present glorious development is to be traced.

This will appear if we consider, in the first place, the unifying process under which they have been brought, and by which they have, to a very great extent, been assimilated to each other. The learned in Europe, though belonging to different nationalities and separated from each other by not a few of those varieties to which the term "ethnological" is now applied, were nevertheless united by the ties of the common language they enthusiastically studied, and the common ideas they derived from its resources. And precisely in the same way the educated classes in India, though separated by tribal and social distinctions of a broad, if not the broadest type, are, nevertheless, being thoroughly unified by the literature they are engaged in mastering with commendable zeal and enthusiasm, and the liberal ideas they are deriving therefrom. Nor is their excessive fondness for the English language, and the literature enshrined in it, to be indiscriminately condemned and reprobated. A man, whose enjoyment of nature is confined to a miserable field in a dull and smoky city, should not be represented as a monster if, after having expatiated at large among the varied beauties of a picturesque valley, he should exhibit even a morbid hankering

after a pleasure, compared to which that to which he has been accustomed is as nothing. An Hindustani should not be condemned if, after seeing the glories of civilised Europe, he should evince even undue thirst for the amenities and refinements, in comparison with which the brightest things in his own country sink into insignificance. The critics who condemn in unmeasured language the undue attachment to English manifested by the educated classes in India, forget that the vernaculars of that country are not in a position to tempt men away from the varied and rich stores of information, which the liberal, though outlandish education imparted in our colleges and schools places within their reach. Nor must it be forgotten that the proper cultivation, and the consequent expansion of the vernaculars in India will be brought about, as the similar consummation in Europe was brought about, more by a desire to extend the blessings of religion than by a wish to diffuse literature and science.

The similarity referred to will, moreover, appear if we consider in the second place the freedom of our educated countrymen from current prejudices and superstitions. The learned in Europe, though attached on the whole to the types of Christianity prevalent in their day and generation, were as a rule free from the prejudices and superstitions to which the illiterate classes had succumbed. The varied and profound scholarship, which confessedly flourished in the cloisters and cells of European monasteries and nunneries, appears at first sight an exception to the rule; but men deeply conversant with the history of those times incline to the opinion, that even monks and nuns really distinguished by learning were free from popular superstitions, though by no means disinclined to see them fed and perpetuated. Their position was in many respects similar to that of the learned Pundits in India, who denounce current forms of polytheism in private, but who leave no stone unturned to ensure their perpetuation by evincing a hypocritical reverence for them. But whether the learned in Europe were absolutely free from current superstitions or not, one thing is certain, viz. the communities to which I have ventured to compare them have been most thoroughly liberated from the thraldom under which the masses of our countrymen have been groaning for ages untold.

English education, as imparted in India, has not in every respect proved a glorious success; and some writers have exhibited what cannot but be denounced as savage delight in pointing out its defects. But in one respect it has proved a complete success. It has, whether imparted in government schools under the pressure of religious neutrality, or whether communicated in institutions raised by missionaries with the avowed object of destroying the national faith, liberated the pupils brought under its influence from popular idolatry and the prejudices associated with it, and that with complete success. It is very instructive to note how the iron conservatism of our country has melted like wax before the onward march of occidental education, how time-hallowed beliefs and long-standing customs, hereditary convictions and institutions held in superstitious veneration from time immemorial, are being driven as chaff to and fro by forces mightier than any brought to bear on India before its contact with European civilisation. Educated natives may observe caste distinctions, perpetuate female ignorance, lend their sanction to early marriage and perpetual widowhood, and wallow in the mire of gross idolatry, but we rarely meet with one amongst them not thoroughly convinced of the iniquitous and disastrous character of prevailing convictions and prevailing institutions, and not secretly desirous to see them swept away, or replaced by beliefs and customs of a nobler, less pernicious, and more beneficial stamp.

In the partial isolation of these nascent communities from the great mass of our countrymen we see another point of resemblance between their condition and that of the learned in Europe a few centuries since. Their education has not merely emancipated them from current prejudices and superstitions, but it has segregated them, to a certain extent, from their countrymen in general by opening as it were a wide gap between their own intellectual status and theirs. People are in the habit of laughing at them, and even holding them up to ridicule, whenever they evince a propensity to imitate European habits of life; and what is called the denationalising tendency of the system of education, of which they are the legitimate offspring, is severely condemned. They, however, forget that natives of India cannot, properly speaking, be improved till they are denationalised in all that constitutes the very essence of national and individual life, in mental and spiritual culture, in habits of thought and feeling necessarily manifesting themselves in renewed habits of life. Their mental status is decidedly higher than that of their countrymen in general and not much lower than that of the conquering race. Indeed the interval which separates them in mental culture from their own countrymen is as a rule longer than the interval which separates them from persons who are but too prone to look down upon them as inferiors; and this accounts for the universal tendency towards assimilation to the higher race manifested by them. The position of the educated natives in India is contemplated by two different classes from two different standpoints; and though these classes differ from one another in every important respect, they are thoroughly united in their condemnation of it. The orthodox party condemn the genius of English education because it carries people blessed with it too far away from them, while its European friends condemn it because it brings people influenced by it too near themselves. Isolation is the complaint of the one party and proximity that of the other.

It may be said that this isolation makes it impossible for educated natives to exercise over their countrymen that salutary influence which was antecedently expected. It is not denied that their position is essentially different from that occupied by the learned men to whom they have been compared. These were looked up to with veneration by the people of Europe, a veneration scarcely less superstitious than that accorded to the Pundits by the Indian people, and the readiness with which the masses followed them may be compared to that with which the sheep follow their shepherd. The educated natives of India are, on the contrary, not looked up to by the nation at large as its legitimate leaders. They are regarded with aversion as persons who have been demoralised by an outlandish and pernicious system of education, and contact with whom

should be shunned and deprecated. Yet this influence, emanating as it does from truths and ideas which are invincible, is mighty, and triumphs, notwithstanding all obstacles. Already has a middle-class between the educated English-speaking natives and the nation at large been organised by the influence of their superior education, a class consisting of numerous persons who, though ignorant of English, are enlightened enough to declaim against current prejudices and superstitions and to admire and partially adopt the novel ideas before which these relics of a barbarous age are retreating as chaff before the wind. They have succeeded in detaching one block from the social pyramid, and another will follow, and so on, till the entire nation melts into their community. Their influence is great even now, and it bids fair to be omnipotent hereafter. They are the leaders of the nation, though they are not universally recognised as such. Where are they leading the nation? This question resolves itself into another — Where are they themselves going? The writer has frequently said to his educated countrymen both in public meetings as well as in his private intercourse with them, that they are themselves going and leading the nation, either *to* or *away from* God and bliss!

The best friends of India are unanimous in affirming that there is to-day no class of people in our vast country on whom its future welfare hinges so thoroughly as the growing communities of our educated, English-speaking countrymen; and consequently their religious condition cannot be a matter of indifference to those who are toiling and praying for its complete regeneration. But before we indicate their religious position, we wish to say something about their knowledge of Christianity, or the varied degrees of acquaintance with our heaven-bestowed religion to which the varied sections of their community may justly advance claim. This knowledge varies from a maximum among those brought up in mission-schools to a minimum amongst those brought up in Government schools other than those opened in important centres of education.

If the varied agencies employed in India to propagate Christian truth were judged by their fittedness to compass the object contemplated, a calm and dispassionate observer would be disposed to give the palm to mission-schools. A bazaar-preaching missionary preaches in the course of twenty years to as many thousands of people, if not more; but among the crowds thus preached to twenty men can scarcely be found able to answer the simplest questions regarding the fundamental doctrines of our religion; while during the same period a well-conducted mission-school sends out at least a thousand young men almost as thoroughly versed in the peculiarities of Christianity as men brought up in first-class theological schools in Christendom. In the bazaars preaching is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if judged by direct results, waste of breath; but in mission schools, boys can scarcely be found ignorant of the broad facts and salient doctrines of our religion. Young men leave mission-schools, not only with a thorough knowledge of, but often with a deep reverence for, the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. But once separated from their *alma maters*, they are scattered as sheep without a shepherd,—without almost a single friend to remind them of the truths instilled into their minds, and of the responsibility imposed thereby. And consequently their life after leaving school militates against the convictions generated; and they often slide down into the abyss of scepticism. It is always a dangerous thing to play with our convictions, and nowhere is the truth of this oft-quoted saying more thoroughly seen than in the case of those ex-pupils of mission-schools who from apathetic friends of Christianity are at times converted into its bitterest enemies. The instruction imparted to young men in mission-schools ought to be followed up in after-life; and this is what Dr. Duff proposed to do when he expressed a wish to organise a corresponding department in connection with his college, and to maintain thereby a constant intercourse with its ex-pupils.

But while mission-school pupils have to be converted by a slow process of demoralisation from indifferent friends into determined opponents of Christianity, Government-school boys as a rule leave their *alma maters* with a rooted antipathy to it. And the reason is obvious. Mission-school boys derive their ideas of Christianity from the Bible and standard works on Christian theology and Christian evidence; and our religion does not pass into their minds through a distorting medium. But pupils brought up in Government-schools do not derive their knowledge of our religion from such unexceptionable sources; being from the beginning led astray by the gross misrepresentations in which infidel publications abound, and for circulating which their own teachers are not unfrequently responsible. As regards their religious convictions they may be divided into three distinct classes.

The first class consists of those who are men of superior education, pretty well versed in modern science, and conversant with the philosophical and religious speculations of the age. Their religion is a *facsimile* of that embodied in various forms in Huxley's "Lay Sermons"—that indicated very distinctly in the very first of these "sermons." They are modest enough to acknowledge that they cannot settle the question whether there is a God or whether he is a myth. They are, however, sure that science has nothing to do with the problem, and that it may be, along with the various creations of superstitious fear, consigned to the limbo of the theological age which has gone by. They recognise the order of nature as an objective reality rather than a subjective idea, and they point out the absolute necessity of our being or acting in unison with it. They represent such things as prayer and external forms of devotion as absurd, the silent admiration of this eternal and immutable order—for, in defiance of every correct principle of logic they assume its eternity and immutability—being in their opinion more suited to their condition as students of nature and devotees of science. They believe in Atheism or living for others, but they make use of such words as "live" and "act" with condescending deference to our ordinary modes of expression, which they know are fallacious. They cannot possibly be ignorant of the fact that we are lumps of matter and nothing more, moved to and fro by material laws over which we have no control. Their position is obviously weak and indefensible, but they are men of education and parts, and they can handle arguments and carry on controversy with admirable dexterity. Beleaguer them in any

way you please, and you will find that they have a way of escape open before them. Dwell on the necessity of religion, and they simply smile and ask you to prove its necessity. Speak of the value of the human soul, and they will tell you that there is no such thing as the human soul. Try to frighten them by speaking of the torments of hell, and they laugh at these as creations of superstition unworthy of mention in this age of enlightenment.

The second class consists of those who call themselves Theists, and as a rule look upon and represent all revelations higher than that embodied in nature and in the conscience as superfluous and unnecessary. A few, a mere handful, of them are followers of one well-known Babu, who has almost entirely lost his prestige in consequence of his inability to resist the temptation of marrying his daughter to a wealthy maharajah, in direct contravention of the principles he had himself inculcated. He has startled many by the incoherent utterances in which he has since indulged. People in the west are apt to make a lion of him, being obviously misled, as well by exaggerated reports of his influence, as by quotations from his lectures presented apart from the utterances fitted to neutralise their significance. He is said to have a million of followers, when he has scarcely more than a couple of hundred, and he is represented as half-Christian, though he now speaks of Christ in the highest terms possible, and then places Him on a par with Mohammed. He had more followers, but their number is dwindling, and he is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. A few more of this host innumerable of Indian Theists are followers of another Pundit, who, assisted by some Americans who call themselves Theosophists, is effecting a sort of midway reconciliation between the teachings of the Rig Veda and those of modern science, and promulgating a system of Theism, which can scarcely be distinguished from the universal Pantheism of our country. Except these small groups ranged under the standards of these elaborated systems, but very loosely attached to them, they are as a class prone to be independent of all church organisation, and to consider religion as a thing too sacred to be talked about, and they consequently will neither impart nor receive the truth. The truth is, they have no religion except that of laughing at all external and tangible manifestations of human faith.

The third class consist of reckless worldlings, who audaciously point their fingers upward, and say, "There is nothing above," and forward, and say, "There is nothing beyond!" Their creed is not materially different from that of the first class, but they are practical Epicureans, and they spend their lives in eating, drinking, and being merry.

SUNDAY MORNING: A STUDY.

"Morn of morns, and day of days!
Beauteous were thy new-born rays;
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
Christ, the Light of Lights, is risen."

—*Old Hymn.*

SUNDAY morning is, above all things, the memorial of our Lord's Resurrection; it is our weekly Easter, and its continuous message has thus been through the generations one of peace and gladness and hope. Indeed, one of the fairest and most emblematical of pictures of it is that which rises before us as we recall the tradition of the primitive Christians, that on the first day of the week they used always to salute each other with the words, "The Lord is risen!" The tradition carries us back to the "first Easter dawn," which was also the first *Sunday morning*, and makes us see in its soft light what the latter was and is and is to be. We see Mary in her desolation standing by the empty sepulchre, imagining all terrible things because the body of her Lord is not there; we see her turning wistfully away to say to everybody—anybody—if only to relieve the passion of her grief, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." We see her, as, blind still with tears, she turns to Him who is indeed the "gardener," though in other sense than she knows, and says with nature's own incoherence of grief, "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." We see the glory of the resurrection upon the face of Jesus as He says to her, "Mary," and upon the face of Mary as she answers, "My Master;" we watch the clouds remove, and wonder before the miracle which turns the shadow of death into the morning.

"O joy, to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er His shroud
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name as still His own."

In this picture so fair, so heaven-like, we see the earnest and the type of all Christian Sunday mornings—a vision of Christ "alive after his passion," giving to the soul rest, and joy, and hope.

And as one thinks of this, does not one go back in thought to the first Sabbath morning, when God "rested from all his work that He had created and made?" In passing from the one picture to the other and earlier one, I cannot see in them any essential difference; and just as one loves to think of the gladness of Mary as she heard her Master's voice, so one loves to dream of the peace and joy which must have filled the heart of Adam as, amid the cool stillness of that first Sabbath morn, he heard the voice of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. Certainly the Light which smiled upon the one, smiled also upon the other; only it seems to smile more softly over a world redeemed from death than it did even over a world created out of nothing, since no light is so soft as "the clear shining after rain."

We close the Scripture story now, and ask how good people throughout the centuries have regarded Sunday morning. To the Christians of the first centuries, as the tradition which we have quoted shows, it was a peculiarly bright season, a time of spiritual liveliness and holy activity. "Their

custom," says one, "was to meet together early in the morning before it was light, on a certain fixed day and sing hymns to Christ as their God, and bind themselves with a sacrament to do no evil, and afterwards to partake of a common feast," which was Pliny's way of saying that the morning of the Lord's Day (so it was generally called) was spent in Christian worship and communion. Our comfortable Sunday mornings make us almost ashamed as we look at these old records and imagine these persecuted disciples stealing secretly and often at utmost peril to the sepulchre-like catacombs, before the rising of the sun. What they sang we do not know,—some snatches, perhaps, of that unknown song which Paul and Silas sang in the prison; a "Gloria in Excelsis" or song of praise to the Trinity, most likely, varied sometimes by such a canticle as this:

"If we be dead with Him, we believe that we shall also live with Him:
If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him:
If we deny Him, He also will deny us:
If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful:
He cannot deny Himself."

These early greetings seem to have continued through the whole of the church's time of childhood and early youth, and we learn that often break of day found these primitive believers still engaged in that service of "psalmody, hymns, and prayers" which had begun at midnight or before. Doubtless during the hours of darkness they thought much of Christ in the grave, and then celebrated the dawn with "He is risen! He is risen!" In this way they helped themselves to spend the first day of the week as their teachers taught them to spend it, for had not Ignatius or some one like-minded bid Christian people "lead a life agreeable to the Lord's Day, on which our life was raised from the dead by Him and by His death."

We pass now from these early reminiscences, and, looking homewards, recall what Sunday morning has been to Christian men in England, whose lives have been handed down to us, or whose works have shown us what it was to them. Finest of all is what good Izaak Walton tells us of George Herbert. His life had been, what every Christian's life should be, a perpetual time of Sabbath-keeping, and a perpetual growing and moving toward the "rest," the "Sabbath-keeping," "that remaineth;" so also the days of decay were days in which his song might ever have been, "O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Walton, with inimitable delicacy, draws the curtain aside, and reveals a death-bed such as seldom could be witnessed anywhere; this Sunday morning scene being perhaps the finest in this touching diorama. I cannot give it in any words but Izaak's own:

"The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hands, and said,

"'My God, my God!
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.'

"And having tuned it, he played and sang:

"'The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope:
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.'

"Thus," continues Walton, "he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer now sing in heaven." We seem to see in this how much Sunday was to this saintly man. His famous hymn, "O day most calm, most bright," of which the above lines form one verse, was no mere utterance of a passing sentiment, thrown off in a poetic rapture; it was the transcript of a life which, breathing ever the cool air of the Resurrection morning, living ever by the power of the resurrection of the Lord, found itself naturally most at home on "the Lord's Day."

Shall I give the reader now a taste of another method of keeping this morning? This is how it was kept by Thomas Wilson, an old worthy whose life is related to us by that sedate, old-fashioned biographer, Samuel Clarke—not Dr. Samuel, but Samuel of St. Benetfink's. This Thomas Wilson sat late into Saturday night in meditation, and making but little account of that bodily rest which is surely part of the Sabbath blessing, was up again, "by two or three o'clock," actually taking blame to himself if he rested beyond the latter hour. Seven o'clock found him surrounded by his household; and from that hour onwards till between eight and nine, he was expounding, catechising his family to see if they had understood him, singing from the psalms, and praying. "About nine o'clock," says good, quaint Samuel, "he went to church, and commonly began with singing two staves of a psalm; after which he prayed for God's assistance in, and for God's blessing upon, his holy ordinances. Then he read some part of the Old Testament and expounded (sometimes three, four or more verses, as more or less matter was contained in them), for the space of an hour, for he had an hour-glass on his desk to guide him therein. He had an excellent faculty and dexterity in expounding the Scriptures."

I do not know how the reader may feel as he reads this sketch of Thomas Wilson's Sunday morning. For myself, I regard it with a respect a little qualified. I think how our blessed Lord who Himself often "continued all night in prayer to God," was yet wont to be brief alike in prayer and in discourse with his disciples, and I begin to doubt whether servants bearing the burden of six days' work, and children to whom long concentration of mind is an impossibility, were not tempted to call the Sabbath a "weariness" rather than a "delight." There was, indeed, more stillness and more staying power in our ancestors of two hundred years ago, and they seem to have had much longer patience. Some of them, and Samuel Clarke appears to have been of this class, appear seriously to have estimated certain men specially high in view of the amount of exertion put forth upon the Sabbath, laying only too little stress upon those elements of spiritual composure and contemplation which, when combined with a healthy amount of religious activity, make indeed a beautiful Sabbath, "a good day."

Now let me slip down the ladder of time and give

From an old Engraving.] SUNDAY MORNING. [*W. R Digg.*

a touchingly beautiful reminiscence from a book recently well-described in a leading journal as a "charming and melancholy book," "The Life of a Scottish Probationer." This "probationer," or unordained preacher, was one Thomas Davidson, a Christian, a fine humorist, a true poet, and a "stickit minister," and not the hardest part of his lot lay in the discovery that a delicate frame, even when it carries a beautiful spirit, often commends itself but little to the crowd. The Sunday morning picture which we give from his life is given for the sake of the reader, whose weakness compels him to know more than perhaps he cares about a Sunday in the comparative solitude of home. He was then suffering from chest-weakness, and the long three hours' service, once so common in Scotland, held sway in his neighbourhood, so church-going was a physical impossibility. He says in his own playful way: "I have even forsaken the assembling of myself together in the kirk on Sundays. Indeed, going to the kirk here is always a crucial test of courage and robustness, for the strong and the brave have entered into a conspiracy against us of the weaker and more faint-hearted faction, and take three hours of it at once." And here follows a sketch by his biographer of the manner in which these Sundays of enforced solitariness were spent.

"The state of his health was such that it was at all times difficult for him to sit through the long service, and in winter it was quite impossible. His sensitive nature shrank from the disturbance which his incessant cough caused to fellow-worshippers. He was accustomed to spend the hours of public worship in solitary musings. It was his habit, as often as the weather and his strength permitted, to ascend to the 'yett' (gate) at Williescrook, where he had a commanding view of the most notable features of his much-loved Border landscape. He would carry with him his Bible, Keble's 'Christian Year,' and the Prayer-book of the Church of England, and by the help of these, and of the sweet influences of 'the green-leaved earth' around him, would, in the Temple not made with hands, hold communion of spirit with the Holy Catholic church."

This picture appears to me inexpressibly fine, and it is not easy to say why, except because it is so natural and so suggestive of *rest*. There is so much that is suggestive of joyous calm in the scenes of the Scottish Border; and to see this broken, disappointed, yet withal patient, Christian youth standing in the midst of such a scene with his Bible, a Prayer-book, and Keble, makes me think of nothing more than of that Sabbatic text which Keble took for his motto, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." And many of us there are who have found in these three books a wonderfully tranquillising power, as we have perused them perhaps on some Sunday morning far away from home and home privileges—amid the glories of Swiss mountain-scenery or under a burning Indian sun. The Book of books has given the undertone to all our meditation, while the ancient liturgy has opened for us the "gates of prayer," and some fair lyric of the "Christian Year" has attuned our hearts to song.

I have intentionally refrained from saying much about what to us is the main idea of "Sunday Morning," namely, attendance at church and preparations for going to church, and this because in these aspects it must be already so familiar to the reader's mind. Let us thank God that Sunday morning is so inseparably associated with public worship, and pray that it may long remain so! To tens of thousands of hearts to-day, as in George Herbert's day, the chiming of the bells is "angels' musick;" and at their call countless feet are turned towards the house of prayer. On Sunday mornings you may see the country lanes still filled with intending worshippers; the old man "with his staff in his hand for very age;" the aged woman in her sorrowful black, with her Bible and her snow-white kerchief in her hand; the labourer in his "Sunday best" with his wife and prattling, ruddy children by his side. The cottage door still opens at the appointed time; and the anxious mother, who must needs stay at home with her babe, stands there to give the last touch to her little girl's simple toilet, or to put the Bible or Prayer-book in the hand of her little boy. That, I thankfully say, is no picture of yesterday only, it is a picture of to-day, and will be of to-morrow, if we prove not careless of our sacred trust!

As I speak of these rural Sunday morning scenes, I cannot resist the temptation to quote Wordsworth's lines composed on Easter Sunday, but true in much for every Sunday of the year:

> "With each recurrence of this glorious morn
> That saw the Saviour in his human frame
> Rise from the dead, erewhile the cottage-dame
> Put on fresh raiment . . . . .
> Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
> And she who spun it culled the daintiest fleece
> In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
> Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn."

To some, alas, Sunday morning brings no such thoughts as these. Under the throbbing temples of the man whose Saturday evening has been spent in deep draughts of Death, no thoughts of Christ's resurrection with its holy peace can enter; nor do they come to those who have no real Sabbath, and whose Sunday morning is full of plans for fleshly pleasure or, at best, mere intellectual relaxation. They come to lowly hearts which "wait for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning," and come with most angelical influence to those whose faith owns every day Divine, and who each morning are able to say, "When I awake I am still with Thee." To them Sunday morning is dear because He who has been so near to them every day seems nearer still as they prepare to enter his house, or in weakness remain at home to meditate on Him as their risen and exalted Lord. They best can enter into the words of one * who having taught us heaven-like songs is now joining in the songs of heaven,

> "Sabbath of rest, all hail!
> Day of discourse divine!
> When He who once to Emmaus walked
> With those who thought on Him, and talked,
> Draws near with love benign:
> To Faith's clear eye
> Seems very nigh;
> His glory deigns to unveil—His word to ratify."

ANDREW CARTER, M.A.

* Charlotte Elliott.

MY SECOND CURACY.

V.—PARTICULAR CASES.

IN the course of my parochial round I called at a house in a back street leading from one of the busiest thoroughfares in the district. Let me premise that in these sketches I confine myself to unadorned facts. After visiting the different inmates on the various floors I bethought myself that I had not visited the kitchen, or, more correctly speaking, I might say, the cellar, for the approach to this abode was down a dark staircase, so dark indeed that one could not see a single step in advance. I groped my way down, and after feeling for the door, gave a gentle knock, to which a cheerful voice answered, "Come in." In obedience to this invitation I lifted the latch, and found myself in a pretty good-sized room, a large one for a poor man's lodging in London. As the room was underground, the gloom on entering was intense. The only light came from a window under the grating, over which persons were constantly passing in the street above.

A woman, very neatly but poorly clad, arose at my entrance, and asked me to be seated. I did so, and told her I was the curate of that particular district, and had called to make her acquaintance. She answered in a musically sweet voice, telling me she was pleased to see me; and she made some most grateful remarks about my predecessor, adding, "I have not many visitors now."

I was so struck with the lady-like tones of her voice, that I first glanced at the speaker, then at the room, and then at its furniture, which was of the most miserable description. The chairs, with the exception of the one upon which I was sitting, were completely worn out, and the truckle bedstead was worm-eaten, but the bedding was clean. A large mangle occupied the greater portion of the room, so, as an introduction to my conversation, I said, "You obtain your living by mangling." "Yes, sir," she answered, "my little daughter lays the linen between the rollers, and then I turn the handle." I asked her why she did not herself fold the linen. "Do you not see that I am totally blind?" she said. I was quite startled, for from the fact of the woman having her back to the light, I had not perceived that she was suffering under the affliction of blindness. I asked her how long she had lost her sight, when she replied, "About three years; but, thank God, the Society for Promoting the Welfare of the Blind has been very kind, and given me several books in Moon's type. Indeed, sir, I have much to be thankful for; God has taken away my sight, but He has taught me to read, and when I have no work to do, it is such a comfort to sit and read my Bible." After promising to visit her again, at the end of the week, I departed, feeling much pleased at what I had seen.

At the time appointed I wended my way again to the blind woman's abode, this time being lighted down the stairs by the little girl. Finding I should not be an interruption to the woman, as she had no work just then on hand, I seated myself and listened to her story.

"Sir," she began, "I dare say you have noticed the prints which hang on the wall of this room."

I certainly had viewed with astonishment two or three remarkably good proofs of Landseer's favourite pictures in faded, tarnished frames round the apartment, and had intended asking the woman how they came in such a room as she occupied, for they were out of character with the rest of the furniture, so I replied, "Yes, I see them, and am surprised you should possess such."

"Ah, sir, you may well be surprised when you see my poverty. But we were in very different circumstances once; it is the old, old story; we have seen far better days.

"My husband's father was a master tailor in New B—— Street (mentioning a fashionable locality), and when I married, my husband was foreman in his father's shop. The old gentleman soon after died—died, sir, in a lingering consumption; but a single word of complaint was never heard to escape him during the whole period of his illness. 'God's will be done,' was constantly on his lips. My husband succeeded to the business, but the seeds of the same disease that carried off his father manifested themselves in him also, and rapidly, very rapidly spreading, my husband was soon unable to look after his business. As he had none to whom he could intrust his interests, and the rent of the house was so high, you may guess the result, sir, we failed. But our creditors were paid in full, I am thankful to say. Then my husband found little or nothing was left for us (that is, for three children and ourselves; the two younger ones were twins, rather delicate, and often ill). We moved first into one lodging, and then another, each time getting into worse and cheaper ones, for my husband's father was an orphan, and I had no relations to help me either. You may imagine ours was a sad present, and it looked a gloomy future. I supported my sick husband and children by making waistcoats, as I was a good hand at that kind of work, and had plenty of it to do. But about this time my sight became rather bad, and my eyes burnt with pain, and the consequence was I could neither work so fast, nor so well; it was weakness, I think, that first brought on my dimness; but," continued she, "I bore up for my husband's sake. He used to say, 'All things work together for good,' and I have now learnt to see it also, but I was slow in learning this great truth. At last we moved here, and I obtained a few pounds from the neighbouring tradesman who had known my husband in B—— Street, with which I bought a mangle, and took in linen; but the darkness and gloom of the room pressed upon the spirits of my husband, and the damp made him so much worse, that he became very, very ill, indeed. The parish doctor, when first I got an order for him, told me that there was no hope of recovery. This was a heavy crushing blow for me. But worse followed, for my twins were seized with scarlet fever, and what between waiting upon them and my husband, I was nearly driven out of my mind. I do think, if it had not been for the good, kind attention and assistance of the clergyman of this district, who often came to join us in our prayers, and the example of patience set me by my husband, I should have given way, but the Lord preserved me." As

she said this, the woman burst into tears, and for a few minutes seemed nearly stifled with emotion. When she was able to proceed, she said: "A darker day was yet to come! how I met it I know not. I could not have done so if God and his ministers had not supported me. My husband died, and on the evening of that very day my dear twins died also."

As I started at her recital, she added, "It is true, sir, true," and then she burst into tears afresh. "I must make my story short," she resumed: "In less than three weeks after my husband's death, borne down with grief, and worn out by constant nursing, I became totally blind, and have remained so ever since. It is true the sight in one eye was partially restored for three or four months, but it fell back again, and I have never seen anything since, nor do I believe I ever shall. My little girl and my books are the only comforts left me now; I am often hard pressed, very much pinched at times, but somehow the Lord has provided, and I do not forget to thank Him for his mercies. The pictures," pointing to the prints on the walls, "I cannot part with; they were my husband's favourites, and, with the exception of his Bible, are all I have to remind me of him, when I sit down here alone, as I do by the hour together, when my little daughter is carrying home the clean linen. I gaze as though I could trace each line, and recall the remarks my poor husband used to make about them."

But brightening up: "Why should I call him poor? He is happy, and at rest; and I too am happy. Ah, sir! never mind my tears. I am not complaining of my lot. I must wait my appointed time; till then I must patiently look unto the Lord, and in his good time He will summon me away, and I too shall be at rest."

I took my farewell, and, as I went home saddened by this recital, was yet much cheered by realising how calmly, peacefully, and quietly this widow had borne her many and grievous trials, fortified by that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away when once possessed. What a lesson for those of us who fret under the little trials and vexations of our daily life.

I visited for a long time a lad who was in rapid consumption. It was a dingy court for such a patient, noisy and close. The room was not large, and besides father and mother, there were two sisters and a brother. Some neatness pervaded the place; the mother was an anglicised Frenchwoman, the brother worked at a perfumer's, and one of the sisters at a doll and toy shop, so one often saw, amidst much litter and confusion, bits of pretty things. The lad was well-disposed. He had neglected better thoughts, when well, and shunned churchgoing, but then he told me he was afraid; the rough boys of the court abused and seized all who went to church, and would pull them about and insult them. He was very fond of hearing me pray and read hymns, and would fold his hands and repeat the hymns after me, with a touching devotion. One day his manner very much moved me. He knew that my children were to have a treat. He had by him many very pretty little ornaments for Christmas trees, which, though damaged, easily with mending passed muster. His brother at the perfumer's had given them to him, as they had been rejected in the shop. These he made up into a parcel, with a number of paper bows he had put together, and insisted on my giving them to the children. I took them from him as a loan, but when I found this grieved him, I was obliged to undertake to keep two of them. Poor lad! he was very conscious of the immense amount of labour his complaint laid on his hardworking mother, but he was very patient. I doubt not but that from that crowded room, so full of life and death, a soul went forth redeemed to the home above.

William Benson was the eldest son of a well to-do carpenter, whose wife, a truly religious woman, died when Willy was very young, his younger brother being only two and a half years old. An aunt was housekeeper for some time till his father again married. The new Mrs. Benson was very kind and indulgent to Willy, as he was the only child, his brother having died the year before, but she was not so good a manager; and Mr. Benson soon began occasionally to stay out of an evening to drink, which example she quickly followed. In a few years the home was a home no longer, there was constant quarrelling and fighting, in which Willy often shared, for he would not let his stepmother, little as he cared for her, be ill-used. He was a great favourite with his father, and his round, happy-looking face, brown curly hair, and general intelligence and almost obstinate firmness, caused him to be admired by all who knew him. An uncle once suddenly placed him upon the table, and laid a wager he would say the alphabet beginning at the end quicker than any there present would in the ordinary way, and won it. He was sent to a good school, so far as as a secular education goes, though he never saw a Bible while he was there—nearly four years—and not having any good teaching or example at home, he became a great swearer at nine years of age. At last reasoning with himself (young as he was) more on the folly than the wickedness of it, he started at the school a fine of a halfpenny for swearing; and in three months several shillings were collected and given to a poor woman in the neighbourhood. This, however, broke him of the habit. Another good trait was his fondness for learning, and having no novels or books of history to read, he took with great attachment to reading the Family Bible through, beginning at Genesis, and only missing the Levitical books and Chronicles. He was often known to shut himself in the parlour and kneel on the floor, and with the large Book on the sofa before him to read for hours, forgetting tea and play together. Much as his father liked him the boy had to suffer a great deal of cruelty from his drunken ways. Sometimes he was stripped for telling a lie because he would not say where his mother was, and flogged with a knotted rope. He was often struck when separating his father and mother, with the poker; and often had to wander the streets all night or sleep on a doorstep when turned out of the house.

At eleven years of age he commenced work at an office as errand-boy in a large warehouse, where he had sometimes more money given him than his weekly wages came to. This money, however, he never took home or told his father of, but spent in cakes and periodicals, and at the play or theatre. At the latter place he was after a time so well known that the check-taker allowed him

to pass in unquestioned. At the warehouse he was so much trusted that the cashier sent him in preference to the other clerks to the bank for large sums of money, and I have known him to bring back over 200*l.* in gold and near 1,000*l.* in notes at a time. He was, however, discharged at the end of four years on suspicion of appropriating the money for postage entrusted to him for stamping letters, though in the particular case brought forward, it was proved another clerk had posted the letters without stamping them. Two years before this he went for the first time to a Sunday-school, where his Bible-reading soon put him ahead of his companions two or three years older, and this without the stimulus of an expected prize, for none were given there. Often has he rushed to school without breakfast rather than be a minute late, and without his pudding at dinner-time for the same reason.

A sermon preached by one of my fellow-curates from 1 Cor. x. 13—"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it"—made a great impression on him, and caused him to think more seriously than heretofore of his past life, and of the good he might have done with the large sum of money spent during the three years past (being over thirty pounds). He gave up theatre-going and devoted his spare money to worthier objects. Once he headed a subscription in his class for a sudden case of distress with ten shillings, and gave good sums to the missionary and other collections. At fifteen years of age he was holding a responsible situation as under-cashier in a large retail establishment. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of book-keeping he had soon to give it up. Next he obtained employment as timekeeper in a large cotton-mill, where there were over four hundred hands. In a few months' time the work of store-keeping was added, and incredible as it may appear, a youth of sixteen getting ten shillings a week was soon virtually entrusted with the management of a business making over one thousand pounds yearly net profits. Then came the American War, shortly after which the mill was stopped, and William came to London. His master during the last year he was with him had given him two pounds each quarter, as a special gift for attention and faithfulness.

At twenty-four years of age William was chief clerk and draughtsman to a large firm in the building trade, and with the possibility of shortly becoming a partner. At that time he still kept to his old habit of attending Sunday-school and church regularly, and used every other opportunity he could get of improving himself and making up for the neglect of his childish days. He did not drink intoxicating liquors at all, though not a pledged teetotaler, nor visit places of amusement, not finding time for them, and he assisted to keep his poor old grandmother comfortable in her declining years.

Should not this true narrative encourage boys and young men alike to persevere in their duty, and teach self-reliance to those who in a humble station of life think it necessary to have some influential friend to help them on, or to give them a start in life?

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

OCTOBER 9.

THE TABERNACLE. EXODUS XL. 1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT, VER. 34.—'*Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.*'

CONNECTION.—The Tabernacle or 'tent' for the service of God had now been fully prepared, ch. xxxix. 32; all that remained was to set it up and to dispose its parts in order. These parts had all a typical meaning, to which the attention of Bible students should be directed. It is no doubt because of this deeper significance that so much of Holy Scripture is occupied with details of structure and furniture. The reading lesson embraces a part only of the subject, but the Golden Text completes it by the record of the Divine and consecrating glory.

I. THE TABERNACLE REARED.—*Read vers.* 1, 2. **Jehovah spake.** All the details had been according to His express command, chs. xxv.–xxvii; xxxvi.–xxxix. Observe the repetition of the words, **As the Lord** (Jehovah) **commanded Moses,** xxxix. 5, 6, 21, 26, etc., and compare Heb. viii. This minute care about every detail was necessary for the completeness of the type. All was now ready to be **set up.** How long had the preparations taken? The uprearing of the Tabernacle was nearly a year from the departure out of Egypt on the fifteenth day of the first month (Nisan) ch. xii. 2. Of this time, about fifty days had been occupied in the march to Sinai; and two periods of forty days had been passed by Moses on the mount in communion with God, xxiv. 18; xxxiv. 28. Taking into account the interval between these two periods, and the time required for instructing the artificers, it will be easy to calculate that the construction of the Tabernacle occupied rather more than half a year.

> This will be the place to give a general notion of the shape and structure of the Tabernacle. It was an oblong tent, 30 cubits long by 10 wide (45 ft. × 15) surrounded by an open court, and screened by curtains 100 cubits by 50 (150 × 75 ft.). The framework was of acacia wood, covered by four 'curtains,' the innermost one of 'fine twined linen' xxvi. 1, the next of goat's hair, the next of red sheep leather ('rams' skins'), and the outer one of the skin of the dugong, or seal of the Red Sea, rendering the whole impervious to the weather. The roof was ridged (not flat, as in many representations and models). Interiorly the oblong was divided by a veil into parts, the sanctuary or holy place, 20 × 10 cubits, and the Holy of holies, 10 × 10. Outside in the court were the altar of burnt offering and the laver, in a line between the wide entrance of the court at its eastern end (20 cubits broad) and the Tabernacle itself. The height of the tent was 10 cubits (equal to the width). Thoughtful readers will be struck by the smallness of the structure; the sanctuary being only equal to a room 30 feet by 15, while the Holy of holies was but half as large. It must be remembered that the phrase 'tabernacle of the congregation' is not strictly correct: it should rather be 'tabernacle of meeting'; i.e., of meeting between God and Israel, through the medium of the priests, for whom and for whose ministrations the space was sufficient.

II. THE HOLY OF HOLIES.—*Read ver.* 3. The chief purpose of the Tabernacle was to contain **the ark of the testimony**—

a small chest of acacia wood—(what were its dimensions? ch. xxv. 10; xxxvii. 1) overlaid with gold, with figures of cherubim bending over the lid, or 'mercy-seat.' What was placed in the ark, now and afterwards? See 1 Kings viii. 9; Heb. ix. 4 The 'testimony' denotes the *tables of the law*, ver. 20; compare xxv. 16 with xvi. 34, xxxi. 18. The law was a continual 'witness' to the people of the covenant between God and themselves, of their solemn responsibilities, and their guilt if they transgressed; comp. Deut. xxxi. 26. To contain this sacred deposit was the chief purpose of the ark. It also symbolised God's presence; He dwelt 'between the cherubim,' ch. xxv. 22; Psa. xcix. 1. His earthly Throne was there—a sign that He rules in mercy, sealed to us by the blood with which the mercy-seat was annually sprinkled, Lev. xvi. 14. Thus the emblem points to CHRIST, in whom God reveals Himself, and whose 'blood of sprinkling' effects and assures our reconciliation. **The vail** denotes *separation*.

> The meaning of 'the Ark' might well be a lesson in itself. The **tables of the Covenant**, therein contained, suggest to us Christ's fulfilment of the Law; **the manna**, teaches that He is the bread of life; **Aaron's rod**, that His is an everlasting priesthood. The word denoting the lid of the ark, rendered **mercy-seat**, means in the Septuagint *propitiatory*, Heb. *covering*, i.e., literally, of the *ark*, and figuratively, of *sin*, expiation. In a personal sense, the same word is applied to CHRIST, Rom. iii. 25.

III. FURNITURE OF THE SANCTUARY.—*Read vers.* 4, 5. **1. The Table**—for the 'shewbread'; literally, the bread of the presence, i.e. of Jehovah—*set out before* Him, as the word in the Septuagint signifies: twelve loaves, the number of the tribes, signifying the access of the whole people to Him. Emblem of the sustenance which the soul derives through communion with God. For the dimensions of the table, which was of acacia wood overlaid with gold, surrounded by a golden rim, see ch. xxv. 23. This was on the north side of the Sanctuary, ver. 22; xxvi. 35 (the right hand, facing the Holy of holies). **The things that are to be set in order upon it** (xxv. 29) viz., *golden dishes*, for the bread, *spoons*, or small bowls for frankincense (Num. vii. 14; Lev. xxiv. 7), *covers*, rather, small cups for the oblations of wine, and *bowls*, or larger wine vessels. All these were placed 'in order' upon the table. **2. The Candlestick**, or lamp-stand, with a central upright and three branches on each side (xxv. 31–40). This was on the south (left) side of the Holy Place, over against the table, ver. 24. An emblem of light through communion with God, as the shewbread was of food. The sevenfold light denotes perfection, compare Rev. iv. 5. It was to be always burning (ch. xxvii. 20; Lev. xxiv. 2) the lamp being trimmed morning and evening. **3. The Altar of gold for the incense**, between the table and the candlestick, close by the vail, so that it is said to be **before the ark of the testimony**. The incense was compounded of sweet-smelling spices, xxx. 34, 35: it signifies prayer, Psa. cxli. 2; Rev. v. 8. Morning and evening the fragrant offering was brought, ch. xxx. 7, 8, by Aaron, afterwards by priests in their appointed courses, entering the Sanctuary from the outer court, where the sacrifice had been offered while the people stood without and prayed, Luke i. 10. These three things having been set in their place **the hanging of the door** was placed upon its five pillars—a sumptuously wrought curtain of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needle-work, ch. xxvi. 36; xxxvi. 37. Beyond this curtain only the priests were permitted to pass. The people had free access into the great open court.

IV. THE COURT OF THE TABERNACLE.—*Read vers.* 6–8. For the dimensions of this court see above. It was entered on the east by a **door**, or gateway, of four pillars hung with curtains, ch. xxvii. 16; xxxviii. 18. **1.** As the worshipper entered he saw before him **the altar of the burnt offering**, made of acacia wood, overlaid with brass; a square of 5 cubits, ($7\frac{1}{2}$ feet) and 3 cubits ($4\frac{1}{2}$ feet) high (ch. xxvii. 1–8; xxxviii. 1–7) with horns at the four corners, to which the victims were bound, Psa. cxviii. 27. Here were presented the daily offerings, a lamb morning and evening, ch. xxix. 38–42, as well as other sacrifices. The great truth taught by the position of the altar was that access to God was possible only through sacrifice. **2.** Beyond the altar was **the laver**, see ch. xxx. 18, of brass or bronze, made from the polished metal mirrors of the women, xxxviii. 8. This was to hold **water** for the cleansing of the hands and feet of the priests when they passed from the court into the sanctuary—an emblem of the cleansing necessary for acceptable service, Psa. xxiv. 4; xxvi. 6.

> It is interesting to note at one view the whole arrangement with its symbolic meaning: *Sacrifice* at the entrance; then *purification*; then the privilege of *communion with God*—with the symbols, on either side, of *light* and *food*; while, lastly, the *full revelation* of the Divine glory lies beyond the vail.

V. THE TABERNACLE ANOINTED.—*Read vers.* 9–11. **The anointing oil**, for the preparation of which full directions had been given, ch. xxx. 23–25. To **anoint** was, symbolically, to consecrate, or sanctify, i.e. to set apart for sacred use. **The altar** was thus made **most holy**, literally 'holy of holies'; that to which the people had access, receiving, therefore, the same name as was borne by that interior apartment which only the high priest might enter. All was holiness unto the Lord, a type of the sanctity which now belongs to all redeemed life. Everywhere faith beholds that altar and enters that holy place. The Temple is the Church of Christ, Eph. ii. 22.

> The Golden Text lifts the thought to a yet more signal and glorious consecration of the Tabernacle. When the whole ritual was complete, so far as could be performed by human hands, God Himself filled the Tabernacle with His presence—**a cloud** too overwhelming in its awful mystery for mortal approach. For a while this filled **the Tabernacle**, so that none, not even Moses, could venture in. Then the cloud was lifted, and became a guide to the people by day and night throughout all their journeys. See Num. ix. 15–23. This glory signally appeared at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, 1 Kings viii. 10, 11. There was a permanent manifestation of God's presence in this form, 'between the cherubim,' called 'the glory,' Rom ix. 4. Compare also Acts vii. 2, 'the God of *the* glory,' and Heb. ix. 5, 'the cherubim of glory.' It was also called the SHEKINAH, from a word that signifies 'to dwell.'

VI. CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS. *Read vers.* 12–15. **Aaron and his sons**, who had been designated to the priesthood upon Mount Sinai, ch. xxviii. 1, where the names of the four sons are given; and are now formally introduced to the office, which was to continue until the type was accomplished in the 'unchangeable priesthood' of the Son of God, and the holy priesthood of His universal church; 1 Pet. ii. 5. The preparation was threefold, *cleansing*, *clothing*, and *anointing*. The first denoted the purity of heart which all must seek who would minister before God; the second represents the special dignity and solemnity of that ministry—to be performed in ordinary dress, but in special array. For the account of these 'beautiful garments,' see ch. xxviii. The third act of investiture was the **anointing**, by which they were set apart for **an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.** It was to endure so long as the dispensation of type and shadow should last, and was then to merge into the higher reality—not annulled but consummated.

VII. THE CONCLUSION.—*Read vers.* 16–19. These verses register the full implicit obedience of **Moses**, and repeat the date of the inauguration—the uprearing of a tent in the rugged lonely wilderness—yet one of the greatest events in the religious history of mankind.

QUESTIONS.

1. Compare the dimensions of the Tabernacle in the wilderness with those of Solomon's Temple.
2. What do we learn from the rending of the vail when Christ died on the cross?
3. Enumerate the several parts of the High Priest's special dress, and show their symbolic meaning.
4. What is 'the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man?' Heb. viii. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XLI.

1. With healing in Thy wings do Thou arise,
Thou glorious light and hope of all creation!
Hasten the time when the good news shall fly
To earth's remotest bound—to every nation.

2. The clouds were charged with judgment, pouring out
One of dark Egypt's plagues, unsparingly.
Surely now this shall make the proud king quake,
And free the people that in bondage cry.

3. Thy son hath made thee famous. Thou art one
To whom the Lord, by solemn promise given,
Made known that forth of thee should come a man,
The herald of the greatest boon of heaven.

4. Thou noble mountain! Many a Hebrew bard
Hath sung thy praises in the ages past;
Thy limpid streams flow from the melted snows;
And, waving giant arms, thy trees stand fast.

5. Take thou the letter, and return to him
From whom, in guilty fear, thou fled'st in haste.
The written words shall be thy password sure,
The sign and token of a fault effaced.

6. Loathsome and venomous! Yet e'en through thee,
God now makes known His mercy and His power.
The crackling flame devours thee; and the Lord
Preserves His servant in a perilous hour.

7. Young, fair, and brave! Upon thine innocent youth,
And thy pure beauty, and thy courage vast,
Doth hang a nation's fate; by thee to fall,
Or, still by thee, through God's great power stand fast.

8. Fair was her face, but black the heart, and false.
The eyes spake love, the soul held treachery.
Through her the strong man bowed, and heathen hands
Took him away to servile slavery.

9. The people murmured at the Lord of Hosts,
As though the will to feed them were not His.
His mercy heard, and from the dewy skies
In plenteous nightly showers, He gave them this.

10. Brave, loyal, true! Deserving better fate
At kingly hands than a predestined death.
Yet happier art thou thus perchance, to fall
Ere foul dishonour sears thee with its breath.

11. Hath not the potter power over this,
To form the vessels as it seems him best?
So, in God's wondrous hands, our moulded lives
Do all fulfil His will and high behest.

12. The kingly sage had learned the beauteous lore
Of earth; its trees and plants, he knew them all;
From the proud cedar on its native hills,
To this, so humble, springing from the wall.

M. E. R.

Pages for the Young.

THE SWAN'S NEST FARM.

CHAPTER VI.

THE clock in the great hall of the Swan's Nest struck four. Through the still obscure sky the dawn was just breaking; soon a noise was heard in the goat-house. The unfortunate man of the preceding evening had now finished his heavy slumber. Rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself, with a bewildered gaze, he inquired, "Where then am I?"

Then perceiving that it was he himself who must answer, he, not without great efforts, stood up, and observing a chink in the wall, by which the morning light was entering, advanced towards it, hoping that by looking through, he might find the means of releasing himself from the dark abode into which he had entered, he knew not how! The crack in the wall was on the left side, but as he approached it, he heard voices to the right, holding a conversation which attracted his attention.

"In a moment I will go with you, Annette, and before you have done milking the cows I shall have finished my business also; so we may return together."

"Very well, Paul," said a girlish voice; "but be sure you make haste, for you know Dinah likes the milk brought in early."

"Paul!" "Dinah!" How strangely these names sounded in the man's ears; he eagerly wished to satisfy his curiosity by looking through the crevice in the wooden partition of his stable.

"Wait a moment," said the same childish voice, "till I place the milk-can on my head; you are so tall I think you can help me."

And then the man heard the metallic sound of the milk-cans as they were being properly balanced, and the remark followed: "What milk-maiden ever looked so pretty, or so dainty, as you Annette?" After a short interval, she replied, "Go and do what you have to do; now go, and leave me." Whereupon Paul said, "You charming little thing; why are you so pretty?" After a moment's silence, he heard the same voice, but in a louder tone, say, "Gurth, go and see if that drunken man is yet roused out of his sleep."

"The drunken man!" muttered Dissel! "'Paul!' 'Dinah'! This is certainly a most singular chance! I must be at the Swan's Nest."

Yes, he was in the Swan's Nest. The evening before he was proceeding to it, but the effect of his carousing had so stupefied him, that his limbs refused to conduct him farther, and charitable arms had conveyed him to the house itself. Half an hour later Gurth informed his mistress that the man who had been shut up in the goat-house at last had recovered his senses, and that he wished to have a little conversation with her, in private. "Give him rather some stuivers," said the servant, "that he may take himself off; my belief is that he has nothing of importance to say to you."

"Give him first a good portion of bread," replied Dinah, "and with that, he may go about his business. He may thank God to be so well off, after his disgraceful condition last night."

Gurth went away, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"I tell you I will speak to you," exclaimed a voice at the entrance of Dinah's room. And before Gurth could notice his disappearance, Dissel had made his way to his mistress, who

was beginning to read her morning prayer, near the table. Although then in her seventy-first year, her eyes immediately distinguished his features. She could not refrain from a start of surprise and fear, for in that bloated face, that glassy look, and that untrimmed beard, she recognised at once, Paul's father, Denis Dissel.

"Denis! Denis! Is it possible?" cried the worthy woman. "You here! Is it possible?"

"Yes; it is really me," replied Dissel; "I thought it right you should know how very wretched I have become. I am very unfortunate, for——"

"Gurth," said Dinah, addressing her farm labourer, who had returned to look after the stranger, and who opened his eyes wide at the scene which presented itself to his view, "Gurth, when I want you I will call you."

And Gurth departed.

"I have fallen very low in misery," said Dissel, his words being accompanied by a crafty and sinister look.

Dinah turned towards the hearth, arranging the fireirons in such a manner that she would only have to stretch out her hand in case she should require them for self-defence, for Denis appeared so ferocious that she was afraid to be alone in the room with him.

"I found a wretched existence in India, and——"

"In India—in India!" exclaimed Aunt Dinah. "What! Are you not ashamed to utter such falsehoods, as though I could be ignorant that you have spent your time in prison for the wicked act you committed."

"Eh?" said Dissel, with a start of surprise.

"I am older than when you saw me last," said Aunt Dinah; "but thank God, I am still in the possession of my five senses. You may tell falsehoods as long as you please; I only too well know what I do know. Bad as you were, you have become worse, and instead of seeking to establish yourself decently you parted with the fine cow I gave you, you sold it, and spent the money at the tavern, and since then you have been at Amsterdam. Yes, my man, we do not read the newspapers, it is true, but we hear a great deal of news, without knowing how it reaches us nevertheless. At Amsterdam you committed theft; and you remained ten years in prison. I know all, you see, and your conduct has not surprised me; but that you should push your audacity so far as to appear thus before my eyes—you, Denis—you, who—— No, no, I could never have believed it."

Dinah was agitated whilst uttering these words, and certainly she had cause to be so, when she considered the sacrifice she had made for this worthless being. As to the fine animal she had given him she had hoped, once in possession of it, that he would have sought to better his condition, and have given up his life of idleness and dissipation to become reasonable, economical, and industrious.

Denis protested as to the truth of his words with great oaths. He certainly had gone to India, and as a proof of it he had seen there elephants running about in the fields as horses and cows do here; he had eaten grapes as big as his fists; he had worked in the tobacco plantations, but the snakes and the tigers appeared in the streets just like fowls and turkeys, so that he fled away, and as there was no room for him in the ship, he had walked all the way home, as a proof of which his feet were all over blisters. But all *that* did not signify; he had arrived the day before yesterday and lodged at the "Fortune" Inn; it was there that his old companions had regaled him—he had torn himself away from their company, so anxious was he to behold his son—his dear Paul!—he was on his way to see him when he fell on the high road overpowered by fatigue and exhaustion.

Aunt Dinah had never supposed that a man could make such audacious assertions.

She nevertheless strove, by prudent and earnest reasoning, to make the wretched man comprehend the uselessness of the subterfuges to which he resorted to conceal his wicked conduct; she besought him to consider that ere long he would have to appear before the judgment-seat of the Sovereign of the universe, before whom such untruths would be of no avail; that he should reflect on the better life he had led when dear Gretchen yet lived, when he had peacefully enjoyed his home. She conjured him to address his prayers to God for pardon, and implore Him to grant him strength to chase away evil thoughts. She told him that he would do well not to prolong his stay at the farm, because Paul, who had been taught since his infancy to pray for him, and to cherish him in his heart, would have to blush for a father who had so degraded himself; for a father whom at her request, neither of them knowing who it was the evening before, they had picked up like a stray waif on the high road, and had conveyed to an outhouse."

"Blush!" repeated Denis with smothered rage, whilst his face wore so vindictive an expression, that in self-defence, Dinah stretched out her hand to grasp some weapon with which to shield herself. However, his wrath seemed to pass away, and in its place a deceitful smile lurked in his eyes. Approaching nearer to Aunt Dinah, and assuming a honeyed tone, he said, "Sister Dinah! what I am, never mind—that matters not; but you are the person who can help me, if you choose to do so. See I have not *that* to live upon" (passing the fingers of his right hand along the surface of his left); "if you have any pity in your heart, you will not allow Paul's father, who gave you his child, to die from sheer want! Listen! I know that you are rich; you are aged, Dinah; I am only nine or ten years younger than you are—there was a time that I loved you——" (Dinah drew back). "Nay, Dinah, believe me, I love you still: speak, Dinah. You see, you now stand in some degree in the position of Paul's mother; and am I not his father? If I remained at the Swan's Nest, say, could you not——"

Disgust and terror succeeded to the calmness Dinah had imposed on herself, and trembling all over with emotion she was obliged to lean on the chair to prevent falling to the ground. It was with difficulty she could speak another word to him.

At length she exclaimed: "Get you gone, wretched man! You must depart—far from the Swan's Nest."

THE ECHO.

A LITTLE boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out, 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, "What is your name?' And I said, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back and said 'If you don't come out I'll strike you,' and he said, 'I'll strike you.'"

So his mother said: "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said; "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others they will by-and-by say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

FAREWELL.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER XI.

"I only feel—farewell, farewell."

THERE were three sitting-rooms in Pine Cottage; the two front rooms were used as drawing-room and study, and the little apartment at the back of the house was known as the breakfast-room. Here the family took their meals; and here, in the evening sunshine, stood Josephine and her cousin by the open window.

The window overlooked a small kitchen-garden which in its way was prettier, because less formal, than the garden in front of the cottage. Lilac and laburnum flourished there, and common pinks sweetened the paths that led to beds of vegetables. A soft breeze was blowing, setting all the leafy shadows quivering in the six-o'clock sunlight; it was an evening for strolls along the sweet lanes,

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or across the meadows, but Garret was bent upon business.

"Stay a minute, Garret," said Mrs. Chafford's persuasive voice. "I want to say a few words to you before the children return."

Garret, who was turning towards the door, came back rather reluctantly to her side.

"I know you wish to write your letters," she continued; "but forgive me for detaining you. Garret, I am ill at ease, and I want counsel and sympathy."

His look was full of sincere kindness and concern; but instinctively she avoided meeting those truthful eyes, and gazed straight before her.

"You know, Josephine, that you may trust me as a brother," he said earnestly.

"Yes; thank you a thousand times. Oh, Garret, I scarcely know how to begin; I fear I have been very weak and foolish! I ought to have remembered the claims of the dear children, and closed my heart against all others."

"What have you been doing, Josephine?" he asked, struck by her pale, care-worn face. "Not impoverishing yourself for Annie Paget, I hope?"

"No; not for Annie. But—I am glad you have partly guessed the truth—I have been lending money."

"Josephine, how unwise in your position!"

"Yes, yes; I deserve the severest censures. And yet if you had heard her plead, and seen her piteous look, you would have been moved as I was."

"You have let somebody talk you over. Who has been mean enough to borrow of a widow like you?"

"She isn't mean." Josephine's hands played restlessly with her watch-guard. "She had been extravagant and thoughtless, and afraid to face the consequences of her folly. And I am the most intimate friend she has ever had; it was not unnatural, perhaps, that she should turn to me for aid."

"It was cruel selfishness. Who is she? Has she no relations?"

"Dear Garret, she is terribly afraid of her relations; girls often are. I fear she has been a little deceitful, poor thing; if she had only confessed the truth at once, all might have gone smoothly! However, she has had a hard lesson, and I hope my influence has effected something. But—but I am sadly in want of the money."

"And do you mean to tell me that she won't pay it back?"

"Indeed, Garret, she would if she could. She has no means of raising it, she says. If she could let me have ten pounds——"

"Ten pounds! How much did you lend her?"

"Twenty," Josephine answered with a sob.

"Abominable," muttered Garret angrily. "And you do not like to tell Uncle Peter that you are hard up?"

"Oh no; he would insist upon knowing the truth. I should be tortured by a thousand questions. And the worst of it is that I have payments to make that I cannot put off any longer."

Garret mused for a second or two in silence, watching the lights and shadows at play upon the garden-walk, and the gentle swaying of the plumy lilacs.

"Josephine," he said at last; "I am not a rich man, but I have a little money laid by. You will take a loan of twenty pounds from your kinsman?"

He did not tell her that long illness and doctor's bills had sadly decreased the little hoard of which he had spoken; but she knew it. And yet she had been leading him on to make this proposal.

"Oh no, dear Garret," she replied gratefully. "You must not part with your money; it may be a long time before I am able to repay you."

"Indeed, Josephine, you must accept my help. It is quite intolerable to think of a lady being dunned; I always hated the idea of such a thing."

"So did I. Ah, Garret, how glad I am that you have never married an extravagant woman!"

He smiled, and then drew a long breath.

"My marriage is far off, I think," he said, a glow rising to his cheek.

"But is it in your thoughts?" she asked quickly.

"A direct question, fair lady; but I'll answer frankly; yes."

"Ah, that interests me very much. I think I can guess her name; it is—it must be Ethel Ringwood?"

"My dear Josephine, you are utterly wrong," he said, with a slight laugh. "Ethel Ringwood is a beauty and an heiress, and will marry into her own sphere. No; my choice is a simple country girl."

"A simple country girl!" Josephine repeated. "Oh, Garret, you surely cannot mean Prudence Winterburn?"

"Why not?"

The question was uttered sharply; and Mrs. Chafford gathered up her forces for the answer. She had in truth great need of all the force she possessed; and we know too well that those who seek strength to do an evil thing can generally find it.

"Have you proposed to her?" she asked, with a peculiar quietness that made Garret's heart stand still.

"No."

"Thank God; my duty is easier now."

"I do not understand you, Josephine; what is your duty?"

"To give you a warning. Oh Garret, dear, I thought you would have guessed what I have to tell! It is Prue—poor, weak Prue—who is in my debt; I wish with all my heart that you had never seen her!"

There was a deep silence; neither Josephine nor her companion noticed the rustling of the leaves outside the window. Mrs. Chafford, herself quite incapable of a strong affection, was very far from comprehending the strength of Garret's attachment to Prue.

She thought of their intercourse merely as an accident which opportunity and rural solitude had developed into sentimental liking. It was, in her opinion, a ridiculous affair which ought to be put a stop to. Prue had no money, and no influential connections; Garret was poor and lame, and surely it would be a good thing to keep those two fools apart.

This was the way in which Josephine excused her wickedness to herself, and then summed up the whole matter by mentally saying—

"Anyhow, I can't help it; I get forced into things by circumstances."

At last Garret spoke in a low husky voice, unlike his own clear tone.

"Josephine," he said, "I do not know how to believe you. It seems simply impossible that this can be true."

She felt that he was watching her face with a keen look, and the evil spirit within her rose to the occasion.

It surprised and alarmed her to find that Garret's feelings were so deeply concerned. She had expected to be believed at once; and, false as she was, her temper took fire at the imputation of falsehood.

"Do you suspect me of untruth?" she demanded haughtily.

"I tell you that I do not know how to believe you. Can't you understand that this is a blow? Have you any proof to show me?"

"Yes," she answered, with an evil gleam in her eyes. And then added softly—

"Indeed, Garret, I am sorry for you."

Her hand did not tremble as she drew from her pocket the hurriedly-written note that Prue had sent her that afternoon. She was remorseless now; the thing that had to be done must be done thoroughly.

Garret's face was deadly pale as he opened that poor little note, and recalled Prue's look of pain when she had rejoined him under the oak. The lines were legible enough, although hasty fingers had penned them, and they were a terrible confirmation of his cousin's statement.

"DEAREST JOSEPHINE,

"Forgive me, and think as kindly of me as you can! I have no means of raising ten pounds; it costs me a bitter pang to tell you how poor I am. Again, darling, I say forgive me; I fear I must seem a wretched creature in your eyes. But believe me, ever,

"Your loving
"PRUE."

As he read and re-read that unfortunate scrawl, he remembered the words that poor Prue had spoken in the fulness of her girlish infatuation: "I owe her more, far more than I can tell!" Alas, he thought, he could understand it all now; Prue's reverence for Josephine and her passionate devotion were quite easy to comprehend.

"She has been more weak than wicked," said Josephine with consummate tact. "But indeed I hardly know how she got herself into the scrape; the thing was to get out of it. Her father, and brother and sister are good people, I am sure; but she seemed to shrink desperately from telling them the truth."

Garret returned the letter without speaking.

"If it had been anybody but you, Garret, my own cousin, and dear Frank's friend, I would have said nothing. But if Frank had lived I know he would not have counselled silence."

The living sinner could use the name of the dead saint as a shield!

"I ought to thank you, Josephine," said Garret at last. "I dare say I shall be grateful by-and-by. Meanwhile this—this discovery will change my plans somewhat. I shall go up to town to-morrow night."

"Oh, Garret, not so soon!"

"Yes; but I must first see you out of your difficulty. You are in urgent need of money; well, I can give you ten pounds to-night, and ten more to-morrow afternoon."

"It is too good of you," murmured Josephine.

"Not good at all; I am merely paying *her* debt. And, Josephine," he added with an effort, "you must not let yourself be worked upon again."

He turned away abruptly and left the room.

Out of doors the birds had scarcely finished their evening song; children's voices were heard in the lanes; sounds of rustic mirth came through the open window of Garret's chamber. The laughter jarred cruelly on his overtaxed nerves, and he sat down to bury his throbbing temples in his hands.

What a change had passed over this life of his since yesterday! The friend of his boyhood, the girl he had begun to love—what were they now? Uncle Peter was cold and estranged; and Prue——

But he would not permit himself to think of Prue at that moment. He knew well enough that he was not suffering now as he should suffer later on, when he was miles away from the sweet face that had become so dear to him.

If only he dared to believe that this folly of Prue's would never be repeated—that she was truly penitent and ashamed! But even then she could never be the same Prue that he had taken her to be; never the candid, guileless girl whom his heart had chosen. His dream was over; he must go away to new scenes, and forget it altogether.

"Josephine was always good-natured," he mused. "She will say nothing more about this wretched money when I have paid it. And then the affair will end."

But he knew that so far as he was concerned the affair would *not* end for years. Time might heal this wound as it had healed others; yet there would be a scar always, and a future slowness in believing that would darken many a day. Never before had he been so completely and miserably deceived.

With a firm hand he unlocked an old casket whose contents had very seldom seen the light. It contained his mother's jewels; trinkets that he had hoped his bride might wear one day; but bridal thoughts were now put far from him. He had mastered his first strong pain by a great effort, and the manhood in him would carry him safely through the task that he had to do.

The ornaments, not many in number, were turned over one by one, and a bracelet at last selected from the little heap. It was of massive Indian gold, encrusted with gems; and Garret examined it with critical eyes.

"Poor mother," he said to himself; "she used to wear it only on great occasions; it was too showy for her quiet taste. Well, I shall make up my mind to let it go."

The night closed in, sweet and still, but there was little rest for one sad heart under Mr. Sorrell's roof. Garret did not forget to seek Divine sympathy before he closed his eyes, and that silent communion alone prevented him from being utterly miserable. But the hours of darkness were wakeful and long; and he rose but little refreshed, yet bent upon carrying out all his intentions.

Great was the old cook's astonishment when he presented himself at the kitchen-door, and asked for an early cup of tea. The rest of the family were still asleep; even Ellen and Keziah were only just

coming downstairs, and the hands of the kitchen-clock pointed to six.

"You have slept badly, sir, I'm afraid," said the old woman with an anxious look at his haggard face.

"It certainly wasn't one of my good nights," he answered, forcing a smile. "And now I am off to Foxham for an hour or two. To-night I am going up to town."

Cook, although a privileged servant, was too well-trained to express all the surprise she felt; and something in Mr. Montague's look and manner impressed her with a sense of trouble. There were some family disturbances, she thought sorrowfully, as she listened to Garret's directions about his packing; and she had lived too long in Mr. Sorrell's service not to know that his nephew had been dear to him.

Foxham was the next station to Thistledean; a quiet market-town about ten miles down the line. It was early morning when Garret reached his destination; but most of the townspeople were already up and stirring and he took his way at once to the principal silversmith's shop in the High Street.

He did not plunge directly into the business that had brought him there. It had occurred to him that he might please Josephine by giving a small parting gift to Sybil. There was nothing suitable among his mother's jewels; and he now asked to look over a tray of little trinkets, all fit for a young girl to wear.

"If you are looking for a locket, sir, there is a second-hand one here, that may suit you," said the shopman, bringing forward another tray.

But at the sight of something in that tray, Garret could hardly repress a start. There, conspicuous among a heap of other things, was a certain gold cross that he had seen on Prue's neck not many weeks ago.

It was a large heavy cross of old-fashioned workmanship, set with pearls of considerable size. He remembered that Prue had once told him that it had belonged to her grandmother, from whom she had also inherited the quaint name of Prudence—so oddly misbestowed!

But there were a good many antique crosses in the world; and this might never have come from a Winterburn at all, although it was the facsimile of that worn by Prue. With this thought in his mind he took up the ornament, and examined it more closely.

He laid it down again with a sigh. The initials "P. W." were engraved, plainly enough, upon the back of the cross.

A small locket was chosen for Sybil, and then came the business of disposing of the bracelet. This was too important a matter to be settled by the shopman; he called his master, a man who had grown grey in his shop, and was much respected in the old town.

The transaction was completed at last; and Garret walked away with rather more than the required sum in his pocket, and a heart as heavy as lead.

How the rest of the day passed, he scarcely knew; when he looked back afterwards upon that time it seemed a mere dream, fraught with dull pain from beginning to end.

Uncle Peter did and said nothing to oppose his departure; he was hospitable and courteous to the last, but it was a hospitality and courtesy that his nephew could hardly bear with patience. Preoccupied as Garret was, he could not help noticing that the old man's face was pale and more shrunken, and the bright look of health was gone.

Josephine was very gentle and quiet, wearing an expression of subdued regret, and putting her sympathy into actions instead of words. Sybil, who closely imitated her mother's manner, received the little locket with a sad kind of gratitude that did not fail to touch Garret; and Walter cried bitterly when he said good-bye.

Mr. Sorrell contented himself with waving a stately adieu from the study-window as the fly drove off; but Mrs. Chafford and her children came to the cottage-gate with every demonstration of affection. The last face seen by Garret was that of Keziah, who was standing at the end of the garden wall, and looking at him with so queer a gaze that, in spite of his sorrow, he could hardly help laughing. Her large round eyes had opened to their utmost extent; her cheeks were as deeply flushed as the blossoms of red May over her head, yet withal her aspect was doleful to the last degree. As Garret nodded kindly in token of a farewell, he saw her features pucker up in a desperate attempt to restrain a burst of tears.

So the train bore him away from Thistledean, just as the last saffron light was dying in the west, and the breath of night sighed faintly over the buttercup meadows. When, and with what feelings, should he behold these scenes again?

The Trees by the River.

"For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river."—*Jer.* xvii. 8.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—*Rev.* xxii. 1.

A MIGHTY river journeys on unwasted,
Through all the ages to a shoreless sea;
From far-off heights the rivulets have hasted
To swell its fulness, measureless and free.
No summer drought can touch its springs unfailing,
Or harm the flowers that on its borders grow,
No winter storm its surface peace assailing,
Can reach the depths below.

Beside its banks the Husbandman hath planted
His favoured trees, the cedar and the palm,
Whose beauty fades not, for to these are granted
Deep roots that spread, alike in storm and calm,
Beneath the waters, whence they draw with gladness
All elements of sustenance and grace;
The desert heath may fade away in sadness,
Parched in a barren place.

But ever green and beautiful by reason
Of those clear waters eddying around,
The trees abide, still bringing forth in season
The clustering fruits with which their life is crowned.
And birds lodge in their branches, none molesting,
And the worn pilgrim in the noonday glare
Pauses awhile beneath their shadow, resting
In grateful coolness there.

That river is the word of God eternal
Still flowing on in changeless purity;
And like the stately cedar ever vernal,
Or the unbending palm that soul shall be
Whose secret roots are in its waters growing,
Drawing from sacred springs those rich supplies
Which blossom upward, leaf and bud endowing
With beauty toward the skies.

Far in another realm there is a river
Whose streams make glad the city of our God,
No toiling oars disturb its calm for ever,
No weary feet its shining banks have trod.
From the dread presence of the Throne proceeding
Across the sapphire pavement, clear and bright,
It flows for ever, where the Lamb is leading
The victors clothed in white.

The water-brooks for which their souls had panted
In desert lands, are all unneeded there.
On either side the river God hath planted
The Tree of Life, whose spreading branches bear
Rich leaves that grow for healing of the nations,
When faint from conflict with the last dark foe
They reach at length their quiet habitations
And rest from pain and woe.

No flaming sword, or watchful angel-warden,
Shall guard the pathways of that happy place,
For God Himself who fashioned all the garden
There dwells with His redeemed ones face to face,
O better country, through whose stainless portal
No sound may pass of earthly care or strife!
O river, flowing on in light immortal!
O wondrous Tree of Life!

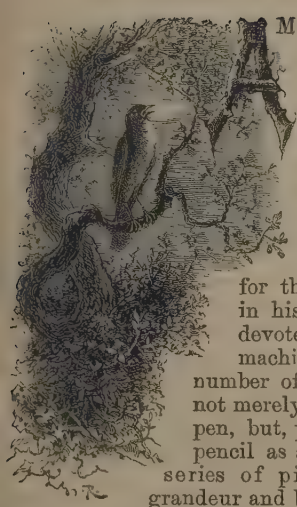
MARY ROWLES.

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

CHAPTER X.—WINGS AND NESTS.



AMONG the various pictures of bird-life portrayed by the pens either of moralists, poets, or men of science, we do not remember that any have given all the attention it deserves to the wing. An exception should be made, and a marked exception, for the Duke of Argyll, who in his "Reign of Law" has devoted a chapter to the machinery of flight. By a number of beautiful illustrations, not merely from his own scientific pen, but, probably, from his own pencil as an artist, he presents a series of pictures showing the grandeur and beauty of contrivance in the wing of the bird. And indeed the wing of the bird forms a very essential part of the argument of the "Reign of Law." If it were not so common an object, it would surely seem to every observer a truly marvellous thing to notice the flight of a bird, whether it be a little swallow or sparrow, the moor-fowl, or the eagle. Those are fine words in the Book of Job, "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings towards the south? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she."

Wings are a very large, suggestive, and wonderful window through which we may look out upon the ways of the Divine mind; perhaps nothing brings us more singularly into relation with the marvels, the quite inscrutable marvels of life; that bird, high in the heavens, where, and what is the vital force which sustained it? As the Duke of Argyll very suggestively says, "A dead bird weighs as much as a living one; nothing which our scales can measure is lost when the vital force is gone; it is the great imponderable."

It is surely singular to think of the weight of an eagle—ten, fourteen, and twenty pounds—so heavy, and yet it flies; a Divine contrivance overcomes the gravitation and weight. It is not like a balloon, a part of the air, as it were, and carried to and fro of the air, hither and thither, but always a weight, and yet ever able to fly; the air resists it, and yet it flies; the body is gross and heavy, there is a pressure upon it from without, but the triumphant bird passes on. Such is "the way of the eagle in the air," and also an illustration of the wonderful life and contrivance of all wings. Thus beautiful and wonderful is a bird's wing to any save those of whom the Duke of Argyll says, so admirably and truly, "There are men who would stare into the very Burning Bush without a thought that the ground on which they stood was holy ground; it is not now out of wood and stone that men make their idols, but out of their own abstract conceptions; they borrow for these the attributes of personality, and bow down and worship."

But while we speak of the winged beauties and sublimities of creation, we may remember that the world of winged ones furnishes also some of those curious puzzles and perplexities of which there are so many in creation—not to speak of the finny creature,

> "The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,"

nor of that singular mouse with wings, the twilight-haunting bat. An ingenious and enthusiastic naturalist in Brighton, Mr. Wonfor, for some time

the curator of the library and museum there—published some interesting discoveries he made of the wingless moths among the Downs; but the naturalists have for a long time been seeking after, and hoping to discover, and pounce upon a moa, one of the tribe of wingless birds. Such creatures have existed in great numbers; their remains and skeletons have been found, a strange, vast, bulky bird. Mr. Wallis Mantell explored every possible cranny of New Zealand in search of the creature, and only heard of it in tradition. But in 1863 a camp of gold seekers appears to have been startled, while sitting in the twilight round their log fire, as one of them exclaimed, "Look at that! What's that rises above us? There's some one there!" They looked, and beheld through the dusk a truly enormous bird. It seemed to be arrested by the glare of the camp fire; its head was turned towards the light, and after a minute or two, it rose and stalked off. In height it appeared to be about seven feet, without reckoning the head or the neck. The next morning all the men set off in pursuit of their remarkable visitor. They were soon upon its track, and followed for a long way, but never found the creature itself; each footprint showed the mark of three claws, with, it is said, an interval of twelve inches between each—then a pad, and behind that the mark of a spur. A gentleman in New Zealand, so soon as he heard this report, offered five hundred pounds for a moa, for such it was believed to be, dead or alive. Again the gold seekers started on their search for the wingless bird; they penetrated into the recesses of Melville Island, the region of the gigantic lizard, which is said to prey on men; but the object of their search they found not, and we suppose naturalists have given up all hope of making the acquaintance of this truly pleasant creature—shall we call it a kind of fallen angel among the birds?

The variety of birds is as wonderful as it is beautiful; every region seems to have its own instructive order, and furnishes us with something to say regarding the wing or the nest; Iceland, for instance. In the old work of Sir Joseph Banks, to us one of the most especially delightful, on that wild and solitary island, we have an account of the bird whose feathers constitute one of the chief items of its wealth, the eider. The eider bird is considered a kind of treasure, far too valuable to be shot or killed, for throughout the north of Europe it is regarded as the universal friend of man. It exists not only amidst islands and crags, but in a domesticated state. Its plumage is commercially invaluable, the superfluous down is carefully removed, and every attention is given so that neither the eggs nor the birds may be injured. The down too has its various values; one female, during the whole time of laying, generally gives half a pound of down, which is, however, reduced after it has been cleansed. Icelanders divide the down into sea-weed down, which is of the lowest, and grass down, which is of the highest value, and so when cleansed, with the feathers and down of this bird Icelanders carry on a considerable trade. Sir Joseph Banks mentions the mighty flocks of swans, also very valuable for their down, and he says: "They are said to sing very harmoniously in the cold, dark winter nights; but though it was in the month of September when I was upon the island, I never once enjoyed the pleasure of a single song." And while we are upon Iceland, we may as well mention the famous tradition of the three ravens and the discovery of Iceland—manifestly, we think, as Sir Joseph says, copied from the history of the deluge in the book of Genesis. Floke, the greatest navigator of his time in Sweden in the eighth century, had heard of the wild and inaccessible regions of ice, and he determined to attempt to discover them. But in that day nothing was known of the compass or the loadstone, so he took with him three ravens to pilot him on his way. Sailing northward, he let fly his first raven; this, after hovering for a long time, returned to Ferro, the land he had touched; some time after, he sent forth the second, which by-and-by returned to the ship again, evidently unable to find any land. The last trial proved successful; the third raven flew right on and the ship followed fast, and in a few days the ice region was reached, and Floke, as he found mighty masses of floating ice round the country, gave to it the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained.

No doubt, not only in this but in many other instances, birds have been the winged navigators and discoverers of islands and regions locked away in hitherto untravelled seas. The poet Montgomery has founded upon some such idea that which deserves to be spoken of as his greatest piece, his finest poem, "The Pelican Island." It was suggested from a passage in the memorable voyage of Captain Flinders. Upon the coast of New Holland, Flinders found two such islands. They were thronged by young pelicans unable to fly, and flocks of old pelicans sitting about. These islands had evidently been for ages not only their breeding-places, but the islands to which they had retired to die, for the country was strewn with skeletons and bones of the birds, who seem to have selected that spot as the place on which to close their existence. There were no indications of human life; sky, sea, and sun seemed all the universe, and so it had grown from that period when nature and time were twins. Montgomery's imagination took flight from the suggestion, and described in a fine tone and strain of Christian philosophy and poetry the advent on the island of the two first birds, when

> "On the loftiest cliff
> Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapped
> Their van-broad pinions, streaked their ruffled plumes,
> And ever and anon broke off to gaze
> On that strange land, their destined home and country."

And such flights of birds very naturally suggest another wonder; how rapid their flight, and what a length of time they sustain themselves on the wing. A common swallow flies at the rate of about ninety miles an hour, but the swift flies at the rate of a hundred and eighty; what may be the extremest rapidity of an eagle we do not know, but that it can travel a hundred and forty miles an hour has been distinctly ascertained. The carrier-pigeon has a wonderful wing, although, perhaps, not so rapid in its flight. Turn them out where you will, however distant from their abode from whence they came, they find their way back. Some time since, fifty-six pigeons were brought over from a part of Holland where they were much regarded, turned loose in London at half-past four in the morning, and they all reached their own dovecots by noon of the same day. All—with one exception, a plucky little fellow, who had been called Napoleon, sped on before

the rest, as if to say that all were coming, and he arrived at ten o'clock in the morning; thus traversing about three hundred miles at the rate of upwards of fifty miles an hour. It is a matter of history that a falcon, belonging to Henry IV. of France, having escaped from Fontainebleau, was found, at the end of twenty-four hours, at Malta, a distance of about thirteen hundred and fifty miles. In 1833 a Polish gentleman having caught a stork upon his estates near Lemburg, put round its neck a light iron collar, with this inscription, "*Hæc ciconia ex Polonia*" ("This stork comes from Poland"), and set it at liberty. The next year, 1834, the bird returned to the same spot, and was caught again by the same person; it had acquired a new collar of gold, with the inscription, "*India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis*" ("India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts"). The gentleman having shown the inscription to his neighbours, set the bird at liberty. Long will it be, we fancy, before our great modern seekers present to us any solution of these mysteries.

And what suggestive things wings are! Those creatures with wings, how they rise, how they gleam; how the throat of the lark shows like speckled gold; how the wing shows far out at sea—the wing of the stormy petrel.

> "A thousand miles from land are we,
> Tossing about on the stormy sea,
> But amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
> The stormy petrel finds a home.
> Over the deep, over the deep,
> Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep!"

Captain Flinders saw a stream of stormy petrels which was from fifty to eighty yards deep, and three hundred yards or more broad. The birds were not scattered, but flying as compactly as the full movement of their wings seemed to allow; and this stream of petrels, for a full hour and a half, continued, to pass, without intermission, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of a pigeon. Our efforts to rise or to travel look clumsy contrivances indeed compared with the wings of birds: our balloon how clumsy! Our railway train, how ungainly, compared with their movements, who only breathe, and respire, and, as they respire, aspire!

The Book of God often sends us down among our humble fellow-mortals to learn; but probably from none might we learn with more pleasure, as well as interest, than from birds, those bright mystical creatures, who have given to them so much more than we have attained, of wing, and voice, and skill, the bright and beautiful orphanage of the sky and the woods: "Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." But it is not of the most beautiful, but of the plainest of the tribe, the sparrow, our Lord says, "Not one of them is forgotten before God." And another text says, "The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." A bird in the Temple! Perhaps not many would be disposed to say, "Give me the sparrow's home, or the swallow's nest"; they would scorn that, and desire rather the mountain home of the eagle, or the distant and solitary crag of the sea-bird. But it is noticeable that the Bible has an analogy and a blessing for both: the eagle which "renews its youth," and its likeness to lofty spiritual states and destinies, and the humbler nature which finds its nest in the altars in the Temple's shade, just as we find the sparrow building now in the old ivy-mantled tower of the church, up in its turreted pinnacles. The Gothic ornaments of the old grey minster are not of much account with it; only there, amidst the carvings and the foliage, it is able to find a home; and so we find the analogy of the Psalmist very dear. God, who cares for little things and little creatures, is able to enfold us in the altar's shade. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows:" therefore you have your place in the great church not made with hands, and your nests built in the eternal habitations. As the prophet Jeremiah says: "Leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the side of the hole's mouth"; be like a bird in the Temple. Thus, by the words of the Psalmist, of the Prophet, and of our Saviour, the ways of birds are the Windows of the King; and did not Shakespeare say, when marking, in the history of one of his characters, how little things may be circumstances of great moment, "There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow"? Life is no more outside of the reign of the Law-giver than it is outside of the reign of law.

> "I walk in cities among human herds,
> And then I think of birds;
> I walk in woods among the birds, and then
> I think of men!"

Stop among the woods, and think of a bird's home. What a wonderful little piece of architecture! Not Gothic fanes, nor Corinthian pillars, not fluted marbles, nor all the flowers of the Alhambra are more wonderful or so wonderful. They who wrought it had no tool, no knife to cut, no nail to fix, no glue to join; their little beaks were all, and yet how neatly finished. They had no long years of apprenticeship, and all nice tools and appliances to boot; could our hands make such another home? A bird's nest, a bird's home; stop beneath those branches! In the wide-spreading forests of America the little woodpecker builds in the top of the highest tree. The tree in which it usually builds is generally inhabited also by other very strange and exceedingly uncomfortable-looking tenants; among the lower branches, fierce monkeys, cunning and cruel, and lower down still, large snakes coil and twist about the trunk; perhaps scarcely discernible from the trunk by some unwary wanderers who may pass that way; there they coil in waiting until some unsuspecting creature comes within their spring. Yet, on the very edges of these trees, the bright and cheerful little woodpecker builds his nest; there it hangs, like a little bag, from the tree, and the beast and the snake cannot touch it, nor venture near the ingenious little home, its beautiful little pensile palace. Then there is the little tailor-bird's nest, another admirable little home, wondrously wrought out of a leaf or two, a little tiny nest, so warm and safe; one looks at it, and says, "How good it is to be small!" and there it hangs. Rave the tempest ever so loudly, the little bird has twisted it so tightly to the branch that the wind, which even tears off the leaf, does not touch it. Beautiful little tailor-bird! God devised for it; God designed for it; and our Saviour says, "Consider the birds!" Then think of

the nest of the humming-bird, the home of the Liliputian prince, so small and yet so perfect. Men, like Audubon and Alexander Wilson spent their entire lives in watching, with lover-like enthusiasm the ways of birds; and Wilson's enthusiasm for the humming-bird is like that of a lover for his wife; he says, "He is one of those few birds that are universally beloved."

"When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts his red glories from the western main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed humming-bird his course pursues;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast."

Why did God give to these little creatures instincts so wise, and a bill so cunning? And, even while we look at it, something within seems to say, "Have you a nest in the tempest? Do you know how to build in the storm?" Take a leaf of promise from the tree of life. God taught the little tailor-bird to use leaves; He has taught us to use holy texts, holy words, to wrap ourselves up warm in some precious text or textlet, and to twine ourselves round the branches of the tree of life, and so to rest, while the storms come on, in the pensile palace of the promises.

Certainly birds are mysterious creatures. Their migrations are an inexplicable mystery. Again, God sends us to birds to learn: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the crane and swallow observe the time of their coming, but My people know not!" We have not wings, but we have instincts. Birds have wonderful, unerring instincts, pointing a way for them; we have watched the mighty flock of birds on their way through the sky, no regiment, no army ever marched with more amazing precision and order. Then see how they part company, how in separate detachments they pass off to the well-known old fields, or woods, or crags as it may be; so they find, and return back to the old accustomed places which, perhaps, they, or their race, have occupied for many generations. Mrs. Hemans, in some sweet words, interrogating the Birds of Passage who have come back, and asking them what they have seen upon their journey and what change they have found upon their return, draws a meek lesson of faith, as the bird replies:

"'A change we found there—and many a change!
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd;
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!'

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd;
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!"

Rooks and their relations, the ravens, are altogether too full of wonderful suggestions and story for us to enter upon their moral, political, and domestic history here. But among these migratory creatures we have thought that we have seen the most extraordinary illustration in a pair of rocks, the Stackpole rocks, on the grandest part of the coast of Pembrokeshire; thither, towards the end of June, come mighty colonies of a mysterious bird—a kind of auk, there popularly known as the Eliguk. During the time of their residence—about three months—pedestrians and excursion parties come from the whole country round to look at these winged wonders. We believe it is not very well known whence they come, or whither they go; but upon one day every inch of the rocks is covered with them, and, on the next, the rocks are deserted mansions, not a wing is left behind.

Birds are altogether peculiar; if the variety of the wings of these jewels of the wood and the sky be remarkable, and the structure and architecture of their homes, and the variety of their nests, be admirable, what shall we say of their songs? We can say nothing better than what old Izaak Walton has said, in sweet and simple words, when speaking of the nightingale: "He that at midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music upon earth!'" The nightingale has of all these songsters the largest fame; this is the bird that sings darkling in the night, and in the deep grove or wood. Alexander Wilson claims for the mocking-bird honours equal to those of the nightingale; he speaks of it as "our inimitable mocking-bird," and spends some considerable space in admiringly describing its plumage and song.

But other birds have perhaps awakened a more gladsome enjoyment; a skylark singing and soaring in the cheerful light is more elevating and animating. But the notes of some birds are as marvellous in their curious combination of tones as others are remarkable in their melody. The sounds emitted by other creatures seem uniform; the notes of birds are infinitely various, and notes which have no melody have yet a wonderful charm. While the lark poised on the wing shakes down its notes from the upper air, we cannot be surprised that we should pause to listen to the

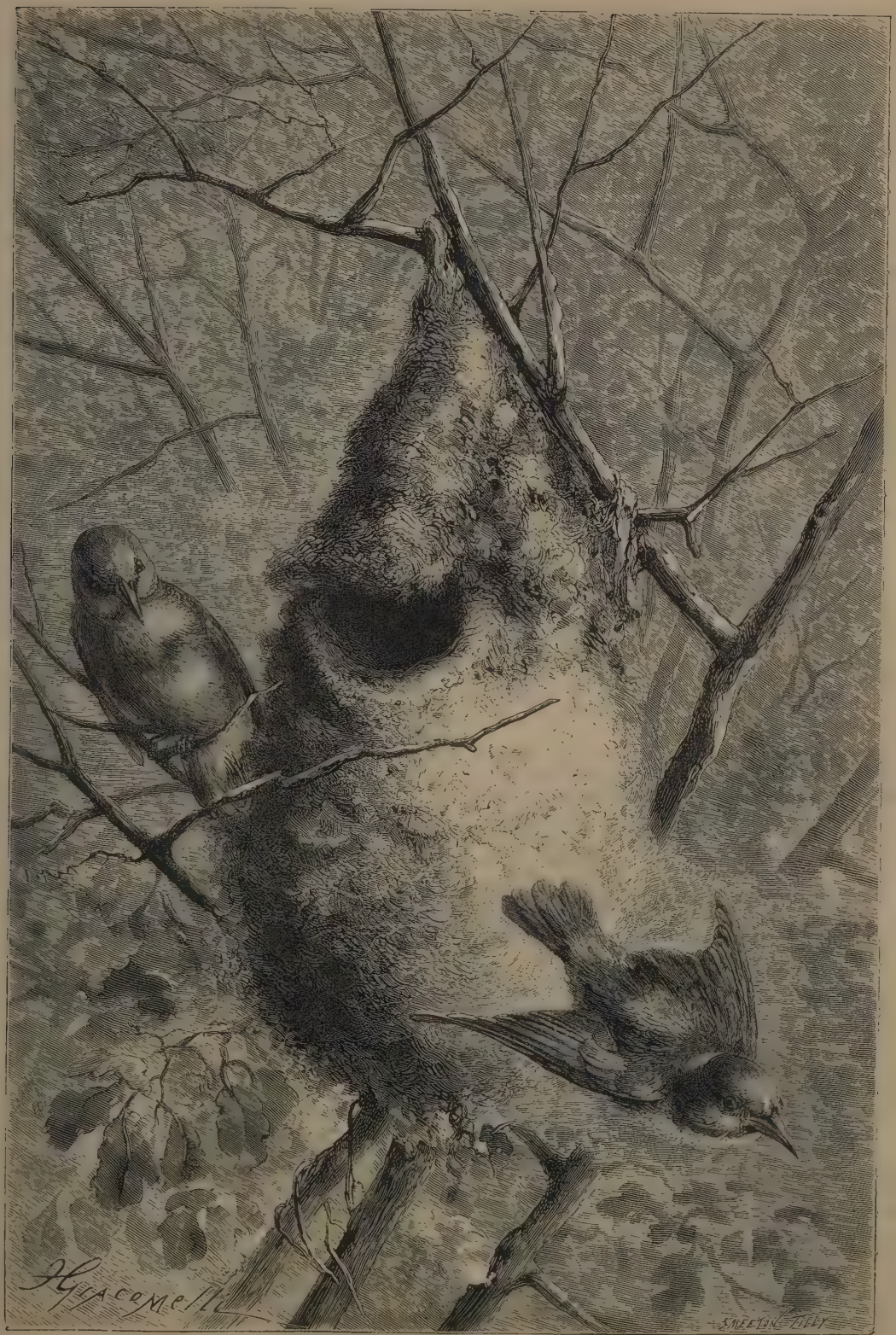
"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless;"

or, as another listening poet pauses to say,

"Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singest."

The curiosity here seems to be that among some birds, the principle of emulation is visible. Hang a woodlark and nightingale in the same room, and they will strive together for the mastery in their melody; and the same thing has been noticed by some eminent naturalists, in the woods, where they have been striving to outvie each other, seeming resolved to die in song rather than lose the victory.

But what makes the note of the cuckoo from the depths of the wood, or from the far-off hill, seem so mystical? How it may be with our readers we know not, but, even at the risk of provoking a smile of contempt, we shall say that neither nightingale nor skylark has ever conferred a sense of more gladsome



IN THE FORESTS OF ASIA.

Nest of the Dicæum.

pleasure than the voice of this not very beautiful, not very exemplary, bird; and the poets, especially Wordsworth and Michael Bruce, have said and sung very sweet words of the cuckoo too. But we suppose of all the inhabitants of the forest, or the birds that shout over the sea, the campanero, or bell-bird, is, by those who have heard many, regarded as the most wonderful and awe-inspiring; its tones are like a tolling bell. Charles Waterton dwells much upon the impression of these tones through the wood; travellers have frequently supposed they must be nearing a settlement; they have stopped gladly to listen, supposing that the sounds were those of a church bell, not that otherwise the sounds could awaken any sense of cheerfulness, for the tones are literally those of a tolling bell.

But here we must leave our aviary, whether of the blue sky, or the obscure colonnade; we hope, as we have touched briefly these beautiful suggestions, the things we have said will awaken in the reader's mind other thoughts on which we have no time to dwell, and that thus the bird life, its ingenuity, and its song, its beauty and its flight, may a little realise even to our mind, the story of the bird in South America, seldom seen, but constantly heard, and called the messenger-bird, because of the sweet mournful note it lifts in the depth of the calm night-time; it is supposed, by the traditions of the country, to be a voice from the land of souls, carrying messages to surviving friends; and a sweet writer has only literally expressed the legend concerning it when she says:

> "Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird!
> Thou art come from the spirit's land;
> Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
> And tell of the shadowy band!"

It has been the object of this paper to show that the birds are messengers in their mysterious beauty, testifying to infinite contrivance, infinite cheerfulness, and to the arrangements of infinite love. Such things may be seen through these windows of the King.

A NAME TO LIVE;

OR, THE EXPERIENCES OF MASTER LISEHARDT.

IN Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, there lived some years ago a master carpenter named Lisehardt. Brought up by pious parents, his youth had passed away peaceably. He had given great attention in order to acquire a sound knowledge of his trade, and after having travelled some time, as is the custom among Germans, he had returned to establish himself and to marry in his native town.

From the commencement habits of piety reigned in his family. Every day began and ended with family worship, no doubt somewhat formal. On Sunday, except under stringent circumstances, they went regularly to church.

Lisehardt was everywhere esteemed; work flowed into his shop, and amply sufficed for the maintenance of his family, which was increased gradually by the birth of five children.

For many years their sky was without a cloud. But God wills not that the pegs of our tents be fixed too firmly here below; He wills not that we place our enjoyment only in earthly joys, however legitimate they may be in many respects. Lisehardt was suddenly attacked by a grave malady, attended with severe sufferings. The disease rapidly grew worse, and the doctor, having found out that it resulted from caries of the leg, thought it his duty to inform the family of the gravity of the case and of the long suffering it entailed.

A few days after this painful communication, Lisehardt received the visit of an aged man, known for his piety, and who dwelt in a neighbouring village. When old Gerhard (this was the name of the visitor) had learned what was the opinion of the doctor concerning the disease: "Well, yes," said he seriously, "it is thus that the Lord acts with us. When He lays on us trials, it is because He wishes to draw us nearer to Himself."

"What," replied Lisehardt; "hearing you talk, people might say that I am not a Christian, and that I have yet to become one. What, I pray you, causes you to speak of me thus?"

"My dear friend," replied Gerhard, "your words suffice to show me that I am not mistaken. The Christian is never displeased when he is spoken to about his weakness and his faults. He knows that he is very far from perfection, and that he ought always to look higher. Moreover, if I have given offence, I beg you will pardon me. I thought I had spoken to you with affection and kindness."

"My dear Gerhard, I am grateful for your visit," said Lisehardt; "but I am astonished at your words, because I know that it is written: 'You shall know them by their fruits.' Do I not lead a life conformable to what God requires of us? Have I not up to this time conscientiously discharged my duties as a citizen, as a tradesman and father of a family? Can you mention the occasions on which I have swerved from the line of an honest man?"

"Stop, I pray you," answered Gerhard; "no one has a right to boast, as you do. The best Christian, more than any one else, feels that in himself everything is wretched, and a motive for humiliation. The only fruits that he can truly rejoice in, are not this and that action of conduct, however regular, but the feelings of a true humility. We must not allow ourselves to be judged by men, but by God, who searches our hearts, who knows all that is most secret there, and before whom in many things we cannot answer at all."

"You are mistaken," said the carpenter, "if you think that I claim for myself the goodness of my conduct. If I am better than many others, I owe it to the pious education which I had the privilege to receive."

"Better than many others!" said the old man. "Certainly, I have nothing to say about that, and I will hold my tongue. Good-bye, then, till we see one another again! I hope with all my heart that God will relieve and enlighten you."

"Thank you for your good wishes," said Lisehardt.

Gerhard sighed on going away, and a fervent prayer arose in his heart. But scarcely had he turned his back than the carpenter having called his wife, said to her, "What a way of talking! It passes beyond all bounds. Might not one say to hear him, that I am still in the A B C of Christianity? Certainly I have shown myself a very good man."

But his wife, in whose heart God was beginning to work, did not answer him as he expected.

"Don't you know," said she to him, "that nothing happens without the will of God? Surely it is He who has sent this old man, in a purpose of love. Is it not God who has said: 'Not a hair shall fall from your head without my will?' Do not be so angry, but reflect, and blessings will flow from it."

"Then are you among those who doubt about the worth of my piety?" said Lisehardt.

"What shall I answer you, my dear husband, but that God reads the heart, and that every thought of the heart is open before Him? I have enough to do in examining myself. Oh, if only I were certain—if I were sure of really belonging to God."

"Oh! as to that, if you are not sure that you are a Christian yourself, then it unsettles all my ideas concerning myself."

His wife was silent, but after a short time said: "Well, all that we ought to ask of God, is that He may enlighten us in order to make us know what we are before Him, and that He may give us and our children the power to say: 'I know in whom I have believed.'"

The day following, Lisehardt received a visit of quite a different kind. It was that of a neighbour who often came to bring him some diversion, by relating to him the news of the town. Not finding to-day in the sick man the same habitual composure, he inquired if he had not passed a good night, if he had suffered more than usual, or if perchance he had some fresh cause of discomfort. Lisehardt having undeceived him in all this, told him that it was the visit of old Gerhard which had caused him to reflect.

"What!" replied the visitor, "I should never have thought you weak enough in mind to let yourself be disturbed by such language. Old Gerhard is certainly a respectable man, but he has on religious subjects many singularities; he overdoes everything. He always thinks that all who have not the same way of thinking with himself are people without faith. His judgment is not charitable. So, my dear friend, don't let yourself be depressed by all this stuff. Think of what you are, of the patience with which you endure this long affliction. Would to God that there were many like you; the world would be the better for it. Undoubtedly every one has his faults on this earth: but God is merciful; He is patient towards men; besides, does not his word say that He wills not the death of the sinner?"

"Yes, but it also says that He wills his conversion," replied the wife of Lisehardt.

"Yes, yes, undoubtedly," replied the neighbour; "that he be converted, and become a good man."

"But," continued Lisehardt, "what has most excited me in my conversation with Gerhard was that he insisted very much on the necessity of leading before God a very honest and pious life."

"That is to say," replied the visitor, "that we must not appear just outwardly, when we are not so in our hearts. This belongs only to the hypocrite, and neither you nor I have that fault, thank God!"

At this moment, the neighbour having been called away, Lisehardt remained alone. This conversation had the effect of restoring to him his former lightness of spirits, and of soothing his conscience to a certain extent.

A few days after, the doctor having examined the diseased limb, announced, shaking his head, that the malady had increased, that the suffering would still be very long, and demanded a great deal of patience. The bone was more and more attacked, and amputation appeared to become necessary. He promised on going away to do all that was in his power for the relief of the patient, but the expression of his countenance told sufficiently how ineffectual that might be.

"Oh God, help me! have mercy on me!" muttered the sick man, when his sufferings were extreme, and his poor wife regarded him with anguish, as well as his children.

One Sunday in the winter, during very bad weather, a knock was heard at the door. Who might come to visit our patient at such a time? It was no other than old Gerhard. The village in which he lives is at a considerable distance from the town. The snow having fallen during the week, had made the road almost impassable, and yet our old friend did not hesitate to surmount every obstacle in order to follow an inward voice that seemed to say to him, "Forwards! You have there a precious mission to accomplish!"

Greatly afflicted on hearing what the doctor had said, Gerhard exhibited to the sick man very much sympathy.

"We must not doubt the power of the Lord," said he to him. "His hand is not shortened that He cannot save. Certainly it is a terrible thing to feel the edge of the steel entering the flesh and cutting to the quick, but if it is the only means of effecting a cure, you must submit to the operation. Be well assured that for motives of love God acts so. He calls you to be his child. I can speak to you from experience, for I have suffered the same kind of pain as you, and even worse."

"Indeed," said Lisehardt. "Have you ever had, then, rottenness in the bones?"

"Yes; but mine attacked a more vital part," said Gerhard.

The first thought of the carpenter on hearing these words was to be told of the doctor who had attended to and cured so grave a disease.

"Well," replied Gerhard, "if it does not tire you, I will relate my history to you. I am very advanced in age, and I have already one foot in the grave. Very shortly the hour may come in which I must appear before God. In my youth I was very unsteady, although discharging my outward duties as a son and as a citizen. I passed in the eyes of men for a good man, but the light from on high had not yet enlightened my heart in a manner so as to make me know that the soul ought to be the object of our greatest care. I lived as if I had been perfectly in favour with God, and regarding my faults as imperfections inseparable from human nature. Many years passed away during which I enjoyed life without a thought of any other, often blaming the conduct of others and regarding myself as better than they were. My only aim was to live quietly, respectably, and in the esteem of my equals. I was in such a state of security that I hardly ever prayed. I used to say, like the young rich man in the gospel, 'What lack I yet?' whilst I lacked Christ, and without Him I was nothing. This blind confidence that I had in my merits before God was the terrible malady, the rottenness in my bones from which I suffered, without suspecting it. If by chance I happened to feel some sting in my conscience sufficient to make me reflect or to cause a thirst for something better, then I strove to extinguish in myself this feeling.

But the Lord, who is good, willed my cure. Jesus came to me. This great Physician of souls was not to be hindered by the deformity of my disease. It was needful to cut into the depth of my flesh; to strike me in the most sensitive part. My wife fell ill, and continued so for a long time. My savings passed into the hands of the doctor and the apothecary. At last my companion was taken from me. One of my children was led away by evil companions, and caused me great trouble. To escape arrest, he ran away and passed, they say, to America. From that time I have never heard any more of him. Perhaps he found a grave in the ocean; perhaps, which is worse, he lives on the fruit of his crimes. I was also attacked by disease. Fresh pains nailed me to my bed. I could no longer gain my livelihood, and I was reduced to live on public charity. The time had come for reflection: I thought of death, of judgment, and of eternity. When I was a little better, the Lord led me to a minister of the Gospel. I related to him my history, and expressed to him the desire of knowing why God afflicted me in every way the most acutely. 'It is to bless you,' said he to me. 'It is to bring you to Him.' Then he showed me the road which leads to life; the way of faith in Jesus Christ, who alone renders us just before God. A sudden and celestial light came into my mind; it made me see that until this day, all that I had considered merit in myself had been but as filthy rags. I felt that I had lived without God in the world; that it was not at all for the purpose of pleasing Him, and from love to Him, that I had hitherto outwardly done my duties: and as to my thoughts, I was terrified on reflecting on all those that I had been ashamed of confessing before men and before God. I felt all the emptiness and the coldness of my pretended prayers. And then how many thousand times had I taken the name of God in vain! My whole life appeared to me a life of misery. Jesus had been wanting in it, and faith had been wanting. I learnt to perceive, in a word, my dear Lisehardt, that the word of God truly speaks of man as being defiled and lost. I acknowledged myself condemned by the justice of God. Heaven was closed before me, and hell opened to me its gates. Then the image of Jesus appeared to me. He humbled Himself even to me. He had set a thorn in my flesh in order to make me know my deep misery; but He kept near me; He wished to relieve me, to console me as the most tender mother consoles her child; He made me perceive that He had not come for the just, but for the unjust; He placed me at the foot of the true tree of life—the cross—to which He had been nailed to carry our sins, to take upon Himself our iniquities, and to acquire for us salvation.

"Faith had entered into my heart. From that time I found myself by the grace of God another man, still a great sinner, but a sinner to whom grace has been given, who feels himself humiliated by his past life, but who can also rejoice at the sight of eternity opened before him, and who has every day occasion to acknowledge that God is with him. It is this faith that I would like to see you possess, my dear Lisehardt; it is from it alone that the aid which you want will come to you."

Lisehardt, getting the better of his suffering, had seated himself on his bed. The emotion had overpowered him; tears flowed from his eyes.

"But how," said he, "can I come to possess this faith?"

"Has not my account indicated to you the means?" said Gerhard. "Certainly it is not always in the same manner that God draws the soul to Himself, but humility or a profound feeling of its misery is always the first step of the change. He who has acquired this conviction no longer compares himself with others, and does not think himself better than they: he does not place the least hope on his merits. Pride is the enemy which closes the door of heaven to us. You remember that one day the Lord, surrounded by his disciples, took a little child, set him in the midst of them and said to them: 'If you are not changed, and do not become as little children, you will not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' He rejoiced, when seeing unworthy sinners come to Him, that He could give to their faith the gift of salvation. When there is the feeling of sinfulness, the need of a Saviour makes itself felt, and the Saviour comes. He awaits only for this moment to raise you and to load you with his blessings. But I must depart. Reflect on what I have said to you; and may the Saviour himself enlighten you; may He ease your pains! Adieu."

Lisehardt and his wife were vividly affected by the interest which the old man took in them. They did not let him go away without having pressed his hand and asked for the continuance of his prayers.

"Then it is humility, true humility," repeated Lisehardt, "that is the first step to be taken in order to arrive at faith. But the grace of God is also necessary to bring us to Him. Will this grace ever be my portion? What do you say about it, dear Margaret?" said he, turning towards his wife.

"But has not old Gerhard told us that what we have to do is to examine our past conduct with regard to God?" said she. "And what a depth of misery shall we not see there? Have we not relied entirely on our own strength, on our regular life, on our money, on a number of things, which on the last day will be like a reed, which in breaking pierces the hand? We thought of rendering to God in his temple a service that was pleasing to Him, and it was only a vain form. We thought to be heard by God when we raised our voices to pray to Him, and these prayers did not reach his throne, because they were not made with his Spirit. Is this loving God with all our heart, all our strength, and all our soul? What motives have we not to prostrate ourselves at his feet when we think of all the blessings He has bestowed upon us, notwithstanding our ingratitude?"

"Ah!" replied Lisehardt, "if we could only decide on correcting ourselves and on becoming better!"

"But is that not what we have been trying to do all our lives?" said his wife; "and what has it brought us to? Besides, if we could possibly arrive at perfection by our own strength, should we not have to carry the weight of our past sins. Has Jesus died in vain? Has He endured uselessly the agony of Gethsemane? No, it is He only who can wash us from our stains."

"You are right, my dear wife, but I am tired; and I will gladly talk to you about that tomorrow."

Indeed, Lisehardt felt the need of remaining alone. Immediately after his wife had left him, he clasped his hands, and addressing himself to God: "Oh! my

God," said he, "help me, save me! Have pity on me, and send me all that is necessary in order to be saved?"

He soon began to sleep. His wife then returned to sit near his bed. She wept and thanked God that at last her dear sick husband could enjoy a little while that tranquil rest of which his incessant pains had during a long time deprived him.

On awaking he asked his wife to read to him the account of the death of our Saviour, and the first chapter of the Revelation. A ray of Divine light had enlightened his soul: he threw himself at the feet of Jesus. The edifice raised on his own merit fell immediately; he saw himself miserable, blind and naked before God. The need of grace had penetrated his heart; he felt that, for himself, also, the blood of Jesus had been shed. His own sufferings appeared to him less painful; he found out that through them God had been pleased to draw him to Himself. The angels could rejoice in heaven; for two sinners had been brought to the knowledge of the truth and of salvation.

Old Gerhard was not slow in returning. On entering the chamber of the sick man he was struck with his serenity, and perceived that salvation must have come into the house. Without allowing him time to approach: "You see how good the Lord is," said Lisehardt: "I have obtained mercy."

His wife, with much emotion, held out her hand to the old man, and praised God. Gerhard also was evidently very happy. "So then," he said, "the night is passed, and the daylight is at hand; my prayers have been heard. I have been very much concerned for you, Lisehardt; the chains of your own merits that bound you appeared so heavy. You were not willing to hear it said that you were a sinner, and now——"

"Now, I am sure of it," replied Lisehardt, "and this conviction I owe to the grace of my God. I know that I possess only what God gives me. I acknowledge that all my life has been passed without God, and that it is the grace of God which saves me. I have received this grace and the certainty that I am a child of God. I have already enjoyed the happiness which this privilege gives, and which must be the foretaste of eternal life. All my pains are lightened by it, and I endure them with joy, because they have brought me to Christ."

The doctor coming in at this moment was struck with the expression of joy which shone on the face of the sick man. Lisehardt, seeing this astonishment, told him what had passed. How could he keep from him what had been for himself the occasion of such great joy and was going to be so for others by his means? In fact the Lord blessed his efforts in bringing many souls to the truth. From that time the chamber of the carpenter became a sanctuary where many came to seek for strength and encouragement. How could they help knowing the power of the Spirit, when they saw the peace which pervaded his heart, his submission, his love for others, his humble confidence in God?

Lisehardt and his pious wife were also blest in their children. Their eldest son, who had learnt his father's trade, became a true Christian. He tried to become a carpenter as clever as his father, and he soon had the happiness of being able to relieve the wants of his family. Although Lisehardt's disease was somewhat checked, it still was too painful to allow him to work actively; but he was not like many such men, who, when the pain is gone, soon become careless. His piety remained vigorous. The Lord had fixed His abode under his roof, and when the time came to leave his friends, the rays of celestial love came to his joy. For him there was no separation. On dying he went home to his Father's house, to wait for those whom he preceded in glory, and he consoled them by assuring them that Jesus was near him and them.

The Ninety-first Psalm was particularly precious in his last moments. In the midst of the pains of death he was heard to mutter with a clear though feeble voice: "Mercy has been shown to me. The name of the Lord be blessed." And these words were engraven on his tombstone.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

October 16.

THE BURNT-OFFERING. Leviticus i.

Golden Text,* Romans xii. 1.—'*I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*'

Connection.—The book of 'Leviticus' followed 'Exodus' in the older copies without any break between: this chapter therefore continues the history from Exod. xl. Either on the dedication day, or at some other time when **Moses** was in the **Tabernacle**, there came to him a voice (compare Num. vii. 89). The words so frequently recurring throughout this book, **And the Lord spake unto Moses,** seem in each place to mark the beginning of a fresh oracle, ch. iv. 1; vi. 1; viii. 1, etc. The present oracle (continuing through three chapters) begins with the law of the burnt-offering, the oldest and the most constant form of sacrifice.

I. The Burnt Sacrifice of the Herd.—*Read vers.* 1–9. The directions here given are for *personal voluntary* offerings **unto Jehovah.** Note at the outset two things: first, the freedom of the gift, as shown in the words, **If any man of you bring an offering** (Corban, 'dedicated'; see Mark vii. 11), and, **of his own voluntary will.** No man was compelled to bring his tribute. See 2 Cor. ix. 7. The second point is that the offerings were different in value, in part no doubt according to the means of the offerer. The richer man would naturally bring his **offering of the cattle**; but if he could not afford a bullock he might bring a **sheep** or a **goat,** only, in either case, it must be a **male without blemish,** the best of its kind; or, if this again would be too great a burden, he was just as welcome with his **turtle-dove** or **pigeon.** See 2 Cor. viii. 12.

> There were stated, regular sacrifices, provided out of the Temple funds, which were also burnt-offerings; as the morning and evening lamb, Exod. xxix. 38–42, Num. xxviii. 1–10, from which latter passage we learn that the offering

* The Golden Text assigned in the 'International' Lesson Lists (Heb. ix. 28) is less appropriate, as will appear from a careful study of the Lesson.

was doubled on the Sabbath: also special burnt-offerings at festivals; Num. xxviii. 11—xxix. 39, and under specified circumstances, as the consecration of priests, the recovery of a leper, the expiry of a vow, the birth of a child, etc. But the chapter now before us has to do with the *personal* gift. The ceremonial with the public and the private sacrifices was much the same, excepting that in the latter case the bullock or lamb was killed by the offerer, in the former by the priest.

What was the distinction between the burnt sacrifice and the other offerings under the law? The answer to this question opens up the whole question of sacrificial worship, and goes far beyond the limits of a single lesson. Generally speaking, there are three main ideas embodied in sacrifice, RECONCILIATION, CONSECRATION, FELLOWSHIP. First, the soul must be brought into *harmony with God*, its sin pardoned and put away; then in grateful *surrender* it gives itself to Him, and seals this surrender by constant and happy *communion*. This is the spiritual history of all who are brought to God: and the annual sacrifices were made to express these three great stages of experience.

First, then, we have the SIN-OFFERING (including the Trespass-offering) by which is denoted the putting away of sin—atonement, expiation as the condition of pardon. The soul is justified, 'made right' with God.

Secondly, the BURNT-OFFERING, the sign of dedication to God; the pardoned soul giving itself entirely to Him. This is the subject of the present 'Study.'

Thirdly the PEACE-OFFERING, expressing the gladness of the soul that enters into fellowship with God.

In the first, the chief element was the *sprinkled blood*, the plea for pardon; in the second, the *entire burning* of the victim, sent up, as it were, in smoke and flame to heaven; in the third the *feast* that followed the sacrifice—sign of the heavenly banquet.* When a *series* of sacrifices was prescribed for any particular occasion, the sin-offering, from the nature of the case, was always first. At the same time there was in all three the element of *substitution, redemption through suffering*. That which was the chief significance of the sin-offering, belongs also in a measure to the other two. This will be shown next week in regard to the peace-offering; we see in these verses how it belongs to the burnt-offering also. Thus the worshipper must **put his hand upon the head of the burnt-offering**: and it is accepted **to make atonement**, (literally, *covering*, i.e. of his sins) **for him.** No offering of ourselves to God can be acceptable without the acknowledgment of sin and of deserved punishment. Hence, too, the victim must be *slain:* **he shall kill the bullock before Jehovah**, and its **blood** must be sprinkled **round about upon the altar.**

But the main point was that it must be *entirely consumed*. The word most frequently used for 'burnt-offering' in the Hebrew Scriptures literally means *ascent*, that which goes up, i.e. to God. Observe the details of the ritual. The owner slays the victim, the priests **sprinkle the blood**; the former again prepares it for sacrifice, removing the skin, cutting up the animal, and carefully washing those parts to which impurity might attach, while the latter prepare **the altar, lay the wood in order**, and place the several parts of the victim **upon the fire.** The impression is that of *care, cleanliness, orderliness*, in every part of the service: there is nothing slovenly or hurried; the reverence due to God and to His sanctuary is shown in every act. New Testament worship requires similar heedfulness and solemnity, 1 Cor. xiv. 40.

The ascent of the offering to heaven, as it were, was the nearest earthly symbol that could be found of a *gift to God*. And the animal offered represented *the worshipper himself*, who had laid his hands upon its head, devoting it in his stead. In a corresponding way, also, God *accepted the gift*, sending down His fire on great occasions to consume the sacrifice, ch. ix. 24; 2 Chron. vii. 1; 1 Kings xviii. 38. This acceptance is described by the figure of **a sweet savour** (smell) (See Gen. viii. 21), literally, 'a savour of satisfaction;' denoting that He was well pleased with the gift.

Now all this points us first of all to the SACRIFICE OF CHRIST. He is first the great *Sin-offering*, but in a sense a *Burnt-offering* too, giving Himself entirely to the Father. See Psa. xl. 6, 7, quoted and applied, Heb. x. 5–10. And thus He becomes the pattern of our self-dedication. See the Golden Text above: **Present your bodies**—your *selves*—**a living sacrifice**, in contrast to the slain bodies of animals that were laid upon the altar, **holy**—as symbolised by the cleansing of the victim, **acceptable**, a sweet savour—**your reasonable service**, i.e.—a service not only of the *body*, the practical part, but *of the reason*, the thought, understanding, affections, will—in a word the entire spiritual nature. So the revised version, marg. reads, 'your spiritual worship.' SELF is the true burnt-offering.

> Note, that the Christian's self-sacrifice is not in any way a *sin-offering*. Christ is the only sacrifice for sin. *That* type therefore points to Him alone; *this* of the burnt-offering, to Him *first*, and then to His people. See further, on next week's 'Study.'

II. OFFERING FROM THE FLOCK.—*Read vers.* 10–13. The meaning of this sacrifice was precisely the same with the former—the **male without blemish** to be chosen—the worshipper's hands to be laid upon it (not stated here, but implied in ch. viii. 18, etc.), the ram to be slain by the offerer at the door (entrance) of the Sanctuary—its blood sprinkled **upon the altar** by the priests—and the whole body, after division into parts and adequate cleansing, to be burnt, as before, by the priests.

> The burnt-offering of the ram, it may be added, in many cases followed the presentation of a bullock as sin-offering, as in the consecration of the priests, Exod. xxix.

III. OFFERINGS OF TURTLE-DOVES OR YOUNG PIGEONS.—*Read vers.* 14–17. **Fowls**, as usual in the English Bible, means simply *birds*. The ritual here was simpler than in the other cases. We do not read of the worshipper's hand being laid on the head of the sacrifice; the birds were to be killed by the priest, and instead of cleansing, **the crop** with its contents was to be removed and **cast** down **by the altar on the east part**, where the ashes of the sacrifices were raked together before removal. The bird was to be split open by means of its outspread **wings**, but not to be actually **divided**, and so was to be burned whole.

In this case, as in that of the bullock and the lamb, the burnt-offering is declared to be **a sweet savour unto Jehovah.** So repeatedly are we taught that our self-dedication to Him is the most acceptable of gifts—rendered in many ways of loving service, Phil. iv. 18; Heb. xiii. 16.

> In certain cases, two turtle-doves or young pigeons were prescribed, the first for a sin- (or trespass-) offering, the second for a burnt-offering. See ch. v. 7, etc.

QUESTIONS.

1. What instances of the burnt-offering are recorded before Mosaic times?
2. What other classes of offerings are also described as being of 'a sweet savour' to God?
3. In what particulars was the sacrifice of Christ typified in the ritual of the burnt-offering?
4. Explain the statement that every Christian is at once a priest and a sacrifice.

*See Kurtz, 'Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament,' Eng. Trans. p. 64.

Pages for the Young.

THE SWAN'S NEST FARM.

CHAPTER VII.

PAUL and Annette returned to the house, the young girl carrying the full milk-can on her head. What they had said to each other no one had heard, only Gis of Reinders had remarked Annette's cheeks, when she met Paul and they accosted each other, had become as red as the silk handkerchief round her neck. They passed the plank of the Swan's Nest, at the entrance of the orchard; and Annette had just turned round a corner of the farm, for she had to take the milk to the dairy at the back of the building near the barn, when all at once Paul thought he heard stifled cries proceeding from the interior of the house.

He hastened to the kitchen to ascertain what was taking place. His blood ran cold at the sight of a man standing just within the doorway of Aunt Dinah's chamber, whilst the good old woman herself lay senseless on the ground. This man, whom the feeble light of the lantern did not enable him to recognise the evening before, when he had raised him up from the road, now, when the light of day shone on his features—yes, now, notwithstanding the number of years that had elapsed, he knew again! It was his father, who had lifted violent hands on his benefactress—perhaps he had killed her! His father, for whom Aunt Dinah had led him to pray every day; for whom, notwithstanding the sad memories of his infancy, she had sought to instil affection in his heart! This unworthy miscreant was Denis Dissel!

What then happened Paul did not recollect; for on turning round he received a sudden and overpowering blow on his chest. But Annette—Annette, who an instant afterwards entered the kitchen, was seized with horror upon perceiving Aunt Dinah stretched upon the floor near the fireplace, with her hands bound, and her mouth gagged. Some paces off she saw Paul leaning against the wall; a deadly pallor had overspread his countenance.

In the first moments of her terror the poor young girl knew not what to think, still less what to do!

"Aunt Dinah! Paul!" she cried. At length she hastened to her aunt, took the cloth out of her mouth, and exerting all her strength raised her, and placed her in an arm-chair. She then ran to the window, and loudly cried,

"Gurth, Gurth! Help, help!"

Aroused by her cries of distress, Paul opened his eyes. The young girl passionately exclaimed,

"Paul! Paul! What—what have you done?"

But Paul did not know what to answer. He looked mournfully first at Annette, and then at Aunt Dinah. At first he could not shed a tear; but for some minutes, after contemplating the cold and pale face of the latter reclining in her easy-chair, abundant sobs broke forth from his breast.

"Annette," said he in his turn; "speak! tell me, then, is she dead?"

"Dead! No, God be thanked." She was not dead, but it was an hour before she recovered. The room was now full of people. At the first cry for help, Gurth had run in with all the labourers at the farm. Soon the burgomaster and doctor arrived. The latter found that the condition of the victim was more reassuring than they at first supposed; but it was necessary that she should have absolute repose. As to the burgomaster, he immediately made a note of the place and persons present; a desk upon the table had been broken open and the contents lay scattered about, giving proof of robbery with violence. Evidently a crime had been committed, which, according to Gurth's replies, must be traced to the stranger who had occupied the goat-house—unless the young man who had been found on the spot himself were the delinquent.

Paul's appearance and manner seemed to support the latter conjecture. The ghastly look he wore, and even his troubled speech, appeared almost a confirmation that it was he who had committed the evil deed. Many seemed already to regard him as guilty.

Perceiving this, Annette instantly threw herself on her knees before the officer of justice. "No! that cannot be—I call God to witness," she said, while sobs choked her utterance.

"Paul! Oh say, then, that it is not you! Paul! oh, how could that be possible—you who on our way home spoke of Aunt Dinah with so much love and veneration. No, no! Paul has done nothing: you might as well think me guilty. Paul, Paul! say that you are innocent! Ah, why should you let yourself be condemned in the place of——"

Paul persisted in not throwing off from himself the suspicions that his strange demeanour had excited. The magistrate, nevertheless, was not very long in seeing through his singular conduct, especially after Aunt Dinah came to herself, when she declared that the young man was entirely innocent of all committal of crime against her life; but strangely also, she in her turn feigned not to know the name of the ruffian who had so ill-treated her, and who had committed the robbery.

Although Paul was apparently sacrificing himself for his father, Aunt Dinah, on her part, was reluctant to denounce her enemy—the man whose child was dear to her.

But in Gueldres justice is by no means so badly administered as to be easily deceived.

Four weeks after the affair at the Swan's Nest, the culprit, who had just been released from prison, again found himself behind bolts and bars, waiting for whatever sentence the judge might inflict, as due punishment for his crime.

At the Swan's Nest, where formerly joy and contentment had reigned, all was now changed—happiness had fled, and silence and sadness prevailed in their stead. Aunt Dinah continued ailing, and she had even called in a notary, to make testamentary arrangements, as though she did not expect long to survive the shock she had sustained.

As for Paul, he enjoyed neither relaxation of mind nor repose; he seemed to bear on his shoulders the weight of the evil his father had committed. His grief and shame caused him to avoid every one.

It is true that by dint of affectionate entreaties Aunt Dinah succeeded in prevailing on him to remain at the farm; but he was no longer the same light-hearted youth. His joyous look, his activity at work, his vigour even, deserted him; he sought solitude, his appetite forsook him; when Annette spoke, he wore a deeply mournful look.

And why was this? Because he felt that he was eating the bread of one whom his father had consigned to sickness and to grief; he was the son of one whom justice both human and Divine had condemned.

"Oh God, wilt Thou not be merciful to him?" was the constant cry of his tortured heart.

And Annette! Yes, she also had become pale and sad. Dinah, the good and dear aunt, was indeed so changed, so aged, so ill; and Paul, who had hitherto been so exemplary in the fulfilment of his tasks, was now so melancholy, so pensive, and careworn—it caused every one distress to behold him.

All had undergone a change; and when the poor young girl fell on her knees at night by her bedside, and closed her eyes, the more fervently to pray, they quickly filled with tears.

Gurth himself had lost his former ease of manner—sadness is more contagious than joy. Naturally not a great talker, he was more taciturn, it was with difficulty that William and

the other farm-labourers could extract from him needful explanations for their work; they sat and drank at the accustomed hours; but as for enjoyment of life it was nowhere to be discerned.

All truly was altered. Kees the watch-dog seemed more discontented than usual; perhaps Annette did not now caress him as formerly; he was impatient for her notice, or was it that he no longer heard the customary words, "Where is the dog? where is our Kees?"

The cattle had become lean, according to the proverb, "It is the eye of the master which fattens the cattle," and the eye of the master no longer superintended the farm.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Where are you off to so early?" demanded Annette, who, just risen herself, had met Paul dressed in his Sunday clothes. "It is not market-day in town; perhaps you are going to the Kermesse."

Paul smiled sadly; he stopped and fixed on the young girl a look so profoundly sad, and yet so strange, that she lowered her eyes, but when she ventured to raise them, she said,

"Oh Paul, all is so gloomy and clouded in my heart."

"Annette, it is as gloomy and clouded in mine; it is as dark as night there."

"And I do not know why mine beats so fast," said the young girl, "for though Aunt Dinah is doubtless very ill, she does not get worse—and you——"

"Me!" said Paul.

"Yes, you!" repeated Annette, hiding her face in her apron.

"Dear child, why do you ask me that at present?" he said, confused.

Annette's grief became excessive.

"I do not know, Paul!—I do not know," she cried, with a voice choked with emotion. "I only feel—you are very good—yes, very good to me, but—but——"

"Finish, Annette, finish what you are about to say." His eyes were suffused with tears. "When you speak thus I become—so agitated—and now—oh, tell me quickly what it is that ails you."

"Oh, Paul, it is that—it appears to me that you have forgotten——"

"Forgotten! what have I forgotten?" asked the young man, as though he had not understood.

"May I then—may I then say—Paul, I believe it is, as though you no longer cared for me!"

Paul felt his heart transpierced by this tender reproach.

"Oh, Annette!" he exclaimed. "How can you have such thoughts of me?" He stopped suddenly, overpowered with indescribable anguish.

"Listen, Annette! For some time past I have seemed cold towards you, it is true; but do you not understand that my soul overflows with a bitter tide of affliction? Annette, tell me, am I not the son of—one who has scathed and shortened the life of my aunt, of my benefactress, of the good Aunt Dinah? Am I not the son of that man who we supposed had departed for other countries, where we hoped he was going to redeem the past by a life of honourable exertion? I regard him with affection because Aunt Dinah had taught me that God commanded us to love our parents on earth; but instead of his going to India, he acted in a manner that has brought disgrace on us all; he was consigned to a prison! Am I not the son of one whose conduct has been a scandal? becoming worse and worse every day; and of whom I heard only yesterday evening—that——

And here the wretched youth sobbed as though his heart would break; which prevented his explaining to Annette the sad truth—that his father was to be publicly exposed on the pillory.

Annette, overcome by conflicting thoughts, earnestly entreated Paul to speak with more calmness. But he could not be comforted; instead of answering, he threw his arms round the young girl's neck, and bestowed tearful kisses on her cheeks, then drawing a letter from his pocket addressed to Aunt Dinah, he placed it in her hands, and when, some moments after, she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to look at the friend of her childhood, she no longer beheld him. She searched in the house; he was not there; nor in the barn; nor in the orchard, and no one had seen him.

Soon Kees the watch-dog returned back to his home; looking up in her face, wagging his tail dolefully as though some one had ordered him back to his accustomed place at the Swan's Nest.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XLII.

1. A prophet who "was a ready scribe in the law of Moses."
2. The grandfather "of all such as handle the harp."
3. One who "is a strong ass crouching between two burdens."
4. The prophet whose roll was cast "into the fire that was on the hearth."
5. A prophet who "was among the herdsmen of Tekoa."
6. A prophet sent to urge on the building of the second temple, who was called "the Lord's messenger."

The initials give the name of the prophet whose "mantle fell from him."

S. B.

NO. XLIII.

1. The city near which blind Bartimæus sat begging?
2. The city whose church left its first love.
3. The city to which St. Paul was carried a prisoner.
4. The country of the most patient of men.
5. The city famous as the scene of Elijah's greatest miracle.
6. The city of the eloquent Apollos.
7. The city where St. Paul was stoned.
8. The city where Solomon's navy lay.
9. The city where St. Paul took leave of the elders of Ephesus?

The initials give "the city of the Great King."

NO. XLIV.

1. The village of Martha and Mary.
2. The village of two disciples, one of whom was Cleopas?
3. The town of Lydia, whose heart God opened.
4. The city where David first reigned as king of Judah.
5. The city whose church was neither hot nor cold.
6. The city of the witch whom Saul consulted.
7. The city of Jabin, taken and burnt by Joshua.
8. One of the five cities of the Philistines.
9. The city where Trophimus was left sick by Paul.

The initials give the "city of David."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXVIII.—p. 576.—GIDEON.—Judges vi. 27.

1. G-abriel	Luke i. 19.
2. I-jon	1 Kings xv. 20.
3. D-an	Judg. xviii. 30.
4. E-ighth	Luke i. 5. / 1 Chron. xxiv. 10.
5. O-livet	Acts i. 12.
6. N-azareth	Mark vi. 1-6.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE OLD HUGUENOT. [*A. Dawe.*

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—*Psa.* xxiii. 4.

"O wondrous Book that holds where each may read
Sufficing wisdom for all human needs!
Consoling words speak low to those who mourn,
And mighty words empower the tottering weak.
Here heaven unveils, and voices sweet and full
Like angel music thrill the listening heart."

THE ARCHER'S CHANCE SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

I.

IN one of the most monastic and Catholic of Belgian towns, the good Protestant pastor, Monsieur Louis Jean van Hout, pursued the even tenor of a useful but uneventful life.

The faithful few that composed his flock were, alas! more few than faithful. He had much ado to keep them together. Some of them were English gentlewomen of decayed fortunes who preferred to live abroad because they were under no obligation to keep up appearances, and these were, strange to say, the most recreant to their religious principles. The attractions of a fête day were with them often stronger than any inducement to spiritual worship.

Nor had the pastor much more satisfaction with his own people. Some who had shaken off the shackles of superstition, or whose independent minds had revolted against priestly tyranny, had not attained to the simplicity of faith in Christ, nor did they seem particularly desirous of it. The spiritual man had not yet taken the place of the natural one that "discerneth not the things which be of God." The attendance both upon the Dutch and the French service was pitiably small, and when the "cup of blessing" was to be passed round, the promise made to the two or three might be claimed in all its literalness.

English ministers used to the sight of large and appreciative audiences, sustained in their arduous toils by the prayers and sympathy of their people, can hardly realise the position of the pastor in France or Germany, who is expected to succour and uphold everybody, but who is left to himself in his own troubles, to all appearances in the faith of supernatural help and profiting. If, in his depression, he temporarily betakes himself to a brook Cherith, the ravens that feed him there are as likely to be from Ahab's kitchen as from any other.

So our Monsieur van Hout communed with his God, but knew little of the communion of saints. He sowed the seed diligently and watered it with tears, but he had hardly a foretaste of that joy of the reaper which was no doubt in reserve for him.

What would have become of him without his strong faith in God? He was faithful over a few things, whether he hoped to be made ruler over many things or not.

Monsieur van Hout, friendly and sociable, must have inevitably become morbid and melancholy, if he could not have had intercourse with another class of minds than those he met directly in the line of his duty. He was widely read and highly cultured. In his young days he had devoted much of his time to Art and not without success. Now, in the few moments of leisure he had from more serious pursuits, the artist in him would occasionally wake up, and the result would be a picture laboured at between long intervals. The Roman Catholic clergy naturally stood aloof from him, he from them, yet even with some of these he had had at times friendly relations. Certain charities had brought pastor and curé together on ground that was not, after all, felt to be so very unequal. The feelings of the man had unconsciously triumphed over those of the bigot, or shall we say, the hidden Christ-man in each heart had been discerning of the other and had shaken hands. Monsieur's memory was tenacious of instances like these, leading to hours of pleasant and familiar talk on such ground as was not debateable. The platform they stood upon might be narrow, but to occupy it for ever so short a time was sweetly refreshing to the spirit of the much slighted, but much enduring pastor. Apart from his religion, he was also held in some esteem by men whose opinions were pronounced, but whose learning and superior tastes led them to seek the society of a refined and accomplished gentleman whenever they met with him. Monsieur did not repel their overtures. Why should he? To do so was to throw away all opportunity of influencing them for good. He knew they would not seek him at his church. Let him then at his fireside make them welcome. His complaisance did not lead him to lay aside any of his ordinary habits for them. They were welcome at his simple meal, but if the hour arrived for family prayer, the French Testaments were passed round. There was no apology for suspending the conversation while the sacrifice of prayer and praise was celebrated, nor was it abridged or hurried over in a perfunctory manner.

And from this occasional intercourse grew friendships which had been perfect had they been held in Him in whom our union is complete.

Monsieur's dearest friend, out of his own community, was a Roman Catholic, a Roman Catholic too of the very "straitest sect." They had been friends from boys. Their friendship had sprung up at the School of Art in Antwerp. Louis Jean van Hout, however, was called on to cede his young ambition to a higher claim. Adolphe Woeste was left to his studies, and as his parents were people of good means, every opportunity was subsequently afforded him of perfecting his art education by travel and the instruction of great masters.

Adolphe Woeste, like Louis Jean van Hout, was a young man of a religious mind. If we allow for an inclination to noble sentiments and aspirations which may either be mistaken for religion, or impel the soul to seek it, he had it undoubtedly.

Looking at the points of correspondence in the character of the two boys, it is no wonder they were friends. Looking at the youthful divergence of creed, it was a wonder that their friendship could outlive a year. As it was, it was very much restricted, and for some time after the Antwerp intercourse appeared to have been abandoned.

When circumstances threw them together again the old warm feelings revived; but the years they had been separated had not confirmed the soul-likeness between them, it had rather strengthened the traits

in which they were contrasted. Van Hout's natural buoyancy had not been reproved and restricted in his daily communion with the "living springs"; it had been sanctified and rendered tributary to that joy in the Lord that was his strength. Woeste, on the contrary, had become the thrall of his own yearnings after purity and truth. He was no less a devotee of his art, but he grew almost indifferent to the beauties of nature in his struggles after high religious representation. For years he wandered in Italy and among the cathedrals and churches of Spain, embellishing the chambers of his imagery and his canvas at the same time with glorious suggestions of things seen through "a glass darkly." So doing, he proved that "our divinest pleasure with some pain is fraught." The pain the reader guesses at is perhaps that pain of unsatisfied desire, of inability to execute what the brain conceives that is special to the child of genius. But Woeste knew a deeper pain than this, a pain for which there is but one balm, and this he was evermore silently seeking, yet evermore in the wrong place. When his eye rested on the incommunicable glow of a "burning seraph," on a meek Madonna or a patient martyr, the praise, the purity, the patience became the one thing which he saw. They took possession of him, and he yearned after them as spiritual pearls of great price. He looked within, and he saw the wrangling, selfish, discontented inner man, as opposed to the outward saint. Then before his confessor Woeste dragged this criminal, praying to have him brought into subjection. The result was much mortification, much penance heroically endured, rigid outward conformity to his church's ceremonial, but no peace, no assurance that was not founded on works of supererogation, and bitter, voluntary self-abasement and correction.

While in Spain Monsieur Woeste married a young and beautiful girl who lightened with the playfulness of her exuberant nature the austerity of his pensive, deeply thoughtful one, and during the short time their union lasted, she did much to rescue him from asceticism. But the damp air of the Pays Bas was baneful to her, and a sudden, sharp attack carried her off at an early age from her husband and a sweet little girl of four.

After this bereavement Woeste became more meditative and absorbed in the duties of his religion than ever. His little girl was sent to a convent to be taken care of and educated. She returned to him for long vacations, and in her fourteenth year he recalled her altogether, that he might have her near him, and that she might complete her education under his eye. The sisters who had had the training of her said she was a little saint, and this religiousness endeared her to her father more than her opening beauty. The two natures soon grew into one, and the little Rosa, hitherto satisfied with externals, endeavoured earnestly to be pure and beautiful within. Hers was the one presence that was never forbidden in Monsieur Woeste's studio. She sewed, she embroidered altar-cloths or priest's vestments, she sang or read to him. From her babyhood she had been brought into many of his pictures, and now it appeared he had brought her into his life and had made her a part of it.

As his friends were hers also, she became acquainted with Monsieur van Hout's daughters, who were by some few years her seniors; but the older she grew the more carefully did she guard this kind of intercourse, while she still wished, oh, how devoutly! that Emilie her favourite companion had been of the true church.

II.

Monsieur van Hout was in a low key. He had no other cause for depression than that we have explained in describing his life and character; but that was telling on him most painfully, and he was ready to doubt his own part and lot in the apostle's commission, so few seals were there to his ministry.

"I cannot understand it," he said despondingly. He had been reading too of some eminent Christians, who had been brought to the feet of the Saviour, as Simon Peter was brought, by the sweet officiousness of brotherly love. Yet who of all his friends had he succeeded in so leading? Had he not prayed for them, had he not been in earnest? had he not tried again and again?

"It must be that I am not influential," he reasoned in regard to his utter want of success.

"Some will not hear; but there is Woeste, how I have thought before meeting with him what I should say, if we should get on the subject? How carefully I have arranged the most convincing proofs as to the original simplicity of Christ's teaching, and its sufficiency for every human need. How courteously he has listened to me, and yet he is found to-day having, it may be, all things but the one thing needful. Much of the good that is in him may be of grace, but why may I not do the work of Ananias upon his spiritual vision, and see him receive his sight?"

So musing, monsieur the pastor resolved that while he continued to pray for him he would nevermore be drawn into argument with him, for, indeed, it was of no use. They went round and round in a circle, and always came back to the same point.

"Think of the sun"—says the proverb. At that moment he heard a knock at the street door, and then his daughter Jeannette's lively voice in the hall.

"Why, here are Monsieur Woeste and Rosa. I am so glad! Papa is not in good spirits; to see you will do him good."

"Your papa not in good spirits, mademoiselle? Be thankful the malady is not chronic. He will be himself again soon, never fear."

"You will help me," said the pastor suavely, as he went forward to greet his visitors. "Now, is it not fortunate you should come when I am in need of such a cordial as your presence can always give?"

"My dear fellow, you flatter me. I never knew before that I was to be looked to for a cordial. Quite the reverse. Such things are more in your line. Rosa and I had some commissions to execute close by. We have disposed of them, and now are at your command till it is time to leave for the half-past nine train."

"Good!" said monsieur. "Let us make the most of the time that we shall be together."

The two gentlemen repaired to the vinery. Presently they were joined by the three young ladies, who had no idea of being denied the privilege of listening while their fathers talked. They all brought their needlework, and now and then they chatted in an undertone to each other.

After tea it was the same scene transferred to the salon; but Emilie forgot her work, and sitting up to the table listened, her chin supported by her hand, to the conversation, which grew on Monsieur van Hout's side still more racy and animated, while now and then from Monsieur Woeste's lips fell words which Emilie thought might well have supplied a theme for one of Mendelssohn's songs. The light of the lamp fell on her calm, good face as she listened. She was not aware that the artist directed many a furtive glance to her when she was near him. Now was a favourable opportunity for observing her, and he did not fail to profit by it. Emilie's face, though not one that would strike a stranger at first sight, had grown upon him. He thought it beautiful as an index to great moral purity. Furtively he studied the faultless outlines, for he had a purpose for them forming in his mind.

Rosa Woeste was a no less interested auditor. Her dark eye kindled with enthusiasm as with alternate pathos and the sparkle of French irony, Monsieur van Hout pleaded for what was homely and spiritual in art, all the poetry of his severer nature being called out to defend its entire consecration to the divinely beautiful and the sublime. The pastor was in favour of landscape as bringing before the mind's eye the works of the Creator, and he urged also that genre painting tended to shed a soft idealising light on the familiar scenes of home and out-door life, which, because of daily contact, are apt to be noted through too harsh a medium, or with a too unloving eye.

His artist-friend argued that genius was a divine gift and should be applied to divine uses. Its business was with the divine in men's souls; not with the material and the human.

"And the love of country, children and wife, have these nothing of divine in them, because they are human?" returned the other. "Is not our bright, rosy *gamin* as speaking a subject for the canvas as an imaginary little John Baptist? Are we never to see motherhood represented but through the eyes of a Madonna? Does it require the serious representation of a martyr to show us that patience is beautiful?"

And so they continued their pleasant controversy, Monsieur Woeste enriching his part by recollections of the master-pieces of art which he had seen in his wanderings.

These descriptions were as delightful to Monsieur van Hout as to the girls. He could sympathise with his friend's admiration of them, while he stopped short of his idolatry. At last, as the time neared for parting, Monsieur Woeste exclaimed, "Oh, how I pity a man of your tastes for a religion so bald and so bare that it affords them no gratification!"

In a moment the look of sadness which had disappeared from the pastor's countenance swept over it again. "It is quite true," he said, in an altered tone, "that the religion of the New Testament is not primarily concerned with externals of any kind. Its aim is to subdue what is wrong in man, to change his heart. No religion is worth anything that stops short of that."

Monsieur Woeste might have replied, but from the change in his friend's manner he saw that he was troubled and that he did not care to continue the subject.

Jeannette, who had left the room, returned, and in her wake was a comely little Belgian housemaid, carrying a kind, good-tempered face under her mob cap, and a tray laden with salad, tartines and fruit in her bare, round arms.

After this simple repast, the whole party set off to the station, the long walk through the quiet evening streets putting a healthy finish to a day of intellectual pleasure and excitement.

As the girls returned with their father, he said,

"Well has it not been pleasant, my children? What delightful little breaks occur in the monotony of life when one is least expecting them!"

"We were so glad on your account, papa."

"And on your own?"

"We have enjoyed hearing you talk. And it was so nice to-night that there was no religious discussion. On the points that you really did discuss, we felt as if you and Monsieur Woeste were pulling us two ways at once."

"Ah, that is a double compliment. Are you still in equilibrium?"

"No: when the spell of Monsieur Woeste's eloquence is over, one returns to long-established convictions."

"Then your young friend Rosa. It has been a satisfaction to you to see her again."

"Yes, but there is something very unsatisfactory in Rosa. She does not give herself up to the enjoyment of the hour, but seems to be ever on her guard, lest the pleasure of it should be a snare to her. She is unwilling to enjoy us to the same extent that we should enjoy her, consequently we cannot help reflecting her shyness."

"Perhaps she has not your freedom?"

"No: she has received her instructions. Still Monsieur Woeste, papa, is not like that, and yet he is a rigid Catholic, obedient no doubt to his spiritual director, and intensely fond of his own church. Why should Rosa be so much less conciliatory than her father?"

"Because, being younger, she is more mistrustful of herself. Furthermore, women submit more readily and more entirely to direction than men do."

"Rosa's father has moulded her religious nature, and yet while one perceives that, there is a difference between them. His mind is loftier than hers; but hers is the more healthy of the two. His sanctity lies in introspection, contemplation and voluntary humility; hers in good works, which furnish a thousand little activities that take her out of herself. Both are bigots; she is the most intolerant. Yet, ah! they are both beautiful."

"I was so glad that to-night you did not get into an argument on the subject; papa, really it does no good."

"No, I have made up my mind not to argue with my friend Woeste any more."

III.

Little did the good pastor know the train of reflections that had been suggested to his friend's mind, by those few words sadly, yet indifferently spoken. They were like the chance shot of an archer; he had no distinct purpose, but it was not chance that directed them.

"Is that so?" queried Monsieur Woeste. "Is the aim of religion to change the heart? It is a great deal to profess, for really sin in man seems like a hydra-headed monster. Besides, as to this conversion, as I think they call it, what appliances have they to effect it in comparison with us? And with us, when we have tested all, is there not still something of impure, something of rebellious that eludes and baffles and will not give up the ghost?"

Now, as we have said, the sense of this was the misery of Monsieur Woeste's life. It was the sure place into which the nail of the pastor's words had lodged never to be withdrawn. He could not help pondering over them. His desire to know the basis on which they rested grew more feverish. One might have supposed that the knowledge had been communicated in his many arguments with his pious friend; but the "mystery of godliness" is not often arrived at in the heat of theological warfare. This much Monsieur Woeste knew, that the New Testament insisted strongly on faith in Christ.

This faith he thought he possessed, and yet he was not satisfied. He had in his possession a little Testament in a black velvet case, which his fellow-student had given him when they both went on their separate ways. He had looked into it with caution, he had approached its holy teachings in a spirit of resistance, so that like the Jew who reads the prophets through a veil, he discerned not Him who "Himself bore our sins and carried our sorrows."

But he was older now and had arrived at more of the independence at which the pastor hinted to his daughter. He would really see for himself what van Hout meant. He would give the New Testament a careful reading.

Oh, to be rid of the plague of his own heart! If such a miracle could only be! What would he not give? What would he not do?

The result of an inquiry after truth so wholehearted and so earnest may well be anticipated.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" has been the cry of many a weary seeker after God, while with many a one the *where* has resolved itself into a *when*. Yet both have this sure word of promise, "And ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

The Psalmist says, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple."

But here was no simple, child-like disciple, or fool of a wayfaring man. Here was one who had had mind and conscience warped from early boyhood, who had been misled by a hundred sophistries and subtleties, and who though thoroughly befogged and bewildered could scarcely bear to acknowledge to himself that possibly he had been led wrong.

Yet the light to which he had at last set his face was sweetly to steal through all the mists, scattering them in its swift passage. Presently he should see "men as trees walking," then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the new soft radiance, he should behold the Man and see Jesus; not Mary, not intercessory saints, not tonsured and dark-robed priests.

In reading the gospel narrative, Monsieur Woeste was perhaps not so much surprised at what he did see—for at first his perception was dim—as at what he did not see. The simplicity of it impressed him strangely. It seemed so sweet, so calm, so holy. Surely the simplicity of the worship he had condemned was of another kind! He could be more than reconciled to this—he could welcome it.

He followed the wondrous narrative, his heart pulsing with new emotions at every step. Mary left the place where in his imagination she was throned as queen of heaven, and became the meek, childlike maid of Galilee, receiving the angel's message with becoming humility and lowliness of heart. To the wondrous Child the Magi knelt, they offered *her* no homage. In her subsequent appearance on the scene he saw her gently chidden for seeking, even in small matters, to interfere with a life that was now under the direction of the Father with whom He was one; and in the closing scene of all she is cared for as a woman, and as an afflicted mother commended with a sweet significance to the disciple most beloved; but from the dying lips is addressed to her no word that links her with His own vicarious sufferings and priestly mediation between man and God, no dim prophecy that in His exaltation she shall share. All this Monsieur Woeste saw with wonder.

He saw the leper cleansed and heard of sins forgiven. He saw the Magdalene raised and comforted and sent away in peace, but there was not a word of penance, of works of righteousness, of special merit. The publican was justified, the dying thief taken into paradise, without any dispensation from purgatorial fires.

He went on to the Epistles and diligently read them through. The same simplicity, the same insistance on faith in Christ, on purity of life; yes, and not only the justification of the Spirit, but its sanctification was promised. There was a rest remaining for the people of God, into which they might enter here, a "liberty wherewith Christ makes his children free;" but was it to be reached by the paths in which he had so long and so vainly walked? No; even the way into the Holiest was by the blood of Jesus.

Monsieur Woeste did not pour his questionings into any human ear. He reasoned within himself and was troubled, and yet an "inward anointing" was going on which brought a strange promise of healing. He who joined the disciples on the road to Emmaus drew near to him, though unseen. To the sin-burdened conscience was addressed the gracious word of invitation:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Then a great wakening light broke upon him, and Woeste knew from whom the inward anointing came and who it was that spoke. He ceased from his own works.

"What would'st thou that I should do unto thee?"

"Lord, that the leper may be cleansed."

"I will: be thou clean."

What Rome could not do and what litanies could not do, what masses, what fastings, what prayers and tears could not do, Jesus had done; and the "new creature" in Him stepped out of the "body of his death," fair and free and happy. That was

the whole story of it, a story often told since the Cross was uplifted on Calvary for a sign.

Monsieur van Hout was right. The religion of the New Testament taught little in respect to the form of worship. Its object was the heart of man, and it was able to regenerate and purify even that deceitful thing; to bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

Proportioned to Monsieur Woeste's long sorrow and self-abhorrence was the joy with which he drew "water out of this well of salvation," reading the Old Testament as eagerly as he had read the New. But could he keep the truth to himself? No; he must speak without flinching. Shall the Spirit say "Come" and not the Bride? In a tremor of mingled fear and hope he remembered that his first duty was to his darling child.

SHORT MODEL PRAYERS.

IX.

"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."—*Psalm* cxix. 18.

THE Psalms are full of teaching as to the important subject of prayer. Many of them are indeed themselves prayers throughout, and we can hardly read them aright without at the same time praying them.

This is especially the case with this, the 119th Psalm. It is supposed by some to have been written by Ezra, and there is much in it that would make this a very probable supposition. He is called "a ready scribe in the law of Moses," and he is further said to have "prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments" (Ezra vii. 6, 10). Now it is very evident that all this would apply to the writer of a Psalm every verse of which speaks of "the law of the Lord," or "His statutes and judgments." It is also evident that the author of this psalm had spoken of God and His laws before kings (ver. 46), and we find King Artaxerxes had learnt much about the God of Israel from Ezra (see Ezra xii. 23, 25; viii. 22).

Whoever may have been the writer of the Psalm, however, he was one of whom it might evidently be said, that "his delight was in the law of the Lord; and in His law did he meditate day and night" (Psa. i. 2).

When any one has attained to this, he is sure to have discovered two things: first, that there are wonderful things in God's word; and secondly that he cannot discover or understand them by his own unassisted reason. Now he learns the value of this short prayer, "Open Thou mine eyes."

The word "law" is often used to describe the whole word of God. How much more have *we* of this word than those who lived in the days of the Psalmist! If "many prophets and righteous men desired to see" and hear the things which the disciples of our Lord were privileged to see and hear (Matt. xiii. 17), may we not feel sure that they would have considered our whole Bible, with the power to read it at all times, a most inestimable blessing?

How is it, then, that there is so much ignorance of God's law among us, when every single person who can read, may have for themselves this precious Book?

One reason for this neglect of the Bible may be its very commonness. It is too true that we are all apt not to know the value of a thing till we have lost it. There is a touching story told of a patient in a mad-house suddenly accosting a gentleman who was visiting the place with these words, "Sir, have you ever thanked God for your reason?" Probably, though now insane, the poor patient had enough mental power left to feel that he had not in former days known the full value of a sound mind.

May we not all confess that we are too apt to undervalue, not only the full possession of our reason, but that of our senses, our limbs, the pure air we breathe, and numberless other "good gifts," which all come down to us from Him who giveth so bountifully?

A lady who was once very ill, and unable for a time to read at all, from weakness of the nerves of the eyes, has said that she never knew till then what a daily treasure her Bible had been to her. Her one most earnest desire was to recover sufficiently to be able to resume her Bible reading. She did recover, and thenceforth valued more than ever this treasure which so many do not prize at all, though they may read it when they will.

Reader, what value do you set upon your Bible? Can you at all echo the Psalmist's words, when he declares God's word to be sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold or silver?

If you know nothing of such feelings, if you only read your Bible as a task, and know nothing of its sweetness and richness, I will venture to say with certainty, that you do not know it at all thoroughly.

It may be that you have never thought of asking for the Holy Spirit to teach you as you read. We have before said something about this, when we considered the prayer for teaching. It is a point that cannot be too much dwelt upon.

Look at our Lord's own immediate followers and companions. Most frequently is it said of them that they did not "understand" what He said to them; or, that they did not understand some of the plainest prophecies that were being then fulfilled in Him. Why was this? Because "the Spirit was not yet given," as it was after the ascension of the Lord, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

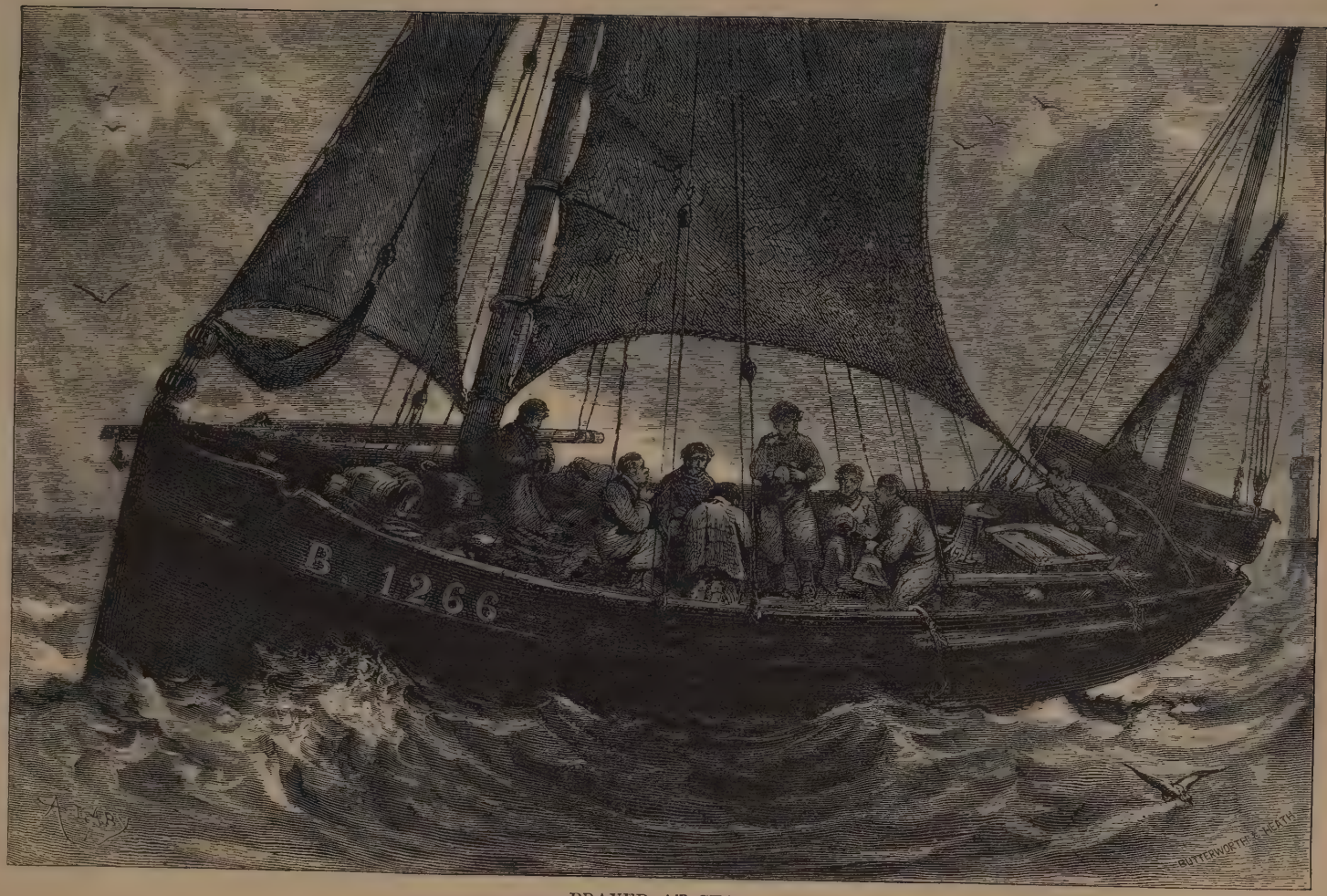
Once before that great outpouring, but after our Lord's resurrection, we find that He opened "their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke xxiv. 45).

Do not we need, at least as much as they did, if not more, to have our understandings enlightened in the reading of the Scriptures?

If we use this prayer in faith that God will show us "wondrous things," we shall never read without interest. A good minister, who has read his Bible more than most, says: "I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unsuspected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun."

If a man be born blind it is not possible to make him understand what we mean by *seeing*. There is as truly a spiritual insight into the truths of revelation, as there is a natural sight of the bodily eyes for external objects.

Let the experience of God's servants convince



PRAYER AT SEA.

[An incident witnessed at Portel, near Boulogne, where, as on some other parts of the French coast, it is a frequent custom of the fishermen to offer a prayer on putting out to sea.]

you of this; and if you read the Bible with the prayer, "Open Thou mine eyes," you will be able to add your own testimony to the truth that there are wondrous things in God's law. The most diligent students declare that "the half has not been told them." Its blessed pages testify of Christ, and in Him are hid "unsearchable riches."

"Seek, and ye shall find."

A GARDEN OF GRAVES, BY LAKE LEMAN.

THE snow lay fresh and pure upon the ground in which we laid the remains of our country-woman who had breathed her last, far away from her native hills. After hearing those noble words of Scripture, which banish gloom from the grave of a Christian, I slowly wandered over the finely-situated cemetery. The beautiful village of Clarens winds along the shore of the lake and creeps up the vine-covered slopes until it almost touches the quaint middle-age château of Châtelard standing against the sky on its own hill. Directly in front, the mountains of Savoy were dreamily looking at themselves in the still mirror of the water, which is seldom disturbed by winds in these upper reaches; while, away to the eastward, the range which is headed by the Dent du Midi seemed to bar the lower entrance of the great valley of the Rhône. The recently-fallen snow which covered all these eminences, and the thin haze which drifted wearily across their middle fields gave a strangely spiritual aspect to the scene. I seemed to walk on the very border of this world, and even to cross to the other side, as those had actually done whose memorials I began to read in rapid succession.

The first thing which struck me was the good taste which these simple monuments evinced. The designs were varied and beautiful; not one was eccentric, or pretentious, or extravagant in cost. The inscriptions quite as much impressed me. One did not expect to find on the resting-places of such persons as most of these travellers appear to have been, the rugged distichs and traditional saws of our country churchyards, but there might have been instances of the polished eulogiums which are not confined to cathedral walls, but are still largely produced on the marbles of modern cemeteries. The rule in this Swiss garden has been to give quotations of Scripture. The English, the Americans, the Germans, the French, the Swiss, the Dutch and the Danes, who have long possessed an open Bible, make selections from its treasures with aptitude and variety, and so in most instances do the Russians, although they have acquired the whole Book in their spoken language only during the reign of the last Emperor.

The difference has often been remarked between the tone of the pagan and the Christian epitaphs recovered from the Roman catacombs and now arranged opposite to each other in the Vatican Museums. The conjectures of Plato and Cicero about the future life hardly influenced their own hearts, and certainly never touched the masses of the people; but the light of immortality glimmered on the rudest Christian. It encouraged his first step and gave firmness to his last. His face was always turned towards heaven; his "citizenship was on high." Without attempting to imagine the manner in which every one commemorated on these Vaudois tablets spent his life—which probably was in many instances very indifferently—it is impossible not to be pleased with the radiance which Christianity has reflected on their graves. None of those left behind consider the parting final, or the reunion otherwise than happy. "Farewell for a while, mother beloved!" says a son. "Adieu till we meet again, my child," says a mother. A life of constant suffering leading the spirit to repose in God leads a wife to express hope for the better meeting: "Ta vie n'était que tourment et peine. Tu as cherché ton repos près de Dieu. Au revoir, cher époux!"

The number of young persons and little children who have passed through the stranger's country to their place at their Saviour's feet are very numerous, and the texts which are placed over their narrow beds tell at once of the common source of comfort and of the cousinship of the northern nations. Over a little German boy are our Lord's words of welcome to little ones, which sound like "melodious measure" in his mother-tongue, "Lasser die Kindlein zu mir kommen, und wehret ihnen nicht" (Mark x. 14). And the words about the daughter of Jairus placed over a Dutch maiden of seventeen hardly need translation, "Zy is niet dood, maar zy slaapt" (Luke viii. 52).

In a quiet bower of ivy, like the corner of a homely village churchyard, an English rector leaves his daughter of fifteen, with words of confidence in her resurrection; and in the broad avenue close by, gilded by the westering sun, stands a marble with two finely-sculptured doves, one lying dead, and the other about to soar. They symbolise a little Scottish boy of three years old, an only son, whose last words supply the solitary motto. It is perfectly childlike, but profound and far-reaching, the expression, in fact, of the greatest truth offered to man: "Papa, sing, 'Jesus loves me!'"—the strain of "Rudolf" still and of all of like faith who follow him.

The simplicity of this inscription meets with a contrast in another a few paces farther off. It bears the name of David Urquhart; a name once familiar in the English political world. It states that he was born in 1805 at Braelangwell (a word of three intelligible syllables, but not universally known as a spot on the Frith of Cromarty), and died in 1877 at Naples, so that the dust had to be carried far to this quiet neighbourhood which for some years he had chosen for his residence. The epitaph, which is in Latin, speaks of him as

"Vir summo ingenio, invicta constantia, vixit, laboravit. Priscæ reverentiæ inter homines restitutor."

This, as well as what follows, may have been true of him, though he pursued his objects with a degree of eccentricity which made him as remarkable in his day as his ancestor Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, was in his. Though early in his career he fought, I believe, as a volunteer against the Turks at Navarino, he became for the rest of his life their chivalrous defender against all calumnies. It was this devotion which inspired his impetuous assaults upon Lord Palmerston; and to this also, although she has almost forgotten her benefactor, England owes the "Turkish Bath" which she now

cherishes as her own. I have been told by one who sat with him in Parliament and by another who met him on the Nile in the last few weeks of his life, that although his enthusiasm often led him to fierce invectives against opponents of his views, he was a man of fine and generous instincts.

After standing long to weigh the balanced phrases which condensed the history of this rugged life, I moved towards one of the gates, and found inserted in the northern wall a monument of profound interest. I stood on ground sacred not only to the people of this land, but to thousands in many lands and of many languages, who owe some of their loftiest thoughts to the man whose head lies on this lovely couch. It was the last resting-place of Alexandre Vinet. Two texts were inscribed above it, in French: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. xii. 3; and this other, "Your life is hid with Christ in God," Col. iii. 3. The latter was added at the special suggestion of his widow, who knew how the modest spirit of her husband would have disclaimed all honour.

Vinet's birthplace, about twenty miles lower down the lake, had a permanent charm for him. When he had acquired distinction as a writer wherever the French language was known, and Geneva, Montauban, and Paris contended for his services as a professor, he shook them all off. Nothing could sever him from Bâle, where he was extremely happy, until he was invited to the chair of Practical Theology in Lausanne. That city, so close to the place of his nativity, and so dear to him in itself as the scene of his early education, attracted him. He was received with an intense enthusiasm which he warmly returned. But the time grew tempestuous, and the measures of government drove a large proportion of the national clergy from their pulpits. Vinet, whose writings had nurtured their noble purpose, accepted all its consequences, and became partaker of their privations. Although by this time shattered in health by excessive mental labour, he became the Principal of their School of Theology, and some of his finest and purest sermons were delivered in the halls and rooms which they secured as temporary churches. The spirit for a time triumphed over the body and seemed to bid it defiance. His lectures to his students were delivered with an intensity of moral force which totally hid the obstacles which he vanquished. "I gave my lesson in a perfect agony this morning," he once said to his wife. A few minutes afterwards Madame Vinet met a student who said joyously: "The Professor is much better, is he not? He gave his lesson with such vigour to-day." It was an unequal conflict. When unable longer to hold his ground he removed, by medical advice, to Clarens, where on May 4, 1848, as the tablet states, his strong and gentle spirit, equally remarkable, as Erskine of Linlathen said, for breadth and for humility—passed into the presence of his Master. The Christian family of Marquis, who reside in the Château of Châtelard, having requested that the remains of the departed chief should be removed before interment to one of their spacious halls, a large number of his friends, including many of his former students in different parts of Switzerland, held a domestic religious service and then followed the body to this grave with every demonstration of reverence and affection.

On retracing my steps to the southern entrance, and turning round to take a last general look, my eye fell upon a second North British name which enchained me. "Can there have been," I asked myself, "more than one 'A. J. Scott, M.A.?'" No place or date of birth helps to an answer; nor does the mention of Veytaux as the place of death point to one stranger more than to another in these parts. The academic degree shows that it is the name of a mature man, and the texts which follow suggest a Christian life. To a friend long resident in this vicinity, who was lingering in another part of the ground, I went and said that I had found a stone with this inscription:

A. J. Scott, A.M.

Died at Veytaux, Jan. 19th, 1866.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John vii. 17).

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy" (Psa. xvi. 11).

"Do you know," I asked, "who was buried there?"

"Know!" was the reply. "I knew him in his boyhood at Greenock, where Dr. Scott, his father, was the parish minister; long years afterwards we met again in his last decay at the place of his death on the upper shore of the lake. The grave is in my keeping, and when spring comes it will be bright with flowers."

"It is so, then," I said, when standing once more alone beside the too brief record, and finding the dim past coming over my memory like clouds rolling up from the valleys in the upper air. The first time I saw Scott was all but half a century ago, in the church in Regent Square, when Edward Irving held small meetings in the winter mornings to foster the gift of tongues. The President, with his parted hair, still dark as night, sat back in his chair below the pulpit and behind the shade of the solitary lamp which stood on the table before him. In the course of the meeting a lady, after rocking backwards and forwards for a few moments, sprang to her feet and vociferated inarticulate cries, which passed at length into rapid repetitions of the phrase, "He is coming!" Irving threw himself forward on his elbows and buried his face in his hands as if overcome with awe; but Scott, who had offered prayer earlier in the meeting, and whom I now discerned under the beams which had just struggled through the brown air into the church, sat erect with compressed lips and knit brows, as if keeping his intellect poised for the formation of a right judgment. The two foremost men were revealed in those attitudes. The one fell before the fascination; the other stood firmly beyond its range. The blow which clove their friendship asunder must have been terrible on both sides. That Scott loved Irving is certain, for no one could know that man of intellectual power and almost feminine tenderness without clinging to him against a thousand repulsions. That Irving on his part appreciated the young preacher was shown in the earnest request that he might be his assistant in the ministry. In a letter to Dr. Chalmers he says, "Sandy Scott is a most precious youth, the finest and strongest faculty for pure theology I have

met with." To the same correspondent, after a longer experience, he speaks thus more emphatically: "A young man so learned and accomplished in all kinds of discipline I have never met with, and as pious as he is learned, and of great, very great discernment in the truth and faithfulness Godward and manward."

That estimate was verified by Scott's subsequent career. It was not only the thoughtful congregation to which he ministered at Woolwich which enjoyed his teaching; he delivered his views repeatedly in lectures in various parts of London, and still more largely in Edinburgh, at the instance of the Literary and Philosophical Society of that city, where he was held in the highest estimation as an original and great teacher. There are numbers in Scotland who less regret the loss of their country's ancient records than the absence of nearly all written traces of those lectures. In lecturing, Scott never used a manuscript, and indeed seldom committed his ideas to writing. He had a singular power of thinking out a subject in all its bearings, and then giving precise expression to his conceptions, however subtle and abstract. The historical and critical references with which he supported his positions never seemed to burden his memory, but the troops of thought were kept manœuvring, and combining, and marching onward to the destined point without confusion. The few discourses which were actually caught and put into print convey an imperfect impression of the power with which the living man acted upon those of his contemporaries who came under his influence. It may be hoped that they have handed on to others the best of what they received, and made the age an unconscious debtor to this departed thinker.

My last sight of Alexander Scott is remembered as vividly as the first. It was in his private room in Owens College, Manchester, of which he was then the principal. Advancing years had naturally left their mark on a countenance always ready to fall under the shadows of reflection; but to these were added an air of melancholy which touched the heart. Not long afterwards continuously failing health led him to visit this fine neighbourhood where profound retirement, with the stillness and loveliness of the scenery, could not fail to be agreeable and soothing to him. It is pleasant to think of the tranquil moments he must have had while his life's sun was setting, both in the genial home which he carried with him and when wandering by the lake whose tideless waters plash gently and incessantly against the walls of Chillon. Perhaps he knew that his great contemporary, Alexandre Vinet, when his health was shattered in his early laborious days, used to visit his humble relatives in Veytaux, and to meditate deep things when walking over the same ground, or breasting the steep footways which led up to Glion, or farther up to Les Avants, or still higher to the Dent de Jaman. These memorable men had much in common. Erskine says in one of his letters, "Scott is, in point of intellect, one of the first, if not the first, men that I have known." And in another written from Lausanne, where he and Scott visited Vinet together: "Vinet is the most remarkable man in the French Protestant Church. He is more of Scott's calibre than any person I know." It is remarkable that both should have died in contiguous villages and that the dust of both should be treasured in the same peaceful garden.

CLARENS, AND THE CEMETERY.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER XII.

"Now, your will is all unwilled."

THE long summer days went by, and Delia thought that her sister's health and brightness seemed to be fading away with the flowers.

Garret's sudden departure astonished every one at the Farm, although Mrs. Chafford had not failed to say that he had left the kindest messages for all the Winterburns.

Prue said nothing; she did not even express surprise, as the others did, but she grew a little thinner and graver. And Delia began to notice that about this time there was a falling off in her intimacy with Josephine.

Slowly, but surely, the knowledge of her friend's falseness was beginning to force its way into Prue's mind. It might have been, too, that Josephine had grown a little less careful in sustaining her part, the mask was partially dropped now and then, and Prue's sad eyes caught a glimpse of what it had concealed.

Without a word of blame on either side the bonds of friendship were gradually loosened. Prue gave up her frequent walks to Pine Cottage; Sybil no longer appeared at Thorn Farm as her mother's messenger, bearing those little notes that Delia had learnt to hate the sight of. When the Winterburns and Mrs. Chafford chanced to meet, the widow always talked plaintively about her wretched health, and all the Thistledean folk had come to regard her as a confirmed invalid.

Mr. Sorrell evidently believed in his niece's infirm constitution, and spoke of her pityingly to his friends.

"She requires the greatest care and tenderness, poor thing," he would say to the Finchams. "It is her settled conviction that she has not long to live, and indeed it is only for the children's sake that she cares to live at all. Her heart is buried in poor Chafford's grave."

"I don't think she is going to die yet," plain-spoken Mrs. Fincham would reply. "The creaking door hangs long on its hinges; she gets nervous and fanciful, that's all. Garret Montague, poor lad, needed more care than his cousin does. What a pity you let him leave you before he was quite strong!"

But the old man could never be led to talk about his nephew nowadays. When his friends introduced this topic, it was noticed that he usually tried to escape from their company.

One day, when July had just drawn to its close, and all the land was hot and dry under the glare of a pitiless sun, Mr. Sorrell sat in his study alone. The changes that Garret had remarked in his face were more noticeable now; the lines had deepened, the features were pinched, and the eyes, once so full and clear, had sunk into their sockets. Uncle Peter was one of those men whose health and strength depend entirely upon ease of mind; and his mind had been ill at ease ever since Garret's departure.

He had received one letter from his nephew, announcing his safe arrival in town; but he had not answered it, and Garret had not written a second time. And Mr. Sorrell, silent and self-contained, was secretly fretting about the young man, and pining wearily for news of him.

The window was open, but not a breath of wind wandered into the room. With his elbows on the table, and his chin resting on his hands, Uncle Peter was staring over the garden-wall at the dusty hedges, when there came a sudden knock at the study-door.

"Come in," he said, lifting his head with a start.

The door opened, and Keziah appeared, wearing the freshest of cotton gowns and the whitest of aprons, but carrying a most perturbed face.

"If you please, sir," she began nervously, "there's something I want to say to you."

"Very inconvenient," Mr. Sorrell said pettishly. "Don't you know that I'm always busy at this hour—letters, and that sort of thing," he added, rustling the few papers that lay upon his table.

"Yes, sir; I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you. But I've come to tell you, please, that—that I give you a month's warning."

The words came out awkwardly enough, despite poor Keziah's earnest efforts to express herself in a graceful manner. When the sentence was finished she remained standing with her mouth open, appalled by the terrible sound of the thing she had uttered. She had meant to say it so gently and respectfully, and this was the miserable result of her good intentions.

"A month's warning! Why, what's the matter?" demanded Mr. Sorrell, turning round to look at her

in surprise. 'Have you been quarrelling with the other servants?"

"Oh no, sir; cook and I are on the best of terms, and I'm good friends with Ellen."

"Then why do you wish to leave your place? Surely the work is not too hard?"

"Oh no, sir."

"You are young, Keziah," said Uncle Peter, with the old sweet patience that had so endeared him to the hearts of the people of Thistledean; "and young people are apt to sacrifice everything to the desire for change. Are you going to leave just because you are tired of your place?"

"No, sir; indeed it isn't that. I've got many faults, but I never was a gadabout."

"Then what is it? Tell me the truth; I am sure you will. Remember I have known you from your childhood, and I shall always be your friend."

"Thank you, sir," the girl said with great tears coming into her eyes. "And please, sir, don't be angry, because you have made me speak out. I don't like Mrs. Chafford, and that's why I'm going away."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Sorrell, leaning back in his chair, and staring out of window again. "This is very extraordinary. My niece is one of the sweetest, gentlest creatures in the world; full of sorrow, poor thing, but so meek that she would almost allow herself to be trampled on! And I always thought that she was particularly kind to you."

"She has never been unkind to me, sir."

"Never been unkind to you! Then why don't you like her? This is the most singular case of unreasonable prejudice—very unreasonable."

"No, sir; I'm not unreasonable," replied Keziah, her warm temper beginning to rise at that word. "I've got all my wits about me, if you'll excuse me for saying so."

"Nonsense, child; you are behaving like a baby."

"Indeed, sir, I know some people in this house who are more like babies than I am!" cried Keziah with scarlet cheeks. "Letting of themselves be turned round other people's fingers! And I can't abide to stay where mischief-makers be."

Mr. Sorrell's face seemed to have caught a reflection of Keziah's colour. He moved uneasily in his seat, and his hands visibly trembled.

"I think you had better go," he said at last, trying to speak calmly. "After—after giving utterance to such wild expressions it will be well for you to seek another place."

"If I have offended you, sir, I shall never forgive myself," sobbed the girl, penitently. "You have been everybody's friend; good and kind always!"

"I am not offended," replied Mr. Sorrell, softening at once. "I pressed you to speak unreservedly, and I see you have got some strange fancies in your head."

"No, sir; not fancies."

"There is nothing more to be said on the matter, Keziah," answered the old man with dignity. "I hope you will be happier in another home; you are a good girl, but you must try to exercise self-control. And now I can be interrupted no longer."

Keziah departed, weeping silently; and, left to himself, Mr. Sorrell was ready to weep too.

"I am growing old," he thought, hiding his face in his hands, "old, and weak in judgment, O Lord! But Thou art the same, and Thou knowest my feebleness; if I have done amiss, do thou set right my wrong-doing! And if I have begun to stumble in the path, do Thou in Thy loving kindness call me home."

He little knew how soon that prayer was to be answered; but certain it is that throughout the remainder of that day the desire for rest strengthened within him. Never had he felt so unfit to perform the simple duties of his life; never had he found it so hard to keep "the even tenor of his way."

August set in, and the husbandmen were busy in the fields; there would, they said, be a bounteous harvest that year; but there were two hearts in Thistledean to whom "the joy of harvest" was only the ghost of a joy.

The gleaners missed the familiar figure that used to meet them in the lanes at eventide, and the voice that used to speak to them of that Great In-gathering, when the reapers shall be angels, and the grain the souls of men. Mr. Sorrell kept much to untrodden ways, or confined himself to the limits of his own garden. There he would pace up and down the narrow paths; and Walter, astride upon the wall, heartily wished him a mile away. Uncle Peter was somewhat irritable in these days; prone to chide when bits of mortar flew out of the ill-used wall under the vigorous kicks of its rider; apt to cry silence when Walter's "gee-ups" and "come-alongs" became too vociferous. "Crabbed age and youth" were beginning to come into collision; and each, in its own way, deserved a share of sympathy.

At Thorn Farm everybody was animated and busy, save Prue.

There was always a great deal to be done in harvest-time, and Prue, in happier days, had been the most active spirit in the household; never in reality doing so much as Delia, she had nevertheless created a general impression of her wonderful industry. The servants had never failed to believe in her, even when she had hindered them by skipping from the kitchen to the dairy, and from the dairy to the pantry, and getting into their way every minute. They had ever been ready to cry—"We can't get on without Miss Prue;" and the girl had believed them with all her heart.

What would not Delia have given if she could have had Prue's skipping ways back again? Very sadly she remembered that those ways had almost angered her once; but now she would fain have had Prue's fingers in the crock of cream, if she could only have recalled the bright sister of the past. The old, childish, frolicking Prue was gone for ever; and in her stead there was a quiet woman, who spent much time in her own room, and was always silent and meek.

Who does not know the significance of unwonted meekness in a bright, wilful spirit? When the child gives up its romps, and sits, mute as a mouse, in a corner, lifting up languid eyes to meet the questioning glance, there is agony in the mother's heart. One would thank God then for the pert little answers that provoked one so intolerably once.

In these days Prue never opposed Delia in anything; she obeyed every loving command with a weary gentleness that was terribly new and strange.

By-and-by, the father began to notice her loss of

appetite, and to believe that the warm weather had been too trying for her. Too trying! From her very babyhood Prue had revelled in warm weather, and expressed a thousand wishes for perpetual summer. But now she only said softly that doubtless the father was right, and that she was willing to go to the seaside if they all thought it best.

So to the seaside they went, Prue and Delia, and had but a sorry time there.

Glaring sunshine; glittering sea; donkeys; bathing-machines; brass bands; gaily-dressed people, always chattering and laughing as if there were no heavy hearts in the world; such were Prue's confused impressions of a fashionable watering-place. She bore it all for a month, never once losing that weary patience of hers, and only showing a faint gleam of pleasure when Miles came to take his sisters home.

"I suppose you know that Mrs. Chafford has gone up to town," remarked Miles to Prue on their homeward journey.

"No," she answered with her usual languor.

"Oh, hasn't she written to you?" Miles asked, with involuntary curiosity. And then, catching an expressive glance from Delia, he looked out of window, and began to talk about the state of the country.

Prue did not ask a single question about her friend; and Josephine's name was not again mentioned in her hearing till long afterwards.

With a sigh of relief Delia found herself once more at the Thistledean station, and caught a glimpse of familiar faces on the platform. The luggage was collected, the girls seated themselves in the fly, and Miles took his place beside the driver. Prue leaned quietly back in the corner and shut her eyes; and Delia noticed that she did not unclose them when they passed Pine Cottage.

There was a deserted look about Mr. Sorrell's house that Delia could not help observing. No faces appeared at the casements; the window of Josephine's chamber was open, and the room appeared to have been dismantled. Delia gave another sigh of relief; now that Josephine's baleful influence was gone, she had a hope that her sister's life might regain its old tranquillity. It was more than likely that the widow would be in no haste to return to Thistledean; and Prue would have recovered strength and spirits before her quondam friend reappeared in the village.

Autumn had laid her hand lightly on the woods, and her soft touches were visible here and there as they drew near the farm.

Again the virginia-creeper hung its burning wreaths against the cool dark green of the ivy; again the trees had begun to drop a golden leaf or two on the lawn. The garden-beds were still gay with the warmth of deeply-coloured flowers, and the signs of decay were as yet but faint and few; but the very stillness and peace seemed to tell that the year was on the wane.

Mr. Winterburn met his daughters at the door, and took Prue into his arms with a murmured word of tenderness. She gave him a tired, loving look, and laid her soft cheek on his breast.

"The journey has worn you out, darling," he said. "You will be better when you have been quiet for awhile."

Slowly and wearily Prue toiled upstairs to her chamber, the fresh, airy room where she had spent many a happy hour in girlish days. What was it that made her head swim as she sank into a corner of the old sofa? Delia, who was anxiously watching her, sent for refreshments, and decided that she should not go downstairs again that evening.

The dawn was still new, and only faint silvery lights were breaking over the hills, when a horse galloped madly through Thistledean.

Keziah Leever, now at home again in her father's cottage, was rising and dressing when the sound of hoofs met her ears. She peered out of her lattice into the dim morning air, and recognised the horse and his rider; and then she turned from the window to fall on her knees by the bedside.

"Sorrow at Thorn Farm," she moaned. "Oh, Lord, is it all through those lies, I wonder? I'm only a poor girl; but my heart's aching for her that was wronged so cruel; and it's God alone that can help her now. O God, take care of poor dear Miss Prue!"

A little later all the village knew that Mr. Winterburn's second daughter was lying dangerously ill. It was Miles who had galloped so wildly through Thistledean to the house of Mr. Smythe, the doctor; and soon everybody had heard of the trouble at the Farm.

The tidings reached the Finchams at the vicarage, and filled them with genuine sympathy and concern. They liked the Winterburns heartily; and Prue, with her bright ways and frank nature, had been an especial favourite.

"I wonder whether Josephine Chafford will come back when she hears of her friend's illness," said Mrs. Fincham musingly. "But I don't believe in Josephine's feelings although she makes such a display of them; Garret Montague had far more heart than his cousin. Ah well, they are both far away from poor Prue now!"

"In my opinion they did her little good when they were near her," remarked the vicar gravely. "Not that I think any ill of Montague. It is odd that his uncle seemed to turn against him so suddenly," he added in a kinder tone.

The news of Prue's illness came to Mr. Sorrell in his quiet cottage, and roused him from those painful reveries into which he was always sinking nowadays. He bestirred himself, and went to Thorn Farm to make personal inquiries; but no good tidings awaited him there.

"The doctor fears fever," said Miles, whose sunburnt face looked white and worn with anxiety. "And she has been gradually losing strength for some time."

Sabbath Thoughts

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

"I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and He gave ear unto me."—*Psa.* lxxvii. 1.

WE know nothing of the outward life of Asaph, the writer of the Psalm; but of his inner life with its fierce conflicts and glorious victories, we have in several Psalms a most remarkable revelation,

rich in comfort and instruction for the tempted children of God in all ages. The seventy-seventh, like the seventy-third Psalm, begins the account of the battle by sounding the note of triumph: "I cried unto God . . . and He gave ear unto me," "Truly God is good to Israel" (Psa. lxxiii. 1). The firm standing ground has been reached, and now the bold mariner may look back in safety upon the billows that so nearly overwhelmed him; the frame is restored to health, and the healed patient may safely tell the history of the malady which so nearly carried him away. And, in passing, we may observe that it would be well if others would do likewise, and refrain from making public their doubts, till they can glorify God and help their fellow-men by telling of their deliverance from them.

With such a record before us as that of Asaph, it is impossible for any of us to say, as men are so apt to do in their troubles, "There is no sorrow like unto my sorrow; there have never been difficulties equal to my difficulties." For as the circumstances in which Asaph was placed remain untold, it is impossible to say that they were either more or less distressing than our own. We can gather the amount of outward pressure in this case only from witnessing the amount of inward distress which it occasioned; and when a child of God is brought so low as to doubt of the character of God, and to cry, "Will the Lord cast off for ever?" (ver. 7), we may rest assured that his faith is tried to the uttermost. The turning-point seems to be at ver. 10. Here the minor notes of wailing are changed, and Asaph begins on a new key, "And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." He perceives that it is not God who has forgotten to be gracious, but he himself who has forgotten his God! He has thought of Him who changes not as of an earthly friend; he has failed to remember former deliverances while thinking of the sorrowful past. The greatness and the glory of the Lord have been lost sight of through his own grievous infirmity of faith. But when, in carrying out his resolve, he remembers the works of the Lord, and His wonders of old, the majesty of God's ways and the greatness of His dealings banish the unworthy thoughts which unbelief had suggested, and the Psalmist looks up once more with confidence to the Shepherd of Israel, "Thou leddest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron" (ver. 20).

If the thought of the Lord his shepherd was so helpful to the Psalmist, how much more strengthening ought it to be to the Christian? To us in these days of Gospel light, God hath spoken by his dear Son,—that "great Shepherd of the sheep." We have not only the record of the former times when the Lord "redeemed His people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph," but we have the story of the Cross set before us, and the redemption wrought out by Christ recorded for our salvation through faith in Him. Let us be assured that it is our own infirmity alone which cries, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Let us remember the works of the Lord, especially His work in Christ, as a revelation of His glorious character and wondrous love to man; and let us ask our Heavenly Father so to reveal Christ to us by His Holy Spirit, that we may never more doubt either His power to help, or His willingness to hear and answer our prayers.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

OCTOBER 23.

THE PEACE-OFFERING. LEVITICUS VII. 11–18.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM L. 14.—*'Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.'*

INTRODUCTORY.—To understand this lesson it is necessary to bear clearly in mind the distinction between the different kinds of sacrifice, as noted last week. Refer again to the main ideas which sacrifice was intended to express: *Reconciliation, Consecration, Communion.* What particular offerings set forth the first? [Of the Sin-offering more will have to be said in the 'Study' on the Day of Atonement, Nov. 6.] What the second? Recal last week's lesson. How did the burnt-offering express entire dedication to God? How therefore did it differ from the **Peace-offering**, now to be considered? The main ceremonial distinction was that the latter was *in part eaten*, the former, *entirely consumed.* The sacrificial feast was a picture of fellowship with God.

> The Reading lesson is made very brief, to give full opportunity of comparing the ritual of the Peace-offering as here prescribed, with directions given in other parts of the Law. See especially ch. iii.

The Peace-offering might be one of two things, a sacrifice of **thanksgiving**, the acknowledgment of mercies received; or a **vow**, either the fulfilment of a promise, or the ratifying of a pledge made to God. These two aspects of it are recognised in the Golden Text, and form the natural divisions of the subject.

I. THE PEACE-OFFERING AS A SACRIFICE OF THANKFULNESS.—*Read vers.* 11–15. **This is the law**—Jehovah is still speaking. **Which he shall offer**, *i.e.* which *any one* shall offer—which shall be offered, generally. **A thanksgiving**, for mercies received; as *national*, 2 Chron. xxix. 31; xxxiii. 16; Neh. xii. 27; *personal*, Psa. cxvi. 17; Jer. xxxiii. 11. Regulations for slaying and offering the victim are given in ch. iii. There we learn that the sacrifice was to be **of the cattle** or **the flock, male or female** (ver. 6), and **without blemish**: (birds are omitted, probably as not being sufficient for the sacrificial meal): the person who presented it was to put his hand upon the head of the animal, and then (possibly by the attendant Levites) to slay it at the entrance of the Tabernacle; the blood was to be sprinkled upon the altar by the priest; and certain parts of the victim were to be burned, enumerated vers. 3, 4 in the case of cattle; 9, 10 of sheep; 14, 15 of goats. Like the burnt-offering, this was a **sweet savour unto Jehovah.** Generally speaking, the blood was to be poured out, and the fat consumed. The rest of the animal was to be prepared for food. All this is included in the sacrifice of thanksgiving mentioned here (vii. 12), and further, it was to be accompanied by a *meat-offering* prepared with **flour** and **oil.**

> It should be observed that in the English Bible generally the word *meat* denotes *food*, and in particular that the meat-offerings under the Law never included flesh in any form. See ch. ii. 1–11; where different ways of preparing the offering are specified, 'in the oven,' 'in a pan' or flat iron plate, such as is still employed by the Arabs in the desert in baking their thin cakes. The use of oil was customary in cooking; it answered much the same purpose as butter with ourselves.

Leavened bread might also be brought for the feast although no leaven was allowed in that which was presented to God in the Holy Place, ch. vi. 17. [The leaven used by the Hebrews was the acid lees of wine, or dough kept till it became sour. 'In this, therefore, the corruption to which all sweet things are liable had already begun, and having passed its best state, it was unfit to be presented to God.'—*Annotated Par. Bible.* But for a friendly meal the case was different. see Amos iv. 5.]· Of the material prepared for the feast, a part was to be reserved as a gift to the priest who sprinkled the blood of the offering. **One** (portion) **out of the whole oblation**: what this portion was is further specified in vers. 32, 34 (a *shoulder* and the *breast*). **A heave-offering**; a gift lifted up by the priest; 'elevated,' as a symbol of consecration, Exod. xxix. 27. There were two significant acts by which the dedication of food to sacred uses was denoted. One was this heaving or lifting; the other was 'waving,' passing to and fro before the altar. See ch. x. 14, 15. The feast being thus prepared, the offerer would carry home that which was left—his meal being consecrated by the dedication of part to Jehovah in His sanctuary, and to the sustenance of His priests. The great lesson is that our festival joys, to be pleasing to God, should be *hallowed*, the tribute being first paid to Him. Thanksgiving must precede the feast. See 1 Cor x. 30—'If I be thankfully a partaker' (revised version). Observe, too, the provision that the whole **shall be eaten the same day that it is offered.** This probably was for two main reasons; first, to *encourage hospitality*. None was to be left for the uses of the giver or his family **until the** (next) **morning.** Let the number of guests therefore be sufficient to consume the whole at one meal. (The poor were especially to be invited. See Deut. xiv. 29, where the tithe of produce is appointed for a peace-offering, and the further provision is made that those who lived at a distance from the sanctuary might turn this tithe into money, to be devoted to the same purposes.) The second reason was doubtless to *prevent superstitious reservation.* It was customary with heathen worshippers to keep a part of what had been offered to their deities as a kind of charm; consecrated morsels, reserved, or distributed to others, as containing some supernatural efficacy. Practices like these are precluded by the enactment to dispose of the whole at once, or if not, to cause what was left to be **burnt with fire**; see ver. 17.

II. The Peace-offerings as a Vow.—*Read vers.* 16–18. The **vow**, or **voluntary offering**, refers to the same general class of gifts—a tribute brought by the free-will of the worshipper, either in pursuance of a promise, or as the ratification of a pledge. In the former case, gratitude was the prominent feeling,* for benefits sought and received; in the latter, expectancy, of benefits to come. Promises thus to bring a gift to God might be made or not; but if made must be faithfully kept. Deut. xxiii. 21–23; Eccles. v. 4, 5. When a peace-offering was brought in fulfilment of a vow it must be perfect and healthy, ch. xxii. 17–24 (where from ver. 23 we gather that if there had been no previous vow an animal defective in some respects† might even be accepted). One difference between the thank-offering and the other two was that the feast in connection with these might extend over two days. **The remainder after the morrow** of the sacrifice, must **be burnt with fire.** In that climate it would be already growing corrupt, and nothing in any measure tainted must be associated with God's service. Hence perhaps in part the strong prohibition against eating any of the flesh of the sacrifice of the peace-offering **on the third day.** It would be **an abomination**—a word applied to unclean animals generally, ch. xi. 10, etc. The rule is repeated even more stringently, ch. xix. 5-8.

III. The Meaning of the Peace-offering.—See the Golden Text. The Psalm declares that it is not for God's sake that such sacrifices are presented. He needs nothing from us, nor can we give Him anything. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything meritorious in them. We cannot by means of them win His favour or make atonement for our sins. They are simply expressions of our homage and love; **thanksgiving**, or the fulfilment of **vows.** See Psa. xxvii. 6; cxvi. 17, 18. Such are the offerings which we also can render—the 'calves,' or sacrifices of our lips—Hosea xiv. 2; Heb. xiii. 15, 16. Praise is the Christian's acceptable offering—a 'sweet savour' unto God. See Psalm lxix. 30, 31. Further, in this praise there is the thought of *fellowship.* Nothing so lifts us up to heaven, nothing brings us so near one to another. Our Lord instituted a *feast* as the great ordinance of commemoration. The Lord's Supper corresponds in a sense to the ancient sacrificial meal. Thus the early churches called it the Thanksgiving (*eucharist*,* for such is the meaning of the word). And this leads us one step further. The thanksgiving becomes possible only through the Great Sacrifice. Christ must die, or for us there could be no fellowship with God. This is set forth in the ancient ritual. The peace-offering must begin with death. Before the festival must come the slain victim, the burning upon the altar, the sprinkled blood. The whole meaning of the peace-offering,—the sacrifice, the communion, the festival,—is set forth in Ephesians ii. 13–18.

Questions.

1. Give instances of peace-offerings from the Scripture history.

2. How are the types in the peace-offering fulfilled in Christian service?

3. The sacrifice of Cain being a 'meat-offering,' in what respects did it fail?

4. What is the teaching of the New Testament, implied or expressed, in regard to vows?

5. Why is the Lord's Supper termed the Eucharist? Can it in any sense be termed a sacrifice?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

no. xl.—p. 608.—"be of good cheer."

1.	B-enoni. Benjamin .	Gen. xxxv. 18.
2.	E-liphaz the Temanite .	Job iv., xv., xxii.
3.	O-intment. Oil . . .	1 Sam. xvi. 13. / 1 Kings xix. 15, 16.
4.	F-ollow me	Matt. iv. 19, 20.
5.	G-oliath	1 Sam. xvii. 4–7, 40–50.
6.	O-ffering	Heb. ix. 7–28.
7.	O-nion	Num. xi. 5.
8.	D-ove	Gen. viii. 10.
9.	C-alf	Luke xv. 22, 23.
10.	H-osanna	Matt. xxi. 6–9, 15.
11.	E-li	1 Sam. iv. 16, 17.
12.	E-den	Gen. ii. 8, 9.
13.	R-ain	Matt. v. 45.

ANSWER TO A HIDDEN TEXT.

no. ii.—p. 622.

"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—*Matt.* xiii. 39.

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* The difference between a *vow* (or 'votive offering') and a *thank-offering*, seems to have been that the former was a *promised* gift, on condition of the blessing being received; the latter was a *spontaneous* expression of gratitude. The *voluntary offering*, again, sealed a pledge to future service, or accompanied some prayer for mercies sought.

† The Jewish interpreters explain this defect as the loss of an ear, or of the tail.

* εὐχαριστία.

Pages for the Young.

THE SWAN'S NEST FARM.

CHAPTER IX.

T was about noon. An October sun had dissolved the morning mists, and was shedding his rays on the principal town of the province. Every one seemed to have gone out of doors to enjoy the cheering sunshine.

Amidst the crowd a young man, Paul Dissel, was seen traversing the streets; not as others were, not sauntering about, as one might have supposed, but he was almost running, without knowing where to seek the address he required, in order to put in execution the plan he had conceived. Carriages were hurrying to and fro; the drivers of some were often obliged to call out to him; he was so heedless of danger, so absorbed with his own thoughts that he took no precaution not to be run over; after all, what did it signify to him! A soft vision had taken possession of his mind; and the dream which floated before him was of Annette's childhood!

A poor old and infirm man stopped him to ask charity, and Paul gave him a large portion of the money he had about him; his savings had been left at the Swan's Nest, but this aged man, he felt, was not so much in need of compassion as he was himself.

A house of larger dimensions than the others, with a high flight of steps, before which a sentinel was pacing, attracted his attention. After pausing for some moments, he decided on accosting the soldier on duty. "Is it in this house," he demanded, "that the chief of the soldiers lives?"

The man with the gun shrugged his shoulders.

"If you wish to know, you have only to ring the bell," he said, and turned his back on the village-youth, to continue his limited walk to and fro, before the façade.

Paul hesitated. At length he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

The official who opened the door had also a military appearance. Paul asked for the corporal of the soldiers.

He replied, "I am the gaoler; what do you want with me?"

"Ah, well, gaoler of the soldiers," cried Paul naïvely, "I am come to say that I wish to enlist myself in the army. I saw a soldier near the door; therefore I have entered."

"I do not comprehend what you want, and more than that, I do not understand jokes. If you wish to make acquaintance with the prison cells, I am at your disposal, otherwise not."

"The cells—the prison cells," repeated Paul with much agitation; his face becoming white as a sheet.

"There seems something wrong in the matter," said the gaoler, still more surprised at this strange visit.

Conflicting thoughts crowded through the young man's brain, and it suddenly struck him that this must be where his father was confined, isolated from his fellow-men, amongst whom he was no longer worthy to take his place—the wretched father!

"Let me know decidedly what you want," redemanded the gaoler.

Paul, having a little recovered himself, said anxiously, "And my father, is he here also?"

"He may be; but it is not by your face, boy, that I should be able to recognise which of my inmates is your father."

"He is called Denis Dissel," said Paul with a painful effort?

"Oh, the old man who has been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, and exposure in the pillory—is that your father?"

The effect of these unfeeling words, uttered with the greatest indifference, was like the point of a dagger piercing the heart of the unhappy youth. He entreated the rough gaoler, if it were only for a few minutes, to allow him to speak to him, to see his father, to exchange a few words with him—perhaps, yes, perhaps his very salvation depended on it.

It was with no little difficulty the permission so earnestly besought was granted. Only towards the close of the day did he gain admission into the sad interior of the prison. His heart beat violently as he approached the dark cell where Denis Dissel lay stretched upon a miserable truckle-bed, ill both in body and mind.

Soon he would find himself in the presence of one who, from his earliest years, had inspired him only with terror and aversion, but for whose welfare the good Aunt Dinah had led him to pray, for whom she taught him to feel affection, although he was unworthy of it. Yes it is he, yonder—the condemned convict—his unhappy father!

"Who is there?" asked a hoarse voice. "Is it the executioner—or——"

And Paul advancing to the farther end of the cell, with firmness which Heaven at the last moment endowed him with, replied:

"Father, it is I——"

The malefactor rose up an instant from his bed and regarded his son's face sternly. He shuddered, and then turned his face towards the wall.

"I am Paul, your son," he said with irrepressible emotion; "I am come because I wished to see you once more before going away—have I not done right?"

"Go away before my brain is set on fire."

"Oh, I am come to tell you that I have always prayed for you, and will still continue to pray."

"Pray!" repeated the man. "Begone! Those words ill suit me."

Paul, trembling violently, earnestly resumed.

"I cannot tell you, father, all that I feel, all that I wish you to understand—but—I entreat you for your blessing before death."

"Death! Who talks of dying?"

"Oh, father! You know very well that you have to die. Every one must die; and old people generally are the first to leave this world."

It seemed at this moment that the idea of death vividly impressed the mind of the condemned man. He fixed his dim eyes on his child, who approached nearer to him as an angel sent by the gracious God. Some minutes after he exclaimed,

"To die! To die! My God, my God, have pity on me!"

It were useless to recall all the arguments Paul made use of to induce his father to turn to God; and when he alluded to his sainted mother Gretchen in heaven, he was really eloquent, and expressed his conviction of the goodness of God, who wished to save sinners, yes, even the greatest of sinners, through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ; and throwing himself on his knees by his father's side, he took hold of his hand and kissed it affectionately.

"Oh, father; God hears our sighs of contrition. Oh, believe what Aunt Dinah has often told me that, 'man is man, but God is God,' and when the sinner prays, God wishes to hear him, and if he is really penitent, God stretches out his hand to save him. Pray, father, earnestly—perhaps to-morrow it may be too late."

Half an hour afterwards, two doctors entered the cell of Denis Dissel, one to alleviate the sickness of his soul, and the other to give relief to his bodily ailments.

Denis heaved deep sighs and prayed.

In view of the ignominious punishment of public exposure in the pillory in the market-place, Paul had decided to depart for distant countries; he could not brook the idea of being pointed at as the son of such a malefactor. But the penalty Denis was

to undergo was deferred; it was found that he was suffering from illness more serious than the gaoler had supposed. In the morning he became delirious, but he had uttered words which thrilled through the heart of his child.

"Pardon, Paul! Pardon, Dinah! Pardon, oh, my God."

He now rapidly got worse; and two days after Denis Dissel was no more.

The doctor who had attended him had not been able to prolong a life so worn out, so steeped in wretchedness and degradation.

The physician for his soul had prayed with Paul, and we can only hope that God granted the prayer of the repentant sinner.

Denis Dissel was dead; and Paul wished for wings to fly to the Swan's Nest to relate to Aunt Dinah what had occurred; to repeat to her the supplication for pardon which his father, in the last hour of his existence, had addressed to her—and then—naturally, he longed to behold his dear Annette, whom he had not seen for two days. Annette—Aunt Dinah—yes, to go to the Swan's Nest for the last time; and then to depart —or if—the greatest shame being effaced—— But as he looked forward to his future career, his thoughts became too deep for utterance, for explanation even to himself; and he breathed an inward prayer to be directed by the Almighty.

CHAPTER X.

Reader, fifteen years have passed since the date of that morning, when Paul temporarily abandoned the house of Aunt Dinah, his second mother.

To trifling minds, it might appear that it was chance only which led him to the prison where his father was confined; but the thoughtful mind would acknowledge that it was an over-ruling Providence who directed his steps to obtain for him the great consolation of having so far melted his parent's heart as to lead him to address his prayers to the throne of God. Fifteen years, I said, had passed—and it will be easy to guess what has happened at the Swan's Nest during that space of time—if you will follow me into its interior.

We are now in the spacious kitchen; the fire blazes cheerfully in the grate; utensils of polished metal, of various sizes and uses, are suspended around, shining in their bright profusion.

A pretty fresh-looking young woman, who appears to be about thirty, has just parted with two charming children with blonde hair, one of whom is fourteen years old, and the other twelve. Advancing to a small cot within an alcove, she draws the curtain and impresses maternal kisses on the plump cheeks of a still younger child, an image of herself.

Reader, behold Annette! you have no doubt already recognised her, seated by the hearth trying to finish a long strip of knitting she has in hand. Paul draws his chair close to hers, and they speak, not only of their children, but of Aunt Dinah, who after having seen them united, was taken to heaven, as they believed. They recall the incidents of her life, and her many virtues. She possessed, as has been seen, great kindness of heart. She had rescued the poor orphan from squalor and misery, from the contagion of bad habits, and bad example; she had instilled good principles into the mind of Paul, that he should one day become the humble instrument for the conversion of his guilty parent. She loved God, and pardoned her enemies. She had insured the happiness of two hearts who loved each other on earth, and lived together peacefully and happily with earnest aspirations of the holier and better land.

They revered her memory, for she had comprehended the truth that when youth is neglected, and not trained to morality and virtue, shame and sorrow are prepared for old age. When they conversed together of their early youth, it was always with the utmost veneration and with the deepest affection that they uttered the name of Aunt Dinah.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XLV.

Double Acrostic.

Two sons of Aaron.

1. An old man who died by breaking his neck.
2. One of the dwellers in Sodom.
3. One who walked with God.
4. The sea in which Paul's ship was tossed about.
5. The country ruled by Shemeber.
6. The country ruled by Sennacherib.
7. One of Christ's names.

G. W. B.

NO. XLVI.

Double Acrostic.

A minor and a greater prophet.

1. Jehu's father.
2. One struck dead by God.
3. The place of a skull.
4. The father of Abidan.
5. The district of which Gallio was the deputy.
6. One of Saul's sons.

G. W. B.

NO. XLVII.

Double Acrostic.

1. Esau's second grandson.
2. The grandson of Shem's third son.
3. The first person who sinned.
4. One who never loved.

The first and last letters spell the names of two princes, who opposed the Israelites and were slain by them. G. W. B.

NO. XLVIII.

Double Acrostic.

1. The place where the first miracle was performed.
2. A king of Israel killed by a bow "drawn at a venture."
3. The name which Jesus called Nathanael.
4. A man who, having insulted David, was only saved by the intercession of his wife.

The first and last letters spell the names of two brothers, one of whom displeased, while the other pleased God.

G. W. B.

A HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. III.

"A scorner heareth not rebuke" (Prov. xiii. 1).
"He that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise" (Prov. xii. 15).
"My son, give me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii. 26).
"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich" (Prov. x. 22).
"A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord" (Prov. xii. 2).
"My son, be wise, and make my heart glad" (Prov. xxvii. 11).
"The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice" (Prov. xxiii. 24).

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIX.—p. 576.—GREAT AND SMALL.—Job. iii. 19.

1. G-aiu-*s*	Acts xix. 29.
2. R-ephidi-*m*	Exod. xvii. 1.
3. E-lish-*a*	2 Kings v. 9.
4. A-be-*l*	Gen. iv. 2.
5. T-abea-*l*	Isa. vii. 6.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE SISTERS.

"Thus far together, through the happy morn
That ushers in life's later toilsome way."

The Sisters.

THUS far together, like twin roses born
In laughing spring-time, on the self-same spray;
Thus far together, through the happy morn
That ushers in life's later toilsome way.

Thus far, until the summer suns have kissed
Their golden locks of childhood into brown;
Thus far, and neither trusting heart has missed
That sympathy of other joys the crown.

For, oh! the world is fair when we can see
Its beauty mirrored in the eyes we love;
The bending flower blows brighter on the lea,
The soaring lark sings sweeter from above.

And if full soon time bid our paths diverge,
Wide-sundering lives, as time too often must,
And gathering years but whisper many a dirge
O'er cherished hopes long buried in the dust,

The memory of some tender early tie
Hath pleasure mingled with its fond regret,
E'en as we smile to catch the faint sweet sigh
Of hoarded rose-leaves that are fragrant yet.

Affection is immortal if it shine
In gentle Christian lives, in bosoms pure,
For then its meaner growth is half divine,
And heavenly love makes that of earth secure.

S. E. G.

THE ARCHER'S CHANCE SHOT.

IV.

ROSA had already a suspicion of something passing in her father's mind with which she might not intermeddle. He had not been the same since that last evening at the pastor's. He had been less communicative with her. To his long reveries she was accustomed, to the sadness also and austerity that were evidences of his superior sanctity, and, we may confess, to the petulance of the *genus irritabile*, to which he undoubtedly belonged; but lately his face bore not so much the impress of religious contemplation, as of some great perplexity. When she broke upon his musings with some irrelevant remark, there was no annoyance in the tone with which he answered her, but a mournful sweetness and a tenderness beyond his wont. Withal he grew calmer, and the dawn of a new hope showed in the finely chiselled face, once so melancholy and despairing.

Rosa read the sign without comprehending it, and as it is in our very nature to be made uneasy by that which we do not understand, an undefined fear and uneasiness laid hold upon her.

Her first apprehension was lest her father, with no signs of breaking up or of disease, was about to be taken from her. She had heard of the fruit mellowing just before its fall, and of holy angels robing the soul for paradise that was soon to be summoned into it. Somehow the change in him and his yearning tenderness over her, with his uncommunicated musings, seemed to whisper something of that kind.

Rosa, however, was not a fanciful girl. She was a remarkably practical one, and she tried to combat her nervous dread by the supposition that the artist was under some new and very happy possession: that he was thinking out his idea, and that in time the results would be elaborated on the glowing canvas.

But one night she made a discovery that was to her as the beginning of sorrows. A telegram arrived for Monsieur Woeste after the whole household were supposed to be in bed.

The portière took it in, and Rosa, who had really not retired, but was engaged in the recitation of some additional prayers, left the room, and took the telegram from the hands of the maid to carry it to her father.

To her surprise she found that the door of a room which had been her mother's boudoir, and was always kept as it had been during her life-time, was open. The coal fire laid in readiness in the grate had been lighted, and a chair at the table and a book, with a small velvet-case dropped like a glove upon the floor, showed that her papa had been there, and that he had been reading. It promised also that he would soon return. The room was a very elegant

one with two cabinets in it and a small library composed chiefly of the romantic literature of Spain. There were also a guitar and a bandolin which had never responded to any touch save that which was now stilled in death. Rich flowers grew in green boxes, placed along the window-cills, and some twining plants were so artistically disposed as to seem a very part of the curtains with which their shade combined.

Monsieur Woeste had taken a pride in making the cage a fairy bower for the bird, and now the bird was flown he insisted on having it kept sacred to her memory.

Rosa was the only visitor who might do more than look in; but she was careful never to leave any trace of her presence that might jar on his sense of the sanctity of the place. The anniversary of her father's and mother's wedding-day, her mother's birthday and the day of her death were always spent there with her father, and if she had been imaginative, she might have woven many a romance out of the story of their love and courtship, their pilgrimage together in the summer lands which he described to her as she sat at his feet or over her embroidery frame.

She knew that he sometimes spent part of the night in the room from the fact that the fire had been lighted and that it had burned out. Lately she suspected he had been too much in it and far too little in bed, though he did not look ill; "only," she said with a sigh, "too spiritual."

Now she believed that she might possess herself of the secret for which she did not like to ask, and with the privileged freedom of an only child, she took up the little book, expecting to find some choice manual of devotion or some treatise upon Art.

But it was that sheet-anchor of the Protestants, the New Testament. And it was given to her father by a man whom he had clearly no right to call his friend, because their friendship had not the sanction of the church.

Rosa dropped the book as if it had stung her. She had no time, however, to follow the painful train of reflection the discovery had occasioned; she heard her father's step, and quickly retreated to the end of the boudoir lest he should suspect that she had become aware of his contraband possession.

"Ah, Rosa, you here!" said Monsieur Woeste, as he entered. "What do you want with me at this time of the night?"

"Here is a telegram, papa. Did you not hear the knocking?"

"I? No: when one is thinking, much that is startling or unusual may pass without one's consciousness."

But he was conscious that her hand shook as she handed him the telegram, and looking anxiously into her face he saw the tell-tale blood mount even to the temples.

"The telegram need not alarm you, ma mie. It was late to send one of so little importance. Possibly they did not remind themselves that it might be delivered in the middle of the night. Ah, Rosa, I see how it is! You have no business to be up so late. Young folks cannot do it with impunity. It affects their nerves. Now go at once to bed. I am not setting you a good example, but I command you not to profit by it."

"I cannot," she said, "not for the next two hours. You understand, papa."

Yes, he understood: "Go to your beads, then, my child, if you must; but you will not find much virtue in them."

Rosa looked at him in growing bewilderment; but she did not ask for an explanation, and if she had done so, the time was not yet ripe for it.

He kissed her with his usual pensive quietude of manner, and with a sudden playfulness pushed her out of the room and shut to the door, after which he returned to his little treasure-trove, she to her Heures and to tears, and to alternate hopes and fears respecting the father, who till this night had been to her companion, guide, philosopher, and friend.

Had it not been for that remark about the Heures, Rosa would probably have reasoned herself into the belief that her father's perusal of the New Testament had no danger for him. She thought that it might be necessary for clever men to read heretical books, so that they might be able to answer them. In the library of Louvain, she had seen the theology of all the creeds represented, and while it was quite natural that the Bible should be a sealed book to a young girl like her, her father might be permitted to read it at his pleasure. With such arguments Rosa re-assured herself till she remembered his strange speech about the Heures. That indeed was a revelation of a change of opinion in a very important direction. She trembled as the fact dawned upon her. And all this had come of that dangerous friendship with Monsieur van Hout.

Rosa resolved that she would not visit the van Houts any more.

V.

Some days had passed. Again they stood in what to both was holy ground, and the fire was burning brightly. Monsieur Woeste led his child, little knowing how reluctant she was, to the hassock where she had so often sat, with the lamplight floating over her glowing face or the firelight dancing on her smooth, dark hair. The moment had come when he felt compelled to divulge his secret.

"My dear," he said, "I have much to say to you."

Rosa could have buried her face in her hands, such a shivering sense of apprehension seized her; but she managed to preserve her outward calm.

"To-day, at the depot in the Rue de Brabo, I bought you a book, which, if I had known its value, I should have presented to you long ago. Take it, my Rosa, and may it be a 'lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path,' until the day that you arrive at your heavenly home."

He put in her hands a richly-bound New Testament with gilt edges and gold clasp. Rosa, though she could not refuse it, did not accept it cordially. Indeed, she all but put it from her.

"You forget that I am not allowed to read it," she said.

"And why should you not be allowed to read it?" asked her father. "Is it not God's will that you should use the intelligence He has given you? Has not every child a right to read his father's letter for

himself? You are not required to be led along as another conscience, another will may direct; it is a grand mistake."

"Oh papa!" she said gently, "those are the arguments the heretics use; they sound very strange from your lips."

"Yes, and there is more than new argument there, there is a new song which cannot sound so strange to any one's ear as my own. I shall start when I first hear my own voice in it, in that other world. If you would know where I have learned it, I must tell you—in that Book. I have found where all the glory and the honour and the power lies. I know why I was always washing in my Abanas and Pharpars and could not get clean.

"There is a fountain that can cleanse man's innermost. Read about it there, my darling, and then you will know why I, who was always sad and mortified, am full of peace and joy and love to all the world."

"Oh papa, this all comes of your intimacy with Monsieur van Hout!"

"What a wonderful thing to come of it!" he said, with a sparkle of mirth, glancing on the surface of the deeper happiness, like a foam-bell on a strong, on-rolling stream. "Then all the world ought to make the good van Hout's acquaintance.

"But come, you are not gracious, Rosa; you do not look to see what may be inscribed on the title-page."

"I beg your pardon, papa," she said, immediately turning to it, and then her own name and her father's met her eye with the date of presentation, while below was written:

"He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

"There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.

"Jesus Only."

Rosa was deeply moved, but she tried to control herself.

"Now will you not read it?" said her father persuasively, "and see what it is all about?"

"I will never part with it, papa, because it was your gift. Also I will ask permission to read it. I cannot if leave is refused. I have received ordinances and I must abide by them. If you are disappointed remember that I received them first from you."

The doggedness of the tone was not promising. Monsieur Woeste was wounded by it; he did not know her real feelings. For long he reasoned with her.

"Oh papa!" she said, weeping, "you little know what you have done. You have broken my heart. I always set you up so high. Now I shall never know another happy day."

VI.

The altered attitude of the child to the parent was sufficiently apparent; but Monsieur Woeste bore all patiently. Rosa, he knew, was suffering agonies on his account. She had every wish to appear dutiful and affectionate, but her prop was gone, her idol had stepped down from its high place, and she firmly believed that an eternity of punishment might overtake him for his lapse into heresy, if he did not repent in time.

A few days after the above conversation her father said to her with an embarrassment which he had never before known in speaking to her:

"I am going this afternoon to see my dear friend Monsieur van Hout. Will you not accompany me?"

"No, thank you, papa, it will be better for me to stay at home."

"As you will, but your young friends, his daughters, will be glad to see you."

"I do not call them my friends," she said. "I have always visited them under protest; you must know it, papa. Besides, when we have nothing common in religious matters what oneness of spirit can there be? It is wearisome enough to be always on the look-out, lest we say anything to offend one another."

"Nothing in common! You have a great deal in common; and you forget what a gulf such sentiments place between you and me."

"Yes, but that has opened very lately and very suddenly. Oh, don't talk about it, papa!"

"I am so sorry for you, my darling. You will see with other eyes some day."

"I suppose," he thought, "she sees me at the same side of the gulf as Dives. Well, it cannot be helped. There is more hope of her than there was of me a short time ago."

Who shall describe the feelings with which the good pastor of Nuefelin heard the news which his friend now came to communicate. It seemed too good to be true, but there was all the evidence in his earnest eyes and his shy questioning manner. And then to have all the good traced to words so simple and so few. And the New Testament, he had hoped much from its perusal when he had given it to Adolphe Woeste so many years ago, but the grain had been hidden in the ground so long that he had given up all expectation of seeing it come up.

"And how does Rosa take it? Can you carry her along with you?"

"Ah, poor child! She is completely desolated. Her sorrow for me would move a stone. I have presented her with a New Testament, but she refuses to read it. Rosa is of a very strong nature. It will not be easy to give her ever so slight an inclination to a course opposite to that she has all her life pursued."

"True! Still with God all things are possible. We will pray for her and we may be sure it will not be in vain, for 'the promise is not only to us but to our children.'

"Now I have on my part a little confidence which I must give to you."

The pastor's little confidence was the subject which had exercised his mind before that memorable afternoon; and now it seemed as if a voice was saying to him, "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

One seal, at least, was given; and that a precious one!

There was joy around the pastor's hearth that night. The thoughts of the two girls, Jeannette and Emilie, were very busy; but a sweet strain of hope and thankfulness mingled in the evening's prayer.

VII.

The next step in Monsieur Woeste's history was his formal abjuration of the Church of Rome, which was followed by his reception into the fold of the Reformed. This step, as may be supposed, cost him dear. The ugliest phantoms that the most timid heart could conjure up took bodily shape. "But what can separate us from the love of Christ?" said the apostle. Monsieur Woeste found himself in all things "more than conqueror."

His deepest sorrow was the one that lay nearest home. Rosa's growing alienation was most painful to him, and yet she was as studious of his comfort, and as mindful of his wishes, where only secular things were concerned, as ever she had been. It was the ice of reserve between them that troubled him. Yet he did her full justice. He acknowledged to himself the extreme likelihood there was that, if their mutual position in the matter had been reversed, he should have been angry as well as grieved, and perhaps have shown her not a little harshness. Besides, he knew that her spiritual director would do his best to reach him through her, would widen the breach between them at the point where it would be most trying to him.

It has ever been so in the history of religious dissensions when they have been in the household. Rosa loved her father intensely, but she was more loyal to what she conceived to be Truth than she was even to him, and what she suffered in the struggle can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have passed through a similar experience. Her agony was very great. The fear she had of the future that remained for him beyond the grave tortured her the most. If to have made her life one long penance of the most severe, degrading, stultifying kind could have purchased his immunity, she would willingly have taken it upon her. Her prayers for him to Mary and her favourite saints were increasing, and yet she behaved to him with reserve and coldness.

Monsieur Woeste reasoned with her as to the proofs he had of life-long error and of new-found truth.

She would not be convinced.

One morning she came down to breakfast, her eyes red with weeping, and haste written upon all her toilet.

Her father would have sympathised with these signs of distress, but he knew that every word would be painful to her.

"Papa," she said, as her chocolate grew cold before her, "I wish you would let me go into a convent. I am sure it would be for the best, and I think I have a vocation."

"A vocation to leave me," he returned bitterly. "No, Rosa, you will think better of it, and I will not have any steps taken, while I have the power to prevent it."

"And yet I am no great comfort to you," she said, in a low and most unhappy tone.

"That may be true, and yet—well, if you can bear to be without me, I can't bear to be without you," and putting down "La Flandre," which he had taken up during her silence, her father hurried away into the studio. The girl's resolution failed her and she followed him.

"Papa," she said, impulsively laying both hands on his arm, "it is all too hard. Everything is hard now, but don't think, oh, don't think, I could bear too well to leave you. I only thought we had ceased to have much in common; we were uncomfortable with each other and you wouldn't mind."

"I understand," he said, "but no, my Rosa, though you do not do me justice, I cannot let you leave me. Let us both be quiet and wait, and for your own sake, dear, be careful not to make the distance between us greater than need be."

The caution was a wise one. From that day a little more sweetness tempered the bigotry which had set up the cold reserve; but Rosa was no happier. It perplexed her to see her father so entirely at peace with himself, and strange it was that the calmness of delusion should so far exceed that brought by the priest's absolution and blessing.

Meantime Monsieur Woeste was making preparations for a short professional tour into Switzerland. He did not propose to take Rosa with him, as he feared that the errand he was on might expose her to many inconveniences which he would not have her share.

The Only Way.

"Jesus saith, I am the Way . . . . No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

ONE time I thought my own good works
Would lead me, Lord, to Thee;
I laboured hard, but all my toil
Still brought no peace to me.
Again, I thought long wordy prayers
Might reach my Saviour's ear,
Three times a day I knelt and prayed,
But Jesus drew not near.

I prayed that He would help me
To live the life I chose,
Would guard me from its troubles, and
Be with me at its close.
I never said, "Thy will be done!"
I only asked that mine
Might be fulfilled in everything;
I never once said "Thine."

I gave up many things I loved,
And mourned the loss each day;
With weary, lingering feet I strove
To tread the narrow way.
I tried to cleanse my guilty soul
By efforts of my own;
I thought my sins too great to lay
Before the great white Throne.

Each day the call, "Come unto Me!"
Seemed ringing in my heart;
"I cannot come, my Lord!" I cried,
"Till I have done my part.
My sin is great; I dare not come
Just as I am to Thee."
To "wash in Jordan seven times"
Too simple seemed to me.

I would have done some greater thing,
Like Naaman of old;
But oh! I could not offer God
A heart so dead and cold.

The struggle grew more fierce each day,
As all in vain I sought
In my own way to find the Lord,
Who my redemption bought.

Then came a day of anguish sore,
Of suffering, pain, and loss,
When all my own self-righteousness,
Lay bare before his Cross.
I saw before me God's dear Son,
Upon the accursèd tree—
And then I knew that sacrifice
Was offered once for me.

Not all my prayers, or deeds, or tears,
For one sin could atone;
My load of guilt on Christ was laid,
His blood could cleanse alone.
The Holy Spirit showed me there
My want of faith—and sin,
In thinking by my own good works
Eternal life to win.

I saw it all. The glorious light
Shone through earth's wild alarms,
I came, without one word or plea,
Straight to my Saviour's arms.
I gave Him all. I could not keep
Myself one single thing,
And now in holy calm I rest
Beneath his sheltering wing.

I know that all was done for me,
When Christ on Calvary died;
His loud cry, "It is finishèd,"
The Father satisfied.
My sins were laid upon Him then,
The sacrifice complete;
Now in deep penitence I lay
Myself at Jesu's feet—

Asking for nothing, only that
I may employ my days
In telling out his wondrous love,
In words of rapturous praise;
Not striving any more to make
Another road to heaven,
Believing that through Jesu's blood
My sins are all forgiven.

E. S. P.

THE BROTHERS WIFFEN.

IN the quiet rural town of Woburn, near the historic mansion and beautiful domain of the Russells, there lived in the early years of this century a Quaker family named Wiffen. Originally of German extraction (Wimpfens) this family, on both sides, had for several generations been connected with well known Friends. The father, John Wiffen, much respected as a pious member of the Society, was a man of literary taste, and it is recorded of him that he used to take Horace and Virgil in his saddle-bags when out on his business journeys. Elizabeth, the mother (*née* Pattison, from Wellingborough), was a woman of no common gifts and abilities, and, with a thoroughly devout spirit, possessed remarkable industry and energy of character. She was left in widowhood with six children to bring up and educate, and bravely she breasted the wave and overcame all the difficulties of her position. Of her daughters, two died unmarried, and the other became the wife of the poet Alaric A. Watts; one son died while young, and the other two are the "brothers" whose career, literary attainments and labours, it is our object briefly to notice.

One of the brothers when yet young had made himself a name in English literature, especially as the translator of Tasso. Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, "Christopher North," paid him a generous tribute of praise in "Blackwood's Magazine." In the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that strange compound of boisterous humour and learned criticism, he makes James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," after praising the Howitts, Bernard Barton, and other poets of the Society, thus speak: "The best scholar among the Quakers is Friend Wiffen, a capital translator Sir Walter (Scott) tells me, o' poets wi' foreign tongues, sic as Tasso, and wi' original too, sir, which has produced, as I opine, some verra pure ore."

The younger of the brothers, though less famed in literary annals, long and successfully cultivated a special field of sacred literature, of equal interest to scholars and divines. Both brothers will now become known to new and wider circles of readers by a memoir * recently written by one capable of appreciating their learning and their piety.

Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the elder brother, is chiefly distinguished as the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and the author of "The historical Memoirs of the House of Russell." His education was conducted first at Woburn, then at Ampthill, afterwards at Hitchin, and finally at the Friends' Public School, Ackworth, Yorkshire, where James Wilson, William Howitt, William Allen, and John Bright, received their early training. At fourteen he was articled to a schoolmaster at Epping, where his thirst for knowledge and his great determination to attain it, led him to form the habit of midnight studies, which all through life he pursued. At nineteen, he opened a school at his native town for the sons of Friends. Here devotion to his duties and diligent study marked his course, and while continuing to advance in other learning, he attained proficiency in Latin and Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian, and subsequently Spanish and Welsh. Poetry was his delightful recreation, in which he indulged as freely as other duties would allow. At the age of twenty he, along with James Baldwin Brown and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Raffles, of Liverpool, published a volume entitled "Poems by three Friends." In 1819 he made the acquaintance of Southey and Wordsworth, while on a visit with his brother to the Lake district. Two years later he was made Librarian of Woburn Abbey; and henceforth he applied himself entirely to literary pursuits, devoting years of patient research and diligent labour among the treasures of the Abbey library, and months of pleasant toil on the Continent, in preparation of the "Historical Memoirs."

It was at the suggestion of his brother, Benjamin Barron Wiffen, that he prepared his translation of Tasso's great epic, "La Gerusalemme Liberata." The beauties of Italian poetry charmed the peace-loving

* The Brothers Wiffen, Memoirs and Miscellanies. By S. R. Pattison. Hodder & Stoughton.

Quaker, and he found in Torquato Tasso, notwithstanding the military character of this his greatest poem, a man in many respects of kindred sentiments with himself. Tasso's was an eventful life, full indeed of romance and poetry, but his end was peaceful and happy. Honours of an earthly crown were offered him, but he chose rather to seek a "crown of righteousness which fadeth not away." Learning from his physician that his end was near, he "thanked him for tidings so agreeable, and raising his dying eyes to heaven, returned tender and devout thanks to his Creator that, after so tempestuous a life, He had now brought him to a calm haven." While engaged on his translation of Tasso, he found pleasure in change of work, perfecting himself in the knowledge of Spanish, which led to his translation of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, the prince of Castilian poets, with a critical and historical Essay on Spanish Poetry, and a life of the author.

These valuable works, displaying so much of correct taste, efficient scholarship, and high appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful, were the more noticed as coming from a Quaker who kept to the style and quiet manners of his fathers.

Among the happy events in the life of J. H. Wiffen must be reckoned his marriage in 1828, with Mary Whitehead, a lady who could trace her descent from Hollinshed the chronicler, and who possessed both literary taste and ability. She was not only well acquainted with the various duties and details of domestic life, but she drew and painted in water-colours and in oil, was conversant with Latin and French authors, and could read the Old and New Testament in their original languages. She had devoted herself in her native town of Nottingham to the work of the Bible and Peace societies, and had taken an active part in the various missions of mercy, organised by Elizabeth Fry and other philanthropists. She was not only the Ida of the poet's dreams, but she was a ready helpmeet for him in his literary labours, and a pattern of all that is bright and affectionate and dutiful. It is said that while he was writing his "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," she would often sit with one of her infant children asleep on her knees, and write at his dictation, and sometimes far into the night.

His translation of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega led to important results after his death, as will appear in our sketch of his brother, to whom it opened out a great life work.

His course was ended when yet in the prime of life and in the height of his reputation. His sun set at noon-day. But he was ready. Much occupied with the life of the hereafter, his spirit loved to linger in contemplation of that heavenly home, to which this earthly life is but the journey. With his spirit attuned to celestial harmonies, the ties which bound him to earth, though strong and tender, were speedily dissolved, in view of that glorious inheritance which is the hope of all who follow Christ.

In a letter to a minister, in which he had referred to the case of a suffering friend, who, in her extreme weakness, and amid her protracted agonies, had declared that she was so happy that she would not exchange situations with any living being, he remarks:

"I think the witnessing of these triumphs of the soul over the weakness of mortality, through the infinite mercy of our God and our Redeemer, has a very strong tendency, both to wean us from the world, and to diminish our dread of that change which must before long come upon ourselves also. It strengthens our weak faith; it realises to our mind the glories and the peace of immortality, and serves in some degree to stimulate us to press forward to the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus."

It was not long after that on a bright May morning in 1836 his mortal remains were laid in peaceful repose, while of the poet and scholar, who was the faithful friend, the affectionate husband, the tender father, and the consistent Christian, it could well be said:

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

The career of B. B. Wiffen, if it was less brilliant, was at least equally useful, and more extended than his brother's, as he lived until March 1867. Mr. Pattison describes Benjamin as "a small, pale, keen-eyed man, possessing a delicate organisation, with a brave, stout heart, uncommon perseverance, and an indomitable love of justice and truth. He had a good fund of humour, which at first seemed scarcely in harmony with his emaciated form and plain Quaker garb; but the smile which often stole over his features indicated the wise and loving spirit dwelling within. In society his presence was a continued testimony for truth, gentleness, and justice. He was charmingly human, and a poetic temperament gave force to his sympathy with all knowledge."

His religious convictions were deep and thorough, and his views of the Divine method of salvation clear and distinct. Yet he attained to restful trust in the Saviour not without great conflict. He went out one night at dew-fall, in great agitation and distress, and kneeling down under the open sky, he wrestled in prayer till he found victory and peace in simple reliance on his Saviour. The brothers were united in the closest ties of affection, and though Benjamin continued in business until he was forty-three years of age, he was one in taste and sentiment with his brother, and many an evening, extending far into the night, they spent together in pursuance of their delightful studies.

Benjamin was a poet of no mean order, as "The Quaker Squire," and "The Warder of the Pyrenees," and other pieces, now published in Mr. Pattison's book, and in the larger work, "Bibliotheca Wiffeniana," by Dr. Boehmer, Strasburg, abundantly prove. His lines on visiting the burial-ground of the Society of Friends, where the dust of several generations of his father's family sleep "side by side," all of them having attained to maturity, not one child-grave among them all—are very tender and touching. The heading of the piece is characteristic of the author's humility: "Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house" (Judges vi. 15).

Benjamin Wiffen, when he retired from business, lived in the beautiful village of Apsley Guise, on the opposite side of the park from Woburn. Here resided another Friend, Richard Thomas How, one of whose ancestors, a man of elevated taste and literary tendencies, had collected a valuable library, containing many rare books and early copies of the Bible.

He edited the Letters of Lady Rachel Russell, more than a hundred years ago.

Benjamin and his neighbour, Mr. How, then an old man and childless, were jogging along one day in a little pony-chaise, to a distant religious meeting, when mention was made of an old work in the library by a Spaniard which, as Mr. How said, represented essentially the principles of George Fox. This simple incident prepared the way for a work for which Mr. Wiffen was eminently fitted, and which proved the most important work of his life—the republication of ancient Spanish literature inculcating the great doctrines of the Reformation.

God works by means, and in his Providence prepares his instruments for his work. One of the instruments in resuscitating the works of the Spanish Reformers and giving them in their language to the world, was living a quiet, retired life at Apsley Guise. The other chief agent was a Spanish nobleman of middle age, Don Luis de Usoz y Rio, at Madrid. He was a learned man, and possessed an ample income. He learned that a translation of his favourite Spanish poet, Garcilasso de la Vega, had been made into English by a Quaker, J. H. Wiffen. About the same time a bookseller offered him a copy of "Barclay's Apology for the People called Quakers," which he read with great interest; so much so indeed, that he resolved to ascertain more fully the doctrines of that body, and paid a visit to London for that purpose. He was taken by a friend to a committee meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and introduced to Mr. Foster. On inquiring for J. H. Wiffen, he found he was dead, but Mr. Foster mentioned the matter to the surviving brother, and he was prevailed with to call on Don Luis, love to his brother's memory overcoming his timidity. The interview was courteous and pleasant, though not without some slight feeling of reserve on the part of Mr. Wiffen. But in the conversation that continued as Don Luis accompanied him from the house, a remark was made by Mr. Wiffen to the effect that "Religious liberty, the real freedom of moral and religious thought and action, is the only basis of true civilisation." The heartiness with which this sentiment was received brought the two men together in a compact of sincere friendship, united effort, and holy brotherhood, which continued till death.

Don Luis had already commenced the republication of the works of the old Spanish Reformers, under the title of the "Reformistas Antiguos Españoles," and was anxiously looking for some sympathising helper, who, in countries other than Spain, which was then "straitly shut up" against everything that savoured of Protestant and Evangelical truth, might be able without risk to search for copies of the old volumes, which had become very rare indeed. This helper he found in Benjamin Wiffen, who made more than one visit to Spain in connection with the slave question, and who had the pleasure of a visit from Don Luis and his wife at his quiet home at Apsley Guise. It was no slight undertaking, and Mr. Wiffen engaged in it, not as a mere bookworm or antiquarian, nor only from an admiration of the learning and excellence of the writers, but from a deep heartfelt sympathy with the cause of Protestant truth and religious liberty.

Who can tell to what extent their labours have been blessed of God to bring about the brighter scenes and greater liberty which Spain now enjoys? No one can say. But may each one's prayer be that the blessing may be increased ten-thousandfold, and that speedily!

The record of Mr. Wiffen's researches in all the accessible libraries in England and by means of learned men, and antiquarian booksellers in all places on the Continent, is given at large in Mr. Pattison's book, to which the reader is referred. It may be briefly stated that the authors of the twenty volumes of the "Reformistas Antiguos Españoles" were writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Juan de Valdez is perhaps the best known of them. The titles of the books give some idea of their earnest faith in Christ, their clear apprehension of the truths of the Gospel, and their views of Christian liberty. They were chiefly educated and noble persons, who had much to sacrifice, and whose faith and teaching involved the risk of losing, not only their fortune and their life, but their names and all that was valuable in connection therewith, even to the degradation of their families to the level of the hated Moors and the detested Jews. Many of them were Protestants without knowing it, or if they did, they chose, like Erasmus, rather to cherish their convictions in secret, than, like Luther, to boldly avow them and face the consequences. They had not ready access to the Scriptures as we have; their minds were of softer texture than the sturdy German and bold Swiss; the movement was not popular, and they had not the people at their back, as in Germany, Switzerland and England.

The death of Don Luis, on the 17th of August, 1865, was a great blow to Mr. Wiffen. "My eyes fill with tears," he says, "while I write, and my heart feels as though I had an arrow in it. My faith and my strength seem to melt in the heat—not, indeed, for him, but for myself. If I had better learned the lessons of his example, I should be less unmanned than I am. His pleasant and instructive friendship for twenty-five years has been the charm of my life. It softened, almost sweetened, my constitutional melancholy . . . . He completed his literary works with his 'Isaiah' and the twentieth volume of the 'Reformistas,' and with him all work seems ended."

It was, or nearly so; for Mr. Wiffen did not long survive his friend. His mother and his unmarried sisters had long passed away, and he was left much alone; for, though he was a great admirer of all that is noble and pure in woman, he never married. His great life-work was that of digging up the buried works of the Spanish Reformers, translating some, transcribing others, editing still others, and bringing to light the history and noble deeds as well as the sufferings of their authors.

He declined gradually in strength; and departed March 1867. The obituary notice in the "Annual Monitor" for 1868 thus refers to his death:

"It seems to have been his wish that he might 'slip away unobserved,' and this was the case. He was gone before most of his relations and friends knew he was ill. He does not appear to have spoken much during his last illness; but what little he said implied his firm trust in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour."

"Side by side" the brothers rest in the quiet burial-ground of the Friends, at Woburn Sands.

KING AHAZIAH AND ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

BY JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

ELIJAH AND AHAZIAH.
2 Kings i. 1-16.

AHAZIAH succeeded his father Ahab, both in his throne and in his sin? God follows the new king with a double judgment; of the revolt of Moab, and of his own sickness. All the reign of Ahab had Moab been a quiet tributary, and furnished Israel with rich flocks and fleeces; now their subjection dies with that warlike king, and will not be inherited. This rebellion took advantage, as from the weaker spirits, so from the sickly body of Ahaziah, whose disease was not natural, but casual. Walking in his palace of Samaria, some part in the floor of his chamber breaks under him, and gives way to that fall whereby he is bruised and languisheth. The same hand that guided Ahab's mortal shaft cracks Ahaziah's lattice. How infinite variety of plagues the just God hath for obstinate sinners! Whether in the field or in the chamber He knows to find them out. How fearlessly did Ahaziah walk on his wonted pavement! The Lord hath laid a trap for him, whereinto, while he thinks least, he falls irrecoverably. No place is safe for the man that is at variance with God.

The body of Ahaziah was not more sick than his soul was graceless: none but chance was his enemy, none but the god of Ekron must be his friend. He looks not up to the omnipotent hand of Divine justice for the disease, or of mercy for the remedy; an idol is his refuge, whether for cure or intelligence.

We hear not till now of Baal-zebub: this new god of flies! Time gathered much credit to this idol; insomuch as the Jews afterwards styled Baal-

zebub the prince of all the regions of darkness. Ahaziah is the first that brings his oracle in request, and pays him the tribute of his devotion; he sends messengers, and says, "Go, inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, whether I shall recover of this disease."

The message was either idle or wicked: idle, if he sent it to a stock; if to a devil, both idle and wicked. What can the most intelligent spirits know of future things, but what they see either in their causes, or in the light of participation? What a madness was it in Ahaziah to seek to the postern, while the foregate stood open! Could those evil spirits truly foretell events no way pre-existent, yet they might not, without sin, be consulted: the evil of their nature debars all the benefits of their information: if not as intelligencers, much less may they be sought to as gods. Who cannot blush to hear and see that even the very evangelical Israel should yield pilgrims to the shrines of darkness?

The message of the jealous God intercepts them with a just disdain, as here by Elijah: "Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron?" What can be a greater disparagement to the true God, than to be neglected for such a rival? Ahaziah cannot escape: "Therefore thus saith the Lord, Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die."

It is a high indignity to the true God, not to be sought to in our necessities; but so to be cashiered from our devotions as to have a false god thrust in His room is such a scorn as it is well if it can escape with one death. Let now the famous god of Ekron take off that brand of feared mortality, which the living God hath set on Ahaziah. Let Baal-zebub make good some better news to his distressed supplicant; rather the king of Israel is himself, without his repentance, hasting to Baal-zebub.

This errand is soon done; the messengers are returned ere they go. Not a little were they amazed to hear their secret message from another's mouth; neither could choose but think, "He that can tell what Ahaziah said, what he thought, can foretell how he shall speed: we have met with a greater God than we went to seek; what need we inquire for another answer?" With this thought, with this report, they return to their sick lord, and astonish him with so short, so sad a relation. No marvel, if the king inquired curiously of the habit and fashion of the man that could know this, that durst say this. They describe him a man, whether of a hairy skin, or of rough, coarse, careless attire; thus dressed, thus girded. Ahaziah readily apprehends it to be Elijah, the old friend of his father Ahab, of his mother Jezebel; more than once had he seen him, an unwelcome guest, in the court of Israel. The times had been such that the prophet could not at once speak true and please; nothing but reproofs and menaces sounded from the mouth of Elijah: Micaiah and he were still as welcome to the eyes of that guilty prince as the Syrian arrow was into his flesh. Too well, therefore, had Ahaziah noted that querulous seer; and now is not a little troubled to see himself, in succession, haunted with that bold and ill-boding spirit.

Behold the true son of Jezebel: the anguish of his disease, the expectation of death, cannot take off his persecution of Elijah. Had Ahaziah meant any other than a cruel violence to Elijah, he had sent a peaceable messenger to call him to the court; he had not sent a captain, with a band of soldiers, to fetch him; the instruments which he useth carry revenge in their face. If he had not thought Elijah more than a man, what needed a band of fifty men to apprehend one? and if he did think him such, why would he send to apprehend him by fifty? Surely Ahaziah knew of old, how miraculous a prophet Elijah was; what power that man had over all their base deities, what command of the elements, of the heavens; and yet he sends to attack him.

It is a strange thing to see how wilfully godless men strive against the stream of their own hearts; hating that which they know good, fighting against that which they know Divine. What a gross disagreement is in the message of this Israelitish captain! "Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down." If he were a man of God, how hath he offended? and if he hath justly offended the anointed of God, how is he a man of God? and if he be a man of God, and hath not offended, why should he come down to punishment? Here is a kind of confession, with a false heart, with bloody ends: the world is full of these windy courtesies, real cruelties. Deadly malice lurks under fair compliments; and, while it flatters, killeth.

The prophet hides not himself from the pursuit of Ahaziah; rather he sits where he may be most conspicuous, on the top of a hill: this band knows well where to find him, and climbs up, in the sight of Elijah, for his arrest. The steepness of the ascent, when they drew near to the highest reach, yielded to a convenience both of respiration and parley: thence doth the captain imperiously call down the prophet. Who would not tremble at the answer of Elijah? "If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty."

What shall we say? That a prophet is revengeful? that soldiers suffer while a prophet strikes? that a prince's command is answered with imprecation, words with fire? that an unarmed seer should kill one and fifty at a blow? There are few tracks of Elijah that are ordinary, and fit for common feet; his actions are more for wonder than for precedent. Not in his own defence would the prophet have been the death of so many, if God had not, by a peculiar instinct, made him an instrument of this just vengeance. The Divine justice finds it meet to do this for the terror of Israel, that He might teach them what it was to contemn, to persecute a prophet; that they might learn to fear Him whom they had forsaken, and confess that Heaven was sensible of their insolences and impieties. If not as visibly, yet as certainly, does God punish the violations of his ordinances, the affronts offered to his messengers, still and ever, not ever with the same speed: sometimes the punishment overtakes the act; sometimes dogs it afar off, and seizeth on the offender when his crime is forgotten. Here, no sooner is the word out of Elijah's mouth, than the fire is out of heaven.

Oh the wonderful power of a prophet of God! There sits Elijah in his coarse mantle, on the top of the hill, and commands the heavens, and they obey him; "Let fire fall down from heaven." He needs no more but say what he would have done: the fire falls down, as before on the sacrifice in Carmel, so now on the soldiers of Ahaziah. What is man in the hands of his Maker? One flash of lightning hath consumed these one and fifty: and if all the

hosts of Israel, yea, of the world, had been in their rooms, there had needed no other force. What madness is it for him, whose breath is in his nostrils, to contend with the Almighty!

The time was, when two zealous disciples would fain have imitated this fiery revenge of Elijah, and were repelled with a check. The very place puts them in mind of the judgment: not far from Samaria was this done by Elijah, and wished to be done by the disciples: so churlish a rejection of a Saviour seemed no less heinous than the endeavour of apprehending a prophet; "Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, as Elias did?" The world yielded but one Elias: that, which was zeal in him, might be fury in another; the least variation of circumstance may make an example dangerous: presently therefore do they hear, "Ye know not of what spirit ye are." It is the calling that varies the spirit: Elijah was God's minister for the execution of so severe a judgment; they were but the servants of their own impotent anger: there was fire in their breasts which God never kindled. Far was it from the Saviour of men to second their earthly fire with his heavenly. He came indeed to send fire on earth, but to warm, not to burn; and if to burn, not the persons of men, but their corruptions. How much more safe is it for us to follow the meek Prophet of the New Testament than that fervent prophet of the Old! Let the matter of our prayers be the sweet dews of mercy, not the fires of vengeance.

Would not any man have thought Ahaziah sufficiently warned by so terrible a judgment? Could he choose but say, "It is no use meddling with a man that can speak lightning and death! What he hath said concerning me is too well approved by what he hath done to my messengers: God's hand is with him; mine shall not be against him?" Yet now, behold, the rage of Ahaziah is so much the more kindled by this fire from heaven; and a more resolute captain, with a second band, is sent to fetch Elijah to death. This man is in haste, and commands not only his descent, but his speed; "Come down quickly." The charge implies a threat; Elijah must look for force, if he yield not. There needs no other weapon for defence, for offence, than the same tongue, the same breath. God hath fire enough for all the troops of Ahaziah. Immediately doth a sudden flame break out of heaven, and consume this forward leader and his bold followers. It is a just presage and desert of ruin, not to be warned. Worthily are they made examples, that will not take them.

What flint is harder than a wicked heart? Ahaziah will needs yet again set a third captain on so desperate an employment. How hot a service must this commander needs think himself put on? Who can but pity his straits? There is death before him, death behind him: if he go not, the king's wrath is the messenger of death; if he go, the prophet's tongue is the executioner of death. Many a hard task will follow the service of a prince wedded to his passion, divorced from God. Unwillingly, doubtless, and fearfully doth this captain climb up the hill to scale that impregnable fort: but now, when he comes near to the assault, the battery that he lays to it is his prayers; his surest fight is on his knees. "He went up, and came and fell on his knees before Elijah, and besought him, and said unto him, O man of God, I pray thee, let my life, and the life of these fifty thy servants, be precious in thy sight." He confesses the judgment that befel his predecessors; the monuments of their destruction were in his eye, and the terror of it in his heart; of an enemy therefore he is become a supplicant, and sues not so much for the prophet's yieldance, as for his own life. This was the way to offer violence to the prophet of God, to the God of that prophet, even humble supplications: we must deprecate that evil which we would avoid: if we would force blessings we must entreat them. There is nothing to be gotten from God by strong hand; anything by suit. The life of the captain is preserved: Elijah is by the angel commanded to go down with him speedily, fearlessly. The prophet casts not with himself, "What safety can there be in this journey? I shall put myself into the hands of rude soldiers, and by them into the hands of an enraged king: if he did not eagerly thirst after my blood, he had never sought it with so much loss." But so soon as he had a charge from the angel, he walks down resolutely, and as it were, dares the dangers of so great an hostility. He knew that the same God who had fought for him on the hill would not leave him in the valley: he knew the angel, which bade him go, was guard enough against a world of enemies. Faith knows not how to fear, and can as easily contemn the suggestion of perils as unbelief can raise them.

The prophet looks boldly on the court, which doubtless was not a little disaffected to him, and comes confidently into the bed-chamber of Ahaziah; and sticks not to speak over the same words to his head, which he had sent him, not long since, by his first messengers. Not one syllable will the prophet abate of his errand. It is not for a herald of heaven to be out of countenance, or to mince aught of the most killing messages of his God.

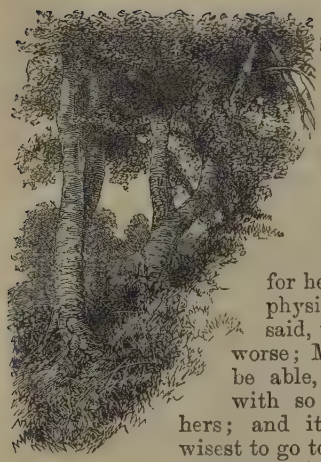
Whether the unexpected confidence, both of the man and of the speech, amazed the sick king of Israel; or whether the fear of some judgment (wherewith he might suspect Elijah to come armed, on any act of violence that should be offered) overawed him; or whether now, at last, on the sight and hearing of this man of God, the king's heart began to relent, and check itself for that sin, for which he was justly reproved, I know not; but sure I am, the prophet goes away untouched: neither the furious purposes of Ahaziah, nor the exasperations of a Jezebel can hurt that prophet, whom God hath intended to a fiery chariot. The hearts of kings are not their own; subjects are not so much in their hands as they are in their Maker's. How easily can God tame the fierceness of any creature, and, in the midst of their most heady career, stop them on the sudden, and fetch them on the knees of humble submission! It is good trusting God with the events of his own commands, who can, at pleasure, either avert evils, or improve them to good.

According to the word of the prophet, Ahaziah dies: not two whole years doth he sit on the throne of Israel, which he now must yield, in the want of children, to his brother. Wickedness shortens his reign; he had too much of Ahab and Jezebel to expect the blessing, either of length or prosperity of government. As always in the other, so ofttimes in this world, doth God testify his anger to wicked men. Some live long, that they may aggravate their judgment; others die soon, that they may hasten it.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Pansies let my flowers be."



AS Delia had surmised, Mrs. Chafford was in no haste to return to Pine Cottage.

She had succeeded, with her usual cleverness, in convincing Uncle Peter that it was necessary for her to consult a London physician. Her health, she said, was getting worse and worse; Mr. Smythe would not be able, she feared, to deal with so intricate a case as hers; and it would be best and wisest to go to town.

Mr. Sorrell had always had perfect confidence in Mr. Smythe; but at the words "intricate case" he became alarmed, and told his niece that she was perfectly right in seeking the best medical advice.

Then too, there were the children to be considered; Sybil could be managed easily enough; but Walter was growing quite beyond his mother's control.

Little Harry Paget was getting on well in his London school, and Josephine thought that Walter was now old enough to be under the care of masters. Then he would have his cousin Harry for a companion, and that would be better for him than the company of Sybil, who often irritated him when she was only trying to do her duty. Little girls and boys too frequently led a cat-and-dog life when they were constantly thrown together, their ideas and habits were always at variance, and quarrelling was the inevitable result of their intercourse. Did not dear Uncle Peter agree with his niece's views?

Everything that Josephine said appeared so right and reasonable that Mr. Sorrell could not help agreeing with her. Moreover, he was conscious that Walter had been growing masterful of late, and that Keziah's good management was missed, although Mrs. Chafford had assured him that there was no need for her place to be filled up.

"I will just run up to town, dear uncle," she had said, "consult my doctor; settle Walter in his school; and then come back to Pine Cottage. And I hope it will be a long, long time before Sybil and I ever leave you again."

It always seemed that everything combined to favour Josephine's plans. The Pagets had moved into a larger house, and had spare rooms to offer their relatives.

"It will be cheaper to board with Annie than to go into lodgings," said the widow; "and of course it will be much pleasanter for us all. Dear Annie has quite given up extravagant ways: she sees no company, and is always at home."

It was September when the Chaffords went away; and Mr. Sorrell spoke of their return in the following month. But October went by without bringing them back.

Although Josephine had departed with a pensive face and drooping head, she was inwardly in a state of great elation. Her pockets were well filled with money; she was going to enjoy herself in her own fashion and take a plunge into the gay world again; and, best of all, she knew that in Uncle Peter's favour she now reigned supreme without the shadow of a rival.

She knew too that the old man had made a fresh will. Mr. Goldie, the lawyer, had come from Foxham, and had been shut up in the study with Mr. Sorrell for an hour.

Josephine was not above prying and eavesdropping, and after sending the children out of the way, she had contrived to hover about the study-door without being heard or seen. Mr. Sorrell was a little deaf; the lawyer spoke loudly and in a high-pitched voice, and some few sentences had reached the ears of the eager listener. She had gone off to her room to hide her triumph and excitement, and it had seemed, that day, as if the desire of her heart would really be won at last.

After leaving the children at the Pagets' house in Bayswater she went down to a fashionable watering-place, and began to live her old gay life over again.

It was not very difficult to create a sensation at the seaside; Josephine's costumes were gorgeous enough to attract attention, and it soon became noised abroad that she was a lady with large means, and still larger expectations. New acquaintances were made; new plans laid, and she began to grow giddy with the intoxication of fancied conquests and successes. Little did Uncle Peter guess that her sober letters (always posted at Bayswater), were written in the bits of time snatched from frivolities and fooleries.

Those letters always contained lamentations over her ever-increasing debility. It was hard, she wrote, to stay away from dear Uncle Peter, and her sweet home in Thistledean; but the doctor would not hear of her returning yet. He was trying a new course of tonics, and felt it necessary to watch the effects of his treatment. Meanwhile her thoughts were turning sadly to Pine Cottage, and she could never hope to find peace and contentment apart from her uncle's side.

"I am afraid Josephine is really too reckless," Mrs. Paget would say to her husband. "I wish she would come away from that place, and be quiet. And it does seem a shame that Uncle Peter should be so deceived; she writes letters at Sandstone, and makes me post them here." But Mr. Paget only shrugged his shoulders, and went off to his daily business without concerning himself with the doings of his sister-in-law. He was not a man of high principles, and it did not matter to him whether Mr. Sorrell were deceived or not.

After spending a month at Sandstone, Mrs. Chafford returned to Bayswater, still in the highest spirits; and Annie, who was one of the weakest of women, verily began to believe in the all-conquering powers of Josephine.

In a quiet Bloomsbury street Garret Montague had taken rooms, and had begun his London career. A sad beginning it seemed to the lonely young man, who had brought a heavy heart and a weak frame to the struggle of life.

For some days after his arrival he lay exhausted and ill in his dull apartments. Unfit to begin work, troubled in spirit, and feeling as if it was scarcely worth while to make an effort about anything, Garret stood sorely in need of help and comfort; and that need was supplied.

Most of us can distinctly remember the rugged places in our path; and it requires no great effort of memory to recall the spot where we sat down to weep in the very helplessness of utter weakness. Every dreary feature of the scene can be pictured in a moment: the flinty road, stretching on before us for many a weary mile; the sky covered with leaden clouds that no slender sunbeam could slip through; and even the bramble-trailer that failed not to inflict its little wound when we tore it from our garments with a careless hand. But there is one thing that we have half forgotten; and that was the only cheerful bit in the desolate landscape. Only a thick cluster of speedwell growing by the wayside; and yet how beautiful it seemed to us then! It was like a fragment of the blue heaven spread out for us on the dull earth, a piece of pure azure that no clouds could hide.

Afterwards—when the path grew smoother, and the skies were bright, our souls blessed the Lord in orthodox Christian fashion; but could it be said of us that we "forget not all his benefits"? Our small consolations are seldom remembered when the need of them has passed away; and yet they were the trifles that kept us from despair.

It was one of these small consolations that came to Garret Montague in his London lodging, and wiled his thoughts away from disappointment and pain.

The landlady's little daughter, a child of ten, knocked one day at the door of his room, and entered, shyly, with a small bunch of pansies.

It happened to be one of Garret's very worst days. Body and mind were still suffering from the effects of that hasty farewell to Thistledean; every nerve was unstrung, and he had spent a dismal morning on the sofa. It had been raining, too, ever since breakfast, and the out-look upon wet bricks and a muddy street was depressing to the last degree. Moreover a rainy summer day is always especially gloomy in London, where there are no leaves to catch the drops, and no grass to twinkle with rain-diamonds. It was too warm to have a fire; and the gay shavings in the grate were ten times worse than the sight of empty black bars to Garret; that pink and tinsel gaudiness was a wretched mockery of the honest blaze that might have given the room an air of comfort.

His one o'clock mutton-chop had been eaten because it was an unpleasant duty to take nourishment; and then the long afternoon began.

One or two books, hastily unpacked, lay beside his couch; but they chanced to be the very volumes that he had read with Prue in their sunny hours together. Here was a sentence that they had dwelt upon and discussed; he could call back the swift lights and shades that flitted over her face while she talked; her voice returned to him with startling distinctness. It is a strange power that memory has of reproducing voices; and Prue's silvery tone seemed to smite upon his heart with a sharp pain.

It had left off raining, and sunbeams had struggled out of the clouds to glint upon the wet bricks; rays of light strayed into Garret's window, and found their way to the listless figure on the sofa. A church-clock struck four; another hour, and then the maid-of-all-work would bring in the little teapot and solitary cup, and set them out on the table.

He fell to thinking of five o'clock tea at Thorn Farm; what a feast of rural dainties and fresh flowers it was! Regrets, memories, longings, overwhelmed him like a flood, as he lay watching the sunbeams at play in the London street.

And then it was that the landlady's little daughter knocked at the door.

Garret looked with a languid surprise at the pale slim child who came towards him, timidly, but not awkwardly, with her little offering.

"If you please, sir, I thought you would like some flowers," she said in a quiet young voice.

"Thank you," replied Garret, taking the gift with the gentle grace that was natural to him. "It was good in you to remember me."

She lingered for a moment, glancing at him with wistful eyes, and then turned to depart.

"Don't go yet," he said, reading her desire to remain, and thinking that she might perhaps be better company than his own sad musings.

A flush of pleasure tinged her pale face.

"Are you sure that I shan't trouble you, sir?" she asked.

"Quite sure; I shall be glad to have a nice little companion."

He looked at the pansies, and very nearly lost himself in another reverie. They had ranked among Prue's favourite flowers, immortalised, as she had often said, by all the chiefest of the "sons of light." Milton had written of "the pansy freak'd with jet"; and Shelley's "pard-like spirit" had been "crowned with pansies overblown." Gazing down at the dark-blue velvet petals in his hand, he almost forgot the little visitor who stood motionless beside the couch.

"Sit down," he said, suddenly remembering her existence at last. "I have been feeling dull to-day; and your pansies have come to refresh me."

"My brother used to be very fond of flowers," she remarked after a pause. "He said they were always a comfort to people who were ill."

"Was your brother ill?" Garret asked.

"Yes, sir; he was never well. He had an accident when he was a boy, and could not walk any more; but oh, he was so cheerful and kind! The house seems very sad without him."

"And you were his little nurse?"

"Yes, always. And I never, never stop missing him; it's so strange to feel that there's no one to wait upon. I could take care of him, you know, sir, and make him comfortable, although I'm only a little girl."

The child's eyes were brimming over with tears; and Garret understood all at once that here was a small life with a large void in it.

"You must take care of me now," he said, with the peculiar softness of manner that always endeared him to children. "But first of all I should like to know your name."

"It's Helen, sir; I'm always called Nelly."

So Nelly and Garret became friends; and spent a good many hours together.

He soon knew all that she could tell him about the invalid brother whose brief life had been a blessing to the household. Nelly's Ned had been one of those bright spirits whose mission it is to keep a little circle of radiance around them; and no one who was drawn within that charmed ring could help being warmed and cheered. Then, too, he had given his young sister the boon of occupation; and after his death her life had lost its chief object of interest and delight.

At last Garret's term of inaction came to an end; and he gained strength enough to begin his work in a city office.

Employment helped and soothed him, although it did not teach him to forget the past. As time went on, and his health became more firmly established, he began to look up old acquaintances who had settled in town, and sometimes he was drawn into joining their small gaieties. New faces came into his life; new voices rang in his ears; but the remembrance of one face and one voice lingered with him still.

One day he received a letter from Josephine, telling him that she had come to Bayswater with the children, and complaining of wretched health and spirits. She fixed a day for him to dine at her sister's house, and he readily accepted the invitation.

Not one word was dropped about the gay doings at Sandstone. Josephine, plainly dressed, and very quiet in demeanour, was still the gentle pensive widow he had known at Thistledean. The children were shy and reserved; and Sybil mounted strict guard over Walter throughout their cousin's visit.

"I can never forget your kindness to me, Garret," said the widow at parting. "The sum that I owe you——"

"Do not speak of it," he entreated. "Have you—do you ever hear from friends at Thistledean?"

"No," she answered sadly; "no one writes to me but Uncle Peter, and he gives me very little news. It is a thankless world, dear Garret."

"And my uncle, does he never ask for me?"

"Never; I am sorry to say it. His letters are often very cold and formal; and I sometimes think he has wearied of me and the children. Poor little Walter was rather troublesome, I fear, after you were gone; Uncle Peter grew fidgety, and scolded him when he made a noise. I am going to send him to school as soon as I can afford it; he must not go back to Pine Cottage."

Garret returned to his lodgings sadder than he left them, and all little Nelly's powers of consolation could scarcely win a smile from her new friend. If any faint gleam of hope had lurked in his heart, Josephine had extinguished it thoroughly, and the world seemed all the colder and drearier for that brief visit to Bayswater.

But Mrs. Chafford had heard one piece of news from Thistledean which she had carefully concealed from Garret Montague. Uncle Peter had written to tell her that Prudence Winterburn was lying sick unto death.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

OCTOBER 30.

NADAB AND ABIHU. LEVITICUS x. 1–11.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM XIX. 13.—'*Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins.*'

CONNECTION.—The laws concerning the offerings had all been given (in the first seven chapters). The next step was to put them into execution, by the consecration of Aaron and his sons (ch. viii). After the appointed sacrifices, the newly-ordained priests remained **at the door of the Tabernacle of meeting** for a whole week, at the close of which the offerings were presented with even greater solemnity, in their prescribed order, the **sin-offering**, the **burnt-offering**, and the **peace-offering**, both for themselves and for the people. The fire that consumed the burnt sacrifice was kindled by no earthly hands. It **came out from before the Lord**, flashing forth from the cloud of His presence, while the **people shouted and fell on their faces**, mingling exultation with awe. Compare ch. ix. 24 with 1 Kings xviii. 39. But soon this awe was to be deepened by a terrible judgment, of which the teaching in several ways is also for ourselves.

I. DEATH AND BURIAL OF AARON'S SONS.—*Read vers.* 1–5. Great must have been the consternation in the camp of Israel at the news that these two young priests, **Nadab and Abihu**, the two eldest of Aaron's four sons (Exod. xxviii. 1), and the most favoured of the four (Exod. xxiv. 1, 9), had suddenly died in the Holy Place! It was soon after their consecration; immediately after, as it would appear. Hardly have they entered on their high office, when they are thus smitten down. **The fire of the Lord**, that had flashed from the cloud of His presence to consume the burnt-offering in token of His approval, now **devoured** the priests themselves, in token of His displeasure! What could all this mean?

Let us first inquire exactly *what the sons of Aaron had to do.* After presenting the morning or evening burnt sacrifice, it was the priest's duty to take burning 'coals' from the altar in a **censer** or small open metal dish to sprinkle on the fire a little **incense**, compounded of sweet spices according to strict rule (Exod. xxxiv. 30–38); to carry the whole within the 'first vail' into the Holy Place, and to lay the burning incense upon the golden altar. This was the ritual for many ages: compare the history of Zacharias, Luke i. 8–10. [One priest afterwards discharged the function alone, according to lot; but here, Nadab and Abihu went together, like Moses and Aaron before, ch. ix. 23.] The fragrant smoke ascended from the golden altar, and when it had burned away, the priest came out of the Holy Place to bless the people in the Tabernacle court.

Every part of the ceremony had to be performed according to rule, and one principal regulation was that the fire in the censer should be *taken from the altar.* That fire was never to be extinguished (ch. vi. 12, 13): lighted at first by Jehovah himself, the priest had constantly to replenish it with fuel and to see that it did not go out. This part of the service, like every other, had a meaning. Incense means prayer and, especially, praise; and our devotion must begin with the cry for forgiveness. *The incense must be kindled from the altar of sacrifice.* Nadab and Abihu, on the contrary, took **strange fire** in their censers, they disregarded the altar and lighted their incense from common fire, in their own way. Not only was the sin a grievous one, as an act of disobedience, but it destroyed the meaning of the service. God might command without assigning any reason, and claim to be obeyed unquestioningly; but here was a plain

reason for the command, and to permit the incense to be kindled in any other way than that prescribed would have been to annul the type. Once for all, therefore, by this terrible judgment, God confirms the sacredness of His own law, and shows to His priests and people for all time that praise can rise acceptably to Him only when pardon has gone before.

See Isa. xii. 1: 'O Lord, I will praise Thee:—though Thou wast angry with me Thine anger is turned away,' and Psa. li. 15, where, after the cry of penitence the suppliant adds: 'O Lord, open Thou my lips;—And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'

So in the Morning and Evening Service of the Church of England; the offering of praise after the General Confession and prayer of Absolution—like the incense kindled from the altar.

Our sympathies are turned to the sorrow-stricken father, so suddenly and awfully bereaved of his elder sons, just after their appointment to high and honourable office in God's service. It is the solemn duty of **Moses** to declare **to Aaron** amid his grief, the meaning of the stroke. **This is it that Jehovah spake**—declaring, indeed, what He had before uttered in word: **I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me.** Every worshipper must honour God by exact obedience: a sign of 'reverence and godly fear;' there must be no lightness, no trifling with God's commands. See Psa. lxxxix. 7; and in application to Christian worship Hebrews xii. 28, 29. This is a rule for all worshippers, especially for the priests, whose office was to draw near God, not for themselves alone. **Before all the people will I be glorified.** 'The people,' present in the Tabernacle court, would no doubt observe the irreverent carelessness and disobedience of these two priests. *What will come of it?* they might ask. *Will God take any notice of their conduct?* At once the question is answered! The death of Nadab and Abihu was the declaration to all Israel that God must be honoured and obeyed in everything. What could Aaron say in reply to this? Nothing. He cannot plead that God has been unjust, unwise, unkind. Yet his heart is too full of sorrow to confess the justice of the stroke. He suffers silently. **Aaron held his peace.** (Psalm xxxix. 9) an example to all those who suffer. When the Christian mourner *can speak*, let him remember Eli and Job (1 Sam. iii. 18; Job. i. 21). When his grief is too great for words, his pattern is in the mourning father here. The funeral of the young priests is short and sad. Two of Aaron's cousins, **sons of Uzziel,** Amram's brother (Exod. vi. 22; 1 Chron. vi. 2), are called to the melancholy task. **Carry your brethren**—a word of tenderness in the midst of all this sin and shame—**out of the camp**—to some place of burial away from the abodes of the living—**in their coats**—their 'holy and beautiful garments,' defiled by sin and never to be worn again; lay them, clad in their priestly robes, just as they died, in an unhonoured grave!

> But what of their *souls*? Thoughtful young readers are sure to ask this. Would God cast them off eternally—those who had seen His glory face to face (Exod. xxiv. 9, 10)? We cannot answer confidently—we do not know what they were in their general character, whether their sin was the presumption of bold transgressors, or the failure for the time of God's true servants. Supposing the latter possible, let the careful student of Scripture read 1 Cor. v. 5. Smitten, yet forgiven; judgment and mercy—may have been God's plan. We cannot tell, but we are not forbidden to hope.

II. Further Lessons of the Event.—*Read vers.* 6–11. 1. *The mourning.* To **uncover the head** (cutting off the hair or shaving it wholly away) and to **rend the garments** were customary signs of mourning in the East. See Job i. 20; compare Jer. vii. 29. These acts were entirely forbidden to the high priest, Lev. xxi. 10, 11; because the garments that he wore, and the head on which the consecrating oil had been poured, were holy. So to **Eleazar and Ithamar,** who were now to be the fathers of the priestly line (**Eleazar** to succeed **Aaron** in the high priesthood, Num. xx. 28). Their relationship to God was to be considered as higher than all earthly ties. But their **brethren, the whole house of Israel,** were to **bewail the burning which Jehovah had kindled**—the manifestation of His wrath in the devouring flame.

2. *Entire dedication of the priests to God's service.* They were not to **go out from the door** (entrance) **of the Tabernacle of meeting** (ch. xxi. 12), but always to dwell in the sanctuary (so Eli, 1 Sam. iii. 2), a life that to David seemed the very ideal of happiness (Psa. xxiii. 6; xxvii. 4; lxv. 4). To Aaron and to his two sons this was henceforth to be their home, away from secular cares and associations—small chambers being no doubt prepared for them within the sanctuary court. To quit this home was to die; their life would have lost its meaning and purpose, and God would smite them down. The reason given? The **anointing oil of Jehovah** was not to be profaned by being carried forth among men.

3. *Strong drink forbidden.*—Here, it has been thought, we learn in part the secret of Nadab and Abihu's sin. Else, why is this particular command connected with the record of their fate? They had probably been drinking, when they went thus presumptuously into the sanctuary. This had stupefied them, or else made them overbold. Had they known what they were doing, they would hardly have thus transgressed. A terrible warning against the sin of intemperance. No false excitement must ever be permitted in entering upon the service of God, Eph. v. 18; compare 1 Tim. iii. 3, 8 (rules for God's ministers generally). Purity and self-restraint must mark all worshippers, Isa. lii. 11.

4. *The priesthood to be teachers.* Opportunity is taken from this sad event to show the priests that they are to be the guides to the people by precept and example, in all that concerns the difference **between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean.** Their life and instruction are to be as standards to the people, Ezek. xliv. 23; Mal. ii. 6, 7. Such was the work of the priests of old: **to teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken**—type of the true teacher's work through all time—the Church, as a consecrated priesthood, God's witness to mankind in purity of life and sincerity of obedience even more than by spoken word.

III. Teaching of the Whole.—Beyond the points brought out in the course of the lesson, it will be useful to note particularly (1) *the solemnity of God's service*—never to be thoughtlessly or 'presumptuously' entered upon—(See Golden Text). True, we have not now definite laws of ritual, prescribing every part. That was needful for the perfection of the type; but the reality has now come—spirit, not form. Only, the worship must truly express the spirit which was in the ancient form—seriousness, reverence, and above all the consciousness of acceptance through sacrifice alone. (2) Closely connected with the foregoing thought is the sin and danger of *intruding self* into the professed service of God. **Strange fire** may be brought in many ways. Vanity, desire to excel, ambition, intellectual pride, and such 'excellency of speech or of wisdom' as the Apostle Paul disclaimed (1 Cor. ii. 1) may thus be described. The only influence upon the teacher's mind and heart and speech must be from the altar, and from heaven!

Questions.

1. Enumerate the family of Aaron: and show that descendants of Ithamar as well as of Eleazar had their part in the high-priesthood.

2. What were the rules respecting incense, its composition and its use; and what their typical meaning?

3. How far is the strictness of ritual in the Old Testament worship, a pattern for that of the New?

4. Show from the prophets that intemperance was a besetting sin of a corrupt priesthood.

Pages for the Young.

ARCHIE'S PRAYER-BOOK.

I.

"PLEASE, papa, may I stay at home from church this morning? My head really aches."

Mr. Rutherford laid his large, cool hand gently on his little son's forehead, and then withdrew it with a smile.

"It is hot, Archie, and I should not like you to make it worse, but is it bad enough, do you think, to keep you away from church?"

"Oh, please, papa," pleaded the little boy, his lips trembling a little at the possible refusal of his request.

"Very well, Archie. But I hope," continued Mr. Rutherford earnestly, "I hope that some day the service of God's house will be so dear to my little son, that he will never let trifles keep him from it."

Archie coloured and looked abashed. Fondness for church-going had never been reckoned among the boy's virtues, and on Sunday mornings he was prone to make much of little sicknesses which on weekdays passed unnoticed. Of pain and weakness Archie had, indeed, a greater share than most boys of his age, for he had been delicate from his babyhood, and on this account was very tenderly cared for by his parents.

Father and mother went to church, and Archie curled himself up comfortably on the hearthrug, well pleased at being allowed to nurse himself. But the time passed away very slowly, and long before morning service was over, a very weary and unsatisfied little face was pressed against the window, and a pair of longing eyes looking anxiously out into the almost empty street.

Home came Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford at last. Archie sprang to open the door.

"Oh, mamma, how long Mr. Ellis must have preached! It seems hours and hours since you went away."

Father and mother exchanged glances. "You did not find the time long, mamma, did you?" asked Mr. Rutherford, smiling a little.

His wife returned the smile, and asked how the headache was. "It is better now, mamma," said Archie, rather gravely, adding after a pause, with deep conviction: "I don't think I shall have a headache next Sunday."

The little boy prophesied rightly. When Sunday came round again, he was quite impatient and anxious until the church-bells began to ring, dreading lest any unforeseen accident should interpose, and condemn him to another lonely morning. He did not feel quite easy until he was sitting in the pew by his mother's side, waiting for the service to begin.

Just as Mr. Ellis came out from the vestry, Mrs. Rutherford felt a gentle pull at her shawl, and, looking down, saw her little son's face raised, full of distress, to hers.

"Mamma," whispered Archie energetically, "my Prayer-book is gone—my blue one, you know."

Mrs. Rutherford looked along the narrow shelf at the front of the pew, where the books were usually kept, but looked in vain. There was no time then, however, to make any inquiries, so she whispered in return, "You must look over with me, dear," and the little hand relaxed its grasp on her shawl.

At dinner that day the loss was discussed. "Archie is in great trouble about his Prayer-book," said Mrs. Rutherford to her husband, "It has very mysteriously disappeared from its usual place in the pew."

"I expect somebody has stoled it, papa," put in Archie, with grave conclusiveness.

"I hope not," answered his father, unable to repress a smile.

"But it is rather strange, don't you think, dear?" asked Mrs. Rutherford. "We never missed a book before."

"Oh, stay a moment, let me think," said her husband, rousing himself. He had hitherto been listening half-absently to the conversation, but now gave his whole attention. "Why, yes, I am almost sure—and yet—he surely could not have——"

"Then it *was* stoled, papa," repeated Archie, putting his own construction on his father's broken sentences.

"Well, my boy, I hardly know what to say. I remember now, that last Sunday, I noticed a gentleman sitting in the free seats, and he had no Prayer-book, so I lent him yours, Archie, which was lying unused on the shelf. By the time service was over, I had completely forgotten all about it, but I recollect now that it was not returned to me. Yet, to judge by appearances, the stranger was a gentleman; besides, no one would surely dream of stealing a thing of such trifling value." Mr. Rutherford looked perplexed.

"Oh, papa, my own little blue Prayer-book! Did you really lend the man that?" asked Archie reproachfully.

"Yes, my boy, I'm afraid I did, and afraid, too, that we shall not see it again. But never mind," continued Mr. Rutherford, seeing that his little son was looking very dismal, and repressing with difficulty the tears he was too manly to let fall, "I will buy you another, Archie."

"A blue one, papa?" asked Archie doubtfully.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Rutherford, "and you shall come to the shop with me, and make your own choice."

"And I may write my own name in it, papa, like I did in the other one?"

Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford looked at each other and smiled. Archie had preferred the same request when the now lost Prayer-book had first come into his possession, and it had been granted. An hour's patient penmanship had produced unlooked for results, and Mrs. Rutherford half repented of her given permission, on finding that the fly-leaf of the book was covered with straggling, text-hand characters. The boy had written—"Archibald Graham Rutherford," and below this——

"To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below."

"Mamma, what are you laughing at?" he had asked, much disconcerted at the amused smile which had overspread his mother's face as she read.

"What made you write this verse, Archie?"

"It's a quittation, mamma."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"A quittation, mamma," repeated the boy, persistently, "a quittation, you know, like you put in papa's birthday-book."

"Oh, yes, a quotation, to be sure," answered Mrs. Rutherford; "but why this particular one, Archie?"

"It is painted, you know, mamma, on the front of the box Mr. Ellis gave me, where I put in my pennies for the Orphan Asylum."

Again Mrs. Rutherford had said, "Oh, yes," and, later on, displayed to her husband's amused eyes the results of his little son's penmanship.

Mr. Rutherford kept his word faithfully, and during the next week, took Archie to a large London bookseller's, and purchased such a beautiful Prayer-book that Archie fell in love with it on the spot, and was quite proud to produce it when Sunday came round.

But no tidings came of the little blue Prayer-book that had been lost.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

AUTUMN LEAVES.

ONE of the most successful paintings in the Royal Academy some years ago, was described in the catalogue as "Autumn Leaves." In the foreground of the picture there was a heap of pale faded leaves about to be consumed by a fire, the smoke from which could be seen faintly curling up from the ground. Two girls were standing by the heap, watching the progress of destruction, their forms tinged with the brightness of the setting sun. They were but simple elements thus blended together to form what one of the first art critics of the age styled, "the most poetical work the painter had yet conceived." Yet no one could gaze upon the painting without feeling as much its happy suggestiveness as its felicitous execution. As we walk through wood and lane at this season, there are many lessons taught us by the fallen leaf.

And foremost among these is the evidence afforded of Divine power and wisdom. Not long since, the tree from whence that leaf has fallen was bare and leafless. All through the cold and dreary days and nights of winter it had stretched its gaunt arms upwards

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

to the sky, as if praying for a covering. The hoar-frost hung in myriad forms of beauty on the naked branches, and as the sunshine fell upon it all dissolved and left the tree still bare and dark against the noon. At night the keen wind whistled through the leafless boughs, and by its melancholy music added to the dreariness of winter. But the spring came, and with it life. Leaves, which at the first were but tender germs, shrinking from the chilling frosts of the early year, soon clothed the tree with beauty. The arms, once stretched aloft as if in prayer, now gently waved themselves in exultation, while the gentle rustle of the new-born leaves was borne upon the breeze like sweetest melody to heaven. How great the miracle that gives such life as this! How vastly greater that eternal self-existent life from whence all other life springs!

This Divine wisdom was specially manifested in the usefulness of the leaves. Scattered helpless and dead about our path to-day, they have done their work. "They have been fellow-workers to produce the choice fruitage of the year." The uses of the leaves are various—as varied as their forms and hues. It is a characteristic of God's works that they have a manifold use, while the most elaborate man-made machines have seldom more than one

> "In human works, though laboured on with pain,
> A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
> In God's, one single can its end produce,
> Yet serves to second too some other use."

These leaves have helped to form the beauty of the woods, and by their fresh and lovely forms have cheered the hearts of those who, wearied with the toils of active life, have sought rest beneath their shade. Each one of them has given forth its contribution of purity and life to the air we breathe, taking back again—such is the wondrous economy of nature—that which would have proved injurious to human life. Behind the close-drawn curtain of rich foliage the birds have built their nests and reared their young. At the base of each leaf there has been carefully cherished the germ of next year's leaf, protected and nourished by its predecessor of the present. But more enduring proofs of usefulness have been left behind in the growth and vigour of the solid wood. To the strength of the tree each leaf has contributed its share, taking in from sunshine and from shower the nourishment needed by the parent stem.

To many of us such a lesson is suggestive of painful thoughts. May we not feel, as we hold that dry dead leaf in our hand, that, after all our vaunted superiority, a comparison between us must be to our disadvantage? The leaf was useful. It did not fall till duty was discharged. But what of our duties? Where has been the usefulness of our lives? Where are the spots made more lovely by the beauty of our Christian character? Where are those whose hearts we have cheered by loving words and gentle deeds? Where are the tired and wearied spirits over whom we have cast the grateful shade of comfort, counsel, or assistance? To what extent have we contributed to purify the moral atmosphere, cleansing it from foul passion and unholy feelings, and ever giving forth the holiest influences of a heaven-born life?

Again, autumn leaves speak to us of preparation for the storms of winter. Even summer has its danger for the tree. Heavy dews descending in the calm night of summer have so laden the leaves with moisture, that the branches have broken beneath the weight. So the snows of winter, if they should fall on trees still bearing their leaves, would often destroy their branches; or the violent hurricane of the wintry storm would sweep to the ground thousands of trees if the foliage were retained. But the leaves, which the gentler breezes of summer only cause to murmur sweetest music as they flutter in the air, have fallen in the autumn, and then the storms of winter rage around the tree in comparative harmlessness. Is not all this repeated in human life? Are not the cases frequent in which the soul is prepared for severer duties by the gradual removal of external attractions? Have we not seen a man retaining his wealth but losing his godliness under the sweeping force of temptation? On the other hand, have not the mysterious workings of Providence often taken away the possessions of a good man, so as to enable him the better to endure? The leaves have been taken from the tree in order that it might the better withstand the storms of winter.

Further, the fading of the leaf is suggestive of the desirableness of rest. The life forces have been very active in that tree all through the early year. When the spring days brought their first gleams of cheering sunshine, and when they distilled their refreshing showers, what activity there was in every part. Vessels and tissues that in winter had been lying dormant, or at best had acted sluggishly, now woke up to life. Nourishment from the soil was drawn up by the remotest feeders of the roots. It hurried from fibre to fibre, entered the trunk of the tree, and was soon dispersed evenly through all its gigantic limbs, so that there was not one tiny twig stretching far away towards the sky but felt the life-giving influences. Again, the bark and leaves were, through a myriad pores, drinking in the moisture which the air provided so copiously. But such work as this could not go on for ever. All things need rest. Even angels' songs are sometimes hushed; and One who was greater than the angels, "crowned with glory and honour," even Christ, "being wearied with His journey sat thus on the well." How refreshing is the thought that rest awaits the wearied worker when his life is spent. "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Is there one who has long toiled for God; who has fought the good fight and kept the faith; who finds at length that strength is failing? Is death at hand? Think not that the weakness of age will make it easier work for the foe to conquer. The decay of strength does not come because Christ has left his follower to perish. It is but the falling leaf that tells of coming rest, for to the believer death is nothing more. "He giveth his beloved sleep." When wearied with the world, they lay themselves in Jesus' arms to wake again amid the glories of the future life.

> "For death is not a break or end
> Of thought and action, but the change
> Of rising into loftier range,
> Where thoughts to nobler issues tend.
>
> Each seedling from these lower grounds
> Transferred to richer soil and air,
> Its gradual fulness gathers there,
> And spreads increasing to its bounds."

F. W.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Sustain this heart in us, that faints."

FOR many days there was little hope that Prue's life would be spared to those who watched and prayed around her day and night.

It was a solemn time of close intercourse with the Father of souls: a time when flowers faded and dead leaves drifted about unnoticed in the outer world. Delia, absorbed in prayers and long vigils by her sister's side, had no thoughts to spare for the things of everyday life; and her father and brother went through their daily round and common task as men walking in a dream.

She was so dear to them all, that sweet self-willed Prue, who lay hour after hour unconscious of their presence. Her very faults had endeared her to them, for they were a part of herself; and there are certain faults which only deepen love. The great foible of Prue's character was like "sunshine broken from its rill." It was the wilful extravagance of warm affection, breaking all bounds, and spending itself in vain.

The great London physician who had come in haste to Thistledean, could do no more than quiet Mr. Smythe had already done. And so the weary days went on in heart-sickness and patient obedience to the doctor's orders; and autumn glided fast away.

Keziah Leever was now a member of the sorrowful household, and an efficient help in time of need. Just before Prue's illness declared itself, a housemaid had suddenly left the farm to be married; and Keziah had stepped gratefully into her vacant place.

At last, almost before the others could venture to entertain a hope, Mr. Smythe saw that his patient was feeling her way out of the phantom land.

One day, a day never forgotten by any one at Thorn Farm, Prue came back, slowly and feebly, into the old home-world to which she had been lost so long.

She found herself lying in her own room, surrounded by all the objects that had belonged to her childhood; a fire was shedding a cheerful glow over the chamber, and the light was the waning daylight of an autumn afternoon. From her pillow she could see, through the window, a glimpse of grey sky touched with silver gleams; tree-tops swaying in a rainy wind; rooks flying about the familiar boughs. And standing by the bedside was a well-known figure with an altered face; a face that had been full and rosy in the old times; and was now thin and worn.

Delia's heart gave a great throb of joy when she caught the first glance of recognition in her sister's eyes. And before the night fell, it was known, not only through the house, but throughout Thistledean, that Prue had returned once more to a consciousness of home-life.

But although the progress of recovery went slowly on, it seemed to stop at a certain point.

They had all hoped and believed that when her senses were fully restored, the old Prue would be given back to them; but they had hoped too much, and sanguine love had yet many a trial to undergo.

It was but the shadow of her former self who lay, day after day, on the sofa near the window, watching the trees, and taking no interest at all in the life that went on around her. Mr. Fincham came, and spoke of the goodness of One who had raised her up from sickness; but his words seemed to fall on weary ears.

"I was quite willing to die," she answered gently. "I had made up my mind to go."

"But it was not God's will to take you, my child. And there is a great deal of happiness for you in this world."

"Do you think so?" Prue asked dreamily. "You do not know how strange this life seems to me now. I feel a little like the princess who got a glimpse of heaven, and came back to find that a hundred years had passed while she looked through the golden gates."

"But there are no changes, Prue," said Mr. Fincham. "Everything has been going on as usual while you have been lying ill. You have returned to a matter-of-fact world, my dear, and you must live in it in a matter-of-fact way. And remember that the heaven you so nearly entered is not lost; it is still waiting for you, dear Prue; and you will dwell in it by-and-by."

"It is the 'by-and-by' that is so hard," Prue murmured. "I wanted to go without delay."

"You wanted to reach the rest, without the heat and toil of the long journey? Ah, Prue, it was not to be! But you are not the first pilgrim who would fain have taken a short cut to the celestial city."

The good vicar went his way homeward, sorely puzzled about Prue's state of mind, and talked the matter over quietly with his wife.

"It is strange for a young girl to talk so," he said.

"'Every heart knoweth its own bitterness,'" Mrs. Fincham replied. "And restored health does not always mean restored hope. I know a girl's heart better than you do, my dear husband, for I have studied my own daughters, as a mother does. Let Prue alone a bit; she may find something interesting in this world yet!"

"Thistledean seems to be under a cloud," said the vicar in a musing tone. "That girl's illness has cast a shadow over us all, Mary. And I am uneasy about Mr. Sorrell."

"So am I," Mrs. Fincham rejoined promptly. "I think he gets more feeble every time I see him. How hale and strong he was before his relations came to trouble him! Old people ought to end their days in peace."

"Garret Montague's sudden departure was mysterious," remarked Mr. Fincham. "Mr. Sorrell avoids speaking of him; and one day Mrs. Chafford dropped a vague hint about his extravagant habits. Well, anyhow, I liked the young man."

"I liked him, too; and I don't believe he has gone wrong!" said worthy Mrs. Fincham, stoutly. "But I do *not* like Josephine, with her ill-health and affected melancholy! None of my girls should have got so intimate with her as poor Prue did."

"Don't be uncharitable, my dear," entreated the vicar.

"Well, Charles, you know my sister Anne took exactly my view of Josephine's character, and you always had great confidence in Anne's judgment; she has certainly seen far more of the world than we have. By the way, I have had a letter from her."

"A letter from Anne?" said Mr. Fincham, brightening. "I wish she would come and see us."

"She is coming next week. You know she took our Bertha's little Tom to Sandstone, and the sea air did wonders for the child."

"Well, I am glad she is coming here again," the vicar said heartily. "We need cheering up; and Anne is one of the cheeriest persons I know."

Mrs. Fincham's sister was a childless widow, with ample means, and a kindly heart; and, as the vicar had said, she was a cheery person—just one of those women who seem to be sent into the world to comfort and help the weak-hearted. Her coming was always regarded as a sort of festival at the vicarage; and Mrs. Fincham, who sometimes felt a little lonely now that her girls were married, was full of delight at the prospect of a visit from Anne. The days passed on; and the visitor duly arrived.

"Now, here is Mr. Sorrell," said the vicar's wife looking up from her well-spread tea-table, and catching a glimpse of the old man's figure at the gate. "How tiresome it is that people always come when they are not wanted! I should have been glad to see him at any other time, but——"

"But why not now?" asked Mrs. Jefferson, the eagerly-expected "Anne," who was enjoying a fresh egg and a cup of tea.

"You have only been here half an hour, and there is so much to talk about," her sister replied.

"And plenty of time to talk in," said the vicar. "Depend upon it, Mr. Sorrell has come just to have a chat with Anne, and get brightened up? I told him she would be here this afternoon."

Mr. Sorrell was soon seated at the table, and made welcome by his old friends, for no sooner had he entered than Mrs. Fincham forgave his intrusion. The sight of his worn face awakened her ready compassion; and Mrs. Jefferson, too, was struck by the change in his appearance.

A great deal of cheerful talk went on; Mrs. Jefferson had the invaluable power of making common incidents seem interesting; and grown-up people were as fond of listening to Aunt Anne's stories of every-day life as were her little nephews and nieces. She had something to tell about her fellow-travellers; how a young lady had related her small grievances, and had been duly comforted; and how a spoiled little girl, to her mother's dismay, had flung her new bonnet out of the carriage window in a tantrum. The bonnet, which was a gay satin poke, had gone flying into a cottage-garden, and was seen to perch like a scarecrow on the boughs of a fruit-tree.

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Fincham. "There is no management of children in the present day. I hope Bertha has not over-indulged little Tom; did you find him troublesome at Sandstone, Anne?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Jefferson replied. "He is the brightest little fellow; always easily amused."

"What did you think of Sandstone?" the vicar asked. "A fashionable place, isn't it?"

"Very fashionable; I secured a quiet lodging in the most unfrequented spot that I could find; and little Tom and I only saw as much of the gay crowds as we wished to see. By the way, Mr. Sorrell, your niece, Mrs. Chafford, was making quite a sensation there."

"My niece!" echoed the old man in astonishment "My dear Mrs. Jefferson, you do not know that poor Josephine is in wretched health at Bayswater. She left me in September, and went to the Pagets that she might have the advice of a physician. I am most anxious about her."

There was a momentary pause. Something like mischievous triumph gleamed in Mrs. Fincham's eyes; she felt sure that they were on the brink of a discovery.

"Was it in September that you saw Mrs. Chafford at Sandstone, Anne?" she asked.

"It certainly was," Mrs. Jefferson answered. "She stayed on into October, and was there about four weeks. I did not renew my acquaintance with her, simply because she was in the midst of a gay set, and I felt that an old woman and a little child would only be a couple of bores."

"And her children, were they with her?" continued the vicar's wife.

"No; she was staying at the Crown Hotel quite alone."

"The Crown! That is the grand hotel of the place?"

"It is; very grand and very expensive. I had no idea that Mrs. Chafford was ill; she seemed to be in excellent health and high spirits."

Mr. Sorrell was utterly silent; listening eagerly, he never looked at the speaker, but kept his gaze fixed upon his plate.

He knew that Mrs. Jefferson was not one of those women who talk wildly, and make mistakes. Cheerful and amusing as her conversation was, she never strayed into extravagant statements, nor sacrificed truth to a love of fun and gossip.

The conviction of Josephine's deceit was now slowly forcing itself upon his mind; and perhaps that mind was not entirely unprepared to receive it.

October had passed away; November was coming to an end; and still Josephine's letters were full of excellent reasons for not returning to Thistledean. She wrote always, it seemed, in a depressed mood; complained of her numerous expenses, and deplored the necessity of having more medical advice. Her uncle scarcely cared to reckon up the amount of those cheques of his, which had gone to pay her imaginary doctor's bills. It was a sickening business; but he was thankful to Mrs. Jefferson for having opened his eyes.

Josephine had presumed too much upon his perfect simplicity and credulity. She had been a trifle *too* agreeable; a shade too plausible. A true soul can be easily imposed upon in the beginning; but it is seldom cozened to the end of the chapter.

"We are quite delighted to hear that Mrs. Chafford is well again," said Mrs. Fincham composedly. "And did you not say something about her making a sensation, Anne?"

Mrs. Jefferson looked from her sister to the vicar; and the expression in his face plainly told her to go on. He, too, felt that it was good for his old friend to be undeceived; and he trusted that much of Mr. Sorrell's depression might be removed when his niece's power over him was gone.

"Mrs. Chafford wore very striking costumes at Sandstone," continued Mrs. Jefferson. "She has laid her mourning aside, and her choice of colours was decidedly unique. When I met her here she was pensive; in fact, quite melancholy; but at the seaside I saw a new creature. A rumour was going about that she was a rich widow with great expectations; and, indeed, her style of dress and mode of living would naturally confirm the report."

No more was said about Sandstone; the conversation was quietly turned into another channel; and Mr. Sorrell made an effort to join in it again.

They all noticed that he spoke in a clearer voice and walked with a firmer step when he took his departure. The baneful spell was broken, they thought, and he would soon be his old vigorous self once more.

After he was gone Mrs. Jefferson entered more fully into the details of Josephine's conduct at Sandstone. She did not make her statements in a malicious spirit; there was not a grain of spite in her nature; but she was full of pity for Mrs. Chafford's neglected children, and for the poor old man whose money had been wasted, and himself most cruelly deceived.

Breakfast was always an early meal at the vicarage; and the tardy November sun had not been up long, when the Finchams and their guest assembled at the table.

"It is so pleasant to see a third cup and saucer," said Mrs. Fincham, taking her usual place. "We were just getting reconciled to the loss of Bertha, when Emily married. And it was a long while before Charles and I could help feeling a little desolate at breakfast."

Although the skies were grey there were a few sunbeams straying over the hills; and a fresh wind was making a cheerful bustle out of doors, sending the yellow leaves whirling hither and thither. Rooks too, were all astir, discussing important affairs with a clamorous cawing that filled the air: and a flock of greenfinches, rising from the glebe land, flew gaily away over the fields. "How I love the old country sights and sounds!" Mrs. Jefferson was saying, when her glance was arrested by a young woman, pale and scared-looking, who was hurrying towards the house.

"That is Ellen from Pine Cottage," said Mrs. Fincham, catching sight of her at the same moment. "How white she is! I hope nothing has happened."

Something had happened indeed; Mr. Sorrell had had a stroke of paralysis, and the doctor thought his condition very critical.

He could speak a little, Ellen explained, although it was somewhat difficult to understand all he said. His mind seemed to be perfectly clear; and he had told them to send for Mr. Fincham.

In great haste and sorrow, the vicar set off to obey the summons, blaming himself, as he went, for the conversation of the preceding night.

"I wish we had not let him know anything about Josephine's doings," he thought, as he hurried through the lanes. "I am afraid he has been worrying himself about her; I hope he won't make us send for her now. She would do more harm than good." But Mr. Sorrell had nothing to say about Josephine.

When the vicar came to the bedside, and looked anxiously into the face of his old friend, it was not Josephine's name that rose to the old man's lips. "Nephew—Garret," he said earnestly.

"He shall be telegraphed for," Mr. Fincham replied; and then paused to hear if there was anything else.

The next word was "Goldie."

Without further delay the vicar despatched a telegram to the lawyer at Foxham; and then began to search among Mr. Sorrell's papers for Garret's address.

It was easily found. The letter that Garret had written to his uncle, after his arrival in town, was lying within the old desk on the study table; and the name of the Bloomsbury street and the number of the lodging-house were given clearly enough.

"I hope he has not changed his quarters since this note was written," thought Mr. Fincham, as he wrote the second message.

Cook came up to the vicar as he was leaving the cottage, and anxiously asked what was to be done about sending for Mrs. Chafford?

"The master has not spoken of her, sir," she said; "and we servants don't want her in the house, seeing that she's so sad an invalid. It would give us two sick persons on our hands instead of one; and he needs all our care, God bless him!"

"Perhaps it will be best to wait till Mr. Montague comes, before we decide on anything," the vicar replied.

"Indeed, sir, I'm glad you think so. The master had a letter from Mrs. Chafford a few days ago, and he told me that she said she was growing weaker and weaker; quite unfit to travel. So you see, sir, I could not help dreading the thought of her coming, as she is in such a feeble state."

"Well, well, I hope Mr. Montague will be here to-night," said Mr. Fincham, as he turned his steps homeward.

SUNDAYS IN SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

II. AMONG THE BURIATS.

TWO of my Sundays in Siberia were spent in the country of the Buriats, east of Lake Baikal. We first met this people a few miles on the western side of Irkutsk, and their physiognomy at once bespoke that they belonged to a different race from any we had seen. They have very large skulls, square faces and low and flat foreheads. The cheek-bones are high, and wide apart, the nose flat, eyes elongated, the skin swarthy and yellowish, the teeth white, and the hair jet black. With the men the hair is allowed to grow upon the crown of the head, and is plaited into a queue that hangs down their backs. The rest of the head is cut close, but not shaved as with the Tatars. The head-dress of the women is exceedingly rich, and consists of silver, coral, and polished beads of Ural malachite and mother-of-pearl. They wear their hair in two thick braids which fall from the temples below the shoulders, and the unmarried girls interweave their braids with strings of coral. In driving along we observed women who had numbers of silver ornaments hanging on the breast, and in some cases they had at the back of the head a straight rod sticking out horizontally for several inches on either side. I was minded to purchase one of these head-dresses for a curiosity, but found that they were not to be had at shops, but were of home manufacture, the stones and metal being purchased, and made up by native skill. Moreover, I was somewhat taken aback on finding that their value frequently amounted to twenty or thirty pounds sterling. Similarly, too, we saw at a post-station a Buriat man, and upon asking him "what he would take for his hat," found to our surprise he asked the moderate price of thirty shillings merely for the silver knob at the top. The Buriats are said to wear no linen; but a wealthy bride's dowry sometimes consists of forty cases of furs of the richest kind.

As for their habitations the people are such inveterate dwellers in tents, that though they are supposed now to be civilised where they come in contact with the Russians, yet they make a tent of the house by piercing a hole in the middle of the roof and placing the fire in the midst of the floor. When visiting Madame Tokmakoff we found that she had a Buriat man-servant, for whom a Russian house was provided, but in which he could not be happy until he had thus readjusted his dwelling. In company with Mr. Marval, we entered one of their houses at Cheelantoui, where only the woman of the hut was at home. There was within a rude wooden bench on which we were invited to sit, and near which were lying a pair of coral ornaments for the head, and which the woman on our noticing them immediately put on.

She then invited us to drink tea. To have declined would have been considered highly impolite. Even among the Russians a General pleasantly told me that he took a refusal to eat food in his house like a slap in the face. Moreover, we were anxious to stand well in the good graces of our Buriat hostess; for we wanted admission to the Buddhist temple, and she appeared to be the only person in the place through whom we could communicate in Russian with the lamas. But to see the tea served and be obliged to drink it was no small trial. Over the fire in the midst of the floor hung a large open iron pot full of a bubbling liquid covered with scum. In this was a large ladle, which our fair hostess filled and refilled and emptied back into the pot. Then scraping the scum away, she took a ladleful of the decoction and poured it into cups and gave us to drink. We were told it was tea flavoured with salt. I only hope it was nothing worse, but it will hardly be thought a matter for surprise if after tasting it I had an accident, and upset the beverage, and declined a second cup. We had a good look, however, at the furniture of the dwelling, the most interesting feature of which was a family altar, something like a small sideboard with drawers, on which were round bronze cups of liquor and other offerings to their deity. There were also about the room some objects of ornamented metal betokening clever workmanship.

This represents the Buriat, however, in his more civilised circumstances. One gets a better idea of his native conditions and antecedents by going away from the haunts of the Russians, or even to "the land of grass" as their Mongolian brothers call their desert. Here they live in tents constructed like those of other aborigines of Siberia, of poles meeting at the top, but covered with felt instead of deer-skins. Their hospitality is unvarying. Every stranger is welcome, and has the best the host can give; and the more he consumes of what is offered him the better will all be pleased. The staple diet of the Mongol "yourt" or tent is boiled mutton, but it is unaccompanied with capers or any other kind of sauce or seasoning. A sheep goes to pot immediately on being killed, and when the meat is cooked, it is lifted out of the hot water and handed all dripping and steaming to the guests. Each man takes a large lump on his lap or any convenient support, and then cuts off little pieces which he tosses into his mouth. The best piece is reserved for the guest of honour, and as a mark of special attention is fre-

quently put into his mouth with the greasy fingers of his host. After the meat is devoured they drink the broth, and this concludes the meal. Knives and cups are the only aids to eating and drinking, and as each man carries his own outfit, the dinner cloth and service does not take long to arrange. The entire work consists in seating the party around a pot of cooked meat.

The Buriats are famous at drinking brick-tea, infusing with it rye-meal, mutton-fat, and salt obtained from the lakes of the steppe. I suspect it was this we tasted at Cheelantoui. So important an article of food is this tea to the Buriats, that they sometimes lay by stores of it as money. In dry situations the brick-tea will remain a long time undeteriorated, and consequently an accumulation of it on the steppe is often thought a better and safer investment than herds and flocks.

The ordinary occupation of the Buriats is that of tending cattle, the numerical value of their herds reminding one of the flocks of the Hebrew patriarchs. Mr. Stallibrass, once a missionary to these people, has told me that when he was living at Selenginsk he knew rich Buriats to possess as many as six or seven thousand sheep, two thousand head of horned cattle, and two hundred horses; and Captain Cochrane, who travelled among them, mentions the case of the mother of a Buriat chief who possessed forty thousand sheep, ten thousand horses and three thousand horned cattle, besides a large property in furs. It will be readily understood therefore that in a sparsely-populated country a man's children are very useful in looking after his cattle; and since it is necessary to be constantly moving the animals to fresh pasture, it will be understood that these things presented to the missionaries a double educational difficulty, namely, unwillingness on the part of the parents to lose their children's services, and their constant change of residence. The same difficulty besets those still who would carry on missionary and educational work among other wandering tribes of Siberia. The Buriats in 1876 numbered 260,000, thus being the largest of the native populations of Eastern Siberia.

As *yemstchiks*, we thought them livelier than the Russian drivers, and there was a manly independence in their bearing which accounted for the difficulty the Russians had at first in subjugating them. Moreover, they would seem to be not deficient in intellectual powers, for the English missionaries, to whom allusion will presently be made, taught some of them Latin and had prepared for them in the Buriat language an elementary work on geometry and trigonometry. Baron Rosen also, a political exile, mentions that they play chess, having learnt it from the Chinese, and that the best player amongst his comrades, who were Russian officers, having on one occasion challenged the Buriats to a game, was beaten. The dialect spoken by the Buriats is the same as that of the Khalka tribes of eastern Mongolia, and is distinguished by its abundance of guttural and nasal sounds. Instead of true Mongolian letters they employ the Manchu alphabet, which is written in vertical columns from the top to the bottom of the page, the lines running from left to right. The only versions of Scripture in the Mongolian language are those of the Calmuck and Buriat dialects.

The religion of the Buriats is of three kinds, Shamanism, Buddhism and Christianity. Shamanism, more or less like that of the other tribes of Siberia, would appear to have been their old religion; and it still lingers most, I presume, in the northern parts of their country, where they are farthest from Buddhist influence. Buddhism, however, holds sway over by far the greatest portion of the people, and was originally imported from Thibet. At Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, dwells the *Dalai Lama*, who is the head of the Buddhist religion, and though his followers acknowledge him to be mortal, they believe his soul to be an immediate emanation from the essence of their supreme deity Buddha. In places where this worship prevails are found religious communities gathered round the temples dedicated to the rites of their faith and monasteries, or, as they are called, *lamaseries*, containing the various orders of priests. It was one of these we visited at Cheelantoui. When the great lama dies it is held that his spirit immediately enters the body of another human being, who thus becomes successor to all the rights and privileges held by his predecessor, and some little difficulty often occurs in discovering who may be the favoured individual; but as the priests are the chief actors in the scene, their search is generally successful. Commonly the spirit is recognised as having animated some new-born infant, who is at once taken to the religious establishment and educated by the lamas in the mysteries of their faith.

The lamas are treated with great reverence, and every Buddhist Buriat desires that one of his family should follow the priestly calling. Hence it comes to pass that the lamas compose a sixth (some say a fifth) of their population. When in full dress they are clothed in scarlet and shave their heads all over, which, with their large ears standing off from the skull, give them a curious appearance. They are supposed to observe the strictest celibacy. Hence Mr. Michie, who crossed Mongolia, observes that it is a tender point with a lama to be asked after the health of his wife and family, and Mr. Erman points out that this enforced celibacy has here, as we know it has elsewhere, the most prejudicial of consequences. The use of spirits is forbidden to them, lest excess, as it is declared, "should disorder the brain of the student of the divine oracles and corrupt the heart by the bad passions it might engender." The use of tobacco also is denied them, and that for the best of reasons against smoking: because they say "it is conducive to indolence, and tends to waste leisure hours, which ought to be devoted to pursuits which afford instruction as well as amusement."

The lamas are divided into four classes. Those of the first are occupied with the study of doctrinal affairs, and with the tenets and mysteries of their faith; those of the second are occupied with the regulation of religious rites and ceremonies; and those of the third occupy themselves in the study and direction of their worship. The fourth class occupy themselves with the study and practice of medicine, in which it would appear that some of them attain to eminence; for when we arrived at Kiakhta we found that Mr. Tokmakoff on account of his health was gone to Urga, the Mongolian capital, for the sake of being near a Mongolian doctor there.

But beside their religious employments the lamas

engage in various branches of ordinary industry, especially in the manufacture of their own wearing apparel and their ecclesiastical furniture. A lama labours under one inconvenience, in that he is not allowed to kill anything through fear that what he slaughters may contain the soul of a relative or possibly even that of the divine Buddha. Even

GROUP OF TATARS (KAZAN).

when he is annoyed, says Mr. Knox, an American writer, by fleas or similar creeping things, with which their bodies are often thickly populated, he must bear his infliction until patience is thoroughly exhausted. He may then call in an unsanctified friend and subject himself and his garments to a thorough examination. So, again, in connection with this difficulty about killing, Captain Shepherd relates an instance in which some lamas did their best to keep their law and to break it at the same time. The captain in crossing the Mongolian desert had bought a sheep and was somewhat in difficulty as to how the animal should be slaughtered. There were four in the party. The late owner was a lama and could not take life, so was the guide, the captain was unwilling to turn butcher, and his Chinese servant did not know how. The captain would have shot the animal, but the owner protested. One of the lamas, therefore, took the sheep aside, threw it down, tied its legs, explained to the Chinaman the trick, and lent his own knife for the deed to be done, after which he turned round and walked quickly to a distance. When the sheep was killed, however, the lama soon cut it up, had it cooked, and of course helped in eating it.

The Buddhist books teach the people that they will attain the highest wisdom if they honour the lamas; that the sun itself rises *only* that honour may be rendered to the lamas, and that persons obtain pardon for the most enormous sins by showing respect to the learned lamas. Any offence against a lama annihilates the merit acquired by a thousand generations. Whosoever shows any contempt for the lama is said to be punished by accident, sickness and all kinds of misfortunes, and so forth. One of their Siberian monasteries, or lamaseries, with a temple is at Turgutu, midway between Werchne Udinsk and Chita, and I think I heard they had schools there.

I have said that we visited a lamasery at Cheelantoui, but it was a small one, consisting of only about half a dozen houses, one of which was the temple where, if I mistake not, they worship daily at sunset, but into which, unfortunately, we could not enter, as the chief lama was absent. There were younger lamas present, some of them mere boys, but they could not or would not understand, and seemed afraid to do anything in the absence of their chief. We saw, however, the praying-machine. It consisted of an upright cylinder from two to three feet high and perhaps two feet in diameter. It was fixed on a pivot and could be turned by a rope to be pulled by the devotee, who secured by each revolution some thousand invocations to Buddha.

Sometimes these machines are turned by mechanical power, like a wind or water mill. This of course

BURIAT PRIESTS.

is easier, and as the quantity of prayers is more important than the quality, the latter method saves much trouble and is popular. Inside the cylinder is placed the oft-used prayer of the Buddhists, "*Om mani padme houm*," of which I asked the meaning of a Russian near the monastery, and he said it meant "*Gospodi Pomilui*," *i.e.* "Lord, have mercy upon us"! Its real meaning, however, does not appear to be very clear. Klaproth understood it to mean "*Oh the gem in the lotus, Amen*," and Huc paraphrases it into "*Oh that I may obtain perfection, and be absorbed in Buddha, Amen.*" The lamas assert that the doctrine contained in these marvellous words is immense; and that the whole life of man is insufficient to measure its depth and extent. At Lhassa the formula is heard from every mouth, is everywhere visible in the streets, in the interior of the houses, and on every flag and streamer floating over the buildings, and printed in Tatar and Thibetan characters. Certain rich and zealous Buddhists even entertain at their own expense companies of lamas for the propagation of the *mani*, and these strange missionaries, chisel and hammer in hand, traverse field, mountain and desert to engrave the sacred formula on the stones and rocks they encounter in their path. There was a stone with inscriptions in the Temple yard at Cheelantoui.

Thus it will be seen that those of the Buriats who are Buddhists have a religion, temples, ritual, an order of priests and a considerable literature; and it will not be difficult to account for the giving way before it of the older Shamanistic creed: nor will it be hard to understand what was told us by the Ispravnik of Selenginsk—that of the two religions among the Buriats with whom the Russian missionaries come in contact, they find the conversion of the Shaman Buriats tolerably easy, but that the Buddhists are greatly opposed to Christianity.

THE ARCHER'S CHANCE SHOT.

VIII.

IT was with a heavy heart that Rosa saw her father depart, and during the time of his absence, she followed him daily with her prayers. At last the time for his return was come. The sun had come out with sudden heat, and after the recent rains, everything looked more beautiful. Monsieur Woeste arrived two hours earlier than his daughter expected. She ran to meet him, but received only a languid embrace.

"I'm glad to get home," he said, "for I have not been feeling very well this last day or two. I thought I'd better push ŏn."

A strong shiver passed down him as he spoke.

"But, papa, you are ill," said Rosa, with a sudden sharp pang of alarm. "Ninette, light a fire in papa's room, quick; and do come out here to the stove, papa, since there is no fire anywhere else. We will send for the doctor at once, but shall I give you a tisane?"

Monsieur Woeste shook his head.

"No, I will wait for the doctor."

Passively he accompanied her to the stove in the large house-place or kitchen. The light on Ninette's brightly-polished casseroles hurt his eyes. He closed them and hung his head listlessly. There was every sign that he was in for an illness, and Rosa, though she was young and inexperienced, knew it. Clouds were gathering on her horizon. She felt as desolate as a lonely watcher on the beach who sees

> "The night-rack come rolling up,
> Rugged and brown."

Oh, how she wished then that her mother was alive or that she had a sister! She was too ignorant and inexperienced she feared to nurse her father properly, if his illness should be serious.

She had the good sense, however, not to ask too many questions. She stood by his side, first putting her hand on his forehead, then in his feverish palm, but she did not ask him what was the matter, or how he had taken cold. When his room was ready she advised his retiring, and though it needed some effort, he showed no reluctance. Soon after a physician arrived.

The opinion he expressed, after an examination of the patient, was that, though no acute symptoms were yet present, it was a case of rheumatic fever. He was right, and the more painful characteristics of the malady developed rapidly.

Monsieur Woeste had had the misfortune to get thoroughly drenched among the mountains. Slowly and painfully he made his way back to the auberge whence he had started, but though on his arrival he took means to oppose the risk he had incurred, Nature was not to be cheated out of her bill of pains and penalties. Finding he must pay, he wisely concluded to make the best of his way home, and it was well he did so.

The Père Matthieu, who only a short time ago had denounced the apostate Woeste from the altar, now made endless inquiries for his recalcitrant son.

Of course such a dignitary was not to be put off by the bulletin confided to the portière. He must always see Mademoiselle Rosa, and in his interviews with her he assumed all the authority that belonged to his office.

The plain, motherly attendant that monsieur had asked for was deemed ineligible. Two demurely-spoken and exceedingly saintly sœurs were installed as nurses.

One beacon light rose above Rosa's sea of trouble. This affliction might be cause for devout thankfulness. True, it was a judgment, but it was a judgment sent in mercy. During the seclusion and the stillness of the sick-room, conscience would appeal to the sufferer against his heresy; would tell him God was

offended. In his weakness and his danger he would find his false hope fail him. He might not surrender without a struggle, but at last he would cry out for the torch that he had quenched to be relighted.

The Père Matthieu did not at first insist on a personal interview with the patient. He sent him only his salutations and his best wishes for his speedy recovery, but on Rosa he strongly urged it, that no Protestant was to be allowed to see him—"to interfere between him," he said, "and the good influences that were doubtless at work. And for herself she was not, till she had his permission, to discontinue her duties among the poor and the children of the schools."

"Could not another take them?" asked Rosa, nearly suffocated.

"No, ma fille, I have my reasons. They are of the best. And you! you are too loyal, and too sensible to question them."

At that moment Rosa almost envied the van Hout demoiselles their independence.

Now one of the Père Matthieu's reasons was so kind and good, that no one with any common-sense would think of quarrelling with it.

He knew well that, under the circumstances, Rosa could lend little real aid to the patient. All she could do was to look on at the service of the stronger and more efficient. Her sensibilities were continually harrowed by having to witness pain which she could not relieve, so it was much better, much healthier for her to have her attention diverted to work that lay outside her home, and to be taken quite out of the way for a short time each day.

The other reason may well be challenged. He knew the solace that her presence must be to Monsieur Woeste, but he did not judge it expedient for him to have too much of that solace. He wanted to put every imaginable barrier between the parent and the child, except where he felt quite sure of making the latter his ally. For it was through Rosa that the hardest blow was always to be struck.

Rosa's cup was full. The threat that she would leave her father was always recurring to her with a kind of sting, though in making it she had acted on instructions, and now she was on the horns of a difficult dilemma. Might not her father wonder that she could leave him so much? In her visits to the school and to the homes of the poor she frequently met her father confessor, and as often as she did so he had some new task to impose upon her, something which kept her longer from home. It was very irritating, but remonstrance she found was useless. Yet there was one errand over which time, health, energy were all a freewill offering.

In the solemn twilight, when the line of light that blazed at noon lay deeply in shadow, Rosa was to be found in the cathedral of Les Saints Apôtres, and there before the shrine of "Our Lady" with lighted, earnest face she prayed, prayed long and fervently; but it was all for one life and for one soul. Then she laid her offerings, chosen always from the best that she had to give, and retired anxious, doubting, but still outwardly serene and calm.

It was once after she had been so engaged that she found her father was enjoying a lull in his sufferings, and that he wanted to speak to her.

He looked at the Sœur Marie as if he could dispense with the pleasure of her company for awhile, and suggested that if she would go and lie down in the salon, or try the evening air in the garden the change might do her good. The Sœur Marie withstood all such disinterested entreaties.

"I am glad to find you so much relieved, dear papa," said Rosa, kissing him very cautiously. "Oh, how you have suffered. It has seemed strange to me that such violent pain could last so long!"

He did not speak, but his eyes feasted on her face. It was a happy thing to feast upon, for to find him so much better was more than she had dared to hope. She was sure the Blessed Virgin had listened to her prayers, and that it was at her intercession this merciful respite was obtained.

"Is there anything I can do for you, papa?" she added, after some affectionate talk.

"What I should most like would be to hear a chapter from the New Testament, or a sweet, rich German hymn, such as that—

> "Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
> The wounds of Jesus for my sin
> Before the world's foundation slain,
> Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
> When heaven and earth are fled away."

The Sœur Marie crossed herself.

"I think, mon enfant, you should retire. Your father is talking more than is good for him."

"Don't distress yourself, Rosa," said Monsieur Woeste, in consideration for her embarrassment. "You shall sing me the Agnus Dei. Perhaps Sœur Marie can join you. You see I am in a spoiled humour, and am not to be put off altogether, even if I cannot have what I ask for."

The nun had a clear, soprano voice. Rosa's was a rich contralto, and both had a reverent tone. Presently that sacred melody and its more sacred burden, borne on the cadence of the stately Latin tongue, filled the room, till it seemed as hallowed as a cathedral aisle.

It filled the ear of the sick man and won its way into the deepest recesses of his soul. Like Nathanael he beheld the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," but this was the best of his rejoicing that he knew He had taken away his own.

The singing over he fell asleep, for he was very weak, and the little flush of animation and strength that had so delighted Rosa could not last long. From that brief snatch of conversation with him, her hopes of her father's recovery were considerably heightened, but her heart sank lower and lower as she thought of his apostacy. She had not the sign that Père Matthieu had led her to expect. On the contrary, the ground of her father's belief was in no degree shaken. Evidently it was from that he derived his chief consolation.

And here a very dark whisper was breathed into her mind. "Supposing he should, after all, be right and I wrong?"

IX.

There were many wearisome days and nights yet to be endured, and in the morning it was "would that it were evening! and in the evening would that it were morning!"

Deep as was the bloom on Rosa's cheek it began to

fade, and her lustrous eyes looked heavy, her step grew slow and spiritless.

One morning she arranged fresh flowers in her father's room, wondering if, when free from pain, he ever noticed them.

"Ah, those are sweet," he said, "and they have not had time to forget the dew! It makes a sick man's soul blossom only to look at them. If I get better I shall love nature more. Still I know the spots in the Bois where the ferns grow most luxuriant. I know, too, the little blue and pink-eyed wild flowers in the long grass by the stream, and in the lawny level park. I wish you would bring me some of them fresh every morning."

"Still another call out!" said Rosa playfully. "There is no need to have them every day. In a little wet sand, or with the water changed frequently, they keep fresh a long time."

"It is the whim of a sick man. I want them as fresh and sweet as the choice herbage the young lamb loves to crop after its manner."

"It would be hard, papa, to deprive you of the gratification. You shall have them fresh each day."

"Yes, but you must gather and bring them to me. They will be welcome from no other hand."

Rosa accepted the task. Her papa in imposing it was a better Jesuit than Père Matthieu, who with all his wisdom was blundering wofully, but she never dreamed of that.

The patient grew weaker, and was often in danger of sinking beneath the strain on his endurance. Then Père Matthieu insisted upon seeing him, and poor Monsieur Woeste was cajoled and entreated, flattered, censured and threatened till the mind was more worried than even the poor, aching, outward frame.

One evening when Père Matthieu had retired—an angry glare in his eyes—the sick man looked wearily at Rosa and said,

"I wish my friend van Hout were here." Rosa wondered that he had never expressed that wish before—it was what she had been dreading all along.

"You are not to see your friends, papa; the excitement is not good for you."

"And yet it is good for me to be worried by those pragmatical priests, saving Sœur Marie's presence—the Père Matthieu above all! You are admirably consistent, Rosa."

She was silent, thinking it was best to let the subject drop.

"He must know that I am ill. Has monsieur the pastor never inquired for me?"

"Yes," said Rosa hesitatingly. She knew how solicitous the pastor had been, and that he was trusting to her to write and tell him when he might see her father.

The young ladies also had written to her. But at Monsieur van Hout's door she laid her father's lapse into heresy, and Père Matthieu had forbidden her in the strongest terms to admit him further than the salon if he should happen to call. Rosa was politic enough now not to make much of Monsieur van Hout's attentions, lest it should strengthen the desire for his nearer sympathy.

"All your friends are very kind, papa; but they know well that while you are so ill, you must be left to the care of your own family."

"Do they? I wish Père Matthieu knew it also."

"We cannot gainsay him, because he comes here at the call of religion."

"Oh, how I do wish I could see van Hout! Mind, if he calls here you bring him up, Rosa. And if he writes, you might say in answer that the sight of him would do me good."

The next day Rosa took counsel with her confessor and entreated him to authorise the longed-for visit. It might be made very brief.

The priest met her with a storm of anger, but Rosa did not accept the censure as submissively as was usual with her. Her nerves were affected by all the thwarting and friction, the conflict between love and duty she had experienced; while unconsciously to herself her opinions were becoming if not unsettled, modified. That terrible question, "If after all, papa should be right and I wrong?" had not been silenced yet.

So she argued pertinaciously,

"But since the mischief is done, it cannot be undone by keeping the pastor away; and papa having learned all he has to teach, there will be no more for him to communicate."

"You never before had so noble an opportunity of proving your fidelity to the Church. Take care," replied the confessor, "that you profit by it."

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

NOVEMBER 6.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT. LEVITICUS XVI. 16–31.

GOLDEN TEXT, ROMANS V. 11.—*'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.'*

INTRODUCTORY.—This chapter contains the regulations for the most solemn of all the ceremonies enjoined on Israel—the services and sacrifices of one great day in every year.

> From ch. xxiii. 27, we learn that the day was 'the tenth day of the seventh month' (Tisri), answering to the end of September and the beginning of October (five days before the Feast of Tabernacles, ver. 34). The anniversary of the day in 1881 is October 3. 'Day of atonement,' ch. xxiii. 28, literally, is 'day of atonements,' as the sin-offerings then presented were to atone, first for the *priesthood*, then for the *sanctuary*, and lastly for *all Israel*.
>
> Before the Reading Lesson, beginning with ver. 16, it will be necessary to glance at one or two points in the earlier part of the chapter.

I. THE OFFERINGS PREPARED: SACRIFICE FOR THE PRIESTS. Two **sin-offerings**, to be followed each by a **burnt-offering**, vers. 3, 5. One sin-offering for the *priesthood*, the other for *the people*. The former, **a young bullock**, as customary; the latter special and extraordinary, being double, not one animal but two: **two goats**, one to die, the other to be sent forth alive, vers. 9, 10, as will be seen further in the Reading Lesson. The first act of the solemn ceremonial was that Aaron should offer **the bullock of the sin-offering for himself and for his house**, ver. 11. The animal being slain and laid beside the altar, Aaron was to

enter **within the vail**, into the Holy of Holies, with his **hands full of sweet incense** and **a censer full of burning coals** taken **from the altar**. There, before the ark, he was to **put the incense upon the fire**, so that the fragrant cloud might rise and **cover the mercy-seat**. Leaving the censer there, he had to return to the great altar, from which he was to bring a vessel containing **blood of the bullock**, and to sprinkle it once **upon the mercy-seat**, towards the front (on its **eastward** edge; remember that the Holy of Holies was at the west end of the sanctuary), and **seven times** on the ground before the ark. Returning from the Holy of Holies, which he had *twice* entered, he was next to **kill the goat** which formed one part of the people's **sin-offering**, and to do the same with its blood as he had done with the blood of the bullock. The meaning of these ceremonies will be seen as we go on. Note that Aaron had now entered the Holy of Holies *three times*, first with the incense, next with the blood of his own sin-offering, then with that of the people.

II. Atonement for the Sanctuary. — *Read vers.* 16–19. The place in which God met with His people must itself be holy. It was meant to be the likeness on earth of the heavenly temple, into which 'nothing can enter that defileth,' Rev. xxi. 27. But the priests who served there were sinful men, and the people who thronged its court were full of **trangressions** and **sins**. Their constant presence made in a sense the Tabernacle impure, and that worshippers might feel this, and learn how sacred was the very place where Jehovah came to meet them, it must be purified by blood: both by that which had been offered for the priests (of the bullock), and by that which was offered for the people (of the goat), so as to make all feel that in their cleansing the sanctuary was cleansed also. The solemnity of this part of the service was shown by its being intrusted to Aaron *only*. **No one**, even of the priests, might enter **the Tabernacle of meeting** until he came out, having sprinkled the blood, first on and before the mercy-seat, and then **upon the horns of the altar that is before Jehovah**, i.e. the altar of incense in the Holy Place.

All this points to the work of Christ, the great High Priest. **1.** He went forth to His work *alone:* none could be with Him there! **2.** His sacrifice was a true *sin-offering*, making reconciliation between God and man. See Romans viii. 3 (revised version) and the Golden Text, where **atonement** means *reconciliation*, as it is rightly rendered by the revisers. Atonement in the Old Testament signifies *covering* or *expiation*. **3.** The offering of Christ was *once for all*, symbolised imperfectly by the 'once every year' of the High Priest (i.e. *on one day* only; the High Priest on that day went into the Holy of Holies *three* times). *Once*, to suggest the special nature of this sacrifice; once *every year*, to show that sins could not thus be *taken away*, Heb. x. 3, 4. **4.** He needed no offering *for Himself*, Heb. v. 3; vii. 27: His sacrifice here again infinitely surpassing the type. **5.** His offering *purifies* while it atones; removing not only the curse and penalty of sin, but hallowing us, setting us apart to God's service. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' 1 John i. 7. **6.** The purifying of the Sanctuary, the altar, even the mercy-seat, by the sprinkled blood, may mean that our *holiest services need cleansing* by the same precious blood. That which atones for *ourselves* atones also for our *worship*. See Heb. ix. 23.

III. The Goat driven into the Wilderness.—*Read vers.* 20–22. This part of the day's service was special, and unlike anything else in the Israelite ceremonial. The sin-offering, as shown above, was divided into two parts; for *death* and for *life*. One goat was slain, in the usual manner, and its blood sprinkled in the Sanctuary and the Holy of Holies. But the other chosen by lot 'for Azazel' (ver. 8, margin) was permitted to live, for a symbolic purpose.

> The phrase **for Azazel** has been a perplexity to commentators. In our version we read **for the scape-goat**, and some have thought that the word described the *live goat* itself; others, that it meant the *land* into which the goat was sent away. These opinions, however, are now given up; and there are only two views that may be said to divide the best authorities. One is that Azazel denotes *an evil spirit*, or *the* Evil spirit, *Satan*, to whom figuratively the goat was given over: the other that it is not a proper name at all; the word **azazel** denoting complete separation (a strong form from an old Hebrew root *azal*, to separate, divided by a kind of doubling, like our northern provincial *tee'total* for *total*). The latter view is probably correct.

This **live goat** was to be brought forward **before Jehovah**, ver. 10, i.e., by the altar of burnt offering, **at the entrance of the sanctuary**, ver. 7; and solemnly laying **both his hands upon its head**, Aaron was to make confession for the people—observe the comprehensive description—**iniquities, transgressions, sins**. In this expressive way, the sins of the people were put **upon the head of the goat**, and he was **sent away**, bearing them, **into the wilderness** to a **land not inhabited**.

> *How* this sending forth was accomplished is only shown us in the briefest way. The goat was led or driven **by the hand of a fit man** to some desert spot, away from human habitation, and there **let go**—lost!—not necessarily to perish miserably, as poets and painters have imagined, still less to be slain, cast down from a rock, as was a later Jewish custom, but simply to disappear from the flock, and from the sight of the congregation, no one knowing what had become of it. See Dr. Edersheim's 'Temple and its Services' for an interesting account of the ceremonial, as observed in our Lord's time.

Such then was the second part of the sin-offering, completing the first. The first meant *punishment*, the second *pardon*. Or rather, the two together make up the one thought, sin put away, done with, through suffering. The two victims were appointed, as one alone could not show forth all the truth of atonement and forgiveness. One sets forth what Christ has suffered, the other, what His suffering has done for us. The Lord hath *laid on Him* the iniquity of us all. God hath made Him *to be sin* for us—Christ was once offered to *bear the sins* of many—who His own self *bare our sins* in His own body on the tree. He is the Lamb of God which *taketh away the sin* of the world. Isa. liii. 6; 2 Cor. v. 21. Heb. ix. 28; 1 Pet. ii. 24; John i. 29. Christ shedding His blood is the Antitype of the one victim; Christ taking away sin, of the other; so that the two together declare the fulness and preciousness of His one sacrifice. See further the passages which speak of iniquity as 'blotted out,' 'made an end of,' 'cast behind the back' of our forgiving Father, 'remembered no more' laid 'in the depths of the sea,' Psa. ciii. 12; Isa. xxxviii. 17; xliii. 25; Jer. xxxi. 34; l. 20; Micah vii. 19; etc.

IV. End of the Sacrifice.—*Read vers.* 23–28. Sin having thus been put away, Aaron must first *change his dress*. Why? To perform the sacrifice he had put on **white linen garments**, instead of his usual splendid attire. See ver. 4 (**coat, drawers, girdle and turban**). These were robes of *purity* and *humiliation*, representing Christ's 'humbling Himself,' 'taking upon Him the form of a servant,' Phil. ii. 7, 8, to offer the great sacrifice. But now this was done—sin was put away; and **Aaron**, still alone in the Sanctuary, was to lay aside these garments and **leave them there**, to bathe himself, and to come forth in his customary beautiful attire, to complete the sacrifice by the **burnt-offering**. This was to follow the sin-offering, of which only **the fat** was to be **burned upon the altar**; the bodies of the two animals, the bullock and the goat, being **carried out of the camp** and there burned. This was to complete the idea of the sin-offering, the victims being

regarded as unholy, and so put forth from the now cleansed and purified enclosure where God's people abode. This carrying without the camp was the appointed rule in many cases for the sin- and trespass-offerings. See ch. iv. 12, 21; Exod. xxix. 14. So Christ, the true Sin-offering, 'suffered without the gate.' Heb. xiii. 11, 12.—All concerned in the sacrifice were to **wash both their clothes and themselves**, as defiled: so also the man who had **let go the goat for complete separation** in the wilderness. Every vestige of the contact of sin must be removed.

> So Christ, our great High Priest, put off the garb of His humiliation, and clothed Himself as it were with the beautiful garments of heavenly glory that He might complete His work for us. But, as with all emblems of Him, the reality goes far beyond the figure. Aaron had to come forth from the sanctuary before the sacrifice could be complete, our High Priest abides continually in the Holy place. His work of sacrifice is done, only that of intercession remains; and when He comes forth it will be 'without sin,' Heb. x. 28, to declare that sin is put away for ever, and that nothing remains but full, free, eternal 'salvation.'

V. FINAL ENACTMENT.—*Read vers.* 29–31. **A statute for ever**—i.e. until the end should come—the end of that age, or dispensation of types. When the one perfect Sacrifice had been offered, these outward emblems would no more be needed, Heb. x. 26.

> But the Jews, refusing to recognise Priest and Sacrifice in the crucified Jesus, still in all their dispersion, celebrate this Day of Atonements. For a very striking account of its modern observance, see 'Sunday at Home,' Sept. 1, 1877.

The tenth day, of Tisri—see Introductory Note to this 'Study.' **Ye shall afflict your souls**, i.e. shall observe the day as a solemn fast. This is the only fast enjoined in the Mosaic Law—called 'the Fast,' by way of distinction from all others, Acts xxvii. 9—(the reference there is to the season of the year; after which, navigation became dangerous). It was also **a sabbath of rest**—(a 'Sabbath of Sabbaths') the greatest of all Sabbaths, to be kept as a Sabbath on whatever day of the week it might fall, to be marked by abstinence from all **work**, and by a holy convocation (Num. xxix. 7). Again the purpose is declared: **that ye may be clean from all your sins before Jehovah**—not merely from sins that may have been *omitted* in previous sin-offerings, nor for sins of *ignorance* merely, but from ALL. The sin-offerings always meant and taught what this great Sin-offering taught especially and most impressively: *Death the penalty of sin—Acceptance through sacrifice—Grace through mediation*—and, as the burnt-offering followed, *consecration to Him* who has thus forgiven His people, remembering their sins no more. Thus does all point to CHRIST, through whom having received THE RECONCILIATION, **we also rejoice in God.**

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the meaning of the word Atonement? Does the word at all differ, as used in this chapter from Leviticus, from its sense in the Golden Text?

2. How do the ceremonies on the Day of Atonement prefigure both Justification and Sanctification?

3. In what cases was the flesh of the sin-offering not burned without the gate? What then was done with the parts not consumed upon the altar?

4. To whom does the great Sin-offering become of no avail? See Hebrews x. 26, 27.

5. What additional offerings were prescribed for the Day of Atonement? See Num. xxix. 8–11.

Pages for the Young.

ARCHIE'S PRAYER-BOOK.

II.

THROUGH much sickness and suffering Archie Rutherford passed from childhood to boyhood. From his birth he had always been weakly and delicate, and never fitted to take a place in the bustling, busy world; this, however, he was now called upon to do.

Mr. Rutherford was a prosperous, opulent London merchant, and, although neither profuse nor ostentatious, was accustomed to a refined and luxurious home, and pleased himself with the reflection that his sickly boy would never be called upon to do battle with the rough, hard world. But troubles had come just when the rich man least expected them. First, the death of his dearly-loved wife, and then heavy losses in business, losses which he soon found to be irreparable, and then the distressing consciousness that his son would be obliged to go out into the wide world, and work, as many another sickly boy had done before him.

Mr. Rutherford's own health, never robust, sank under this accumulation of distresses, and Archie sat by his father's bedside with the terrified consciousness that his only remaining earthly friend was about to be taken from him. With the last remains of his failing strength, Mr. Rutherford wrote an earnest letter to a commercial City friend, praying that he would find a place in his office for poor, penniless Archie, and that done, peace came to him, and the trustful assurance that there were many on earth to visit, and One in heaven to pity, "the fatherless in their affliction."

A few days later, and Archie was an orphan. After the loneliness and misery of the first experiences of bereavement, he found it a positive relief to set to work. Mr. Murray, the City friend, had no immediate need of his services, but contrived to find some trifling employment in his office for the son of his dead friend, and when, a month or two later, a young clerk left his situation, Archie was installed in the vacant place. The boy's new life was a very sad one. In the great crowded City he was alone, and had no one to help or advise him in any way. Mr. Murray was a kind and considerate master, but his business engagements were many, and he had no leisure time to bestow on the private affairs of his employés. The fellow-clerks, too, were, as a rule, well-disposed, and obliging, but no one among them all took any special interest in the young stranger, and the Christian charity was wanting among them, which would have urged them to seek out Archie in his lonely lodging, and offer him some simple home pleasure, to relieve the weary monotony of the long evenings. The hard and unaccustomed work told at first severely on the boy's health, but he bore up bravely against the pressure, and there was no one to notice particularly the pale face with which he went about his duties.

One morning Mr. Murray opened the door of his private room, where he was engaged with a visitor, and called out, "Simpson, bring me in those papers I left with you."

"Simpson is out, sir," said Archie, who sat nearest his master.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Mr. Murray. "I sent him myself. Never mind, you know where to find the papers, Rutherford. Bring them in to me."

"What was that name you mentioned just now?" asked the visitor with some interest, as Mr. Murray re-entered the private room, and closed the room.

"Simpson? Why, Fraser, you know him well enough."

"No, no, the other name."

"Oh, Rutherford, you mean?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fraser, meditatively; "the name is familiar to me. I have heard it mentioned quite lately, I am sure."

"You knew the lad's father, very likely," suggested Mr. Murray. "Graham Rutherford is an old City name."

"No, I don't think——" began the other slowly; but just then a gentle tap at the door announced Archie's arrival with the papers, and Mr. Fraser left his sentence unfinished, and fixed a searching look on the boy.

"It is curious," he remarked, when the two were left alone again; "his face is wholly unfamiliar to me, still, the name—— However, to business," he added presently, and the subject was dropped for that time.

About a week later, a middle-aged gentleman entered the office and wished to know if Mr. Murray was within, and disengaged.

"He is within, sir," said the head clerk; "I will inquire whether he can see you."

"Be kind enough to take in my card," said the stranger; "I am personally unknown to Mr. Murray, but shall be glad to have a few moments' conversation with him."

Simpson retired, and the stranger, whilst waiting for his re-appearance, cast so searching a glance around him, that the young clerks, who had paused in their work to examine his appearance, hurriedly dropped their heads again, and wrote on in silence.

"Will you step into Mr. Murray's room, if you please, sir?" asked Simpson, returning after a moment's absence. Again the heads of the curious young clerks were raised inquisitively, but a quickly closed door baffled them.

"I must apologise for this intrusion, sir," began the stranger, returning Mr. Murray's bow; "but my business will be my best excuse."

"Pray be seated, Mr.—Mr. Kendal," answered Mr. Murray, courteously, referring to the card still in his hand. "I am quite at your service."

"I think we have a mutual friend, Mr. Fraser; he was the means of sending me here to-day," began the stranger. "You may remember, that when he visited you last, he was interested in a lad in your office."

"Ah! yes, Rutherford. But he puzzled himself unsuccessfully over the name, and went away unsatisfied after all."

"He had heard me mention it, and I have a very deep interest in it—in its owner rather. The story is a curious one, and I must beg your patience."

Mr. Murray bowed.

"To make it clear, I am unwillingly obliged to force on you some details of my personal history, and I must carry you back some seven or eight years. I was then very unsettled in my habits, and travelled aimlessly about from place to place, chiefly on foot. My wanderings brought me to a village in one of the midland counties. It was Sunday morning, but I had at that time so little reverence or love for God's day, that I should undoubtedly have pursued my way, had not the threatening aspect of the weather detained me. I went into the church, just in time to be present at the commencement of the service, but was unable to join in it fully, until a gentleman near by put a Prayer-book into my hand."

Mr. Kendal paused, put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a small blue Prayer-book, which he laid on the table.

"The same, I suppose?" asked Mr. Murray.

"The same. At the close of the service I thoughtlessly dropped it into one of the deep pockets of my travelling-coat, and left the church. The owner of the book had, apparently, forgotten also."

"Excuse me, I cannot trace the connection——"

"One moment, and I have done. My travels came to an end soon after, and my coat—a well-worn one—was laid aside. Months after, I parted with it to a poor man, and, a day later, he brought me the Prayer-book, explaining where he had found it."

"Yes?" said Mr. Murray interrogatively.

"I did not recognise it at once, nor did the inscription materially assist me." Mr. Kendal opened the book and passed it to Mr. Murray. A smile overspread the gentleman's face as he read. "Ah, I begin to see now; this is young Rutherford's property."

"Exactly," answered the other. "But I had so completely forgotten my visit to that village church that for months and months I failed to remember how this came into my possession, and when it did occur to me, it was too late."

"Too late?"

"To return it, I mean. I took the earliest opportunity of travelling down to R——, but when I reached it, and made inquiries, I found that Mr. Rutherford's house was shut up, and he, with his wife and son, was travelling abroad. I laid the book aside, and forgot it for a time, and when I went again to R—— and tried a second time to restore it, I found that Mr. Rutherford had left the place."

"Heavy losses brought him to poverty," said Mr. Murray compassionately. "May I ask what you propose to do now?"

"'Angels' work,'" was the answer; "see here." He passed his forefinger slowly along the last lines of Archie's "quittation"—

"'To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.'

Will you kindly let me see the boy?"

Mr. Murray opened the door, and summoned Archie, who came in, looking the surprise he felt. Mr. Kendal rose at his entrance, and holding out the book, said, "You must know this, I think?"

Archie took it doubtfully, and held it in his hand, rather bewildered by the abruptness of the stranger's remark.

"Open it, Rutherford," suggested his master.

"Oh—why—it is mine!" said the boy, instantly, seeing the memorable inscription, and his pale cheeks flushed, and his eyes moistened, as he recalled the happy days gone by, of which the sight of his childish treasure had irresistibly reminded him.

Mr. Kendal, after a brief apology to Mr. Murray, repeated his story to Archie, and, giving him his card, asked the boy to come and visit him, when business hours were over.

That same evening Archie went. Mr. Kendal received him with marked kindness, and, by degrees, made himself acquainted with the details of the lad's present forlorn life, after which, he unfolded his own cherished plan.

"When I found the possibilities of restoring your book gradually lessening," he said to Archie, "I resolved that, if ever the opportunity did come, I would do to you the 'angels' work,' of which your verse spoke. I knew your father had left R—— in great distress and poverty, and this encouraged me to hope that I might be able some day to assist his son. I mentioned your name to all my friends, begging them to take notice if they heard it, for my sake. Through Mr. Fraser I discovered you, and not too soon, I think." Mr. Kendal paused a moment, while his comprehensive eye took in fully the pale, sickly form seated opposite him, and then continued:

"I have three children, Archie,—you must let me call you so—but I have room in my home and in my heart for another, and Mrs. Kendal is longing to hear if she may take a 'lone and fatherless' one under her care. Will you come to us, my dear boy?"

What could poor Archie do but cry like a little child, when Mr. Kendal gave that loving invitation, and laid a firm hand, almost pleadingly, on his own thin, white one. He tried to murmur thanks, but the beautiful vision of home that the words had raised made speech impossible; Mr. Kendal, however, was satisfied with a silence that spoke so much, and pressed for no other answer.

Only a day or two later, Archie Rutherford came among his new friends, and it was not long before he was settled in a quiet, studious life. Mr. Kendal was convinced that his adopted son was eminently fitted for the ministry, and years after, he had the deep pleasure of hearing the gospel preached by the fatherless boy he had befriended.

And the little blue Prayer-book was handed down as a treasure and an heirloom through many generations of Rutherfords.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE recent disturbance in Rome on the removal of the body of the late Pope has resulted in raising once again the question of the Papal guarantees. Public meetings have been held to protest against the arrangement by which the Pope is secured in his present position, and though the Government officials have by their interference prevented any resolution being carried at these assemblages, yet the opposition has rather intensified than allayed the excitement. A Central Committee has been appointed for the purpose of promoting the agitation throughout the country, and there is even a clamour for the destruction of the column of the Immaculate Conception, as well as the statues of Peter and Paul. The Pope has delivered an allocution for the purpose, as he says, addressing his cardinals, of "opening our mind and communicating to you the grief we have recently suffered because of the execrable and disastrous events which happened in Rome during the removal of the remains of our predecessor, Pius IX., of happy memory. We enjoined upon our beloved son, the Cardinal Secretary of State, that he should without delay report the unexpected and unworthy case to the sovereigns of Europe; nevertheless, the insult offered to our great predecessor and the outraged dignity of the pontificate absolutely oblige us to raise our voice to-day, in order that the sentiments of our heart may receive public confirmation from ourself, and that the Catholic nations may understand that we have done all in our power to guard the memory of a most holy personage, and to defend the majesty of the Supreme Pontificate." He describes the scene which occurred, and then goes on to say: "From this the Catholic world may judge what security there is left for us in Rome. It was already well and openly known that we are reduced to a most difficult, and for many reasons intolerable condition, but the recent facts of which we have spoken have made this more clearly manifest, and together they have demonstrated that if the present state of things is bitter to us, still more bitter is the fear of the future. If the removal of the ashes of Pius IX. gave cause for such unworthy disturbances and such serious tumults, who could give warranty that the audacity of the wicked would not break out into the same excesses when they saw us pass along the streets of Rome in a manner becoming our dignity? Hence it is more than ever evident that in the present circumstances we cannot remain in Rome otherwise than as a prisoner in the Vatican."

SOME interesting but painful experience of prison life in Spain has been gained by a well-known worker in the diffusion of the Gospel in Spain, the Rev. Fritz Fliedner, of Madrid. This gentleman was recently arrested on the confines of the province of Segovia, whither he had gone for the day, by railway, from his home in the capital. Meeting a "civil guardsman," that functionary ordered Mr. Fliedner to follow him to his hut, where he was asked for his papers. Being unable to produce his passport, having left it at home, he was told, "You cannot return; we must conduct you to Segovia." Remonstrance was in vain. He was handcuffed like a felon, and taken by guards to Espinar, a village a league farther on. Here when placed in prison, a heavy iron ring was attached to his feet. On inquiry, he was told it would be a week before he would be brought before the Governor of Segovia. But this was not the worst. "After examining me before the guards and taking charge of my money, which was not more than three dollars, the gaoler put me into the prison, with the ring [a heavy iron ring] on my foot. It was a dark dungeon, with only a small hole in the door to let in light and air. The only light was a miserable lamp, the oil of which was paid for by the prisoners. The floor was of stone, and for my bed, which consisted of a small sack of straw, I had to pay a sixpence. There were five prisoners besides myself; one poor fellow dying of consumption, who lay on his miserable couch the whole time. Here I had to pass the night." Brutal treatment from the gaoler followed; he gave Mr. Fliedner a tremendous blow on the side of the head; and not satisfied with this, he fastened a chain weighing 3½ cwt. to the ring attached to his Protestant prisoner's foot and shut him into the dungeon. "I will not describe," continues Mr. Fliedner, "the night I passed amongst the prisoners in the dirty and unhealthy dungeon, which they forced me to keep. When the gaoler threw me in for the second time, the prisoners asked me who I was, and on hearing that I was a Protestant, one said, 'Oh, I know; the Protestants still believe in God; we do not. How can you know that there is a God?' I answered that I knew because He heard me when I prayed to Him; and, when he asked me for a proof, I said, 'You all saw how the gaoler abused me just now, and you see that I am man enough and strong enough to give him as good as he gave me; and you may be sure he would have got it, had I not prayed to my God for patience. In that moment I got it, and will keep it to the end.' This telling argument made a visible impression on them, and when I asked them to unite with me in prayer for our brutal gaoler, they all maintained a respectful silence at least. They received my tracts eagerly, and continued till late at night reading them, taking them with them in the morning. To tell the truth, I did not mind passing that night in the dungeon; for I thought, though my weak voice might do nothing, the exposure of the facts might serve to strengthen the cries which are beginning to be raised in the Spanish nation against the manner in which prisoners are conducted from one prison to another in Spain. The rascals are the only ones who profit by this mode of transit, which gives them an opportunity of stealing on the way, as they did my pocket-handkerchief. But the sick and suffering? Are the prisoners not men? Are they to be given up to the power of gaolers who only think of making money out of them, making them pay for bread, fish, and rice, and selling their favour generally very dear? In the name of these prisoners I would fain lift up my voice. Let them be punished, as is just; but it is barbarous to conduct them, as I have seen it done, with their feet fearfully sore, suffering from fever and consumption, from one dungeon to another, where they are left to the mercy of barbarians who treat them like beasts, or worse." Subsequently Mr. Fliedner was able to send to the German ambassador, who was some twenty-five miles off. He soon afterwards regained his liberty.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occurrence of incidents like that narrated above, evangelical effort in Spain advances. The Rev. T. L. Gulick, an American missionary, writes from Saragossa: "When we look back upon the past year we see much to be thankful for in the growth of Christians, the addition of twenty-one new members to the church [under Mr. Gulick's care], and the good work which has been done in the schools. But we long to see more life among Christians, and more of a spirit of inquiry among others. Pray for us, brethren, that we may be endued with power from on high. In regard to the general interests of the Evangelical work in Spain, the past year has been marked by the downfall of the Ultramontane persecuting party, and the coming into power of a Liberal Ministry. The new Ministry appears to be disposed to do justice and enforce religious liberty as far as the existing law permits. At the same time, owing in part to the rage of the Reactionary party at having lost their position in the councils of the nation, the persecuting spirit has manifested itself with renewed violence, especially in the towns and villages, where the hand of the central government cannot so easily reach them, and where there is less liberal public sentiment to keep them in check."

EVANGELISTIC work in France is the subject of a long letter by the Secretary of the Evangelical Continental Society, who thus concludes: "France deserves a measure of attention from English Christians which it has not yet received. Perfect religious liberty now prevails. The people are largely accessible, as is shown by the success of the McAll movement, and by the crowds that will gather to hear lectures on Protestantism as compared with Romanism. The land is ready for the labourers. But where are they? A few are at work. More, many more, are needed. England might do much to supply this need." We are glad to learn that another seminary for Evangelists is about to be opened in France. It is undenominational, and is to be called the "Elementary Theological School for Evangelists" for the training of pioneers for the Gospel in France. The school is to be open to Christians of Evangelical principles irrespective of the Church to which they belong, and who wish to devote themselves to the work of Evangelists, colporteurs, Scripture-readers, or Sunday-school teachers, and who have given adequate evidence of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and aptness for the work.

THE most recent instance of absurd superstition in France is that patronised by the Bishop of Arras, who has given his approbation to a pilgrimage in honour of a sacred tear of our Lord Jesus Christ once sent to Allouagne (Pas-de-Calais) by Godfrey de Bouillon from Jerusalem in the twelfth century. This tear was shed, it is alleged, on the tomb of Lazarus!

THE Rev. Dr. Trowbridge, President of the College at Aintab, in Central Turkey, in connection with the American Mission there, has been lately on a visit to this country. His object was to increase generally the interest in the subject of Christian education in Turkey, and to raise funds for the completion of the college buildings at Aintab, and the purchase of books and apparatus. The American missionaries have now in Turkey 400 schools, attended by 15,000 scholars. High schools and seminaries for training girls have been established in many of the principal cities. Of late, colleges for the thorough scholarly training of young men of all nationalities have been founded at Constantinople, Beyrout, Aintab, and Kharpoot. The higher branches are taught, as in colleges in this country, while there is also thorough Christian instruction. In two of these colleges there are medical classes and hospitals. At Central Turkey College 1,500 patients have been treated since the opening, less than twelve months ago. The Duke of Argyll, the Earls of Shaftesbury and Aberdeen, Lord Kinnaird, and Sir W. Muir have cordially commended the object to the public of this country.

THE Basle mission at Ashantee and on the Gold Coast now occupies nine stations, with forty-one out-stations. The numbers of the congregations, including children, number nearly five thousand. Two of the missionaries, Messrs. Buck and Huppenbauer, recently visited Coomassie, and they give an interesting account of their reception by the king and people. "It was a solemn moment," say the missionaries, "when, after all, we saw Coomassie before us. Alas, we did not know then that our arrival had cost at least one human life! In the immediate neighbourhood of the town we met a lot of fetish-priests shovelling earth into an open ditch, which had been dug across the road. They had just then finished this business, when we arrived on the spot and walked over the earth-covered ditch. But what was our grief, when we afterwards learnt that in that very ditch a young girl lay buried, who had been slaughtered as a sacrifice, while near her a live sheep had been nailed to the ground, and about a dozen small chickens had been cruelly placed under heavy stones. How true it is that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty! All this had been done to propitiate some evil spirits and keep off harm from the king, who in the face of all our assurances that we were only simple missionaries who had nothing to do with politics, etc., still feared some 'palaver,' into which our approach might possibly involve him!" A friendly interview was had with the king, and, although he would not consent to receive a missionary, it is hoped that a good impression has been left upon his mind. The people readily attended the services which were conducted by Messrs. Buck and Huppenbauer.

AFTER some delay, the responsible office vacated by the death of Dr. A. P. Stanley, has been filled by the appointment as his successor of the Rev. Dr. Bradley, Master of University College, Oxford. The new, like the late, Dean of Westminster was early in life directly under the influence of the late Dr. Arnold, and he belongs to the same school of theological thought. It is known that he was one of Dr. Stanley's favourite pupils at Oxford, at the time when the late Dean was a young "don," and Dr. Bradley a scholar at the ancient foundation of King Alfred College. Before occupying the post which he has just left for the Deanery of Westminster, he was Head-master of Marlborough College.

THE English Church Union have failed conspicuously in their attempts to overturn the jurisdiction of Lord Penzance in the Miles Platting case. The grounds on which it was sought to reverse the decision of the Dean of Arches by making the proceedings taken to enforce it nugatory, were highly technical; but the facts could not be disproved as to the illegal ritual practised by the rector, the Rev. S. F. Green, in the parish church. Not discouraged by a series of adverse decisions in the Courts below, the English Church Union appealed to the House of Lords. After hearing counsel argue in favour of the appeal for two days, the Law Lords decided against them, and without calling on the other side. The object of the appeal was that Mr. Green, who has now been more than six months in Lancaster gaol, for contempt of Court, by refusing obedience to the directions of the Dean of Arches, might be released on a visit of *habeas corpus;* and the Lord Chancellor, in delivering the judgment of the House of Lords, remarked that, "However people may regard themselves as keepers of their own consciences, obedience to the law is the first duty of every subject of the Queen."

UPON the application of the promoter in the prosecution of the Rev. T. Pelham Dale for illegal ritual, Lord Penzance, as Dean of Arches, has pronounced Mr. Dale in contempt for not having obeyed the order of the Court to pay the costs in the case. It was also ordered that this contempt should be signified to the Court of Chancery.

THE ninth Triennial Conference of delegates representing the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world, was held recently in London. The first Conference took place in Paris rather more than a quarter of a century since, when the movement was in its infancy, the place of meeting three years ago being Geneva. The gatherings held this summer, in Exeter Hall, the new home of the Association in London, were attended by some four hundred delegates, representing almost every nationality, and occupied an entire week. The subjects discussed on the Monday and Tuesday principally related to the improved working of the Associations, and the extension of their usefulness. These meetings were under the presidency successively of Mr. George Williams, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and the Earl of Aberdeen. A public meeting took place on the Wednesday night in Exeter Hall. The resumption of the Conference, and visits to such places of interest as Westminster Abbey, occupied Thursday. On Friday the delegates accepted the hospitality of Mr. Morley, at Hall Place, Tonbridge, the gatherings terminating with a farewell breakfast on Saturday. Perhaps the most important event of the week took place on the Monday evening, when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress gave a reception to the delegates and their friends at the Mansion House. There was a very large muster of gentlemen of various ages, though mostly young, with a sprinkling of ladies—wives of the delegates. Upon arrival at the Mansion House the company were individually presented to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The Egyptian Hall, in which the subsequent meeting took place, was crowded. The Lord Mayor presided, and the company having been collectively welcomed by his Lordship, were addressed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the English Branch; Major Sturgis and the Hon. W. E. Dodge, American delegates; M. Fermaud, from Geneva; and other gentlemen from various parts of the world.

THE proceedings of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, to which we referred last month (p. 623), were those which took place in connection with the ministerial assembly of that body—the Pastoral Conference, as it may be called. Before the conclusion of its sittings, the Bishop of Liverpool invited the President of the Wesleyan Conference, together with the ex-President, Dr. Rigg, and a few others, to meet a number of his clergymen. Luncheon was provided at the Bishop's Palace. The meeting was of a purely friendly character. The Bishop, in a few hearty words, expressed the pleasure it gave him to welcome the President of the Wesleyan Conference and his brethren. He referred to his grandfather's association with John Wesley, and the influence which his teaching had exerted on his own life, and expressed his joy at the great work which Wesleyan Methodism had accomplished. The President of the Conference replied in a few graceful words. The Representative Conference afterwards met. This body consisted of 240 ministers and an equal number of laymen. The numerical returns which were presented showed that the total membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Societies in Great Britain at the present time is 380,956, with over 30,000 on trial for Church membership, and upwards of 20,000 young persons in junior society classes. The net increase of the year is 4,278. The report of the Home Mission Committee showed that its receipts for the year had been 33,766*l*. The General Chapel Committee reported that the amount expended during the year for new erections and enlargements had amounted to 386,454*l*. The principal discussion in the Representative Conference arose on the affairs of the Schools Fund. A committee on the matter recommended the immediate concentration of the schools for ministers' children at Kingswood instead of the maintenance of the second school at Woodhouse Grove. This resolution, in a modified form, was adopted. Various other matters, chiefly financial, also engaged the attention of the Representative Conference. Among them were reports of the Auxiliary Fund (for the benefit of enfeebled ministers and ministers' widows); the Children's Fund (for the children of ministers); the Children's Home and Orphanage (a benevolent institution, established by the Rev. Dr. B. Stephenson); the Theological Colleges; the Training Colleges at Westminster and Southlands; the Wesleyan elementary schools; the Wesleyan middle-class schools; foreign missions, and the Thanksgiving Fund. The amount promised to this last fund was reported as being upwards of 301,300*l*., of which 245,000*l* had already been received.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE TAJ MEHAL, AGRA.

"HOWEVER late you arrive at Agra, if it is moonlight, drive to the Taj." This was the advice of a friend who had seen the Taj, and who adored it as the finest sight on earth. "Be sure to have moonlight for Agra and the Taj," said another. Agra and the Taj seem to go together in the imagination of many, and Agra seems almost to exist for the Taj. "Nothing that has been written," says a third, "does the Taj any sort of justice, and we may wait another two hundred and fifty years for a worthy description." What then is the Taj? It is a tomb, a Mohammedan tomb of a woman, the tomb of a rich man's favourite wife, the word Taj being the pet name with which he addressed her: it is her tomb and his own, for he lies beside her, and it is built in compliance with a request of hers before she died. One characteristic of the Tartars was their tomb-building propensity. Each Mogul in turn built a tomb for himself. The Taj was built by the Mogul Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, as a tomb for his favourite wife, Moomtaj a Mehal, and for himself.

About two miles from the town along a dusty road, you pass under a colossal gateway, in itself an object

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commanding and impressive, and worth coming many miles to see; and before you is a lovely garden, green and shaded with beautiful trees, and in the centre an avenue of tall, dark cypress-trees, separated by a line of fountains, and leading the eye to the foot of the building, which rises from a double platform, the first of red sandstone twenty feet high and one thousand feet broad, the second of marble fifteen feet high and three hundred feet square, on the corners of which stand four marble minarets. In the centre of all thus reared in air stands the Taj, with giant arches and clustering domes. The afternoon sun was shining upon it, and the deep blue sky beyond. As you walk towards it the building grows to its real size, and what at first sight seemed a swan-like vision reared in air now displays its colossal proportions, a marble shrine of great magnitude inlaid with precious stones, graceful in its outlines, costly in its gems, and perfect in its details. Beyond, the Jumna flows; and on either side the great platform there rises a beautiful mosque, the one for use, the other (because not looking towards Mecca) raised only for finish, and symmetry. Every picture of the Taj fails to give the full impression of its majesty, because with minuteness of detail, and effeminate elegance of finish it fails to embody its stupendous size and giant massiveness. What is huge and massive is usually associated in the mind with what is rough, abrupt, ponderous. In the Taj you have the majesty of a giant building combined with the lightness and delicacy of a costly cabinet. As Bishop Heber said, the Saracens built like Titans, and finished like jewellers. The Taj is, in fact, a colossal casket, whose base is a square of one hundred and eighty-six feet, whose height is two hundred feet, and whose cost was above two millions sterling. The echoes under its dome are almost perpetual, and most soft and musical. Within, all is empty, save the marble sarcophagus above, and the actual tomb in a vault beneath. Death is there without any hopeful emblem, and to the triumph of death the building witnesses. As I walked round it outside, the words came into my mind which the disciples addressed to Jesus: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here." Nor could I shut out from my recollection those other words of the Master in reply: "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down"—words which significantly stand in close connection with His estimate of the widow's mite, uttered a few moments before,—her act permanent, the massive temple transient. The Taj is a perfect casket, perfect in its proportions, its material, its elegance, its costliness; but it lacks object, sanctity, history, associations, utility. It is, as I have said, a tomb, the tomb of one of the wives of a Mohammedan ruler, built at her request for her and for himself. As a tomb, the grave of his faithful daughter, covered with sod, at Delhi, touches a higher chord. As a building, though with some it is a sign of culture to adore it as the embodiment of heavenly beauty, and comparable even with the eternal snows of the Himalayas, to my mind, considering the national history and aspirations they each embody, the Parthenon at Athens, the cathedral at Milan, and even the Capitol at Washington, are nobler buildings than the Taj.

The palaces of the Moguls in India are usually found within the fort of the capital. The fort of Agra, though hardly equal to that of Delhi, is grand and imposing. It is of red sandstone, and its walls are forty feet high. Within are the various buildings belonging to the palace of a Mohammedan ruler. There is a hall of public audience, and one of private audience, luxurious chambers and baths, dwellings for the soldiers, dungeons for prisoners, throne-rooms, and mosques for worship. Here are stored the Somnath Gates, the memorials of Lord Ellenborough's boast. Here the great Akbar lived for many years. But the most beautiful buildings here were raised by his grandson, Shah Jehan. These consist of the apartments of the harem and the Pearl Mosque. As to the harem, "picture to yourselves," says a graphic writer, "rooms or boudoirs, call them what you please, opening one into another, all of pure marble; here a balcony supported by delicate pillars with projecting roofs there, exquisite balustrades in delicate lace-like open patterns, having no ornament save gilding, with views extending over the country, and embracing the Taj and the Jumna. Imagine, again, rivulets of water streaming from room to room along marble beds; gardens of flowers and precious exotics; the creepers running over trellises, and shading from the heat the pathways across the marble floors, and mingling with the flying spray of the fountains and this on and on from room to room, from balcony to balcony, from court to court."

Pre-eminent in beauty, within the fort of Agra, is the Mutee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, also built by Shah Jehan, two hundred and forty feet from east to west, and one hundred and ninety feet from north to south, with an open court one hundred and fifty feet square. This building is wholly of white marble from the pavement to the summit of its domes. The western part or mosque proper is also of white marble except an Arabic inscription from the Koran in black. The domes tower high above the other buildings of the fort, and in the glare of the morning sun look as if really built up of pearl. It is not only the Pearl Mosque, it is the pearl of mosques, unequalled in beauty by any other.

But to all this white marble there is a dark side. "dark scenes in the shades below balancing the brilliant scenes in the heights above. Deep down are seen mysterious stairs descending into empty cells and covered vaults, and from these again descending deeper and deeper still, through tortuous passages, ending apparently in nothing, yet with more than a suspicion of a something beyond, although a built-up wall interposes. We examined these mysterious and dim retreats, and we saw enough to convince us that pleasure and pain, 'lust and hate,' were near neighbours in Agra, as in other places. Sad evidences were apparent of beings who from jealousy, or other causes, had been conveyed to these chambers of horror, and there executed in the eye of God alone." Beyond some of these barriers human skeletons have been found, some hung with ropes. Thus, side by side with the relics of Oriental splendour, are the visible tokens of Mogul cruelty.

The tomb of Akbar is near Secundra, seven miles from Agra, in a court a quarter of a mile square. A heavy wall surrounds it like a fortress. It is three hundred feet square, and a hundred feet high, rising in terraces of pyramidal form, with cloisters, galleries, and domes. The design is borrowed, Mr

Fergusson thinks, from a Hindu, or, more correctly, a Buddhist model. The highest elevation is flat-roofed, with kiosks at the angles. Omit the domes, and the resemblance to the old Buddhist *viharas* is apparent. Akbar was just and tolerant, and sought in vain to abolish the distinction between Hindu and Mohammedan. He abolished the Hindu tax, *jiziah*, and carried out many reforms. He took up his residence at Futtepore Sikri, where are to be seen his finest works as a builder, which cluster, Acropolis-like, upon the top of a small ridge of hills. The richest of these are three pavilions, said to have been erected for his three favourite sultanas. But his most majestic work is the mosque, sternly grand; the southern gateway of which stands on a rising ground, and "when looked at from below is noble," says Mr. Fergusson, "beyond that of any portal attached to any mosque in India, perhaps in the whole world." Futtepore Sikri was the Windsor or Versailles of the Moguls. It is twenty miles from Agra, on a rocky hill; and the wall enclosing it is nine miles in extent. Among the buildings, one is called the Hide-and-Seek Palace, with narrow corridors, where, as is told, the consorts of the emperor used to amuse themselves at bo-peep. The material of the buildings is red sandstone, of the richest colour and finest grain. "The style," acutely observes Mr. Sheill, "though elaborately ornate, is characterised by an almost grim severity; and so cyclopean are the dimensions and the massiveness of the masonry that they might be the abodes of an extinct race of giants." *

* From "Indian Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. W. Urwick, M.A. A handsome illustrated volume just issued by the Religious Tract Society.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

"Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be."

IT was between three and four in the afternoon when Garret Montague left his office in the City and turned his face towards Bayswater.

He had neither seen nor heard anything of the Chaffords for a month, and he was beginning to pine for a little family news. Garret's relations were not numerous; and it was no light sorrow to find himself cut off from Uncle Peter, the nearest and dearest that was left to him.

The days were short, and he did not go back to his lodgings before proceeding to the Pagets' house.

He had to knock and ring twice before the door was opened; and was then informed that no one was at home. But the well-known sound of his voice reached the ears of one lonely little listener, moping in the dining-room; and just as he was turning away Walter ran out into the hall. "Don't go, Cousin Garret," he screamed. "I'm here all by myself, and I'm *so* miserable."

"Naughty boy," the housemaid was beginning to say; but Garret heeded her not. The sight of the little fellow, looking pale and thin, and decidedly untidy, recalled a host of memories, and touched his heart. Poor Walter had been so odd and silent the last time they had met, that Garret had almost thought himself forgotten by the child.

"I will come in and talk to you, Walter," he said, in his old kind tone. "What makes you miserable, my man?"

"He is rather troublesome, sir," put in the housemaid, in a mincing voice. "Of course he can't be taken everywhere with his mamma, and he gets ill-tempered when he is left at home."

"I'm not ill-tempered," declared Walter sturdily. "But I've nobody to play with when Harry is at school; and no one manages me as Keziah did. Every one here is always so cross."

The maid went her way to her own regions, muttering to herself; and the boy eagerly drew Garret into the empty dining-room, and shut the door.

"I wish you would let me come and stay with you for a bit," he said, stroking Garret's arm with a soiled little hand. "It's so wretched now; mother told Uncle Peter that I was to be sent to school with Harry, but I haven't gone."

"Perhaps she will send you by-and-bye" said

Garret soothingly. "She has been feeling so ill that she could not do all she wished."

"She hasn't been ill at all, Cousin Garret," replied Walter, speaking quite deliberately, and looking straight into his companion's face. "I'm not a baby now, and I won't be hushed up for ever. She goes out to parties nearly every day, and dresses in the most beautiful frocks you ever saw!"

Garret was a little startled by this abrupt disclosure. He had accepted Josephine's assertions in perfect faith, and she had repeatedly declared herself too ill to go anywhere.

"I will ask your mother to let you come to stay with me," he said, anxious to change the subject. "I could have you from Saturday till Monday, you know."

"Oh, thank you!" responded Walter, giving his arm a rapturous squeeze. "I was so sorry when you went away from Pine Cottage. Uncle Peter was cross to you, and that made you go. But he wouldn't have been cross if mother hadn't told him that you were always teasing her for money to pay your debts."

"Walter!"

"It's true; I'm not a baby, and they shan't keep on hushing me. I was riding on the wall close to the study-window, but they didn't know I was there. They were talking in the study, and I heard what mother said. You were gone to Thorn Farm, and Uncle Peter was cross when you came back."

"Walter, you must have been mistaken. It is very mean to listen."

"I didn't want to listen; but I *heard*. It's all true; and I'm glad I've told."

"I must go home now," said Garret, rising, and feeling an intense desire to be alone. "Good-bye, dear old boy; I won't fail to keep my promise. And, Walter, you will try to forget that—that nonsense that you have been telling me?"

"It's all true," insisted Walter gravely. "But I'll try to forget it if you like."

Thoughts, misgivings, suspicions thronged into Garret's mind as he took his way back to Bloomsbury, bewildered and sick at heart. And through all his troubled musings an old proverb was ringing in his ears as persistently as a chime—over, and over, and over again it came; but where he had first heard it he could not tell:

"Children and fools speak the truth."

If that were indeed the truth which the child had spoken, the key to his uncle's unaccountable conduct was found at last.

But what if it were found? He could not turn the boy's evidence against Josephine; he must just remain quietly under the cloud of Mr. Sorrell's displeasure, without making an effort to clear himself. It was hard; but he did not see how he was to convince the old man of his innocence.

If his cousin had indeed maligned him to his uncle, her motive was only too plain. She was scheming for the sole possession of Uncle Peter's property; and she had been determined to get rid of her most formidable rival by any means in her power.

But if Josephine had falsely accused him, might she not also have falsely accused another? Had he not been too hasty in accepting her testimony against Prue Winterburn?

Yet there was Prue's own letter, and the locket that he had seen at the silversmith's shop at Foxham.

His brain was confused by a thousand conflicting thoughts; and he told himself, half despairingly, that there was only One who could ever unravel this mystery. But it is not always His will that mysteries should be unravelled in this world.

It was dark when he returned to his lodgings; the neighbouring church-clock chimed the half-hour after six, and Garret vaguely realised that he was weary, and stood in need of food and rest.

His parlour, on the ground-floor, was looking warm and comfortable. Little Nelly had just been in to stir the fire, and met him in the entry.

"There is a telegram for you, sir," she said. "It has been waiting some time. Shall we send you up tea directly?"

Scarcely knowing what he was saying, he answered yes; and then entered the room. There lay the ominous yellow envelope on the table. A moment more, and he had turned up the gas, and torn open the message with hasty fingers.

It was, as we already know, from the vicar of Thistledean, and contained only half-a-dozen words, "Come to your uncle at once."

The sudden summons seemed to bring back Garret's strength and clear his brain; for he was one of those men who are always good at an emergency. He touched the bell, and the faithful little Nelly reappeared without a minute's delay.

"I am obliged to go into the country to-night, Nelly," he said. "I must eat something before I start; for I have a long journey before me. And, Nelly, you will see that a letter is posted this evening."

She promised in her grave, womanly way; then ran downstairs to order a traveller's tea; and returned to hover about the parlour-door, in case she should be wanted again.

Garret sat down and wrote a brief note to his employers, explaining the cause of his sudden departure from town. The next thing to be done was to pack a portmanteau; a task that was very soon accomplished. He was just fastening the straps when the tray appeared; and, strange as it may seem, he began to eat with a better appetite than he had known for many a day.

"I am going to Thistledean," he said to himself a hundred times. "And everything will be made clear; it must be God's will."

Yet preoccupied as he was, he did not forget to say a kind good-bye to Nelly, and tell her that he should soon return.

His cab came to the door; he entered it, and was borne off into the November darkness. And Nelly peeped out after the vehicle with wistful eyes.

"Please God bless him, and take care of him," she thought; and then was comforted that she had prayed. She felt, in her simplicity, that it was the kindest thing she could do for the friend whom she loved; and surely that traveller is blessed whose out-going is followed by a prayer.

The night-mists were left behind with London, and as the train came out into the open country, Garret saw the stars shining with frosty clearness in a purple-black sky. It was a few minutes past eight when he started on his journey, and he knew that he should not reach Thistledean till nearly midnight.

Worn out with thought and excitement, he fell asleep at last; waking up at intervals as the train stopped at the stations. It was well for him that he could sleep; well that his tired brain should rest itself before it had to bear the pressure of new discoveries and anxieties.

At length his slumber deepened, and was visited by dreams; nor was the spell entirely broken till two more passengers got into his carriage.

"Marks Hill," shouted the guard.

Garret sat upright in his corner, scarcely able to believe that he had heard aright.

Marks Hill was the next station to Thistledean; the journey that he had expected to find so long and tedious, was very nearly at an end.

The two men who had just taken their seats began to talk; and their voices helped Garret to shake off the last remnants of drowsiness.

He kept the window down for a second or two; and the night air, pure and cold, blew freshly into his face and revived him. It had the fragrance of fir-woods in its breath; and he fancied that it came to him from the old plantations that skirted the fields of Thorn Farm.

The train stopped again; and now he was indeed at Thistledean.

In another minute he was out upon the platform; and a well-remembered voice was speaking words of kindly greeting. The vicar's hand gave his a hearty shake; a man-servant speedily shouldered his portmanteau, and trudged off with it into the darkness; Garret already felt himself welcomed, and at home.

"I was resolved not to go to bed till the mail train came in," said Mr. Fincham, taking Garret's arm, and walking with him towards Pine Cottage.

"It was past six when I got your telegram," the young man explained. "And my uncle?"

"We think there is a slight improvement. He has had a stroke; and yesterday Mr. Smythe feared the worst."

"And he asked for me?"

"For you, and for no one else, save the lawyer. Your name was first on his lips; and he became contented when I had despatched the telegram."

"Then you have not sent for Josephine?"

"No; in all her letters she has declared herself utterly unfit to travel. We determined to leave the matter in your hands."

Mr. Sorrell was sleeping so peacefully that cook ventured to slip out of his room for a minute, just to welcome Mr. Montague.

"I'm downright glad to see you, sir," she whispered. "Ellen has made your room ready, and got supper; and I hope you'll find everything comfortable."

Garret went peacefully to rest in his old chamber, and slept soundly until "the cock's shrill clarion" awoke him to the consciousness of rural surroundings. It was difficult at first to realise that he was indeed beneath his uncle's roof again. But a glance out of window showed him the grey dawn stealing over the distant hills, and slowly lighting up a landscape from which the rich colouring of autumn had departed. Traces of tarnished gold lingered here and there, but most of the trees were skeletons, standing up gaunt and bare in the dim light of the November day.

Uncle Peter had passed a quiet night, and Garret was to see him after the doctor had paid his early visit. Breakfast was ready in that little morning-room in which Garret and Josephine had talked on a certain memorable May evening; how distinctly he could recall the details of their conversation now! But his trust in his cousin's truth had sustained a terrible shock since that day.

Mr. Smythe found his patient better, and asking eagerly for his nephew. Words now seemed to come more readily to the old man's lips, although his speech was still somewhat fettered and slow. There could be no objection, the doctor thought, to the interview with Garret. It would allay the invalid's evident anxiety, and relieve his mind.

And so Uncle Peter and Garret met again; and every shadow of mistrust and misunderstanding was cleared away for ever.

Little Walter had indeed spoken truth when he revealed Mrs. Chafford's perfidy to Garret Montague. The boy had spoken out under the influence of neglect and wounded feeling; and uncle and nephew mutually resolved to keep his revelation a secret. Josephine should never know that her son had betrayed her; nor should the lad hereafter blush to think that he had exposed his mother's insincerity.

In the quietness of the sick-chamber Uncle Peter put plain questions, and Garret gave frank answers. The young man understood now, only too well, the game that the widow had been playing; and a despicable game it was.

He left Mr. Sorrell considerably better in body and mind, and found Mrs. Fincham awaiting him in the drawing-room downstairs. She met Garret with even more than her usual warmth of manner.

"I think your prompt arrival has helped to save the dear old man," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Smythe believes he will get on now. And we are all so glad to see you!"

"Thank you," he answered; "I have been longing for a sight of Thistledean faces again."

"There is one face that has greatly changed," said the vicar's wife, in a graver tone. "Of course you have heard of Prudence Winterburn's illness?"

But, before he replied, his altered countenance showed her that he had *not* heard.

"Then Josephine did not tell you," she went on. "Well, I don't wonder that you men sneer at women's friendships; they seem to be hollow things! After your departure the intimacy cooled; Prue's health failed, and Delia took her to the seaside. When she returned, Mrs. Chafford and the children had left Pine Cottage."

"And this illness?"

"It attacked Prue on the very day of her return; and proved to be typhoid fever. For weeks she lay between life and death; and even now her recovery is but half complete. She seems, poor child, not to care about this world very much."

There were tears in Mrs. Fincham's eyes, and her kind voice quivered when she spoke again.

"I went to see her yesterday," she continued; "and when I bade her good bye, I asked why she did not find life worth living? She answered me in those sad words of the Psalmist—some of the very saddest, I think, that sorrow ever wrung from a human spirit: 'Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.'"

"AIN'T THERE NO P'RAPS?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

AN old labourer is leaning on a gate, in the quiet evening, on the way home from his day's work. It is early in June, and the beans are giving their scent. Undulating beneath him, as he leans on the gate, they are spread out, for acres, a sort of hoary sea, following the dips and rises of the land, and swaying a little in the air. For the rows, the endless rows, of beans have fused their expanse of blue-green leaves, and, except in the nearer stalks, the white and jet blossoms clustering up the square stems, are only guessed at by the delicious perfume that surprises the traveller as he passes through the deep hedge-crowned banks. Then he comes to the gate, and is pleased to see that his surmise was correct.

In the nearer blooms, however, the red and orange humble-bee, long after the honey-bee has tired and winged his way to the hive, still continues his busy labour, and his intermitted droning hum. The sun is sinking westward; the purple hills are steeped in a golden haze. The warm light is touching the sea that sleeps around the point reaching from the hills seaward. The white houses and the white pier, that nestle under the point, gleam out distinct in the sun's slanting rays. A blue smoke dwells, like a cloud, motionless on the side of the hill. The landscape is, altogether, a landscape of peace. The very sounds enhance the quiet. There is a caw now and then from a late rook or two; the wood-lark is singing softly in the distance; the corn-crake is busy with its incessant fishing-rod-reel of sound. The cows going home pass the loitering labourer; a group of children straggle by, returning from the village shop; the horn of the mail-cart comes startlingly upon the stillness, as the driver pulls up, and waits for the well-filled bag.

Little, in all likelihood, does the old man notice the details of all this evening hush of sight and sound. But the influence of it, whether or no, sinks into his mind, and, unconsciously, he is soothed and tranquillised by the atmosphere of the pervading calm.

Old is he, and grey; seventy years of no stinted labour have bowed his back; and long exposure to all weathers has brought aches and cramps of rheumatiz, to render his step somewhat halting now. Nevertheless, he has brought up ten children, and given schooling to them all; and never troubled the parish for a farthing. This is his honest boast; the testimony of a self-respecting and independent spirit, which, in the shires, is too much dying out in our day. Nor is he ashamed to wear his picturesque sage-green gaberdine, that makes him look the honest peasant that he is; a clean one he keeps for Church, while the young fellows, with ill-made frock-coats, shamble along, ill at ease, mere caricatures of gentlemen.

This old labourer is, really, a gentleman, ready always to give to every one his due: to the tradesman, his due of payment; to the parson and squire, their meed of respect, never thinking himself lowered by rendering this; to his old woman, tender honour and care; to his children, as we have seen, the start in life which was denied to himself, in times when schooling was out of the reach of the many. He has, however, somehow, picked up book learning enough to read his Bible fairly well, and he has pored over it now for so long years, that his Bible-lore would shame that of many who, from the standard of their secular attainments, would look down with contempt upon the unlettered old man.

He has, so to speak, saturated his life, his common work-a-day life, with the word of God; and he goes his daily way with that simple, childlike (but not childish) faith in God's over-ruling providence, which is so sure to bring that happy wisdom, which the worldly-wise and the wise in their own conceit so lamentably miss, winning in its stead what may be described as the wisdom of despair. Ah, Heinrich Heine, and thy disciples, what would ye, if truly wise, have given to have exchanged all your genius, with its lurid melancholy and baleful glare, for the peaceful faith of the simple peasant, and his quiet trust in God as "Our Father"!

> "O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
> His the mere tinsel, thine the rich reward!"

For some such wisely simple minds are yet left, even in this high-pressure, rail-road, newspaper-reading age.

Presently the trot, trot, of a horse breaks in upon the stillness. Muffled in the distance, but drawing nearer, and loud now on the hard dry road. It is the farmer coming home from the monthly sale at the small town, three miles away, and he draws rein, seeing the old man leaning on the gate. He is disposed for a chat, at least he is pleased to have some one to whom to tell the thoughts that have been busying his mind during his ride; and the old man is somewhat of a favourite with him—he bears the character (alas, a rare one) of being thoroughly reliable. The former tenant who has just given up the farm (for the horseman is a recent comer) has given him that character. "You may always be sure," he said, "that Robin is at work just the same when your back is turned as when you are looking on. And there," he said, "I don't know one of the youngsters on the farm of whom I can say that much." Then his quiet deferential (not servile) manner pleases his employer. And the evening is still, and the day's work is done. And there is no one awaiting the farmer at home. In the autumn he talks of getting himself a companion; an help-meet for him. But he must have things a bit straight first, and look about him on the land. Meanwhile, he is full of plans and schemes, and he is minded to please himself to-night, by unrolling some of the panorama of them before the eyes of the old peasant.

"Fine night, my man!" This of course commences every British conversation; and the prospects of the weather must now, as always, receive their due meed of first place in the talk.

Then they go on to talk about the crops and the likelihood of the year; about the farming in the country that the farmer had come from, and the great superiority of the ways there. Great alterations were to be made, and the productiveness of the land was to be doubled.

"You see the rushes in this pasture land, my man? Well, all *that* will have to be drained. There is a capital fall, and there is no reason why two blades of grass should not grow where one is grow-

ing now. I shall alter all this, you'll see. You'll hardly know the place, when I've been here a year or two. As for the plough-land, I suppose you never saw a steam-plough hereabouts? So you go on, ploughing just the same ground, over and over again, turning up just the same depth. And the tramp of men and horses upon the land, year after year, makes it as hard as a road, two feet under the soil. Then, of course, you can't have proper drainage, and the water stops at this hard caking. Ah, I shall make a vast change here! I shall have a steam plough at work that will turn up the ground twelve inches deeper than the common plough does, and without a foot being set on the ground. Then I shall improve the breed of cattle. You have lots of wool and poor mutton, *we* had first-class mutton, but little wool. Now I mean to get the two things together here. I am certain to do it; it's to be done by what some people call science, and other folk common sense. Then the bullocks, I have an idea or two about those; there's a deal to be done yet in crossing breeds, and I believe that I'm the man to do it. I've capital, you see, and I can stand a little waiting, and even a bad season or two. And it mayn't be this year, nor next, no, nor the year after that, but I'm sure to turn over heaps of money in the end. I shall want some one to help me, of course, in the home work. And I flatter myself I've got a nice, sensible lass, with no fine-lady ways about her, and I'm going to bring her home about Michaelmas. I shall have all ready in the house for her by then, and I'll warrant she'll soon make all tidy and comfortable. She'll see after the cows, and the poultry, and the eggs. Why, there are *millions* of eggs sent to this country from France, from Ostend, every year. Why shouldn't *we* have the price of them? Ah, I shall institute a reform in a good many things about here. I shall make my own fortune, and the fortune, I dare say, of many another too. I shall—well, I can't tell you *half* of what I've decided to do, even this very year."

"Ain't there no p'raps?" This was what the simple-minded old man said, and thus he checked the flow of the farmer's talk. The God-fearing peasant's thoughts had been troubled and bewildered, by the confident and presumptuous predictions of the farmer. Something he felt constrained to say, and the lessons that had sunk into his mind from his study of God's word, the teaching of a chapter in St. James's Epistle General, had thus simply and naturally shaped itself into this artless yet subtle question:

"'Ain't there no p'raps?"

The farmer, hereupon, as one who had had an unwelcome truth brought home to him, rode off in silence, if not in dudgeon.

Yet who knows what effect that simple word, spoken thus in season, might have had upon his heart?

There was need. I tell a true story, and the question was thus asked, and the event came about as I am now to relate. The young farmer fell ill before the autumn came. His complaint was pronounced to be a cancer, and, by Christmas, he lay in the churchyard. And where then were all his plans laid up for many years? "'Ain't there no p'raps?" The words in the old man's mouth seemed an inspired warning from God.

Small need is there to point the moral of the tale. To every eager painting of the schemes, the plans, the possibilities, of the years that are future; to the excited aspirings of youth; to the determined line of life laid down by mature years, alike, might the same simple question be asked.

And is it lawful to say one word more; to pass from presumptuous schemes for time, to over-weening anticipations concerning our eternal welfare?

When I hear people talking as though all were settled for them, and sure; people certain that, even now, they hold their title clear, an indefeasible title, to mansions in the skies; when it is plain that they think they stand, and shall stand, and must stand; that the Land very far away is their own freehold already, and that the King in his beauty is absolutely bound to share with them his throne; can you blame me if the many warnings in Holy Writ against presumptuous security seem to me written expressly for such cases, and if the simple question of the untaught peasant seem to me singularly suitable when I listen to such claims? *Possibly* all that you say may be true; possibly you may have (not what saintly Leighton was content to claim, a good hope through grace), but assurance of acceptance at the last. Possibly, I say, you may have sufficient ground for such confidence. But—

"Ain't there no p'raps?"

Then, again, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It might be well for the fool, for the scoffer, for the sceptic, if this were even so. Well, for these, if the Bible were the mere dream of fanatics of old time; if Christ, and the death of Christ, and the reason of it, and the words of Christ, were all merely the beautiful vision of enthusiasts; if there were no heaven to hope for, no hell to fear. Alas, those there are in our day, from the learned professor down to the shrewd artisan, who have tried to embrace, and to hold fast, this "Gospel" of emptiness; and profanity and daring sinfulness has delighted to honour such teaching.

But might not our peasant's question come in here for a hearing? Is it quite certain that God can be blotted out of his universe? that the future state of reward and of retribution is the fond invention of man's superstition? In matters of such deep mystery, of such ancient belief, fellow-mortals—"Ain't there no p'raps?"

> "For almost every one, when death,
> Disease, or sorrow strike him,
> Inclines to think there *is* a God,
> Or something very like Him."

One other application of the old man's question.

Even the earnest and the God-fearing, even those who have faith in God as our Father, may lose heart and be dismayed at times. Even, as with Job, a "Why?" of anguish may be forced from their heart, as they seem fixed in a place where two seas meet, and like to be broken in pieces by the violence of the waves, and God's way is hidden from them, and, for an almost intolerable space of time, neither moon nor stars appear. Has God forgotten to be gracious? will He shut up his tender mercies in displeasure? Must not his love have passed them by? Has not He hid away his face that He should not see them?

But, ah, supposing that this extreme anguish is a proof, one more proof, of his special love? Suppose that this is the method by which He thinks to promote

thee to great honour, if but thou canst rise to the occasion? Thy heart will sink sometimes, but, when it is lowest and the promises are no longer clear to thee, and thy spirit is ready to give up and to fail, let the homely question come to thee as with an angel's whisper, "Though there seem, at present, no break in the blackness of thy sky, yet, at least, concerning the care through all of thy Father for his children,

"Ain't there no p'raps?"

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IN the places most frequented by tourists and holiday-makers in the Highlands of Scotland, the peculiar features of the traditional national worship on the Sabbath are not always to be seen, and it is not uncommon to hear visitors express their surprise at finding the state of matters so different from what they had expected.

The elegant church, the use of hymns, the introduction of petitions from the Liturgy of the Church of England in prayers otherwise extempore, affected by not a few of the ministers, particularly of the Established Church, the reading of two Scripture Lessons, the sermon not exceeding half an hour, are features for which many a visitor is not prepared.

There are places in the Highlands, where, during the season, a very large proportion of the congregation is composed of strangers, in some cases chiefly English people, with a sprinkling of people from the Continent and America. On entering the church the visitor may often see the familiar faces of well-known public men and of former friends and acquaintances who were thought to be in other and distant parts of the world. In the pulpit on Sunday, or giving the address at week-night services, may be heard men of other churches, it may be clergymen of the Church of England, of the Broad or the Evangelical school, or earnest religious laymen.

That features such as we have above noticed should exist anywhere in Presbyterian worship in the Highlands, the stronghold, as they are generally regarded, of ecclesiastical conservatism in Scotland, shows how much the times have changed. It is chiefly in the wildest and most secluded districts and in the far north where things remain as they were, that all the traditional peculiarities of Scottish worship and religious life may still be seen. In these districts the rugged metrical psalms still form the exclusive material of praise, the Scripture paraphrases, long in partial use elsewhere, never having found favour among the people. The singing is of that peculiarly slow and long-drawn kind dear to the hearts of the people; every line is intoned by the precentor before it is sung by the congregation. In these regions, too, the vigorous appetite for the preaching of the Word, which will be satisfied with nothing less than two sermons at the one service of the day, continues unimpaired. There chiefly, also, exists that extreme and rigid type of Sabbatarianism which regards shaving, for instance, as a work forbidden on the holy day.

Some years ago a now well-known London minister was preaching in the wilds of Perthshire. The day was very wet and he thought it would be better to drop one sermon, give an exposition instead, and shorten the ordinary three hours' service by half an hour. He began at twelve o'clock, the usual hour of service, gave an exposition instead and then a sermon, concluding with the benediction at half-past two. He expected the congregation to rise and disperse, but none moved. The pulpit was surrounded by the elders, and egress was barred against him. He inquired the reason why the people did not retire; he was told they were waiting for the second sermon; there was nothing for it but to begin again. He gave a second sermon and concluded at a quarter past three.

In order to have an idea of the vigour of the people's appetite for the preaching of the Word, it must be remembered how wide is the extent of many of the Highland parishes, and how many miles the people have to come on foot or on horseback, or in carts, along the sea coast or down the lonely glens, or across the lochs in boats. Distances of eight, twelve, or sixteen miles are not uncommonly traversed to the service on the Lord's Day. The horses may be seen tethered outside the church, and the boats moored on the shore of the loch or the sea.

Communion Sabbath is the day, however, on which to see the Highlanders at worship. In many districts, particularly in the far north, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is viewed with an awe that amounts to superstition, and it is looked forward to by the devout as a high and holy solemnity; only those who are regarded as experienced and established Christians become communicants. Many who anywhere else would be welcomed into full communion with the Church, shrink from seeking admission to the Lord's table. Hence the proportion of the communicants to the congregation is often very small, compared with other parts of Scotland, and it has been the custom, which in some parts is changing, to have the communion only once, or at the utmost, twice a year.

It is customary for people from neighbouring parishes, if at all within reach, to flock in considerable numbers to the service when the communion is celebrated in a particular place, and to remain during the week to hear all the sermons. They are hospitably entertained by the residents. The assistance of some minister who is regarded as a great light is always, if possible, secured. The Gaelic services are always held in the open air; the English ones are held within the church. The special addresses given in connection with the administration greatly lengthen out the services of the day. These are the fencing of the tables, when the law is proclaimed in all its terror and severity to debar the unworthy from participation; the addresses before and after celebration to call "tables" of communicants; and then the closing address or sermon. An open-air communion in the Highlands, by the shore of some loch, with precipitous mountain cliffs on the farther side and some towering peak behind, with forest stretching away in the distance, is a scene which has features of picturesqueness all its own. The peculiar stillness that ordinarily reigns amid such scenes, broken only by the preacher's voice, or the swell of the voices of the congregation as they sing the psalms, seems to be deepened by the solemnity of the occasion, which reaches its climax when the sacramental bread and

By permission.] SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS. [*John MacWhirter, A.R.A.*

wine are passed in silence from hand to hand along the rows of awe-struck worshippers. The yearly or half-yearly communion season in Scotland, generally is preceded by a fast-day, on which all business is suspended, and followed by a thanksgiving-day. There are many signs that the fast-day, on which the churches have been wont to be as well filled as on the Sabbath, is losing its hold on the population of the towns at least. But in the Highlands and islands, there have been places where the people would not go to their ordinary work on a fast-day, even in order to save the crops. Yet this is only an ecclesiastical appointment not a century and a half old.

In considerable portions of the Highlands Friday is devoted to hearing the exhortations of "the men." These are those who are regarded as the most experienced Christians in the congregation, and their addresses are of an experimental character.

Into the family life of the religious people of the Highlands we cannot deeply enter. The strict observance of family worship—we have known the metrical psalms to be sung straight through, in portions of twelve lines each morning—the strict discipline, the repetition of the whole of the shorter catechism by the elder children, and the learning of smaller portions by the younger ones, the learning of the metrical psalms on the Sabbath, etc., by heart, are not peculiar to the Highlands, though probably relaxation in these matters has not taken place in the Highlands as much as in the Lowlands.

Dwelling amid "the glory and gloom of the mountains," the Highlander seems naturally to assimilate the sterner and more mysterious elements of the national creed. He is slow to attain to an assured faith, and to profess it. He is in fact suspicious of it. He is almost morbidly introspective, looking for marks of faith, and must find many before he can be at all satisfied as to his own spiritual state. The story is told of one of the Erskines, who went to visit a dying man who had heard or read Erskine's sermon on how many marks of Christian character may be found in a man, who may yet be a hypocrite. The dying man exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Erskine, I wish I were as good as one of your hypocrites." The Highlander is hard to convince that he is a real Christian. A superstitious element enters into the religion of the Highlander, especially of the far North. He believes that something like the discernment of spirits and the gift of prophecy is possessed by some men of transcendent faith, prayerfulness and spirituality. Remarkable instances are recorded in the very interesting book by Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall, "The Days of the Fathers in Rosshire." A free, joyous, child-like type of Christian character has not been its prevailing one. There are exceptions: there have been ministers who have fought well and hard against the "fatalistic" type of doctrine that has hitherto been the staple of much of the teaching given to the people, and there are people which have imbibed a freer spirit.

Unattractive as the religious life of the Highlander may be to the superficial observer, it has elements of great strength and tenacity. The Highlander is ready to suffer for his religion, and has done so more than most within living memory.

In the years following the memorable disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, when sites for manses and churches were refused by great landowners, ministers (among their ranks were men of family), with wives gently born and bred, and their young children, were content to live in huts, the roofs of which did not keep out the rain, and the congregations, too, assembled for long periods, in winter as well as summer, in the open air, on the mountain side, on the shore below high-water mark, or worshipped in floating churches, rather than disobey what they in their hearts and consciences believed to be the law of Christ. Farmers braved the displeasure of landlords, and risked the loss of their holdings by opening barns for public worship, when their landlords had refused to grant sites on which to erect churches. If the type of religious character which has so long prevailed in the Highlands, would be improved by an infusion of a more loving and joyous spirit, there are types of the softer and more attractive kind that would be greatly improved by some of the strength, tenacity and firm grasp of great and important, but too much neglected truths found in the Highlander, though these truths may be held by him in an extreme and one-sided form.

THE ARCHER'S CHANCE SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

X.

AFTER six weeks of fierce anguish the fever abated, but Monsieur Woeste then discovered his real weakness.

Periods of great faintness and sinking supervened when every one around him felt that though the crisis was past the danger was not. His patience and thoughtful care of others had been conspicuous through it all. Now Rosa wondered at the sweet serenity that never for a moment failed him. And this serenity was not based upon thankfulness for his partial restoration. No, he tried to prepare his daughter's mind for what he believed was before her.

"I should be at home with a paint-brush," he said one day, "only my fingers feel as if they were all out of joint. No, no, my Rosa, what to you is earth's canopy must soon be to me heaven's floor, and I am only sad at the thought of leaving you."

"Oh, papa, don't talk so!"

"If you should live to be eighty years old you will never forget the last six weeks, monsieur," interposed the sœur. "It has been a dark passage in your life."

"Yet how sweet the stars look when it is dark," said Monsieur Wœste. "No, you are mistaken. It has been to me an afflictive, painful, trying time but I have never for one moment felt it dark. How I wish that in my days of health I had had such a sweet light playing all around me as that which has visited my hours of gloom."

"Il se trompe," murmured the nun under her breath.

"What is the light, papa?" whispered Rosa.

"The light of the Father's countenance—God reconciled in Christ. Who can say what it is like?"

Rosa looked up into his face, and for one moment she was awed before him as a man might be awed looking on an angel's face. Oh, it was hard to fancy him deceived! It was easier to distrust all the world.

She took care to ask the doctor if her father's apprehensions concerning himself were not nervous; if indeed he was not in a fair way to recovery, and his weakness just what might be expected under the circumstances.

"But I want you to tell me the truth," she said, frankly looking up to his face. He hesitated, and his hesitation convinced her that something was wrong.

"What is it?" she asked with earnest, questioning eyes.

He told her then that the fever had left a sad souvenir of weakness, in the form of a serious affection of the heart. Monsieur might to some extent outlive it and be spared to a good old age. "But for that," said the physician, "he must for a long time be kept very quiet, and be able also to keep himself quiet."

As if to prove to Rosa her own helplessness that very day, Père Matthieu, with a darkened brow, asked to see her father. Rosa repeated what the doctor had been saying to her.

It was in vain. The priest pushed past her to the room, and, after a hasty knock at the door, entered it with scant ceremony.

He went through the usual formality of inquiring how the invalid had passed the night, and whether his appetite was returning, and then broached the vexed question of his perseverance in the heresy which had brought this judgment upon him. Rosa, listening from the landing, shuddered.

Monsieur Woeste replied,

"You have now, as you think, done your duty, discharged your commission. I do not quarrel with you, but your presence here is an intrusion; and if you again force yourself upon me, I must decline to see you. I have proved what you call orthodoxy; I have also proved that which you stigmatise as error. The one never satisfied, never sustained, never really helped me; the other has filled my soul with a peace that has never left me in the worst of my pain. My soul is as a narrow little creek, into which a great ocean is rolling, and that ocean is the love of God. 'It passeth knowledge,' Père Matthieu; but oh, how I wish you would pray that its fulness might visit you!"

"He is hopelessly deluded," said the priest between his closed teeth, as he strode from the room, muttering still stronger words.

Rosa hated him for that moment at least.

The priest gave out as a last resource that the gifted Monsieur Woeste was suffering from mental aberration.

In his own mind he believed that Woeste's end was very near. He had composed in imagination many a sensational account of his restoration and of his own instrumentality therein; but, being disappointed of that, the surest way to neutralise the influence that his lapse might have was to attribute it to the mental alienation but too common among men of genius. Monsieur van Hout heard the news, and it caused him some uneasiness, though he knew that it was probably only a pious fraud on the public credulity.

To return to Rosa: we shall find her in the studio, where from childhood she had spent so many happy hours. A sudden impulse had come over her to look again at her father's pictures. The associations attendant upon many of these were most thrilling and tender, and how often she had stood or sat for a place in them. She remembered her grief, when he told her she had grown too tall for a little Saint John; but her joy when he decided that she might be a *fille de Jaire*, not as she lay in death, but as she looked when restored to her parents, the rich life-blood coursing through her veins.

And as Rosa disturbed some of his more recent studies, she chanced on one that was quite a surprise to her. The first impression was a bewildering one. The eye was annoyed with a glare of red flowers which was divided by a line of shining white ones.

And along this pathway of light walked a white-robed maiden, whose robes were edged with the faintest pencilling.

Her meek face was turned upward, as if though barefooted she had no need to guard her steps; there were no thorns to fear, no reptiles to avoid. Yet each side of her, amongst the luxuriant blood-like growth of gladiolas, peonies, geraniums, red verbenas, and even poppies, glittering serpents trailed, and gorgeous birds with wings and crest that glowed like the flamingo's breast, paused upon the spray as if under the fascination of terror.

Yet what struck her as so strange was that the face, though so familiar, was no face of saint or of traditionary human angel.

It was the sweet, pure face of Emilie van Hout, the pastor's youngest daughter.

The artist had not been at pains to beautify it; he had not given it a fairer colouring, or favoured it with a more distinguished outline than Nature in her gentle mood had done. No, he had left it to its own peculiar charm of childlike simplicity, that a rare purity of mind had so well preserved, and religious devoutness heightened and spiritualised.

The allegorical meaning of the picture was obvious. The pure mind would make a path for itself, of brightness, safety and unsullied innocence, amid all the garish, strong surroundings of worldly pomp and corrupting pleasures. It is neither tempted nor afraid. It has no eye for the fascinations; it is unconscious of the dangers that lurk beneath them. The serpent may wind hard by; it has not perceived it.

As Rosa continued to look, a new object dawned upon her. Very few would have noticed it at first. It was the shadowy outline of a cross at the beginning of this pathway of lilies.

The sight of that destroyed the first idea of inherent purity which she had supposed to be the artist's thought. It suggested the way by which alone perfect moral purity is to be attained. She was relieved by the sight of it. And yet we may explain that the cross was an afterthought. Rosa's reading of the picture was correct according to the first conception.

And this girl, so well worthy of the idealisation, so humble, and in the least as well as greatest

things so true, how hard it was to include her in the condemnation of her error!

Well might such people make heresy dangerous. If only her father had never known them he would never have fallen into the snare. Now who could tell but that Emilie's perfection of character had bewitched him, just as much as the pastor's unfortunate speech?

All that day and the next, Rosa's mind was possessed by a secret admiration of the van Houts, with which the strongest feelings of resentment mingled.

XI.

Rosa was again in the studio, putting away some pictures that had been returned from the Galleries, when a well-known voice was heard inquiring for her in the hall, and the studio door being opened, Monsieur van Hout entered without ceremony.

"Ah, bon jour, mon enfant!" was his fatherly greeting. "Comment va-t-il avec le malade et cette petite garde-malade, trop dévouée j'en suis bien sûr?"

("Ah, good day, my child! How is the patient and this little nurse, but too devoted to him I am sure?")

He went on to say that he had been impatient of her slowness to give him permission to see his friend. Now that the fever had left him for so long surely he might see him!

Rosa's face assumed all the doggedness of which it was capable.

"Papa is up to-day," she said, "but his case is as critical as when he was in the fever. The sœurs have not yet left him, though I have wished it. The doctor apprehends consequences if he has the least excitement. You will see, then, monsieur, that the fatigue of rising is enough for one day."

"Ah, c'est possible d'attrister trop un si nerveux malade! (Ah, it is possible to depress too much so nervous a patient.) You know, mademoiselle, that in my vocation, I am used to sick people. I know how to deal with them. I will not stay too long. You can at least tell him I am here."

"I am sorry. I can assure him you have been and assure him of your most kind solicitude, for which indeed we are both very grateful, monsieur."

It was monsieur the pastor's turn to be persistent.

"I know he would wish to see me," he said.

"Then it will be best to save him disappointment," returned Rosa. He looked at her gravely.

"And has he with the same consideration been spared the visitations of ce personnage sévère, the Père Matthieu?"

Rosa looked abashed.

"When religion demands it, one has not to think of the danger."

"Allez, mon enfant, tell your papa that le pauvre pasteur de Neufelin has called to see him. He will not be offended if he refuses him the pleasure; because he would not for the world disturb or fatigue him. Then I will retire if it is his wish. But if you will not be so complaisante, I will write and tell him that I called to see him and that you wouldn't even let him know during my stay."

This terrible threat was delivered in the mildest of tones, but there was no reason to doubt that it would be put into execution.

Very sheepishly then Rosa went and delivered the message to her father, while Sœur Marie was sitting in the place she found it so hard to concede to her.

The nun at once remonstrated, and Rosa said with tears quickly rising into her eyes,

"Not to-day, papa. He will not be hurt. Say it is yet too soon for you to see your friends."

"Not to-day? Oh, a man that has wrangled with his enemy may well be trusted with his friend! Send him up this minute. Not a day has passed that I haven't been hoping and praying for him to come."

With a heightened colour Rosa left the room. A look passed between her and the nun which was not needed to make the latter glide swiftly after her.

"It must not be," she said, in a low but distinct whisper. "Père Matthieu has forbidden it."

"How, then, can I help it? I must deliver the message."

"You must alter it: circumstances require; justify. Say monsieur your papa, though feeling very unwell, does not like him to retire lest he should be disappointed, and have had much trouble for nothing. Then he is sure to go away." She presumed on a greater delicacy than her own priest had shown.

"I dare not, he will go away it is true, but he will write to papa."

"Who takes the letters?" asked the nun significantly. But that extreme measure was fraught with terrible contingencies to Rosa. She broke away from her tempter, ran downstairs and said: "Papa will certainly see you, monsieur. He forgets the risk in the pleasure. If you would, like us, judge for him, you would not allow him to incur it."

"Now, mademoiselle Rosa, an old pastor and *père de famille* is more experienced than you. I will not stay long, I will speak as softly as the best-trained nun of them all. I will tread as if I were in felt slippers and were adventuring red-hot ploughshares."

Rosa led the way. The pastor followed her; but in the doorway of the sick-room stood a tall dignified figure, whose white scapulary propped up an invincible-looking chin.

"I am sorry to interpose," she said, not stirring an inch. "I have received the doctor's instructions."

"To admit the priest and not the pastor," said Monsieur van Hout suavely; and in the politest and most easy-going manner imaginable, he took the lady by the hand and moved her aside, ere ever she was aware.

"Permettez-moi, madame, je ne veux pas vous déranger." (Allow me, madame, I do not wish to inconvenience you.)

"Bravo!" exclaimed the invalid, who notwithstanding his reverend garde-malade's suppressed tones, had heard every word.

"Nay, do not go away, Rosa. Monsieur van Hout is your friend and mine."

Rosa was secretly glad of the permission to remain. The suffering past, the danger was briefly alluded to, and then Monsieur van Hout said, "And the religion of the New Testament, my friend. You have found that it sustained you, and it does sustain?"

"Yes; and those sweet Psalms of David! How they tell God all one wants for one. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.' Once how I feared, but the perfect love has cast it out."

"Ah!" said the pastor, looking lovingly at Rosa. "It is ever thus when one trusts to Jesus only. We put ourselves and our sins between our souls and Him, and we don't find Him. We put our merit, our good works, sufferings, teachers and minister between our souls and Him, and we don't find Him. But when one has done with all that and trusts to Jesus only, oh, then He is near, and we go on safely, afraid of nothing but what will grieve Him."

It was hard to look into the pastor's face and be angry. It had expression other than that of the reverend gentleman whom Rosa had encountered when he visited that room for the last time.

Sœur Marie was of course in purgatory, but the time of endurance was short. Monsieur van Hout was too experienced and had too much self-denial to allow the sick man to talk either too much or too long.

He left him under a promise that the visit should be speedily renewed.

"Well, have I done papa much harm?" he playfully inquired as he took Rosa's hand in the hall.

"Oh no, monsieur!" she said, yielding irresistibly. "I am glad now that you have seen him—I am indeed."

"And is it not a beautiful thing to see your father so happy?"

"If I only understood it," moaned poor Rosa.

"Read for yourself the little book that brought the secret of that joy to him. Test it for yourself. You can but reject it if you find it is not true."

"You forget that it would not be right for me to read it, if I should read it against my conscience."

"Against your confessor's, you mean. You are not allowed to have a conscience of your own, my child. If I lost my way and a guide volunteered to lead me, on condition that I let him bandage my eyes, I should distrust him in a moment. I should say, 'No thank you; God has given me eyes as well as you, and I prefer to use them.' But if another guide said, 'Here, monsieur, I know the way, and will take you, and you shall have the use of my lantern,' I should believe in that man. So you and I are of different minds, my dear Mademoiselle Rosa. But I forget I am keeping my children's love all for myself instead of giving it to you. Que je suis égoïste. Much love and many salutations to dear Rosa. Adieu."

And he passed down the street under the shadow of a dark, grim-looking convent, leaving behind him the sunny reflection of his own genial humour and a slight pang of envy because of the pleasurableness of the religion he in such a childlike manner professed.

Soon after this Monsieur Woeste was allowed to change the sick-room for the favorite boudoir. This release freed him from the sisterly attentions of the nuns, as no further excuse could be found for keeping them about him, and now Rosa had the long interrupted pleasure of having him all to herself. She saw his eyes soften as they rested on different cherished objects which he had never expected to see again.

Rosa sitting at his feet looked up with clear honest eyes into his face. Her father wisely left her to the workings of her own mind.

And it was not long before Rosa became a student of her father's precious Testament. He never asked her what she thought of it. The seed was sown; he did not dig down to it to see it grow. For many weeks she was disquieted and unhappy, but he waited for her confidence, he did not invite it.

Rosa had taken a bold step when she tore the bandage from her eyes and accepted the lantern. One thing that aided her to it was the deep disgrace she was already in for permitting the heretic pastor to see his pervert.

She argued that reading the book could not alter her convictions as to what the only holy and true Church really was. Having done it, she could confess her faults and receive the penance. Heavy as it might be, she could endure it. It would not add so very much to what was incurred already.

That was her position in the beginning, now for the result.

Monsieur Woeste was progressing on the road to health. The dangerous symptoms had sensibly abated when Rosa opened the subject on which he had been so long kept in suspense.

"Papa," she said, "I have read my New Testament, read it from beginning to end."

"Well, and what is the conclusion you have come to, my child?"

"That it *is* Jesus only, papa. I want to find Him for myself as you have done. Oh, will you not help me, for I can believe more easily for all the world than I can for Rosa Woeste? The discovery of the Truth has not made me as happy as it made you."

But that happiness came in a moment when she was not looking for it. She was brought to know the "powers of the world to come," and now father and daughter could rejoice together.

They had much coldness and persecution to endure from those who had been their friends. Much social pressure was brought to bear upon them. They were hectored by priests and people; but the good part they had chosen could not be taken away from them.

And still the pastor and artist love to meet, and have long communion with each other, while the one friend that is to Rosa Woeste as a sister is the pastor's youngest daughter, the sweet, modest Emilie van Hout.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

NOVEMBER 13.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES. LEVITICUS XXIII. 33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM CIII. 2.—'*Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits.*'

INTRODUCTORY.—This chapter contains a summary of the regulations for **the feasts of Jehovah**; vers. 2, 44. Of these, the **Feast of Tabernacles** was the most joyous, as the national harvest-home. Note, that many laws were given *in the wilderness*, for observance when the Israelites had entered *Canaan*. Such a feast as that of the Tabernacles could not be kept until the people could sow and plant and reap in a settled home. Besides, the festival was to be in one respect a memorial of wandering, not to be observed therefore until the

wandering was over. Moses spoke in assured faith that the time would come. See ver. 10.

I. Time and Duration of the Feast.—*Read vers.* 33–36. The date was **the fifteenth day**, the full moon, **of the seventh month**, Tisri; five days after the Day of Atonement—see last week's 'Study'—as though the people, refreshed and quickened by forgiveness, might be assured of joyful access to God. All through the services this peculiar gladness would be felt. The feast was, however, mainly that of 'ingathering,' Exod. xxiii. 16: 'after that thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine,' Deut. xvi. 13: the last great celebration of the year, and the crown of the whole. The year's toils were over, and God had again enriched the earth with His bounty. See the injunction in Deut. xvi. 15: 'Thou shalt surely rejoice.' Joy was the keynote of the festival, as humiliation and penitence had been that of the service ten days before. The **Feast of Tabernacles** was to last **seven days**, and one day over. On the **first** and **eighth, holy convocations**, or assemblies, were to be held; i.e. they were to be observed as Sabbaths: the eighth was 'the great day of the feast,' John vii. 37. The **offering made by fire unto Jehovah** is further prescribed, Num. xxix. 13–19. A goat, daily, as a sin-offering; and a daily burnt-offering, amounting in the seven days to fourteen rams, ninety-eight lambs and seventy bullocks (the largest offering of the year: that for the Passover was seven rams, forty-nine lambs and fourteen bullocks) with meat (food) and drink-offerings in proportion. Observe the stress laid upon the number seven; and the number of bullocks, beginning with thirteen and diminishing each day by one, down to seven on the seventh day; making seventy in all.* The offering of **the eighth day** was again much smaller; the 'greatness' of the day not lying in the number of the sacrifices but in the fact that it was the crown of the series, the gathering up of the whole festal joy in a great 'Sabbath' celebration.

II. A Word respecting all the Feasts.—*Read vers.* 37, 39. After specifying the time of this Tabernacle Festival, and the method of observing it, the lawgiver glances back at the whole series. **These are the feasts of the Lord**, or times of solemn observance; i.e. *weekly*, the Sabbath, ver. 3; *monthly*, the New Moon (Num. xxviii. 11), (not mentioned in this chapter) and *yearly*, five in number: (1) Passover, and Unleavened Bread, vers. 5–8; (2) Pentecost, or 'Weeks,'† or Day of the Firstfruits, vers. 15, 16 (Num. xxviii, 26); (3) the Feast of Trumpets, in the first day of the seventh month, ver. 24, as if to prepare for the two chief observances of that month—being also (as this month was the first of the *civil* year) a New Year's festival; (4) the Day of Atonement, ver. 27; (5) the Feast of Tabernacles. Again the round of observances is specified. **Holy convocations** were assemblies for worship and instruction.

> There were in the Jewish year seven days of **holy convocation** beside the weekly Sabbath—(1, 2) the first and last days of Unleavened Bread, (3) the Day of Pentecost, (4) the Feast of Trumpets, (5) the Day of Atonement, (6, 7) the first and eighth days of the Tabernacle Feast. On the Day of Atonement, as on the weekly Sabbath, *all* work was prohibited; on the other days in this list only *servile* work. See 'Speaker's Commentary,' Preliminary note to Lev. xxiii.

These stated festival offerings, it is further said, were to be *in addition* to the **Sabbath** Sacrifices and voluntary **gifts** of the people from time to time. It is easy to reckon how much of the Israelites' time and substance was thus claimed by Him who had Himself given them all. The return was but a fitting one, however large it might seem. Note the phrase applied to the offerings—**every one upon his day**, properly reads, 'upon *its* day'; 'at its appropriate time.'

* 13+12+11+10+9+8+7=70.

† 'The Feast of Weeks,' because seven times seven days after the Passover, i.e. on the fiftieth day after. *Pentecost* means *fiftieth*.

III. Additional Regulations for the Feast of Tabernacles.—*Read vers.* 39–43. **Also**, or *surely*, laying stress on what had been enjoined before, **When ye have gathered in the fruits of the land**, 'the produce, including the grain, the olives, the vintage, and the fruits of all kinds.' Observe the repetition of the date; also the description of the **first** and **eighth** days as **Sabbaths**. But the chief point in this second series of instructions is the command to **take the boughs** (or better, as margin, the *fruit*) **of goodly trees**, (probably the *citron*) with **branches**, as more fully specified in Nehemiah viii. 15—'olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees.'

> It is said by Rabbinical writers that every Jew at the Feast of Tabernacles carried in one hand a citron, in the other a bundle of leafy boughs, called *lulab*.* See Edersheim's 'Temple,' ch. xiv., where many curious details are given from Rabbinical sources.

With these branches the people were to construct **booths**, in which they were to dwell during the feast, to keep alive through all generations the memory of the time when Israel had no settled home. For though they dwelt in *tents* during the greater part of their wilderness sojourn, the desert plainly not affording sufficient wood and foliage for booth-habitations, yet on the one hand, they did dwell in booths, when first brought out of the land of Egypt—'Succoth,' the name of their first halting-place (Ex. xii. 37), means *booths*,—and on the other, the 'tent' and the 'booth' had this in common, that they were *temporary* dwelling-places. Hence the 'tabernacles' in which the people kept the feast might well represent to them the 'tents' in which their fathers dwelt for forty years. See Hosea xii. 9 (where the word used is not *booths* but *tents*). The injunction to dwell in booths was for **Israelites born**, it was distinctly a *national* privilege; while the joy of harvest was as expressly for the 'stranger' or foreigner; see Deut. xvi. 14. Thus God claimed Israel for Himself as a people for His own possession.

IV. Later Observances.—The history shows that special importance was attached to this festival. Solomon chose the Feast of Tabernacles as the time for the Dedication of the first Temple; 1 Kings viii. 2; 2 Chron. v, 3; vii. 8, 9. Ezra and Nehemiah connected their work of restoration after the Captivity with this feast; Ezra iii. 4; Neh. viii. 13–18.

> It is, however, remarkable that no other record of this feast is to be found in the history, save that Jeroboam instituted a rival festival after the disruption; 1 Kings xii. 32. This proves two things, (1) the recognised *existence* of the feast: or why should Jeroboam imitate it? and (2) its special *popularity*, as it was found necessary to continue it in some form after the separation from Judah. Whatever the Ten Tribes might lose, they could not give up the Feast of Tabernacles! It seems, however, to have been imperfectly observed by the Jews; see Neh. viii. 17.

Once in seven years, at the Feast of Tabernacles, the Law was to be publicly read, Deut. xxxi. 10—not necessarily the whole Pentateuch, but selected portions. Ezra thus read daily from the Law, as long as the feast lasted; Neh. viii. 18. In later times the reading was restricted to the first day of the feast.

Another ceremony, observed after the Captivity, was the 'drawing of water.' On each of the seven days, as Jewish writers inform us, a priest descending to the pool of Siloam with a procession of joyful worshippers filled one of the golden vessels of the Temple from its clear waters, which on returning he poured upon the altar, while the Temple choir sang the

* 'There can be no doubt that the *lulab* was intended to remind Israel of the different stages of their wilderness journey, as represented by the different vegetation; the palm branches recalling the valleys and the plains, the "boughs of thick trees," the bushes on the mountain heights, and the willows, those brooks from which God had given his people drink.'

great 'Hallel' or Hallelujah (Psa. cxiii–cxviii.). The exultation at this point of the service was so rapturous, that there was a Jewish proverb 'He who has never seen the joy of the water-drawing, does not know what true gladness is.' The rite, no doubt, signified purification from sin, and was said to have reference to the Day of Atonement, according to the words of Isaiah (xii. 1-3), 'Thine anger is turned away . . . . therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.' On 'the last, the great day of the feast' this ceremony appears to have been *omitted*, though the Hallelujah was sung with greater joyousness than ever. Then, as the music died away, if any should wonderingly ask, 'Wherefore not the water-drawing as before?' Jesus Himself declared the void supplied,* in a deeper, holier way: 'IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK,' (John vii. 37.)

QUESTIONS.

1. Show the value of the Feast of Tabernacles, in its threefold aspect, as a festival of *gratitude* (see Golden Text), of *commemoration*, and of *hope*.

2. What were the innovations that Jeroboam introduced into the observance of this feast, and how did they destroy its true character?

3. Jewish writers tell us that beside the 'water-drawing,' there was a great illumination of the Temple and the city on each evening of the feast. How does our Lord apply this part of the ceremonial?

4. How did the Feast of Tabernacles illustrate *love to man* as proceeding from *love to God*? See Deut. xvi. 14; John vii. 38.

5. How may *we* in spirit keep the Feast of Tabernacles? See Zech. xiv. 16.

Pages for the Young.

GOLDEN SNUFFERS.

A SERMON FOR THE YOUNG.

"And he made his seven lamps, and his snuffers, and his snuffdishes, of pure gold."—*Exod.* xxxvii. 23.

GOLDEN snuffers! What does it mean? In these days of gas and electric light many young people, I suppose, have never seen a pair of snuffers. Perhaps in some very old-fashioned house in the country you may have seen them. Where oil lamps were used in old times the snuffers were for trimming the wick to make the light burn brighter.

When Moses was commanded to make the Tabernacle, or God's tent, he was given the plan of the house, and was told exactly what furniture to put into it, the materials to make everything of, and all the particulars. Amongst other things we read, "He made his seven lamps, and his snuffers, of pure gold."

Afterwards, when King Solomon was building the Temple he did the same for it. We read in 1 Kings vii. 50: "The snuffers were of pure gold."

Now, suppose we had these golden snuffers in our hands what would they have to say to us; what would they teach us?

I think for one thing they teach us

REVERENCE.

Moses, and after him Solomon, were taught that everything concerning God, and God's house, and God's worship, should be of the very best. And when they made the instruments and vessels of the Holy Place all of pure gold, they taught the whole congregation what they had been taught themselves, reverence. What do we mean by this reverence? It means respect for all that is worthy of respect. Your dog looks up to you; he shows great respect for you because God has put respect for mankind into the lower creatures; you are wiser, nobler, better than the dog. And it is right necessary for us to look up to and respect and venerate all that is wiser and nobler and better than we are.

This reverence is a great part of religion; no one can be really religious without it.

Reverence is due to father and mother. Shem and Japheth treated their father with respect, even although the father was in the wrong. The boys and girls who mocked Elisha, who was their spiritual father, were severely punished for their misconduct. Solomon in all his glory rose up from the throne in reverence for his mother and commanded a seat to be given her at his right hand, the place of honour. In China, long ago, a great teacher arose; his name was Confucius. Some one went to him, and asked him puzzling questions about the gods of China. Confucius answered, "I know very little about the gods; but you have two old gods at home; return and be very worshipful and obedient to them." You know who were meant by the two old gods at home.

We owe also reverence to the queen, and all in authority. "Honour the king," says the apostle to us. And so the magistrate on the bench, and the judge of the court, are to be treated with much respect.

From parents we rise to the king or queen, and from the king we rise to God the Father of all and the King of kings. "Take off thy shoes, for the place where thou standest is holy ground;" thus Moses was taught reverence for God. And when he was making afterwards the Tabernacle for God, he would say to the goldsmith, "Make everything, even the snuffers, of pure gold," If there was any metal more precious and more beautiful than gold we would have everything made of that. Why? Just to show the love and loving reverence we feel in our hearts for God.

If a Mohammedan finds a piece of paper lying in the way he carefully avoids putting his foot on it because it might have the name "God" on it. We Christians have more reason to love God than any people. When we go to church or chapel we should enter reverently and remember, "This is the House of God," and, if we are in a right spirit, it will be "the gate of Heaven."

When we open the Bible, we should think, "This is God's book. It is written by good men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit of God." You may have read of the soldier who was found dead on the battle-field with the Bible his mother gave him in the breast-pocket next his heart. Poor fellow! His love for God's book would surely help him to die well. When the relics and remains of Sir John Franklin were found amongst the Arctic snows, his Bible was also found, with pencil-marks here and there, where a text had comforted him. Brave Sir John! His reverence for God, and God's son, and God's salvation made him still braver and better.

The golden snuffers teach us something else. I call it

GENUINENESS.

There was to be no baser metal in the Temple, only *Pure Gold*. Mere gilding would not serve in the Tabernacle, it must be pure solid gold. Surely it is a grand necessity to be genuine, simple, sincere, and real. In some shop windows you will see a cup that is merely gilt, price some shillings; beside it may be

* Dr. Edersheim, however, says that the drawing of the water took place on the eighth day, as on the other seven; see 'The Temple,' p. 244. On the contrary, Westcott, 'St. John' vii. 37. In either case our Lord's words would have almost equal significance.

seen a cup that is real gold, its price will be many pounds. Just so great is the value of being real in heart and life.

In some places they put a stucco front on the house in imitation of stone, and inside they have wood painted to imitate marble, and veneer put on to make believe to be solid. Avoid imitation and make believe. One real sovereign is better than a hundred counterfeits. Let us have *Truthfulness*, not only speaking true but being true; *Sincerity*, that means transparency, nothing behind to hinder people seeing right through; *Candour*, that is whiteness like clean paper. It was said of Sir Isaac Newton that "he had the whitest soul of any man in England." Seek also *Simplicity*, that is, let there be no doubleness, nothing two-faced like Mr. Facing-both-ways; and *Honesty*, that is, straightforwardness, just and fair. Be what you seem, and seem only what you truly are.

If the gentle Jesus ever said a severe thing at all it was against pretence and outside show. Often we cannot tell the gilt from the real gold. But Christ always can, and at the great day, the judgment day, it will be made plain to all.

The Chinese, we are told, to save the cost of offering bars of real gold in their religious ceremonies, offer instead gilt paper folded to resemble bars of the precious metal. We cannot deceive our God in that manner.

Must we not take another hint from the golden snuffers? They remind us of the beauty of

RELIGION IN COMMON AFFAIRS.

Perhaps the commonest things in the Tabernacle were the snuffdishes and snuffers. Yet they also were made of pure gold, just the same as the great seven-branched candlestick itself. God wishes us not to keep our religion for holy days like Sunday, but to be good Christians on the Monday and all the days. We are not to keep our religion for great occasions or rare events, such as sickness or death, but to show our religion in common matters, such as learning lessons in school, or playing with brothers and sisters at home. When God made the sun He did not command him to shine only into the philosopher's study, the artist's studio, or the king's palace. No; he bade him shine into the factory and spinning-mill, into the widow's garret, into the peasant's cottage. He will make your box of mignonette grow as well as the grapes and peaches of the rich and noble. Oh yes, as the common parts of the Tabernacle were to be beautiful, so the gospel of Jesus is meant to beautify our common life.

What is the electric telegraph? It is just the force of the lightning in common life, busy at work every day for common uses. In old times they set a market cross in the market place, a hint to the people there to buy corn and sell cattle in a right way, pleasing to God. In the camp of the children of Israel every tent faced towards the Tabernacle or tent of God, so that when any man stood in his tent door he could see the glory-cloud. So every home and every heart should face towards God in Christ. Religion will make people sober, and sobriety will make them comfortable and well off. I have seen a cottage in a row, clean and comfortable where all the rest were miserable. In that little house lived some of God's good people, whose religion did them good in every way, Sir Christopher Wren, when building St. Paul's Cathedral, would not allow the workmen to swear while engaged in such a noble undertaking. But neither should workmen swear in building any common house. Listen to these lines of holy George Herbert on religion in common life:

> "All may of thee partake,
> Nothing can be so mean
> Which with this tincture, 'For thy sake,'
> Will not grow bright and clean.
>
> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery Divine,
> Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
> Makes that plain action fine.
>
> This is the famous stone
> That turneth all to gold,
> For that which God doth touch and own
> Cannot for less be told."

The Gospel is a bright heavenly angel, but it is an angel that comes to plain men to help them to be good when doing their daily work.

Let us hear what the golden snuffers have to tell us, when they seem to teach one thing more; that is,

CONSCIENCE IN SMALL THINGS.

Even the smallest articles in the Holy Place, the snuffers, were to be of pure gold. If we are to keep a good conscience at all, we must have conscience in small things, yes, the very smallest things, as much as in great things. They say a watch made in London can be known anywhere because of the care with which every minute part is finished. The builders of the old cathedrals showed this spirit. Away up in vaulted roofs out of sight, and away down in dark crypts, they took the same trouble to carve well and finish beautifully as in the larger and more public parts. That is just as it should be. There is a proverb that says, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse fell, and by the horse falling the rider was killed." Now, if the smith had had enough conscience in small things, the nail would have been in its place, and all had gone well.

Everybody admires the wonder of a butterfly's wing viewed in a microscope; the fine dust on the wing is found to be most beautiful plumage, Nature and Nature's God working as perfectly in the small as in the great. Christ says, "He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much."

Just think; it is mostly very small things we have to do; it is very seldom a great thing comes our way. If then we have not conscience in small things, our conscience will rust for want of anything to do. When Henry Havelock was a boy, his father one day left him on Westminster Bridge, London, and told the boy to wait for him there. The father went about his various employments, and forgot the matter till the evening. But when he recollected it, there he found the lad patiently waiting on the bridge. It was his father's wish, and he would fulfil it, come what might. That was just the boy to grow into a hero. When Captain Hammond was a boy, playing one day with his companions, he suddenly remembered he had neglected his prayers that morning, so he stopped the game, went behind the laurels and prayed to God. Probably you have heard of the little fellow who was selling matches in the streets of Edinburgh, and one day when a gentleman gave him too much, he ran away to buy bread with the money, but carefully returned the proper change. That was conscience in small things; noble heart, though clad in rags. Better to have his good conscience than be a rich man without it.

In the same way it is possible to do good in a small way which will be as acceptable and pleasing to God and man. I have seen a child who had not much to give, bring her teacher in the Sunday-school a bunch of primroses. Fresh and fragrant as those April primroses were the child's affection and gratitude and goodwill. Give for God a penny if you cannot give a pound. Remember the widow and her mite. She might have said within herself, "If I have not conscience in small gifts, I cannot give anything at all." And Jesus, who knew of her poor purse, was more pleased with her offering than any of the others'.

The use of the snuffers was to make the lamps burn clear and bright. And we need that the light of our Christian life should burn much clearer than it generally does. Laziness and carelessness in the things of God will dim like a snuff the holy flame. Then we need something sharp and severe to trim the lamps. Daily prayers, and daily watchfulness, reading God's book and attending in God's house, denying self and taking Christ's cross, all these and more will be necessary to make the light of Christian faith, and the flame of Christ-like love more beautiful, useful, and steadfast.

H. OSBORNE, M.A.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GARRET'S RETURN.

PRUDENCE WINTERBURN.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Soon shalt thou read the mystery right."

ONCE more on the old road to Thorn Farm! Garret's step was quicker now than it had been in the merry May-time; and he could walk without the aid of a stick; but his heart ached as it had never done in the invalid days.

The November sunbeams, shining on fallen leaves and bare boughs, gave a touch of cheerfulness to the scene; but the dying year had only a wan smile to bestow. This soft light seemed but to deepen Garret's sadness; it was like the last look in beloved eyes that would soon be closed on earth; it suggested the unspeakable pathos of a long farewell.

His heart throbbed painfully as he passed through the familiar gate, and made his way to the house; his hand trembled as it sought for the bell-handle among the thick ivy-leaves. Should he be per-

mitted to see her just once more, or would they send him away without granting him one glimpse of that dear face?

Keziah opened the door, and turned as red as a peony at the sight of the visitor.

Too much preoccupied to notice the girl, Garret asked to see Miss Winterburn, and was ushered into the old drawing-room.

How changed the room looked! It had acquired a dreary air of disuse, and was dismally tidy. All the music was arranged in a neat pile in a corner; there was no pleasant litter of books and magazines; the piano was closed; and the chairs stood in orderly groups, looking as if nobody ever sat in them nowadays. The aspect of that room was almost more than Garret's over-burdened spirit could bear.

Delia came in so softly that he did not hear her entrance, and started to see her at his side.

Her greeting was cool and grave; she was no longer the genial Delia of other days, but a sad, cold woman, worn with trouble and weariness; and she showed no pleasure at seeing him.

"Your sister," he began tremulously, "Miss Winterburn, I only heard of her illness this morning! How is she? Will you let me see her again?"

"Sit down," Delia said, in a kinder tone. "Then Mrs. Chafford never told you that Prue was ill?"

"No; indeed, no! I heard of her to-day from Mrs. Fincham; it was a terrible blow to me."

"We thought you had dropped our acquaintance," said Delia, trying to speak calmly. "And we know, —at least *I* know—that Prue has been the victim of Mrs. Chafford's falsehood and deceit."

She looked almost defiantly into his face as she spoke.

"Not the only victim," he replied sadly. "It was Josephine's influence that set my uncle against me, and drove me out of Pine Cottage. But, for pity's sake, Miss Winterburn, tell me all that you have to tell."

It was not a long story after all; and it went back to the date of Garret's last visit to Thorn Farm.

From that time poor Prue had seemed so distressed and bewildered, that her sister watched her with the greatest anxiety, and felt convinced that Mrs. Chafford was at the bottom of all the trouble. One day it chanced that Delia observed a small piece of crumpled paper, lying amongst the orchard grass, and stooped to pick it up. She did not know why she noticed the fragment; it was stained, and damp with dew, and seemed to be utterly worthless; and yet she took pains to straighten it out, and read the writing upon it.

"Here it is, Mr. Montague," she said, drawing the soiled sheet from her pocket-book. "You may blame me if you will, for taking possession of a private letter, written to Prue. I never told her that I had found it. It is the note that little Sybil brought from her mother, when you and Prue were sitting together under the old oak."

In silence Garret read the letter, which consisted only of a few lines, in Josephine's well-known hand. It contained an earnest entreaty that Prue would lend her ten pounds; and there was also an allusion to the poor girl's former kindness in having helped the widow in her need.

"Afterwards," Delia went on in a trembling voice, "afterwards, poor Prue herself made many unconscious revelations in delirium. She spoke of having parted with one or two old family trinkets for her friend's sake; and I have lately discovered that this was indeed too true. And then Keziah Leever came to us in our time of sickness and trouble; and she told me of a certain conversation which she had overheard between you and Mrs. Chafford. It was an accident that led her near the open window where you were both standing."

Another involuntary listener! It seemed to have been Josephine's fate to be detected in her mischief-making.

"At last," continued Delia, flushing and paling by turns, "my poor darling, weak as an infant after the fever had left her, was moved to tell me all. Mrs. Chafford had been playing on that impulsive, unsuspicious nature, and Prue had stripped herself in her mistaken generosity. She gave until she could give no more; and then felt, dear simpleton, as if she had not satisfied half the claims of friendship. Do you see it—do you understand it all now?"

Never before had the quiet Delia spoken with so much emotion; and those who had known her in former days would hardly have deemed her capable of this outburst of feeling.

Her affection for Prue had ever been of a motherly as well as of a sisterly kind; and poor Prue, in her wilfulness, had chafed at the semblance of guidance. She could not realise that although she was Delia's superior in intellect, she was greatly her inferior in judgment; she had always undervalued the calm reasoning powers which kept Delia out of many of the pitfalls of life.

"I do see it all," Garret answered, slowly and bitterly, as the full consciousness of Josephine's baseness overwhelmed his mind.

How blind he had been! How easily he had been tricked by an unscrupulous woman! That poor, scrawled note of Prue's was but the piteous answer to Josephine's shameless appeal; and Josephine had used it as a cruel weapon against the unsuspecting writer.

The thought of all that Prue had suffered, and the remembrance of all the happiness he had missed, oppressed him with a terrible sense of loss. Instead of months of heart-communion and love nourished by unbroken correspondence, there had been utter silence and division. Truly now, as in Solomon's day, the "whisperer separateth chief friends," and there are few of us who have not had to mourn over estrangements that have taken the sweetness out of life. Great need have we, even in these enlightened times, when it is fashionable to profess a charitable spirit, to pray that quaint old prayer—"that it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts."

As Delia watched the changes in Garret's face, her heart sympathised with his sorrow and regret. She knew now all that her sister was to him, and foresaw the happy life of love and trust that might open for them both. Josephine had parted them; it should be Delia's task to bring them together.

"Delia," said Garret, calling her for the first time by that name; "you will not send me away till I have seen Prue. I want to ask her pardon for my long silence, and—I want to ask her for something more than forgiveness."

Delia Winterburn's worn face looked rosy and young again in a moment. In spite of Orlando's assertion, it is not always a bitter thing to look into happiness through another man's eyes. A kindly soul is brightened by the sunlight that shines for another; and Delia was made glad by that sweet glimpse of her sister's promised land.

"You shall see her," she answered; "but I must first go and prepare her for your coming."

Only a few minutes passed before Delia's return, and yet it seemed to Garret that he waited long in the drawing-room, listening impatiently for her footstep. She came back at last with a still warmer colour in her cheeks, and a sunny light in her eyes.

"You will find her in our old schoolroom," she said. "She has almost lived there since she left her chamber. But she is very fragile still; you will remember that she is not the vigorous girl of last summer."

"I will remember everything," he replied.

The brief November day was near its close; a bright close, warm with the light of a mellow sunset. Just as of old, the westering sunshine loved to linger about the schoolroom, gilding the ivy-wreaths that framed the window and falling softly upon the figure of Prue, as she stood watching the fading glow.

There were flowers in the room; a golden aster relieved the dark olive shade of Prue's gown, and was her sole ornament. Changed indeed she was; the beautiful grey eyes seemed to have gained a saintly clearness, and the complexion, always colourless, had now the pure pallor of an arum lily. The rich hair, cut off in the fever, was growing thickly again, and waved round the head in a soft rippling mass that scarcely reached below the ears. She neither moved nor spoke when Garret entered; but her face was illuminated. The lips parted slightly, the eyes shone; it was sufficient welcome.

Half-an-hour afterwards Delia ventured to knock at the door, and Garret's voice, frank and clear, bade her come in.

He rose to open the door and Delia entered. The last light of the day suffused the room with a soft glory, and lit up the two happy faces that were turned towards the anxious sister. But there was no need for anxiety now, and Delia stood looking at them both in an ecstasy of peace.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

"WELL, Prue," said the vicar's wife, "do you find life worth living now?"

Prue, a bride of two or three hours, was the centre of a group of friends assembled in the large dining-room at Thorn Farm. She still wore her creamy satin and orange-blossoms; but the time for laying aside the bridal array was drawing nigh; and the travelling-dress was lying ready in the old chamber upstairs.

She smiled a little at Mrs. Fincham's question; but there was no need to answer in words.

It was the day after Christmas. Prue would not leave her old home till the festival was over; and Garret was unwilling that the wedding should be delayed.

There was nothing to wait for, he had urged again and again; and Uncle Peter had been eager to see his nephew's happiness established. The old man had insisted on putting Garret in possession of the greater part of his property, retaining just enough to keep up the little establishment at Pine Cottage in the old way.

"I shall not last many years," he had said, "and what is left I shall bequeath to Josephine's children. Annie Paget and her husband can get on in the world without help of mine; and Josephine would make a bad use of money if it came into her hands. Let them go their way, Garret; but do you take charge of little Walter, and send him to school."

Garret had decided not to give up the secretaryship; and Prue had always had a desire to spend her life in town. They were about to begin the new life in pleasant lodgings; Prue was scarcely strong enough yet to bear the fatigue of house-hunting and furnishing, and liked the thought of going to a ready-made home, even if that home were not all that Garret wished it to be.

The pair were now in easy circumstances, although not rich. They would have enough to live upon in comfort, and something to spare for saving. It was a bright beginning, quite devoid of all parade and show, and all the happier because no pomp was expected or required. Their friends would find them out in their London home, and there would be cheerful gatherings of old acquaintances and new. They did not intend to shut themselves out of society, but they did not mean to live more for society than for each other. All that the world had a right to ask would be freely and gracefully given; but their best things would be kept for their own fireside.

The December day was kind to the bride and bridegroom when they bade farewell to Thistledean. Sunbeams strayed through the delicate network of oak and beech; and winter song-birds sang their carols cheerily in the clear frosty air. The carriage rolled off to the railway-station, then, a little later, the guests dispersed, and Delia was at liberty to steal away and be still.

She went straight to her room, the sanctum where she had often knelt to pray for Prue's happiness in days when that happiness had seemed a doubtful thing. Well, it was all settled now; the dark cloud had been dispersed; the desired peace had come, and the kind sisterly heart might be at rest.

The household pet, so long the especial charge of Delia, had passed into other keeping; her hands were empty now, and her heart was aching, even through the deep sense of gratitude and content.

It was evening; but the curtains had not been drawn across her chamber-windows, and the glow of the fire was the only light in the dim room. She still wore her bridesmaid's dress of prune-coloured satin; and the firelight shone upon the glistening folds of the gown, and on festoons of ivory lace and knots of flowers.

Delia was young enough to win back all the bloom and freshness that anxiety had stolen away; already her cheeks were regaining their full oval, and her roses had returned; but the face had not yet quite settled into its old serenity.

With folded hands and bent head, Delia stood gazing into the fire. Out-of-doors, there was a sound of rising winds; the wintry calm of the day was over, and a northerly breeze was swaying and creaking the old trees around the farm.

How often Delia and Prue had listened together to the wind-voices in their childish days!

Delia's chamber had been the nursery then; and she could conjure up a distinct image of Prue in black frock and pinafore, clinging to her sister's arm, when a louder blast than usual came sweeping round the house. A sensitive, fanciful child had Prue always been, given to castle-building and dreaming at a very early age, ever greedily drinking in tales of fairies and witches, and prone to remember any fantastic story that it was desirable for her to forget.

Garret, calmer in temperament, and far less imaginative than the wife he had chosen, was the companion best fitted by nature for Prue, and Delia smiled to think how tenderly he would check her little vagaries, and keep her impulsive spirit within bounds.

But the smile ended in a sigh; for Delia suddenly felt a deep yearning for a sight of her sister's face, and the sound of her voice. When had she gone to rest without Prue's good-night kiss? And now Prue was miles away.

There was a low knock at the door; and then Miles entered, and came to take his station by her side. "Musing in the firelight, Delia!" he said. "I thought I should find you here. My dear, does it strike you that but a little while ago we were nerving ourselves to bid our Prue a far longer farewell?"

"I was forgetting that," she answered, turning to him with eyes that shone through tears. "Now that she has begun a new life, it is difficult to remember that she was lately so near death."

"God is good," said Miles solemnly. "There was one promise that I asked of her husband, Delia, and he gave it without a moment's hesitation."

"What was the promise, Miles?"

"That he wouldn't suffer Josephine Chafford to darken his doors, unless some great necessity arose. I hope I am not an unforgiving man, but I do not care to see Prue exposed to that woman's devices again. There are some people whom it is best and wisest to avoid, once and for ever."

* * * *

But Josephine Chafford made no attempt to seek an interview with her cousin and his wife.

To those who were unacquainted with the real circumstances of the case, she always spoke of herself as a victim, and declared that Mr. Sorrell's mind had been basely poisoned. But her tales did little mischief to those whom they were intended to harm; and as time passed on, and her tendency to romancing increased, they were disregarded altogether.

No special punishment visited Josephine for her sins; she seemed to go upon her way without incurring any of those penalties which the guilty are supposed to pay. Little Walter was taken off her hands; Uncle Peter, at Garret's request, obtained a statement of her debts, and discharged them all; and she was set free from the difficulties that had hampered her so long. And yet everybody who met her, knew that she was a singularly unhappy woman.

There was no one in the whole world whom she could call her friend.

Even Sybil's idolatrous love changed its character as the child grew older. Well-educated, and thrown into the society of good people, the girl began to recognise her mother's habitual falseness, and to shrink from it in horror and pain. She did not fail in the natural affection of a daughter to a parent, nor had Josephine to complain of neglect or unkindness. But she knew that Sybil was treading a path of her own, and would never be wiled into her crooked ways again.

Instead of yielding peacefully to the advances of time, Josephine struggled against them with the desperation of a vain woman, who loses everything in losing youth. And at last, weary of the useless conflict, she slowly glided from sham invalidism into real infirmity, and became in fact the feeble creature she had once pretended to be.

It was then that Prue, a supremely happy wife and mother, won her husband's consent to see her former friend again.

Even Miles was willing to admit that nothing could be feared from Josephine now-a-days. She was a mere shadow of her old self, a veritable sufferer to whom no doctor could afford relief, and there was really a genuine look of gratitude on her haggard face, when Prue entered her sick-chamber, and took a seat by her side.

"I did not think Garret would ever let you come," she said, eagerly taking the proffered hand. "And how well and bright you look, although you have been married five years!"

"Did you expect to see me an old woman?" Prue asked with a smile.

"No; I believe you will be young to the very last day of your life. Does not somebody say that there is an immortal youth in everything that is true? I think, Prue, that you are the very truest creature I ever met."

"There is One who spoke of Himself as the Truth," said Prue gently. "And the only way to be quite true is to come to Him, and ask Him to take away all our falseness for ever and ever."

In Green Delightsome Pastures.

IN green delightsome pastures
Make Thou my soul to feed;
By streams of gentle waters
My willing footsteps lead;
And day by dear, dear Saviour,
Supply my every need.

When I am sad and weary,
O bear me on Thine arm;
Though foes be fierce and mighty,
Preserve me safe from harm.
May peace possess my spirit
In hours of worst alarm!

Where Thou hast gone before me
Direct my lowly way;
May no polluted pleasures
Entice my soul to stray,
Till, through death's darksome valley,
I reach celestial day.

I love Thy voice that calls me
In faith to follow Thee,
For Thou hast given, O Jesus,
Thy precious blood for me;
And Thine, yea, Thine for ever,
Thine only would I be.

K. M.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Kronheim & Co., London

"ANGEL FACES."

And children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord.
Ps. CXLVIII. 12, 13.

YOUNG INDIA.

BY RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

II.

IN our first paper on this subject we strove to indicate the position occupied by the growing communities included under the head, Young India, the influence emanating from them, and the religious views maintained and propagated by them. In this paper we shall dwell, briefly of course, on what is being done by the missions in India with a special view to the evangelisation of these flourishing and very influential classes of our countrymen. Before however, we do so, it is desirable to state categorically the evils to which they are succumbing, and from which therefore they have to be liberated.

The first and foremost of these is the secularising influence which the systems of education in operation in India are exercising over the most promising youth of our country. This influence is manifest in the case of Government educational institutions, in which religion is systematically thrust into the background. It is not so manifest in mission-schools, where the system of education has actually been devised with a view to counteract the questionable influences proceeding from the world. But even there it is felt. The essentially secular objects with which pupils come to them retain their ascendency in their minds, often alas! to the very end of the chapter, in spite of the systematic instruction fitted to counteract them. Besides, the University examinations affect the curriculum of the mission-schools, and tend to push religious instruction even within their precincts out of the prominence it invariably enjoyed in what may be called pre-University times. The tendency of the Indian system of education to lead pupils to make the world their God, and advancement in it the sole object of life, is the foremost of the evils by which the most promising of our young men are being led astray. We give it the prominence it deserves, our belief being that this feature of Indian education is too frequently overlooked even by persons whose duty it is to recognise and neutralise it.

Ignorance of the vital doctrines of Christianity is another of the evils by which our educated young men are being led astray. This ignorance is dense among young men brought up in Government-schools, though it cannot be charged upon those brought up under the tuition of educational missionaries and their helpers.

Young men in India are being demoralised, not only by ignorance but by gross misrepresentations of Christian truth. It is desirable, and, we think, absolutely necessary, in all attempts to present a comprehensive view of the evil effects of the present state of affairs as regards our educated countrymen, to set forth the sources of these misrepresentations. They flow in the first place from those of the professors and teachers of Government-schools, who are infected with infidel notions, and who do not, perhaps cannot, allow the boasted principles of neutrality they are bound by the rules of their service to recognise and observe, to stand in the way of their propagation. It is astonishing to note how ignorant these educated and intelligent men are of the essential principles of Christianity and how their antagonism to it is the result, not of fair inquiry and honest doubt, but of ignorance and prejudice. These misrepresentations are, moreover, scattered broadcast by Bramo missionaries, who go from place to place representing the God of the Bible in the very words of Theodore Parker as a vindictive being, a cruel tyrant, a monster of ferocity, a veritable Moloch, and parodying one and all the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion. And in the third place, these misrepresentations are unscrupulously circulated by means of pamphlets and fly-leaves, either written or reproduced in Calcutta and other important centres of influence.

And, lastly, the progress of infidel notions is another of the prominent evils to which our young men are falling victims. Dr. George Smith, in his biography of Dr. Duff, states a fact which, regarded as an earnest of what has subsequently come to pass, is pregnant with significance. About the time when the great doctor first visited India, an enterprising bookseller published an edition of a thousand copies of the works of Tom Paine and shipped the entire stuff for Calcutta, where it was eagerly purchased and greedily devoured by young men who were longing for something to strengthen their antipathy to Christianity. Streams of infidel productions, some of which are of the vilest sort, have flowed into our unhappy country from the very fountains to which are to be traced the varied influences at work therein. And these are, moreover, not merely repertories of gross misrepresentations and caricatures of our holy faith, but depositories of ideas which, though characteristically unsound and erroneous, are specious and fascinating enough to turn heads intoxicated with a little knowledge, and bloated with an idea of self-importance.

Here are some of the evils by which young men in our country, those, we mean, who have been blessed with the advantages of western culture, have been and are being victimised. Having stated them, we consider it our duty to refer to what is being done by the missionary body to counteract and neutralise them.

We cannot say much on what is being done by managers of mission-schools to counteract the secularising influence exerted over them by the universities in India, and the examinations associated with them. The problem they have to solve is one of a difficult and complicated order, insomuch that they may be properly described as placed between the two horns of a dilemma. They have to choose between an attempt to make their establishments keep pace with the most successful Government-schools, or else to bring the establishments back to their pristine condition, of almost unalloyed Christian influence. If they choose the former course, some secular elements unknown to mission-schools of former times unavoidably enter into their system; while, if they choose the latter, their institutions are sure to be crippled, and their popularity and consequent success interfered with. They cannot, however, go back; and so they are under an obligation to try to compass both ends, or, in plainer words, to make their schools successful both in a secular

and in a spiritual sense of the term. How to do this is the great problem, and educational missionaries are not afraid to look it in the face, and attempt its solution. We are not among those persons who believe that the end contemplated is unattainable, and that, in a word, the two objects of preparing boys for the examinations so much thought of, and giving a sound education of a Christianising type, are incompatible. They may, we believe, be combined; and they have, we are sure, in some institutions been combined by means of special prizes and scholarships awarded for proficiency in Scriptural studies, and others intimately associated with them. Nor, as the purely secular portion of mission-school education is becoming more and more remunerative day by day, is it very difficult to raise funds to secure such prizes and such scholarships.

The influence proceeding from the gross caricatures of our religion, circulated at times by those from whom better things might be expected, but as a rule, by the Brahmos and champions of infidelity in India, is to some extent met by means of lectures delivered, and pamphlets published and circulated, by Christian missionaries and their helpers.

The lectures delivered in the great cities of the Indian Empire with this end in view may be divided into two classes. The ordinary and the extraordinary, or special religious lectures are, as a rule, weekly or fortnightly delivered in the halls of the great missionary institutions, as they used to be when the writer was a pupil of the Free Church Institution in Calcutta upwards of a quarter of a century since. These are by no means of a very elaborate description, and are so the better fitted to influence persons whose attainments are not high enough to enable them to appreciate and profit by what are called learned discourses. They are, moreever, of a hortatory rather than an argumentative character; and as they give prominence to Scripture truths and Scripture facts, they are eminently fitted to bring about the consummation looked for and anticipated. But they are not as a rule listened to excepting by school-boys, and consequently their influence over those who are called ex-pupils of Colleges and schools, and who form the bulk of the educated community, is almost nil. The work done by them ought, therefore, to be supplemented by extraordinary demonstrations, or special lectures fitted to attract persons whom the ordinary lectures do not reach. And these have always been seasons of blessing in our great cities. The writer remembers the first of the demonstrations, which occurred a short time before his baptism, and which moved Calcutta to its centre. For several weeks the halls of two great Missionary Colleges, the Free Church and the General Assembly, were crowded, and lectures more or less elaborate were delivered by eminent missionaries on topics fitted to do us good.

What has been said of lectures may also be predicated of the pamphlets and fly-leaves published with the same object. Many of them are of a hortatory character, and eminently fitted to promote, if not gratify, that spirit of solemn and serious inquisitiveness which in a heathen land is often the precursor of progress towards and ultimate acceptance of truth. Others, again, are of an argumentative character, and beautifully adapted to refute those stale objections which are reproduced *ad nauseam* by educated natives, and which are now penetrating into classes beneath their level. Nor should we in this connection forget to give credit to the religious newspapers of the country, particularly to the 'Indian Christian Herald' through the columns of which the best educated native Christians wage what may be called a perpetual combat with the varied forms of infidelity imported into our country, and paraded therein as indigenous discoveries. A high place ought also to be given, among publications furnishing the needed antidote to the poison spread, to the 'Bengal Magazine,' which, though a secular periodical representing all varieties of educated thought, both Christian and non-christian, is a valuable instrument for propagating Christian truth as well as for rooting out the errors heaped upon its way. Some of the papers in Southern India engaged in this good work are worthy of honourable mention.

And lastly we have to refer to what is being done to counteract and neutralise the very attractive theories which under new names are ruining some of the scientific and philosophical speculations of ancient times, the pantheism of Vijas, the sociology of Confucius, and the agnosticism of Buddha. Scientific and philosophical lectures, delivered in various parts of the country by eminent missionaries and laymen, are the antidote which has been applied to this sort of poison; and though the benefits conferred by them are confined to a very small section of the educated community, they are indispensable, as they are needed to meet a necessity which has grown out of the species of high education given as a rule in Indian colleges. The paucity of highly educated men among persons brought up in Indian colleges and schools, leads some people to the conclusion that elaborate lectures on abstruse questions of science and philosophy are tantamount in our country to a waste of powder and shot, and that such demonstrations had better be avoided now without insisting on the fact, that the highly educated men in India, though confessedly few and far between, have souls which it becomes missionaries to strive under God's blessing to save. Let us remember that our general success, as missionary workers, depends more or less thoroughly on our particular success among them. Go to the ignorant and unsophisticated masses of our countrymen, and you will find them opposing to your exhortations and appeals the supposed fact that you leave the learned in the shade because you are conscious of your weakness and are sure to be defeated by them in controversy. Go to the half-educated portion of our countrymen, and they laugh at you, believing that you knowingly shrink from an encounter with the better educated, being apprehensive of defeat and discomfiture. We of course do not believe either in beginning at the top and going down to the bottom, or in commencing at the bottom and going up to the top, our deliberate conviction being that the missionary enterprise in India needs a system comprehensive enough to embrace, through the medium of preachers of all grades, all classes of its vast population from the highest to the lowest. And it is obvious that such a system cannot leave the best fruits of education uninfluenced and untouched.

Add to all this another system of operations, less showy indeed, but decidedly more efficient, which has been utilised, and our notice of what is being done to influence these classes is concluded; we mean house-to-house visitation. This reaches all, and

may be made coextensive with the requirements of the work in all its departments. The ordinary lectures influence school-boys, and scarcely do anything more. The extraordinary demonstrations influence a much larger class, but do not confessedly comprehend the whole. The tracts and fly-leaves further increase, we believe, the dimensions of the sphere influenced, while the scientific lectures stand in the way of infidelity spreading from narrower to wider circles. But it is questionable whether all these agencies put together cover the entire area that has to be cultivated and improved in the name of the Lord. Domiciliary visitation, systematically conducted, can do what the other plans are effecting as well as that which the others cannot do. It is a pity that such prominence has not been given to this branch of missionary work, essential to the success of a missionary as well as that of a pastor, as it richly deserves.

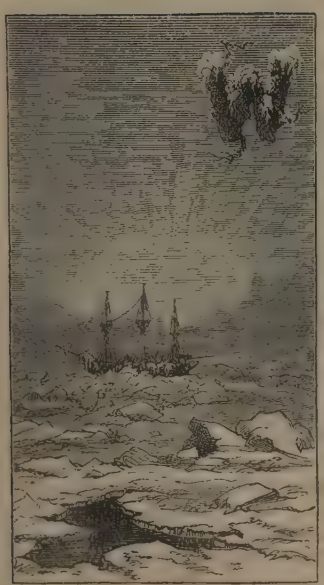
A word about the results of these operations, and we shall have done. The varied agencies employed for the evangelisation of these classes have materially altered the native feeling towards the Lord Jesus Christ, though the hostility to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity remains unaltered, or unimpaired. When the writer was a boy in Calcutta he used to hear the name of the Lord Jesus Christ blasphemed by members of the educated community with unutterable scurrility. The hostile attitude of these persons towards Christ was the result of gross ignorance. The following incident will illustrate this fact. A Bengali preacher used to hear the Lord Jesus Christ grossly abused by a company of his educated countrymen whenever he passed their place of rendezvous. He was sure that their blasphemous utterances were the result of ignorance, and he managed in a very dexterous way to communicate to them such knowledge as might remove it from their minds. One morning he approached them and said, "My friends, will you listen to a good story?" They asked him to sit down, saying, "We will have a story from you, but not your preaching." The preacher related the story of Christ's life without mentioning his name; and when he dwelt upon his apprehension by his enemies, and his crucifixion, and the prayer He offered upon the cross for his enemies his hearers instinctively exclaimed—"O! He was a good man—His persecutors were wretches!" The preacher then said—"My friends, this is the man whom you have been daily abusing." They appeared ashamed of their conduct, and ever after spoke of the Saviour with respect. Our educated countrymen used to blaspheme the Lord Jesus Christ a quarter of a century ago simply because they knew nothing of Him. But they are now better informed, in consequence of the operations we have indicated, and their attitude towards our Saviour is in consequence altered in so much that they with, as it were, one voice represent Him as a model of virtue—the Greatest Teacher this world has seen. Their knowledge has increased, and they look upon Christ as *almost* divine. Let these agencies continue to exert their influence, and they will be more enlightened and ultimately be made ready to represent the Lord Jesus Christ as *altogether* Divine.

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

XI.—SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS.



WHEN we have looked up to the glories of the midnight heavens we have often recurred to the wise words of Paley: "My opinion of astronomy," he says, "has always been that it is not the best medium through which to prove the agency of an intelligent Creator; but that, this being proved, it shows, beyond all other sciences, the magnificence of His operations. The mind which is once convinced, it raises to sublimer views of the Deity than any other subject affords; but it is not so well adapted as some other subjects are to the purpose of argument." Thus all readers, however simple, and even illiterate they may be, are quite able to apprehend, so as to understand, the sublime and suggestive words of the Eighth, or the Nineteenth Psalm; but very few are able to bear the weight of the even appalling ideas which are pressed upon the mind by the researches and explorations of modern astronomy; perhaps the first thought which comes to an ordinary mind is, "What a vast deal I am called upon to believe!" In the presence of the immense area supposed to be described as that through which these innumerable spheres of flame revolve, the overwhelming arithmetical numbers presented to the mind—numbers of miles, millions and billions—easy enough to write or recite, but altogether impossible to conceive—the ordinary mind aches beneath the burden of thought and calculation it is called upon to endure. It seems simply true to us that the entire tax levied upon the faith of a simple Christian believer is very slight compared with the exactions of this dizzy and daring science.

Very few persons, indeed, can be acquainted with the process by which celestial weighings and measurings are attained. This process is set forth

more simply by Sir John Herschel in his essay upon the subject, and his description of what triangulation can effect, than by any other writer with whom we are acquainted. The astounding facts remain the same, leaving still unsolved the old question whether the material universe is finite, or infinite, and compelling, we should think, all who enter upon these speculations to the feeling of Herschel, at the close of his paper, that "it is not wings, but a resting-place for the sole of the foot we want." It really is a comfortable thought that such a man as this great and accomplished scientist, whose wing ventured so far on the remote frontiers of finite or infinite space, was a devout Christian believer.

It has been well and sublimely said by Isaac Taylor, in his essay on the vastness of the material universe, that sight has three daughters—religion, superstition, and atheism. We must venture to think that the third daughter is a lunatic; and this is only roughly and more rudely expressing what Young has already said,

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

Though, of course, there is no more madness in the rejection of a Divine Personality, in the singular order which prevails amidst the countless crowds of the heavenly bodies, than in the rejection of the same Divine arrangement amidst the molecular attractions and affinities of the human frame, for, really, these stars themselves, in their innumerable flow and counter-flow, are only like the molecular drops of blood which go to make up, by their orderly precision, the life of man. Nor can we forget, after we have acknowledged the largest number of worlds which the wildest flights of astronomy have demanded from our credence, that probably almost as many separate intentions—millions, if not billions in number—are necessary to make up an hour's perfect happiness for every human life.

And the same question comes—not affected by the fact that motion is either in the blood of the human frame, or in the solar system, or the remote constellations with their singular varieties of worlds—*what* determines molecular motion? *what* is the fundamental property of matter? And so we really cannot get away from God; there is a determination and will behind all motion. And, to refer again to the words of the Psalmist, as scientific as they are devout, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" The modern Frenchman, Comte, shocked even some of his disciples—the late George Henry Lewis, for instance—by his assertion that "the heavens do not declare the glory of God; but only the glory of Hipparchus, Kepler and Newton." It seems almost incredible that any man in his senses could have said this; but he did say it—and said it in scarcely so many words as we have quoted. To be sure, long years before Comte was born, Dr. Young had answered in anticipation this ridiculous epigram in language as remarkable for its irresistible logic as for its sublime poetry:

"That art
Man scarce can comprehend, can man bestow?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learned
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?"

Into these more subtle mysteries of the heavenly spaces it is not necessary for the ordinary mind to travel in order that it may perceive the glory of God in the heavens. We dare not say that such wanderings unspiritualise nature, but it may with truth be said that the simple peasant mind which can devoutly read the Eighth Psalm beneath the purple night, with its wonderful architraves of golden fire, knows pretty well as much, and may realise even more sublimely, the infinite teachings of the heavens, than the man to whom the merely mysterious mechanism of the inexplicable structure is all that is conveyed. This humble mind, as it is compelled to withdraw from all scientific treatment, has proclaimed to it something higher and better, and is called by contemplation from the ungodly, or the merely human, and still scientifically inexplicable, to the mystery of beauty, and the worship of God.

Certainly, it is singular to notice how frequently, even constantly, the Bible employs the midnight heavens as a window through which to look for the purpose of noting and reading the most divine, and at the same time the most humanly impressive truths. Homer's grand picture of the moonlight scene is a passage so sublime that all masters of Greek and English—from Chapman to Tennyson—have attempted their scholarship upon it. Pope's rhythmic paraphrase will be, we suppose, best known to our readers; it realises a fine night walk, but it is merely descriptive:

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
And floods of glory burst from all the skies!
The shepherds all, rejoicing at the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the glowing light!"

This is very beautiful as description, but the heavens are seldom referred to in the poetry of the Bible in mere description, without the higher purpose and intention of conveying very obvious instruction, "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold! Who hath created these things? He calleth them all by their names, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth." This chapter, the fortieth of Isaiah, is almost wholly astronomical, and the lessons it conveys seem to revolve like satellites round the central sun in the orderly procession of what may be called Isaiah's system of the heavens; and the references are repeatedly renewed in various of the later chapters of this prophet, who has been with so much propriety called the Hebrew Dante. The references are of the same order in the Prophet Jeremiah; but the most ancient and singular illustrations are to be met with in the Book of Job. Our version has, of course, appropriated to the names originally employed, the synonyms; but, however employed, in the thirty-eighth chapter of the Book of Job, thirty-first and thirty-second verses, or in the Book of Amos, fifth chapter, and eighth verse—in these, and all such innumerable references, it is seen how the spirit of the seer rises

HOW beautiful the heavens look to-night!
So calm, transparent; and the starry crowd,
Those exquisite embodiments of light,
Could ye not almost fancy they were proud
Of their own loveliness? that they had bliss
In beaming forth on such a night as this?

O Thou! Creator! God! and can it be
That man is heir to Thine own glorious heaven!
'Tis so! the light which is sublimity,
The essence, which is thought, by Thee was given!—
The fear and heaviness of doubt is o'er—
I muse and feel—and tremble—and adore!

CHARLES SWAIN.

above the spirit of any classic poet, and the mysterious ordinances of those regular and wandering celestial signs were regarded as the most sublime windows of the King.

"They were made for signs and for seasons." It was for a long time one of the standing controversies of scepticism with the Scriptural account of the Creation that the sun appears to us a source of light, and yet, not the sun, but light was the first emanation of the Creative will. This difficulty has been long easily resolved: light created, and existing as an undulatory ocean with its regularly interflowing waves, existed before it was so gathered and bound in bodies; itself, in fact, the origin of all things.

> "Thy word, oh light, bade life and beauty be;
> And all was chaos until touched by thee."

And then the ethereal and imponderable substance became cohesive in suns, planets, and stars:

> "And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
> From the void abyss by myriads came,
> Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
> Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
> With her isles of green and her clouds of white,
> And her waters that lie like fluid light.
> And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
> Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
> And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
> With her shadowy cone the night goes round!"

To simple minds—minds unequal, or, by the pressure of other occupations, unable to enter into the immense calculations of astronomers—these broader and more general lessons are the best; surely they do tend to sustain the mind by the sense of the infinite and all-pervading order. As to distances, we have said, they are inconceivable: Jupiter, four hundred and eighty-five millions of miles distant from the sun, receiving twenty-five times less heat and light than we receive from the sun, but with, no doubt, the beautiful compensation of his moons; and Saturn, eight hundred and ninety millions of miles distant, receiving eighty-one times less light and heat, but with the gorgeous compensation of his magnificent rings. It is very possible, and attempts have been made, to realise something of the appearance of the heavens around to the possible inhabitants of those remote globes; but who could dare to be dogmatic and intolerant amidst such hypothetical circumstances? The wonders are there; but all that we are able to perceive is a certain infinite order which regulates their being and their going. The Pleiades, for instance, whose "sweet influences," as the sign of spring, suggested, as what seemed and seems to be, a little cluster of seven stars—the beautiful sisters of the ancient fable—are clearly ascertained, even by the naked eye, to consist of fourteen, while astronomers, through their magic glasses, detect at least thirty stars. Thus we have a little system like our own, and should the possible inhabitants of the Pleiades look through their heavens, our solar system might, just as possibly, be their Pleiades. But that constellation is probably, like every other, a system of worlds in space. Thus our circling belt of planets will appear as a constellation to Orion, as Orion is a constellation to us. We may make these observations, but "his star-gemmed belt, and shining blade," contribute chiefly to us in this, that they serve to unveil God's glory in the heavens, and read to us the lesson, read by Amos, "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars, and Orion; that turneth the shadow of death into morning; or maketh the day dark with night; the Lord of Hosts is his name!"

In that magnificent scientific poem, "The Architecture of the Heavens," by Dr. Nichol, perhaps the reader will remember a singularly eloquent passage. "Call up to your mind," says the writer, "an Indian of that old America, when civilisation had not yet disturbed the sombre twilight of its forests; suppose him of a tribe whose wanderings had been confined within, far within, the interior of a range of primeval pines: how natural for his untutored thought to conceive the wood of his nativity infinite, or that space is all occupied with trees. His eye had never lighted upon one external object; the forms of his infancy were the forms to which his manhood had been alone accustomed; trees had always environed him, and hemmed in his prospect, so that on being informed by an instructed traveller of the existence of free and wide savannahs, he must have seemed to hear of something unintelligible and against nature, and have gazed with that very incredulity which fills our minds at the idea of the great firmament being limited like a forest, of *our* infinite being comprehended within form. But, lo! in his stray wanderings, the Indian arrives at a mountain, whose summit reaches beyond the heights of the gigantic pines; he attempts it, overcomes its precipices, and sees a new world. The forest of his dwelling is mighty, and stretches far; but America is mightier, and numbers of forests equal to his luxuriate upon its plains. Where is *our* mountain? do you ask—where the height which can pierce these skies? Indeed, it is seldom found. Men wander through centuries in ancient ignorance, without reaching or scaling an elevation capable of showing them beyond it; but in a propitious hour, and after long preparation, genius and industry descry it, and straightway the scales fall from our sight. It was the telescope which in this case carried us into outer regions and revealed their contents, hitherto unseen by human eye; and most splendid is the perspective. Divided from our firmament, and from each other by measureless intervals, numerous firmaments, glorious as ours, float through immensity, doubtless forming one stupendous system, bound together by fine relationships. After all, how easy the belief to its indwellers, that a mass thus surpassingly gorgeous is infinite! What wonder, although the inhabitant of a planet revolving around one of its central suns should have mistaken his own magnificent heavens for the universe, and needed the distant and dim vision of our firmament, appearing to his telescopes as a starry speck, to remove the veil from his mind and give him juster notions of the majesty of creation."

Thus what strides celestial observations have made since that day when Mesopotamian or Chaldean shepherds looked up, and by the aid of superstition erected the stars into the creators and governors of destinies of lives and empires; or, again, what a stride since the day, by no means far distant, when the shadow of the sun was the labourer's only clock; or when the work of all the seasons was set by the culmination or occultation of the planets and the stars. Even still, the pole-star of our northern, the southern cross of the southern heavens, are the most friendly guides to shepherds on the downs, travellers lost in forests, sailors on

the chartless seas. But now, star after star comes forth from the abyss, crowding like thoughts into the mind; the firmament is thronged with constellations; the seas strewn with their images.

In looking abroad over the vast spaces little more can be done than to select one or two topics which may shed the light of a comfortable impression upon the heart, even in the presence of such terrible mysteries as make the mind not only to stare but to tremble. The Ettrick Shepherd gives something like the true teaching when, in reply to some question of Christopher North concerning the stars, he says: "I seldom noo, sir, gaze at them at all; it is sufficient to ken that they are there; their presence above is impressive on my heart, though my een be on the ground, as I am trudging hame o'er the hills. Not a single one of them ever sent down to earth aught but a blessing on man and beast; but I cannot bear long to look on a refulgent star, it makes me so melancholy; but frequently such an one obliges me to see it, and then I pause and, with a sigh, give it a silent benediction. I shall always continue to *believe*, in spite of all the astronomers that ever peeped through telescopes; and I have no fear to take a long, steady look at all the nocturnal heavens; all is so cheerful as well as so serene—I had almost said so merry, sir—as well as so majestic, that I admire like a child the illuminated sky-palace of nature." This is, no doubt, the most universal impression, the most cheerful and benign; the impression conveyed to the ancient patriarchs, psalmists, and prophets. When telescopes peep and pry into the recesses, and more obscure nooks of the wonderful fields of space, the mind stands on tip-toe and trembles with excitement. Thus in the month of May, 1866, in the constellation of the Northern Crown, a small star—probably a world as large as our own—blazed out, and attained a magnitude equal to that of the largest star in the heavens; it made its appearance suddenly; it began to diminish its brilliancy, then it died out; it seems almost certain that it was a world on fire. An interesting account of this singular phenomenon was published by Mr. Edwin Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, in the "Leisure Hour" for 1866. Other such spectacles also have been visible; science seems to demonstrate such a conflagration as possible, and that the whole world might be dissipated like a drop of water in a furnace. Was it not written from of old, "they shall perish, but thou remainest?" A world vanished, and was not missed! Truly says Mrs. Hemans,

> "Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
> Bow'd be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
> When from its height afar,
> A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
> Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star!"

And, on the other hand, new worlds emerge into sight. We need not refer to all the dazzling, and we shall dare to say, as yet, unsolved wonders of the nebulous myriads of worlds revealed by Lord Ross's telescope. After such awful flights, one really feels in coming back to the solar system, and to our own poor little retinue of celestial lights, as the Ancient Mariner felt as he drew near home:

> "Oh dream of joy! Is this indeed
> The light-house top I see?
> Is this the kirk? Is this the hill?
> Is this my own country?"

Discoveries have been going on in our own parish! The discovery of Neptune, for instance, one of the most surprising confirmations of pre-existent ideas founded on scientific inference; two men setting off as it were, unknown to each other, upon a great arctic voyage of discovery, and meeting, and shaking hands on that most remote planet; it was certainly one of the crowning victories of astronomical science. The discovery of the smaller planet, Vulcan, seems to us yet more romantic, and more delicately beautiful; it ranks with that of Neptune; it is one of the most charming romances of science. Leverrière the discoverer, with Adams, of Neptune, and the principal of the observatory of Paris, had announced that there must be a planet within the orbit of Mercury; the motions of Mercury and the Earth prophesied it. A simple, obscure French village doctor, quite a poor man, set to work to discover it, and, as has so often been the case with great genius, he reached out to valuable results with imperfect instruments; he made his own tools, and very poor tools they were. But the village doctor made the discovery; Leverrière announced the philosophy; Lescarbault announced the fact; a great man Lescarbault! The *savants* of Paris invited him to a grand banquet; he wrote, with grateful respect, "I am not a *savant*, as you appear to believe. The honourable offer of a banquet which you have made me does not accord with my habits of simple and retired life; besides, I have received similar offers from our brethren of Chartres and Blois, which I have declined; the duties of my profession do not admit of such frequent absences." Here was a rare, great, and wise man, indeed, in the poor village doctor! He was, however, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour; and we hope he still pursues his simple, noble, and truly instructive career.

And, after this, we have often thought that the sublimest sight on our earth of our heavens is that which so few have seen, or can see—the spectacle of the midnight sun. Longfellow, in one of his pleasing poems, describes the startled incredulity of our clear-eyed and truth-loving King Alfred when an old navigator recited to him the surprising scene. Our old friend Dr. Ebenezer Henderson gives his sensations when favoured with "The most novel and interesting midnight scene I have ever witnessed; the sun remaining stationary a little above the horizon, near twelve at night; but," he continued, "as I rode on, and still gained a higher part of the desert, I was agreeably surprised to observe the shadow of my horse on the height before me. To the south and east stretched an impenetrable waste enlivened by a number of lakes, and, in the distance, the glassy surface of the great ice mountains received the rays of the midnight sun. The king of day, like a vast globe of fire, stretched his sceptre over the realms of night. The singing of swans in the neighbouring lakes added to the scene; but as I continued my journey, the train of my meditation fell upon that sublime passage in the Prophet Isaiah, 'Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; but the Lord shall be thy everlasting light.'"

Amidst the terrible munificence of the splendours supposed to be revealed by the speculations of modern astronomy, it almost seems as if the mind needed some such midnight sun to sustain it among

the dizzy heights of space; but there is no lesson among the astronomical lights more assured than this, that the dignity of man is not to be estimated by the outward, the material, and the physical. Amidst such perplexing questions as those which arise when the wonder is expressed as to the inhabited state of other worlds, it should be remembered that size and weight are not the true gauge and criterion of value; but intellect, emotion, and affection. It has not been thought a foolish thing to rear a vast temple for few worshippers, if by it the architect reared a worthy hymn to the Divine Being; or to erect a noble palace for a prince, if it reflected the glory of a nation. Finally, as in all the ways of nature, so here, "Night showeth knowledge." The light of the sun in the daytime deceives us as to the extent of the actual system by which we are surrounded; night brings out stars; it hides our world to discover to us worlds unsuspected, and which never can be explored. It is thus, indeed, most likely that the life which now is deceives us, even as the day hides from us worlds which the night reveals. A little child when asked what the stars were, very simply replied that they were "chinks to let the glory of heaven shine through;" a simple answer indeed; but as those incomprehensible spangles decorate with their mysteries the dark, black walls of infinite space, they open to the mind amazing suggestions of what may be, and seem to compel the spirit to retreat from despair. The poet Montgomery, for instance, has, in very simple words, touched one of the sublimest lessons when he says,

> "The dead are like the stars by day;
> Though hid from mortal eye
> They're not extinct, but hold their way
> In glory through the sky!"

LORD MAYOR McARTHUR.

THE Lord Mayor of London is a personage whose dignity looms larger to people at a distance than to those who are familiar with our English civic honours. We have heard Frenchmen, for instance, speak of the "Lord Maire" with respect equal to that paid to royal and imperial personages. We may smile at their simplicity, yet it is no mean honour to be the first magistrate of the greatest city of the world, even though this distinction is only that of "a splendid annual."

The passing away of the present occupant of the civic chair would not be noted in our pages but for the higher honour due to Lord Mayor McArthur as a Christian man. While fulfilling all routine duties with the dignity and with the liberality habitual to the holders of the office, he has manifested a spirit worthy of his religious profession and high Christian character. To this we ascribe some of the notable incidents which mark the year of his mayoralty. To many religious as well as social assemblages he gave the prestige of his official presence. He presided at the meetings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to which denomination he belongs; of the Religious Tract Society; the London City Mission; and gave his support to other Christian and philanthropic institutions. The civic banquet to the veteran Missionary, Dr. Moffat, was made the occasion of a noble demonstration, where leaders of Christian Missions of every denomination were represented. At the meeting in honour of Lord Shaftesbury, over which he presided, the ancient Guildhall resounded with the unusual strains of a Te Deum.

All through his year of office Lord Mayor McArthur has been every inch the Christian magistrate. We refer only to two incidents as characteristic and illustrative of his spirit. At a gathering of Colonial representatives, a distinguished African traveller had the bad taste to speak contemptuously of the character and influence of Christian Missionaries. Mr. McArthur in a brief speech gave a dignified and effective rebuke, saying, in a quiet, courteous tone, that the last speaker must at the moment have forgotten what had been done for Africa by Moffat, Shaw, Livingstone, and other Christian men, whose names and deeds were known to all the world.

On another occasion an interesting note of personal biography was given at the meeting of the London City Mission. The Lord Mayor said that when he was a young man in Londonderry, he was called upon one evening by a stranger from Scotland, who asked him to preside at a meeting for establishing a Mission among the poor of his native place. This stranger was David Nasmyth of Glasgow, who visited Ulster before he came to England. He, the

Lord Mayor, had assisted at the formation of the Londonderry Mission, and he now, as chief magistrate, congratulated the meeting on the success with which Divine Grace had crowned the London City Mission.

The Lord Mayor, William McArthur, we may add, is the eldest son of the late Rev. I. McArthur of Londonderry; was born in 1810; is a Justice of the Peace for Surrey; was Sheriff of London 1867–68; and is member of parliament for Lambeth.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

NOVEMBER 20.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. LEVITICUS XXV. 1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM LXXXIX. 15.—'*Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.*'

INTRODUCTORY.—This chapter contains the 'Land Law' of Israel. There is something wonderfully interesting in these definite arrangements made here **in Mount Sinai,** respecting lands not yet possessed—lands still held in seeming security by the heathen! **Jehovah spake unto Moses,** thus declaring Himself Lord of all earthly things, the Divine proprietor. May we not learn something here respecting the calm certainty with which we may anticipate the conquest of the world for Christ?

I. THE SABBATICAL YEAR.—*Read vers.* 1-7. The *years,* like the *days,* were to have the **seventh** as a **rest.** The weekly Sabbath declared God's proprietorship of our *time;* the Sabbath of years, His right over our *possessions.* The fourth commandment is, as it were, re-echoed. 'Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work,' . . . . and, **six years thou shalt sow thy field,** etc. . . . . 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of Jehovah thy God,' . . . . and, **the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for Jehovah.** 'In it thou shalt not do any work.' . . . . and, **thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard** (or 'orchard'). Thus exact is the likeness.

During this year the produce of the soil, as its growth would be spontaneous, was for the common enjoyment of all. There would, in fact, be a considerable crop.* As the harvest was never to be closely reaped (ch. xxiii. 22), a good deal of grain would be left yearly in the earth to germinate, even after the gleaning; the ground and climate favouring growth and increase even where the sower had not gone forth to sow. Among the weeds, therefore, of the untilled land might be expected no slight harvest; while fruit-trees would be laden almost as usual, even the **vine undressed** having its load of grapes. **The sabbath of the land shall be meat for you,** i.e. its produce during this year of rest shall be your food; but you will have to share it in common with the whole population. **Thou shalt not reap, neither gather:** i.e. for *your own benefit,* or to *store* the produce: it will be open to any one to enter the fields or fruit-gardens and gather what he needs. Before such a provision, faith itself might well hesitate: *How can there possibly be enough?* In answer to this, God pledges His own word and providence, promising such a supply in the year before as to afford means of laying up sufficient not only for the Sabbatical year, but for the next also—in one year the food of three, vers. 20-22. If any further supplies were needed, they might be obtained by trade with other nations, from the people's savings. The institution is declared, Exodus xxiii. 10, 11, to be for the special benefit of the poor. In Deut. xv. 1-3 it is further ordained that debts are not to be exacted during this year. People dependent on the produce of the soil to meet their obligations would be unable to do so for the time.

> It is a question with students of the Jewish law whether debts were *absolutely* remitted, or the claim only held in abeyance *for this year.* The language in Deut. seems to favour the former view. Hence the Sabbatical year was called **the year of release.** Not, be it noted, as sometimes represented, a year for releasing all bond-servants—they were to be set free in seven years *from entering their master's service,* whensoever that period might fall, Ex. xxi 2; Deut. xv. 12.

The Law was to be publicly read during this year at the Feast of Tabernacles. See Deut. xxxi. 10-13 and last week's 'Study.' The leisure of such a year would naturally lead to a larger assemblage at Jerusalem on the occasion; and it would be specially appropriate thus to honour the Word of God. The people would be taught, also, that *rest* did not mean *idleness,* but rather leisure for the cultivation of the mind, and for increased attention to spiritual things.

> It has often been asked whether the Sabbatical year was ever in fact observed until after the Captivity. In answer to this, it is significant that in Lev. xxv. 35, neglect of the precept is plainly foreseen; and that it was neglected appears from 2 Chron. xxxvi. 21. The full tale of Sabbatical years was, by an act of Divine retribution, made up by the seventy years' desolation of the land. Now 70 Sabbatical years stand for 490 years in all: during so long a time, therefore, was the precept disregarded, whether continuously or not we have no means of knowing. From the entrance into Canaan to the beginning of the seventy years' captivity were 846 years, of which 120 would in the ordinary course have been Sabbatical. From the accession of Saul to the Captivity were precisely 493 years. After the Captivity we note tokens of its observance. See 1 Maccabees vi. 49; 'they came out of the city, because they had no victuals there to endure the siege, it being a year of rest to the land.' Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar both are said to have exempted the Jews from tribute during the Sabbatical year. Josephus, 'Ant.' xiv. 10 § 6.

II. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.—*Read vers.* 8-17. After **seven sabbaths of years,** or **forty-nine** in all, a **fiftieth year** was to be observed as a 'year of liberty,' Ezek. xlvi. 17; 'the acceptable year of the Lord,' Isa. lxi. 2. It was to begin on the very **day of atonement,** as if to mark in the strongest possible way the joy of recovered pardon. Picture the contrast, the sorrowful humiliation of the great fast-day, the penitent confession of sin—the awful sacrifice—when suddenly, most likely at sunset, the solemn silence is broken by the joyous sound of **the trumpet throughout all the land,** proclaiming liberty! From this joyful sound of trumpets, the word **jubilee** is derived. It means originally either the *sound itself,* or the *instrument* for producing it.* On this point scholars are divided in opinion.

> It may be noted that the word *jubile* retained in our English version was probably meant to be a dissyllable, as near a transcription of the Hebrew word as possible. We, however, now employ it universally as a trisyllable.

The provisions of the jubilee year may be thus enumerated:—

1. *Continued cessation of field labours,* see ver. 11. **Ye shall not sow, neither reap,** etc., as in the Sabbatical year. Thus there would be two years together in which these labours would be discontinued, the forty-ninth (a Sabbatical year) and the fiftieth. Some have argued from the unlikelihood of so long a fallow time, that the jubilee *coincided* with the seventh Sabbatical year, instead of *following it,* the forty-ninth year being called the fiftieth in a loose general way. But there is no authority for this, and the distinction of the two years seems plain. It must be remembered also that the year would be so long anticipated that there would be especial storage for its needs, also that God's promise of abundant fertility beforehand would be fulfilled.

2. *Restoration of estates.* **Ye shall return every man unto his possession:** that is, every Israelite whose ancestral

* To leave the land periodically, would help to prevent its exhaustion, where the 'rotation of crops' was unknown.

* In ordinary usage, any fifty years' celebration has come to be called a 'Jubilee.' But there is no note of time in the word itself, as there is for instance in *centenary.* In the correct English Bibles in this chapter it is always printed *jubile.*

property had passed out of his family now regained it. Hence, strictly speaking, no land in Israel could be sold, only its occupation until the next jubilee year, and at a price calculated according to the term which the lease would have to run. See vers. 15-16, where this is very clearly laid down. **According to the number of the years of the fruits doth he sell it unto thee**: i.e. according to the number of the *fruitful years*, the Sabbatical years not to count in the estimate. The provision, it is added (vers. 26-27) was not to bar the right of the original possessor or any of his representatives to buy back the property *at any time*, should they possess the means of doing so. An exception is made, again, in the case of dwelling-houses in walled cities (vers. 29-30) which, if sold and not redeemed in one year, were to become the absolute property of the purchaser. Levitical property, however, could be redeemed at any time, and the field, or open space, around the Levitical cities was not under any circumstances to be sold. Every part of the institution was intended first to express the truth, (1) that the land belonged to God Himself (ver. 23); no man therefore could hold it in absolute proprietorship; (2) that property which had been consecrated to His service was to be held especially sacred (see also ch. xxvii. 18-21); (3) that the original rights of those families to which the land had been portioned out were to be carefully respected; (4) that every opportunity was to be given to those families which had become impoverished by circumstances to regain their position and begin life anew. There was as far as possible to be mutual equality throughout Israel. **Ye shall not therefore oppress one another, but thou shalt fear thy God.** No mutual over-reaching, but a fair and mutual regard to one another's interests.

3. *Liberation of servants.* This is not mentioned in the Reading Lesson, but was an important part of the jubilee provisions. In the ordinary course every bondman would be set free at the end of his seven years' servitude (Ex. xxi. 2), but if the year of Jubilee should intervene he would be free at once. Slavery therefore, of Israelite to Israelite in any form became impossible. Not a bond-servant, but a hired servant, was the rule. Even when servants had contracted themselves out of the provision for release in the seventh year (Exod. xxi. 5, 6), they must be liberated when the jubilee arrived. See ver. 54. There could be no lasting subjection of one to another among the freemen of Jehovah!

III. SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE JUBILEE.—See Golden Text; where **the joyful sound** may be taken to mean the most joyful of all sounds to the impoverished or enslaved. Compare Isaiah lxi. 1, 2; a plain allusion to the deliverance which this year brought. Christ quotes the passage at the outset of His ministry (Luke iv. 17-19). Through Him our souls are emancipated from the bondage of sin, and our lost heritage is restored. See Charles Wesley's fine hymn, beginning, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow;' noting his allusion to the Day of Atonement, with which the Israelite jubilee was to begin.

> The thoughtful reader will note also what we may call the *Sabbath principle*, all through these Old Testament institutions; the Sabbath of the week; the 'week' of years; the seven times seven, pointing still onward to a *rest*, the expression of Divine favour and fatherhood. So, rising higher still, we reach the Christian's crowning privilege: 'There remaineth a Sabbath keeping for the people of God' (Heb. iv. 9).

QUESTIONS.

1. In what other passage of the Pentateuch besides those quoted above, is the Jubilee mentioned?

2. Cite passages from the Prophets to show that the Jubilee institution was known to them.

3. Show the value of the 'Sabbatical' institutions to the poor of Israel.

4. Illustrate from the jubilee laws the various aspects of the work of Christ as Redeemer.

Pages for the Young.

"THE DEAR OLD BOOK."

MOST of us, either from personal acquaintance with it or from hearsay, know something of the old frontier fortress of Strasburg, the capital of Alsace and Lorraine.

Who has not heard of the grand old Gothic cathedral, begun nearly a thousand years ago, standing in the middle of the town, whose delicately cut spire can boast of being the highest in Europe? There is a story connected with the spire, told of Goethe, the great German poet, who took his degree at the University of Strasburg in the year 1772. He suffered much from giddiness of the head, and being resolved to overcome what he regarded as a weakness, he is said to have made a bet with a fellow-student, that he would climb to the top of it in order to cure himself. It was a dangerous undertaking, but he reached the top in safety, though in the greatest trepidation, as he afterwards confessed. His attempt had the desired effect; thenceforward he could ascend the most giddy heights without suffering from nervousness in the slightest degree.

I have climbed the spire myself, I must own not without fear and trembling, and have looked down upon the lovely valley of the Rhine, the Vosges mountains and the Black Forest. I have visited the interior of the lofty nave and seen the "dim religious light" pouring through the richly stained windows and lighting up the pulpit of carved stone. I have watched and waited in order to see the figure of Death come out and strike the hour of twelve upon the old clock. There is a figure of our Lord in a recess at the top, and I have seen the twelve apostles come forward, each in their turn, and make obeisance to Him as they pass. I have also witnessed the large brazen cock on the tower close by, flapping his wings when the clock struck twelve, as well as any live bird might have done. This clock was partly injured during the bombardment of Strasburg by the Germans in the year 1870; but it has been thoroughly repaired, as well as the many other buildings which suffered on that occasion.

Our story opens on the evening of the 13th of August, 1870, at the very commencement of the bombardment.

In one of the narrow streets in the cheapest quarters of the city, lived old Joseph Schäfer, with his little grandchild Kätchen. Having when a boy lost the use of one eye by an accident, Joseph had never been able to undertake any employment which required close or accurate sight, and had therefore spent his time in straw- and willow-plaiting. For many years he had been engaged by a large upholsterer in the place, to make chair-bottoms, couches and the like, and had always been respected and looked up to, both by his employers and his fellow-workmen, for his good conduct and punctuality. His good taste and cleverness in workmanship were a theme of admiration amongst the latter. If any one of them was puzzled about his work, he would always say:—"I'll go to Joseph Schäfer, he'll know how to do it, and he's sure to help me out of the difficulty." And so he did, setting aside his own work, and perhaps sitting up an hour later, or rising an hour earlier, in order to make up for time lost.

Joseph Schäfer was a Lutheran. His parents Karl and Marie Schäfer were natives of the old and historic town of Worms on the Rhine, and had settled in Strasburg when their boy was quite a little fellow. Joseph was a God-fearing old

man, and he not only helped his comrades with his hands, but strove to induce them to look for spiritual help to Him who had laid down His life to obtain for them forgiveness of their sins. "Put your trust in the Lord" were words always upon his lips. Some of his fellow-workers listened to him, and the truth sank deep into their hearts, leavening their lives, and making them contented with their humble lot. Others, alas!—but these were of the smaller number—would laugh at "Old St. Joseph," as they used to call him; but they never ventured to mock or scoff at holy things in his presence.

Little Kätchen was very dear to the old man's heart. Her father—his only son Julius—a fine soldier, had been shot dead, fighting bravely, only a few days before the commencement of my story.

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,'" said the old man reverently, when he heard of his son's death. "'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' My boy has been taken away from the evil to come."

Her mother, a hard-working, honest woman, had died when little Kätchen was but four years old. During her illness, she had been tended lovingly by her poor husband, and, when she was dying, they had both agreed that Kätchen should for the future live with her grandfather, as a life in barracks, when her father was so much away, would not be good for the little girl. The old man gladly consented to take her to his humble lodging, and his daughter-in-law, who tenderly loved her child, placed in his hand, her well-worn Bible, and begged him to teach little Kätchen one text every day. When she was old enough to be confirmed, he was to give the Holy Book into her own keeping. Joseph had never neglected what he looked upon as a sacred duty, and the child had grown to love "the dear old book," as she called it, almost as much as the old man did himself, and she would often say:

"When I am old enough to earn something, grandfather, I will buy you another instead of that one."

Hitherto Joseph had been able to pursue his occupation as usual, although obliged to take a quantity of work home, and carry it back when best he could. But his employers allowed him to do this, well knowing that he had no means of support, except the wages he earned from them.

Little Kätchen was up very early every morning, and although only thirteen years of age, she always had a good cup of hot coffee and a slice of brown bread ready for her grandfather, before he began his day's work, at six o'clock. In the happy days—before the war began—when her grandfather had gone to his work, she would wash the breakfast-things and put them away, and, having filled a little basket with her own frugal dinner, would, with a light heart, set off to school, where she remained until five o'clock and then hurried home again to get grandfather's supper ready. Now, however, there was no school going on, and old Joseph was obliged to start at nightfall, leave his job of work, and return with the money as fast as he could.

"God takes care of children," he would say, whenever he left her. "Grandfather will soon be back again."

Little Kätchen felt very lonely when he was gone, but she was in the habit of repeating her texts aloud to herself when he was away, and the time passed quickly by.

"I wish grandfather would let me have the 'dear old book,'" she would say to herself, "I will ask him for it one day."

Joseph had not taken home any work for two days, and their stock of money was fast diminishing.

"I must go to the shop to-night, dear child, but I shan't be long. Don't you be frightened if you hear any noise, but keep still in doors, until grandfather comes back."

"Oh, yes, grandfather, never fear, I shan't go out; but I want you to lend me 'the dear old book,' just for this once, whilst you are away."

The old man put his hand into his breast pocket and drew out the little Bible. Kätchen's eyes sparkled with eagerness; she stretched out her hand to take it. Her grandfather paused for a moment, and then quietly replaced it in his pocket. A look of disappointment stole over the child's face.

"My child," he said, stooping down and kissing her, "perhaps 'tis better that grandfather should take it with him to-night. Who can tell, I may have need of it."

The tears were in Kätchen's eyes now; but she answered patiently, "Very well, grandfather."

"You're a good girl, Kätchen, and when I come back you shall read me as many chapters as you like, before we go to bed."

"Oh, thank you, dear grandfather!"

She was quite happy again, and looked after the old man as he disappeared down the street; then carefully shutting the door, she set about tidying the little cottage, stirring the fire, laying a clean cloth upon the little table, putting out the plates and spoons, and the large loaf of brown bread.

"Grandfather shall have some jam to-night, for a treat," she said climbing on a chair and taking down from a shelf a dark earthenware pot filled with the stewed fruit prepared without sugar, so commonly found in Alsace in the poorest cottages. When all was ready, she took out her knitting, and began to repeat her texts. She had said them over and over again, when she suddenly looked up at the old clock.

"'Tis time for grandfather; he'll be back now in a minute."

Hardly had she uttered the words, when a loud, bursting noise followed by a rattling sound like the falling of some building, frightened her so terribly that she got up from her seat and rushed to the door. She was just going to open it; then suddenly recollecting her grandfather's injunctions, she returned to her place near the fire, and sat down again, eagerly listening with beating heart. In a short time, however, silence returned; she lost something of her fear, and began to hope that her grandfather would soon come back.

"He's later than he ever was before," she thought, as she sat there, her eyes fixed upon the clock. A quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour passed, and still old Joseph did not come. The child could bear it no longer. Seizing her jacket and tying on the little close-fitting cap worn by children in Strasburg and its neighbourhood, she opened the door and looked out into the street. She had never been out alone at night, but she must go and look for grandfather; he would not be angry with her for going to seek him. Carefully shutting the door, she walked on a few steps. How different everything looked! The doors of the houses, which she had always seen standing wide open, were fast shut. In most of the windows there was no light. Scarcely a human being was abroad—perhaps here and there a man hurrying along. Kätchen wondered they did not notice her, there all alone, and stop to speak to her. She wandered on and on, crying bitterly all the time. As she proceeded, she noticed that the pavements were everywhere strewn with tiles or broken pieces of stone. She groped her way slowly onward for some time, but the desolation and silence around so oppressed her that, worn out by fatigue and grief, she sat down upon a doorstep.

"God will take care of me," she murmured.

How long Kätchen had laid there, she did not know. Suddenly she heard a sweet voice whispering to her:

"Kätchen, dear Kätchen," it said, "listen to me!"

The little girl looked up, and saw before her a beautiful angel, and yet it seemed to her that it was her own mother. She was quite sure it was the same face she had so often looked upon, hanging on the wall of her grandfather's little room.

"What is it, dear mother?" she asked.

"Don't be downhearted, my Kätchen. Have a little more patience, and you shall find your grandfather. Go on a little farther until you come to the ramparts, near the Porte de Saverne. You will see, scattered about, a great quantity of rubbish, stones and dust, caused by the bursting of a shell. Don't be afraid, but search amongst the rubbish. There you will find grandfather lying on the ground. God speed you my child!"

Kätchen rubbed her eyes and looked about her. She had been dreaming. Her mother was nowhere to be seen. She was still sitting on the cold door-step, alone in the dark street. But all feeling of fear had vanished from her mind. Quickly rising from her seat, she buttoned her jacket tighter round her, and set off in the direction of the Porte de Saverne. It was a long time before she reached it, but when she did so, she found everything as the vision had described it to her. Stumbling over broken stones and bricks, she went fearlessly on, until suddenly, something long and dark caught her eyes lying at a short distance from her. Convinced that it was the body of her grandfather, she pushed eagerly to the spot, and there, in truth, lay the old man upon his right side, perfectly motionless, his white face resting upon his bent arm.

Kätchen knelt hurriedly down beside him and took his hand in hers. It was very cold, and he did not stir.

"He is asleep," said the girl aloud, "I will wake him. Grandfather, I have come to fetch you home—wake up!" and she patted his pale cheeks and caressed his hand lovingly. But as the old man still did not move, she began to be a little frightened and called to him more loudly.

Whilst engaged in striving to rouse him, she had not noticed the approach of an elderly gentleman, with a kind benevolent face, who, on hearing the child's sad accents, had struggled through the heaps of rubbish about him, and was now standing close to her.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed joyfully, "I am so glad you are come. Grandfather is so fast asleep, I can't wake him, and he must not stay out here in the cold."

An anxious look spread over the kind Lutheran minister's face. He feared to take up the hand which lay so helplessly at the old man's side. He was just on his return from visiting a poor dying woman, and had in his pocket a small flask of cordial, which he had been administering to her.

"Move a little on one side, my dear child," he said, "and let me come near him."

Possessing some medical knowledge, the minister knew, as soon as he felt poor old Joseph's pulse, that life was not extinct.

"He is not asleep, Kätchen, he has fainted; but, please God, he will soon recover."

Gently raising the poor old man's head upon his arm, he put the little flask to his lips, and poured a small quantity of the cordial into his mouth, telling little Kätchen at the same time to chafe his hands. In a few minutes Joseph stirred slightly; then slowly—very slowly—he opened his eyes and fixed them wonderingly, first upon little Kätchen and then upon the minister.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Near the ramparts, at the Porte de Saverne, dear grandfather," replied the little girl, breathless with joy at her grandfather's recovery.

"The minister and I will take you home, now that you are better, and then you will tell us all about it."

Before answering her, the old man put his hand into his breast pocket, and felt for his little Bible:—

"'Tis there!" he said, smiling as he looked at his granddaughter; "it saved grandfather."

"You must not speak much now," said his kind friend. "As soon as you feel that you can stand, I will accompany you to your door."

Poor old Joseph was very soon able to rise, and with the help of an arm on either side, reached his home, in less time than the good minister had feared. Little Kätchen had, as we already know, set his supper ready for him, and she soon prepared a cup of nice hot coffee which the minister himself gave to him. Then seeing that Joseph was much better, he asked him to tell them what was the cause of his being in the state in which they had found him.

"I had just left the master's house," began the old man, "and was coming home the usual way, when I was told that a house had been thrown down, by the bomb that was flung into the town this morning; so I turned back, and walked along under the ramparts. I had passed by the Porte de Saverne when I heard a loud bursting sound like, and then something like thunder a long ways off. I hadn't time to think about it scarce, when something struck me all on a sudden in my left side, and seemed to take the breath out of me all at once. I can't remember nothing more," he continued, "until I saw this poor little thing"—taking Kätchen's hand in his as he spoke—"a bending over me, and you, sir, looking down upon me, with your kind face. But 'twas the book that saved me, I know that," he added reverently, as he concluded his simply told tale.

"Oh, grandfather, your coat is all torn," exclaimed the child, before the minister had time to reply.

Joseph looked at his coat—the child had spoken truly. There was a jagged slit in it, just below the breast, of about five inches in length.

The old man instinctively drew out the little Bible. Its leather cover was ripped up right across, and the jagged indentations penetrated some little way into the leaves. With a feeling of awe, Joseph bent his head, and kissed the sacred book.

Tears came into the minister's eyes, as he laid his hands upon the little girl's head:

"Kätchen," he said solemnly, "you must never forget what has happened to day. 'Twas indeed the 'little book' that has saved your grandfather. Had it not been for this, the fragment of shell which must have struck it and glanced off, only tearing the cover, would, most probably, have entered his heart, and deprived him of life."

Little Kätchen was much impressed by the risk her grandfather had run.

"Dear grandfather, how glad I am you did not give me 'the dear old book' this evening," she said, "I will never ask you for it again, until I am confirmed."

"And then it shall have a new binding," said the minister.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Kätchen, "I like the old binding best, and it will always remind me how good the great God has been to my grandfather."

They all three knelt down together, and offered up to God their heartfelt thanks for His great mercies vouchsafed unto them. How many a man has the Holy Book saved from a greater evil than the death which threatened Kätchen's grandfather.

M. A.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIX.

1. 'Tis one of five organs, it leads to the brain,
   The sense of a sound in the air;
   It may be the call to the battle again,
   It may be the cry of despair!
   By this I am warned from all evil to cease,
   And hearken with faith to the gospel of peace,
   That bids me for glory prepare.

2. 'Tis the place where the strong eagle stirs up her young,
   And turns them to gaze on the sky,
   On the uppermost crag of the mountain 'tis hung,
   And thence in full feather they fly:
   'Tis the home of the swallow, to nourish her brood
   At the altars of God, where his people have stood;
   And I long to be there, even I!

3. 'Tis a pledge of some wages or bounty in store,
   For those who in service attend;
   The first-fruits bestowed as the promise of more—
   A harvest on which they depend;
   'Tis the Spirit of Christ in believers, and given
   To assure their inheritance laid up in heaven,
   And to make them endure to the end.

W. L.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

IOTHA CARDINELLI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES AND STORIES OF LIFE IN ITALY."

CHAPTER I.

AT the base of a chain of mountains in northern Italy, where the valleys lie in all their green beauty, stood a grim grey castellated mansion, so sombre-looking that it seemed like a blot on the smiling country around.

Morning was breaking — calm and lovely, kissed into new life by the rays of the uprising sun, which tinted every snowy mountain peak with a soft rosy hue, whilst the south wind which wandered among the flowers seemed like a benison breathed on the new-born day. As the morning broke into fuller splendour, so fair a picture was revealed, that it was almost impossible to believe when looking at it how much of pain, and care, and sorrow are rife everywhere, for pasture lands and meadows, vineyards and homesteads, all grew into fuller beauty under the sun's smiling beams.

Early as it was, in one of the rooms at the rear of the old mansion which overlooked a large garden full of charming flowers the Signor and Signora Cardinelli sat with their two young daughters, enjoying the fair beauty of the summer morning.

The ancient and picturesque room in which the family sat had a deep vine-covered balcony, and so

thickly were the tendrils interlaced overhead that it appeared like a continuation of the room, forming, as it did with the numerous flowering climbers, quite a conservatory.

The scene in the room was a touching and home-like one. The Signora Iotha Cardinelli was reading softly the morning Psalms to her husband, who reclined on a couch by the open window in the air, whilst the two girls Iotha and Mabella were arranging some flowers on the breakfast table.

The Signor Cardinelli requires a more particular description. Sickness had bowed the once robust form, the kindly eyes were dimmed, and the mouth, almost womanly in its expression of tenderness, was drawn and lined with suffering, all of which showed plainly that a few short months would see the wife he so cherished, and the children of their love, deprived of his guidance and care.

The Signori Cardinelli and their children belonged to the Reformed Church, both having, when quite young, separated themselves from the Roman Catholic Communion, much to the disgust of their families on either side, who were all bigoted Romanists.

Now that the fiat had gone forth that Goachino Cardinelli must leave his dear ones, his heart also yearned to embrace once more a brother whom he loved still, and sisters—well—because they were his kindred; and in these last solemn hours of life he craved for words of love and peace.

But the end was nearer than was expected, and one quiet morning, like that we have described, Goachino lay dying. Gently and peacefully life ebbed away, and when his weeping wife and children would not be comforted his voice taught them the duty of submission. "My beloved wife," said he, "remember there is One whose promises never fail, and He has said He will be a Father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. Place your trust in God, my wife, for He will prove a refuge from all the storms of life."

Nothing was heard for some minutes in the great room but the sobs of the desolate wife and her children, as Goachino Cardinelli lay back exhausted by emotion and fatigue.

Outside, all was bright. The bees hummed their summer song amid the flowers, whose perfume filled the quiet room; and a pair of thrushes, which had built their nest in a lime-tree just outside the window, filled the balmy morning with their plaintive, murmuring song to their young.

After listening for some time to these well-known pleasant sounds, Goachino Cardinelli turned to his wife, saying with a faint gentle smile, "How fair is yonder scene, and how well I love its every detail! Mountain and valley lit up with this lovely sunlight, and how sweet is the hymning of those birds," and half closing his eyes as though inclined to sleep, "'tis like the song of the redeemed, but not so angel-like," and then, as if by faith he could look beyond the veil, he said, "'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things He hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

Exhaustion succeeded for some minutes, and then with a sort of feverish anxiety Goachino made his wife Iotha come nearer to his side, that she might listen to his last wishes respecting the future of their children.

"It is my desire, dear wife, that our children continue in the pure and simple faith of the Gospel, and that no relative shall share the charge, or attempt to take it from your hands. Especially I will not have them placed under the tutelage of priests or nuns, who are the enemies of all truth and religion, and above all let them never, never have their young minds polluted, and their pure lips stained by confessing their shortcomings to any one of them. Teach them the true value of the privilege they possess in being invited to confess their sins to God through Christ; in short, my Iotha, all that we have so carefully taught them you will, I know, see carried on. Promise me this, and let me kiss and bless them and you before I die."

With sweet, solemn words of holy resignation and trust Goachino Cardinelli commended his young children and his wife to their Father in heaven, and as the day waned, and the shadows fell over mountain and valley, the dawn of a brighter day shone on the wasted features of the steadfast Christian, the beloved husband and father, touching them with a light only seen where the Almighty's finger has been laid, saying, "I have redeemed him with My blood—he is Mine." For Cardinelli was at rest.

CHAPTER II.—MARCO'S GRIEF.

"I begin to be very anxious about my brother Goachino," said Marco Cardinelli to his wife on their return from their drive on the Corso. "It is now a fortnight since I answered Iotha's last letter, and I have heard nothing more."

"I can scarcely believe your brother was so ill as your sister-in-law gave us to understand," replied his wife, "for in that case nothing less than a miracle would have kept him in life till now; and as he doubtless died in his heretic faith, I for one am glad we were not there to be scandalised at the absence of all the rites and ceremonies of our most holy Church."

"Estella!" said the grave voice of her husband, "I am deeply shocked at your want of feeling!"

How little Marco Cardinelli knew of the weary heart with which his brother had waited and watched during those last days of his life for his coming, yearning for the words of reconciliation and love which would have relieved his mind of the care which oppressed him.

Estella had left the room after her husband's just reproof, and Marco, uneasy and unhappy, was about to make a visit to the post-office, so as to get the earliest news, when Carlo, their man-servant, entered, his usually smiling face clouded, as he held out a letter with evident reluctance, having a deep black border, saying, "Oh, Signor Padrone, there are sad tidings, surely."

"Santissima Vergine! The blow has fallen! Oh, my brother, my brother, why did you not let me know you were sick unto death! Ahi caro Goachino! so true, so kind—never again, never again!" and covering his face, Marco wept bitter tears for the brother he had lost. Estella heard her husband's voice, and fearful of something she scarcely dared name to herself, returned to the drawing-room, and seeing the state of grief into which her husband was plunged, she ran forward to ask him what it was that so distressed him.

The black-bordered letter on the table told its own sad tale.

"Marco caro! what letter is that?"

Cardinelli raised his eyes to his wife, and with a certain bitterness quite pardonable after her unfeeling speech a few minutes before, said, "Estella, that letter, as you may imagine, tells me I have no longer a brother," and with a profound sigh he gave himself up to his grief. His wife could not offer him any loving condolence—she stood before him mute and troubled.

After a few minutes Marco took up the letter, and giving it to his wife, asked her what other communication his sister-in-law referred to. For answer Estella burst into tears, and acknowledged that Iotha had written to her brother-in-law, telling him of the sudden turn Goachino's illness had taken, and that she, fearing the effect the reunion of the brothers might have had, kept the letter from him, causing him more anguish of mind than she had calculated upon.

Marco looked at his wife, all the deep grief of his heart in his eyes, saying, "I will not reproach you, Estella; your own heart must do that, without words of mine, but it will make me think very seriously of a creed which does not teach better religion to one of its devoted followers, than to keep her husband from his dying brother's side."

Bitterly did Estella regret her treacherous act. Of herself she would never have been guilty of deceit towards her husband, and when with words of remorseful sorrow she begged his forgiveness, she told him that what she did was by the direction of her confessor, who had threatened her with severe penance if she did not keep the letter back, lest the heretic brother might in those last moments of reunion convert her husband to his faith.

This made Marco determine to look into the tenets of the Reformed Religion, in which Goachino had lived in all honour, and died as a Christian at peace with God through Christ.

He kissed and raised his weeping Estella, saying sweet words of pardon and love, knowing that it was not she who had beguiled him, but the serpent in the form of the priest, who had as a so-called minister of Christ taught her to cheat and deceive her nearest earthly friend—her husband.

The next day Marco Cardinelli set out for the old family mansion in the valley, arriving there the very day after his brother's interment. Iotha received her brother-in-law very coldly, which was not to be wondered at, she being unaware of the fate of her letter; but when Marco, sparing Estella as much as possible, told her that he had never heard of Goachino's increased illness until too late, her heart softened at the sight of his great grief, and she told him how his brother had watched and wearied for him in those last days. And then she gave him his last loving message: "Tell my dear brother Marco that I entreat him, by the brotherly love I bear him, to seek God through Christ alone—to read his Bible with a prayer for the Holy Spirit to lead him in the right way, so that we may meet in our Father's presence."

Marco's heart was too full to reply, but he took a silent vow to do his brother's bidding, as far as in him lay.

To calm his perturbed spirit he walked into the beautiful old garden. There was the old apple-tree under which Goachino and he had learned their lessons when boys. On that sturdy forked branch he had sat as his castle wall, whilst Goachino with his two schoolmates had climbed up as a storming party to dislodge him. Memory was busy indeed recalling those past-and-gone days, and it was not until his nieces, little Iotha and Mabella, came to say that their mother waited for him at dinner, that he awoke from his reverie.

Marco remained with his sister-in-law three days, at Casa Cardinelli, putting papers in order, and seeing to other family matters, promising her to return for the "consulta di famiglia," or family council, to be held in a short time.

In Italy when the father dies, the children are under the direction of the judge of the district or borgo in which the family reside, and he it is who determines under whose tutelage the children shall be placed.

Little did Goachino Cardinelli imagine that at his death the relatives of his wife, and some of his own, would show their animosity to his memory, and set aside his rightful commands as to the education of his children. But Iotha had gained a true and steadfast friend in her brother-in-law Marco.

CHAPTER III.—AT "CASA CARDINELLI."

The old house in the valley was very dull after Marco Cardinelli's departure, his presence during those few days having served to break the terrible silence and gloom which appeared to pervade every chamber since Goachino had been carried thence never to return.

Iotha's grief was of that nature not easily subdued. She had loved her husband as a woman with a full true heart loves her best and closest earthly friend, whilst he, tender and true to his home ties, entered with loving interest into all schemes for the improvement, and also the amusements of his two children. It was therefore no marvel that Iotha mourned for the dear presence, the sound of whose voice was her joy, and without whom the sun for her had no brightness, the stars no light.

On Marco's return to Milan to settle his affairs there before taking up his abode at Casa Cardinelli, he wrote to his sister-in-law, telling her that although by the lamented death of his brother he must take his place as head of the family at La Casa, he should never permit her and her children to leave the home to which her husband had brought her as a happy bride. "So," wrote he in conclusion, "I hope you will feel assured, dear Iotha, that both Estella and I would not add one pang to those you already suffer by allowing you to leave the home round which your most sacred affections cling, hallowed by the tender memories of your happy past. We should like you to choose your own apartments. I sincerely hope that by the time we arrive at 'La Casa' we shall find yourself and the dear children more tranquil."

A few days after the arrival of Marco's letter the signora received a citation from the judge of the district, to appear with her children at the "consulta di famiglia" to be held on that day fortnight, to appoint a tutor for the Signorini Iotha and Mabella Cardinelli.

Iotha knew that each member of their respective

families would receive the citation. Marco, she felt, would be faithful to her, but his two sisters were rigid Romanists—one, an Abbadessa of the Convent of Santa Maria della Misericordia, being possessed of a very narrow intellect, but with a corresponding obstinacy of temper. Every ridiculous ceremony of her church, every miracle, the wondrous power of old bones, and pieces of old rags—all those things the belief in which is an insult to common sense, not to speak of true piety—had from her a most devout credence.

This was the relative poor Iotha Cardinelli dreaded most. Goachino had not only told his last wishes to his wife respecting his children, but had written them in a formal demand upon the judge that their children should have none other guide but his well beloved wife Iotha Cardinelli, who had conducted their education to the present, his own health having prevented him from assisting her.

Marco's other sister, Bettina, although not a nun, was an austere woman of forty years, who considered family affections when compared to her confessor and her church, as nothing. Although in name a Christian, she knew nothing of the Saviour whom she professed to follow.

Christ in his infinite compassion for the sorrow and trials of his people, gave to them the sweet power of loving, but both these unfortunate women ignored the precious gift, shutting out from their hearts all softer emotions, more especially towards those who were near, and should have been dear to them. Thus they lived in a deadened sadness of soul, instead of the living joy which helps to make life bright for others, and would have cheered them even under sorrow.

For years the families had been separated. Goachino and Iotha would gladly have lived in harmony with all, and, to do Marco Cardinelli justice, had it not been for the influence which his elder sisters had gained over Estella his wife, and through her over himself, his brother whom he loved and he would never have become estranged.

To Iotha the thought of either of these grim, cold women being entrusted with her pretty, loving children, whom their father used to term his "Love-birds," was positive horror, and she wrote earnestly to Marco that he should hold fast with her to the dying wishes of her husband, "for if I am deprived of my children, I am deprived of all," said she.

The following week Marco and Estella, with their servants, arrived at the station, where they were met by Iotha and her children, the family carriage, with attendants in mourning, being in waiting to convey them to "La Casa Cardinelli."

Arrived at the house, Iotha gracefully thanked Marco for the thoughtfulness which proposed her remaining at her much-loved home. "I have lain awake night after night, dear brother, thinking how I should suffer in leaving this dear home. There is not a tree or shrub without a loving memory, every green *allée* speaks to me, and I could fancy the flowers which my Goachino tended and loved, drooping their pretty heads in sorrow for his loss when I pass them or tend them."

Iotha's sweet pale face was shadowed by the folds of her widow's veil, still Estella noted the humid eyes and, seeing them, clung closer to her husband. But the sisters-in-law were very unlike each other. Romanism had changed the free, impulsive girl into the heartless, thoughtless woman. Of her own accountability she never dreamed; her confessor had charge of her soul as her maid had charge of her dresses. She had only to enjoy life. The church was to her, as one has said, "a city of refuge for those who dare not think, and have lost their power of acting for themselves." Poor woman! The day and the hour were not far off when she would know the unscrupulous power of the church, so-called, to which she had delivered herself bound! When that time came and she was desolate and forsaken, the lovingkindness of the Most High was still around her, and her ear was opened to hear the Saviour's voice saying, "Come unto Me, ye that are weary, and I will give you rest." But we must not anticipate.

In a short time the members of "La Casa" had taken each their place in the old mansion. Marco proposed some improvements. He had resided in England during a year, visiting the agricultural districts, and the knowledge he had gained would become useful to him now.

But by general consent neither the dear old-fashioned garden, nor the deep room-like balcony, with its rich grape vine, which had supplied more than one or two generations of Cardinellis, were to be altered. Indeed, it was the front of the mansion only which was so grim-looking, the back of the house being the very ideal of an old romantic picture.

From the balcony two flights of steps, flanked by old Etruscan vases, filled with choice flowers which would have been called exotics elsewhere, led to a charming pleasaunce, where the peacocks strutted. At one side of the brook was a bosky dell where numerous birds found a home, and so tame were many of them that when the little girls, Iotha and Mabella, made their appearance among them, they would fly and flutter around, lighting on shoulder or head, and then peck the dainty food they brought for their pets. Many of them, the older birds, answered to the names the children had given them, coming out of their hiding-places, and peering here and there directly the sisters called them.

Some lovely lime-trees formed a sort of arcade just beside the farthest window, serving to hide the entrance to the stables, a tangled mass of rock-roses, clematis, honeysuckle, and other beautiful climbers covering the back of the house, and giving it a most beautiful look.

In the distance was the blue Mediterranean, and on still summer evenings when the Angelus rang out, the lengthened cadence of the fisherman's "A-a-men" came gentle and subdued over the placid waters; the moon, fair queen of the night, showed her face in the deep purple sky, and the stars with their misty light finished a picture of great beauty and peace.

No wonder that Iotha loved her beautiful home, and that the girls had shed bitter tears at the thought of parting with their many pets. "Don't you think Uncle Marco would let us take Cecci and Mimi away with us if we asked him, mamma mia?" said Mabella, the younger of the two sisters; "he seemed so kind."

"I do not doubt that your uncle will be very kind to you, but we shall see when he comes back, my dears." This was before the advent of Marco's

letter; the joy of the little maidens was therefore something pretty to see. It was the first time their young voices had been heard in laughter since their father's death.

In Italy there is always room for the family of the head of the house, and his younger brothers also. There are no bickerings on this head. All live together in the paternal mansion, and when the death of the father occurs, the eldest son takes his place as head, but the mother still retains her place of honour as mistress, and when her son brings his wife home, she presents her with a large spoon and a duplicate bunch of keys, thus signifying that she shares with her the duties of the household. The younger brothers have also their apartments and share in the rural employments and life of the estate, though of late years the army and the learned professions have been entered by more of them. Since Italy became free, the torpor of superstition and ignorance has fallen away from her rising generation, and a healthy industry has urged on the sons of noble families to seek honourable independence, with the ambition of having a name, and doing good work in the world.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES.—V.

IF these short essays were thrown together, as they might be with a very useful symmetry, into four larger general sections, the natural titles for such sections would be St. Peter in the Gospels, St. Peter in the Acts, St. Peter in the Epistles, and St. Peter in the Church. Under the fourth general head would be included, of course, the estimate taken of this Apostle during the Middle Ages, his relation to the hierarchy, his primacy, and (in later times) the infallibility of his supposed successors. These topics have been sufficiently dealt with, for the purpose which we have in hand, in the essay on the Papacy. There remain, however, two other parts of the discussion of what may be termed St. Peter's place in the Church, namely, the range and results of his missionary work and the influence he exerted in the formation of St. Mark's Gospel. It must be expected indeed that, even after a careful consideration of these subjects, certain things will remain precarious and doubtful. But some notice of these subjects is essential for the giving of a semblance of completeness to this endeavour to illustrate St. Peter's place in the Christian revelation.

We must first take a glance at that earliest diffusion of the Gospel through his instrumentality, which is clearly and somewhat fully recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. He was an energetic missionary in Judæa and Samaria, and thus had a great part in the fulfilment of the Saviour's words (Acts i. 8) in their due order: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." That portion of St. Peter's work, which had a direct bearing on the widest area of evangelisation, has already been considered in connection with Joppa and Cæsarea. But his missionary exertion in the interior of that which we term, and properly term, the Holy Land, ought by no means to be overlooked, if only for this reason, that it was the first Christian missionary exertion which the world ever saw. Lydda, where the English tourist lingers on his way from Joppa to Jerusalem, when beginning the customary modern pilgrimage, is peopled with many memories; but for no reason is it so worthy of recollection as because of its association with St. Peter. The miracle wrought on Æneas (Acts ix. 34) was probably only one of many miracles modestly and successfully wrought, at various places, by this Apostle in his Master's name. The effect produced in the plain of Sharon was probably only a sample of similar effects produced in other parts of the country. The Apostles were appointed to be witnesses in "all Judæa," and it is said distinctly that it was "as Peter passed through all quarters" that he "came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." His visits to Samaria have been already glanced at from two points of view: first, as an illustration of his long-continued and often-repeated companionship with John; and secondly, as a proof of his subordination to the general college of the Apostles. Here we must regard it as an essential part of the progressive evangelisation committed to him. The vehement interview with Simon Magus was by no means the only important part of this visit to Samaria. A new message was brought to that region by Peter and John very different from the spirit which John and James had once displayed there; and it was a message widely diffused. It is distinctly said (Acts viii. 25) that on their return to Jerusalem they "preached the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans."

Turning our thoughts now over a wider area, and in fact the widest, we find St. Peter at Antioch (Gal. ii. 11). On the mention of this fact, in the last paper but one, it was remarked that, when we suddenly find him there, we naturally speculate on the nature of his errand. And the obvious answer to such a question is this—that, though his errand might have some reference to difficulties arising between Jewish and Gentile converts, yet the main point is that we see Peter now in the midst of wide and general evangelisation. He is here, too, with St. Paul; and this is a very different thing from his companionship with St. John in Samaria. At Antioch, moreover, he is in contact with all the East and all the West in a manner that could not be realised, even in Cæsarea.

We are brought here face to face with an early tradition that St. Peter was during several years Bishop of Antioch before he became Bishop of Rome. The

occurrence in the Epistle to the Galatians of this notice of his being at Antioch probably gave occasion to the tradition. This theory having obtained some currency, and Peter having been early the hero of ecclesiastical romance, it is no wonder that in an uncritical age the opinion grew and became widely adopted. But it is quite impossible for sound criticism to accept this opinion as representing a fact. Chronology opposes it with insuperable difficulties; nor can we reconcile it with the authentic notices which we have of St. Paul's work in connection with this city. This notion of the Petrine Episcopate at Antioch must be dismissed as a floating legend, having no solid basis.

There is, however, another subject of the utmost importance, to be closely considered in connection with this meeting at Antioch. Shortly before, there had been another meeting at Jerusalem, when "the right hands of fellowship" had been given by James, Cephas, and John on the one side to Paul and Barnabas on the other (Gal. ii. 9), on this express condition, "that the latter should go unto the heathen, and the former unto the circumcision." It is quite possible to give too narrow and restricted a meaning to this compact: and probably the history of the early course of the Apostolic Church has occasionally been somewhat distorted by such limitation. It is to be remembered that no primitive church existed, consisting exclusively of Hebrews or exclusively of Gentiles. Nor is there any proof that there were any churches with separate organisations, Hebrew and Gentile, in the same cities and districts. For a time, indeed, after the earliest conversions, there might be visibly-separate streams, like the Rhone and the Saone at the place of their meeting; but the only recognised course of church life was one of thorough intercommunion. Moreover, St. Peter had been the most prominent beginner of Gentile Christianity in the recognition of Cornelius; while St. Paul, alike in the principle which he lays down, (Rom. i. 16) and in his practice on various missionary circuits, addressed himself to "the Jew first," and then to the Gentile (Acts xiv. 19, 46). Thus it would obviously be an exaggeration to say that two absolutely separate missionary provinces were occupied by St. Peter and St. Paul. There is no objection to our believing that they may have laboured, more or less, in the same districts and among the same people. Still the sentence quoted above, from the Acts of the Council at Jerusalem, does evidently point to a difference in the general scope of the two Apostles: and this takes our thoughts, while we are following the course of St. Peter, to that Babylonian or Assyrian part of the world, where the Jews, at this period of their history, were congregated in large numbers. With our eyes too turned in this direction, we must bear in mind that from the time when St. Peter is seen at Antioch, we hear of him no longer at Jerusalem.

Before, however, we turn to the presumed missionary work of St. Peter in that Eastern region, the famous capital of which seems to be named in a memorable passage (v. 13) of his First Epistle, it is well to revert parenthetically to the mention of him in connection with a western city, far distant from Babylon. He is so spoken of in the First Epistle to the Corinthians (i. 12; iii. 22; ix. 5; xv. 5) as to show that he had great personal influence there, and to create the impression that he had been personally present there. If this latter supposition is correct, then we must remember that between Jerusalem and Corinth lay that great region which we commonly term Asia Minor. And here we call to mind two facts: first that St. Paul had been hindered on his Second Missionary Journey from preaching the Gospel in Bithynia (Acts xvi. 7), and that Pontus and Cappadocia are never mentioned as having been the scenes of his apostolic labour. These are three of the five regions named as the homes of those "strangers of the dispersion" whom he addresses at the opening of his First Epistle. The other two, Galatia and Asia, in the restricted sense, are very familiar to us as scenes of St. Paul's work. This, however, does not hinder us from imagining that they may have been scenes of St. Peter's also. The general arrangement by which it was agreed that they should follow different paths does not by any means prove that those paths did not intersect one another elsewhere, as they did at Antioch. Moreover, it is difficult to read carefully this first letter of St. Peter without being conscious that in it he addresses those whom, more or less, he personally knew.

We are brought now to the passage in that Epistle, upon which the greater part of what is here under discussion very definitely hinges. "By Silvanus, a faithful brother unto you, as I suppose, I have written briefly, exhorting and testifying that this is the true grace of God wherein ye stand: the church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you; and so doth Marcus my son." From this passage our inquiry branches off to three very different, though associated subjects—first, the appearance of Silvanus, or Silas, as a link between St. Peter and St. Paul; secondly, the question as to the meaning we are to attach to the term "Babylon;" and, thirdly, the relation of Peter to Mark, and, through Mark, to the Church at large.

St. Peter sends his letter by Silvanus; and he describes him, and gives his own estimate of his character; and he adds something further, which is very full of meaning. This verse is not always so carefully noted as it deserves to be. Silas must have been well known by reputation to many of those to whom St. Peter wrote, and personally known to some. When Barnabas ceased to be the companion of St. Paul, in consequence of the defection of Mark, Silas took his place, and travelled with this Apostle through the Second Missionary Journey. It is true that he comes before us more prominently on the western side of the Ægean than on the eastern, in connection with what is said of Philippi and Thessalonica, as well as in the two Epistles to the Thessalonians. But with St. Paul he had traversed on this journey the western part of the Asiatic continent, had been his companion when he was detained by illness in Galatia, and when he was hindered from preaching the Gospel in Bithynia. Thus, by employing Silas as his messenger, St. Peter was virtually asserting and making much of his harmony with St. Paul. And he adds, too, an expression of his great confidence in Silas, with an admonition that they too ought to trust him. He is "a faithful brother to them." We must not here understand the phrase, "as I suppose," to indicate any shadow of doubt in St. Peter's mind. Verbs expressing opinion may be rendered with various shades of meaning, so as not always to convey quite the right impression. We shall see the meaning

correctly if we adopt what we find in the recently published Revised Version, "Our faithful brother, as I account him."

But the words which are annexed carry us to a deeper point of close harmony between St. Peter and St. Paul, as illustrated in this mission of Silvanus. It is added, "I have written briefly, exhorting, and testifying that this is the true grace of God wherein ye stand." Perhaps the word "briefly" implies that this faithful messenger was entrusted with the responsibility of supplementary teaching. But, even so, the meaning is that the teaching which these churches of Asia Minor had received was the true immutable Gospel. Now the great teacher of the churches in this part of the Empire had been St. Paul. His Epistles were well known and widely diffused among them—notably those to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Colossians. Nor can we suppose that St. Paul's other Epistles, which preceded two of these in date, were unknown to them or to St. Peter. The resemblances between this writing of St. Peter and the writings of St. Paul, have been noted as a suspicious circumstance. Here we may insist on them as a confirmation of our faith. One purpose of St. Peter, as a well-known theologian has said, is "to intimate the perfect agreement between himself and St. Paul;" and it is added specially with regard to the Epistle to the Romans, that "the turns of language, as well as the mode in which principles are presented, leave no room for reasonable doubt that when St. Peter wrote he had this Epistle before him, or distinctly impressed upon his mind." There is thus very great evidential force in the sentence which we find him using in this letter sent by Silvanus (i. 25), "this is the Word which was delivered as Evangelic Truth to you," while in the sentences which are for the moment before us we find almost an echo of what St. Paul wrote in the First Epistle to the Corinthians (xv. 1): "I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached to you, and *wherein ye stand*."

Now, in approaching the question, on which so much has been written, whether it was really the literal Eastern Babylon, or the great city of the West described under an allegorical name, from which St. Peter sent this letter, we have a strong *primâ facie* argument in the geographical order, in which at the outset he ranges the churches addressed by him. He begins with the north and sweeps round to the west. This would be quite unnatural in the case of one who was writing from a city of the west; but it would be an easy and obvious order to follow, when writing from a city of the east to residents in provinces distributed according to this succession. This may seem, at first sight, a somewhat trivial argument; but it is really a strong one, because it rests on an obvious naturalness in the style of writing.

A still stronger argument in favour of the literal interpretation of the word "Babylon" in this verse is the fact that an allegorical interpretation is altogether out of harmony with the tone and tenor of the passage, and of the whole Epistle. Silvanus is a literal messenger, definitely described by his true name. We should expect the same kind of language to be used of the place of writing. The Epistle too deals with doctrinal statements and practical exhortations, and is altogether destitute of that mystical character which makes the metaphorical use of the word so evidently natural in the Apocalypse.

There still remains, however, the great question whether Jews were to be found at this period in the Babylon of the East, whether it was a likely place for a Christian church to come into existence—"co-elect" with the "elect" churches of Pontus and Cappadocia, Galatia, Bithynia and Asia. Now, as to the large aggregation of Jews in Babylonia about the time of the beginning of the Christian era, there is no doubt at all. It is well worthy of our remembrance that when St. Peter preached his first sermon at Pentecost (Acts ii. 9) to the mingled assembly of Jews gathered at Jerusalem from all quarters, the first who are enumerated are "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia." If St. Peter went within a quarter of a century of that time to Babylonia, he might not unreasonably expect to meet some who had actually heard his voice on that occasion. But as to the general fact which is here assumed, it may be well to quote two of our most distinguished modern English historians. Dean Merivale says, in his "History of Rome:" "To the east of Syria the dispersion of the Jews was still greater than to the west. After the fall of Babylon, and the dissolution of its population, the Jews, if we may believe their own writers, took the place of the native races throughout the surrounding districts." And Dean Milman says, in his "History of the Jews:" "This Babylonian settlement was so numerous and flourishing, that Philo more than once intimates the possibility of their marching in such force to the assistance of their brethren in Palestine, as to make the fate of the war with Rome very doubtful." The mere existence of the Babylonian Talmud, co-ordinately with the Jerusalem Talmud, represents to us very forcibly the broad features of the case. There is, therefore, nothing unnatural in supposing that there may have been something of an early Oriental Christendom, specially connected with St. Peter, co-ordinately with the early Western Christendom of which the great teacher was St. Paul. We certainly cannot infer from the comparative silence of history that such was *not* the case: and the idea of this kind of parallelism between the two great Apostles has much to recommend it to the thoughtful Biblical student. We must not, indeed, as was remarked above, imagine an absolute separation of Jewish and Gentile Christians anywhere: yet here we may believe that the Babylonian church which Peter had built up, was predominantly Jewish, and thus in general harmony with the agreement made at Antioch.

It must not be concealed that two grave objections are brought against this view. It is urged in the first place that ancient tradition is in favour of understanding the word "Babylon" in this passage to mean Rome; and in the second place that a great dispersion of Jews from Babylon is known to have occurred at this period, so that it is presumed that materials for a Christian Church could not then have existed there. To the first of these objections the following answer may be offered—that we have already had to discard the tradition which makes Peter to have been for some years Bishop of Antioch; that we must similarly discard the tradition which assigns to him a prolonged residence and episcopate in Rome; that the Petrine legend inevitably makes the most of Rome; and that the breaking down of any part of it has a tendency to shake the rest. And further, we may answer that if the majority of the earlier critics take the western view of this geographical term, modern critics are generally

in agreement in favour of the eastern. In reply to the other objection, it seems reasonable to say that when we hear accounts of the dispersion of a whole population, such accounts are generally exaggerated, that some remnant of both Jews and Heathen must have remained at Babylon during this time of trouble, that the church of this place, "co-elect" with others in the west, might for the moment be a very small one, and that St. Peter's ministration in these parts may have sown the seeds of the Oriental Christianity which was a very living power afterwards. At the same time it must be admitted that the case does not admit of mathematical proof, and that on such a subject it is not justifiable to be dogmatic. Hence the argument which has been given here with some confidence must be presented to the reader with due moderation.

In the phrase "Marcus my son," which appears in this sentence, we are at once struck by the affectionate tone of the writer. Some have thought that Mark was literally the son of Peter. This view, however, need not be pressed; nor is it at all probably true. The tone of St. Peter is explained, if we suppose that Mark was to him what Timothy was to St. Paul—his convert to the faith, his dutiful companion, and the helper of his work. There seems to be all the greater meaning in this language, when we call to mind a much earlier association of St. Peter with Mark. In a time of severe persecution (Acts xii. 12) it was to "the house of Mary the mother of Mark" that this Apostle went, when he was miraculously delivered from prison. It is interesting and instructive to see an old friendship continuing warm after much vicissitude and struggle. This mention of St. Mark has its value for us, if for no other reason, as a link between our Apostle's earlier and later days.

But we find more in this mention of Mark, if we wish to gather out of the phrase all that we may fairly learn from it. We know from a sentence in the Epistle to the Colossians (iv. 10) that Mark was the near kinsman of Barnabas. The phrase "sister's son," indeed, in the ordinary English translation of the sentence, is not correct. This, however, does not affect the argument. We know, again, that it was because of the vacillation of Mark in the midst of missionary enterprise (Acts xiii. 13; xv. 38) that Paul and Barnabas separated from each other, the latter taking Mark, and the former taking Silas, as a companion on new expeditions. It is probable that this separation was in some degree caused by the weakness which Barnabas had shown shortly before at Antioch (Gal. ii. 13) under the influence of Peter; and this tends to connect together Peter and Mark. To make complete all the circumstances which cause these personal combinations to be very instructive to us, we must not forget that St. Paul, near the very end of his life, wrote of this disciple—"Bring Mark with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry" (2 Tim. iv. 11).

It is, however, in his companionship with Peter that the biography of Mark demands our attention here. An Evangelist followed in the train of this great Apostle, just as Luke the Evangelist followed in that of St. Paul. There is nothing in history which need make us hesitate to accept the tradition that St. Mark wrote his gospel, more or less, under the direction of St. Peter. This tradition appears in several writers. It may suffice to quote what Eusebius says on this subject: "Peter, out of excess of modesty, did not think himself worthy to write a gospel; but Mark, who was his friend and disciple, is said to have recorded Peter's relations of the Acts of Jesus." It must be remarked here, as in the case of Babylon, that we cannot assert this relation of Peter to Mark as a positive fact; but in proportion as there are features in the Second Gospel harmonising with this supposition, this gospel itself, on internal evidence, furnishes support to the tradition so as to make it probable; and not to dwell on a subject, which really requires minute criticism and considerable space, just three observations may be made in this direction.

Whereas in St. Matthew (xvi. 16) the great promise to Peter is recorded, in St. Mark it is entirely omitted, while the great rebuke (viii. 33) is recorded with the utmost emphasis. On the other hand, the name of this Apostle does appear in various passages of this gospel, where, on the hypothesis, its appearance is singularly natural, though hardly to be expected in the gospels which are without this connection with Peter. Thus, near the beginning (i. 36): "And *Simon* and they that were with Him followed Him;" and near the end (xvi. 7): "Tell His disciples and *Peter* that He goeth before you into Galilee." And, thirdly, throughout this gospel there is, as even superficial readers must have observed, a remarkable vividness and minuteness of detail, as though they came from an eye-witness. To the meditative mind of St. John this would be less natural, but of the quick observant mind of St. Peter it may justly be said to be characteristic.

Another highly probable tradition connects the same Evangelist with the same Apostle; and this must by no means be omitted, because it illustrates St. Peter's widespread influence, and is essential to a complete view of his position in the Church. It is said that St. Mark was sent by him to Egypt, and there founded the famous Christian community of Alexandria. Just as Timothy and Titus were sent by St. Paul to Ephesus and Crete, so it would be extremely natural that Mark should be sent by the other Apostle to Egypt; and if Peter were desirous to spread the Gospel among the Jews of Babylon, his desire would be equally great to spread it among the Jews of Alexandria. It is remarked by Professor Westcott, that "at the beginning of the Christian era the Dispersion was divided into three great sections, the Babylonian, the Syrian (including Asia Minor), and the Egyptian." If it were the purpose of this paper to follow all the ecclesiastical traditions regarding St. Mark, Venice also would of necessity find a place in it; and our most distinguished modern writer on the Queen of the Adriatic has not failed to notice the later connection of his name with the Levant in combination with the earlier. But we have only here to view St. Mark so far as he is connected with St. Peter: and we have seen that he enables us to apply to that Apostle, without any extreme fancifulness, the words of Isaiah (xix. 24): "In that day shall Israel be the third, with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land."

THE LOST BOAT.

This picture was suggested by the fatal storm of last summer, when so many fishing-boats were lost near the Shetland Islands. Some hundreds of children were made fatherless, and not a few were left orphans.

ANNALS OF PRISON LIFE IN INDIA.

BY A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

III.

THE general behaviour of the majority of the prisoners was good. The men under my charge, however—some of whom I had every reason to hope were not only true penitents, but Christians likewise—when, through impatience of prison discipline, they were led to commit acts either wrong in themselves or contrary to the rules, often suffered more from the thought that they had thereby offended God than from the punishment of severer discipline which was for the time imposed upon them.

Not a few prisoners, thanks be to God, gave me much encouragement and comfort in my labours. Their term of punishment, I firmly believe, proved the means, in God's hands, of the saving of their souls. There were other cases, again, of a negative character, in which it was difficult to determine whether the harm their imprisonment kept them from, by checking them in a probable course of crime, was not outweighed by its hardening influence in smothering the little latent good they might once have possessed.

Much moral injury was sometimes done to the prisoners by the warders themselves, most of whom were ill-suited to their position. Two were of intemperate habits, whilst neither possessed tact or discretion. They were apt to have their favourites, and be lenient or severe as their fancy dictated, now conniving at the smuggling of tobacco and spirits into the gaol, at other times exasperating the prisoners by their harsh conduct. The superintendent did his utmost to maintain strict discipline and overcome these abuses, but it was a difficult task.

Of the various cases, there was one I can never forget. It was that of an old man aged seventy-five, whom I knew in the first gaol over which I had charge, and who had been condemned to seven years' hard labour for forgery.

When first I knew him he was sullen and reserved, and seemed utterly lost in overwhelming despair, constantly saying that nothing could save him. So reticent was he at first, that I could ascertain nothing as to his former life or who he had belonging to him, but by slow degrees I gained his confidence, and he then told me all about his family.

Although he had been baptised, he had never to his recollection entered a place of worship, and the Bible, even at his age, was a perfectly unknown book to him. One day as I passed by the ward in which he was confined, I noticed that he looked more than usually dejected. I was, however, about to pass on to some other part of the gaol, when something prompted me to turn back and speak to him. He was ailing in body as well as mind, and begged me to ask the doctor to come and see him.

I was hastening away for this purpose, when in a trembling, hesitating voice he called me back. "Won't you say 'Our Father,' sir?"

But too glad to accede to his request, I knelt down, and asked him to join me in the divinely-taught prayer. He refused to do this, but leaned his head on his hands as if to hide the workings of his countenance; he was deeply moved at something, I could see.

After talking with him for some time, I was about to take my leave when he again stayed me.

"Please read again that story in the Bible, sir, that you once read to me, about the father who had the bad son."

Knowing intuitively to what in his simple language he referred, I opened my pocket Testament, and read the parable of the Prodigal's return. As I did so, and came to that part where he is represented as arising and going to his father, I assured him that God was as willing now, as was the father of the prodigal, to receive sinners who arise and go to Him. The tears rolled down his withered cheeks, and with clasped hands he exclaimed, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him."

Then as if forgetting, in his great eagerness, that he was a prisoner, and not free to go where he listed, he suddenly rose to his feet, crying:

"Tell me, sir, only tell me where I must *go* to find Him." And for the first time I prevailed upon him to fall upon his knees beside me, whilst I supplicated God to teach him by his Holy Spirit what the *true* seeking of Him meant, and to pardon, and accept him as his long-wandering son.

From this time a great change came over him. His countenance no longer wore the sullen, dogged expression of yore; he looked bright and cheerful, and instead of walking with his head bent low, he now held it erect; nor were his eyes any longer fixed abjectly on the ground as heretofore. From which welcome signs, without his actually telling me so, I trusted earnestly that he had realised the forgiveness of his sins.

One day, soon after this, as I was going my rounds, he greeted me with a joyous smile.

"Oh, sir, I do not mind these bonds now; I am a free man, for I feel that Jesus died for me, *even me*. Oh, may I never live to finish my sentence, and go out into the world to be tempted, for old as I am, who knows but that I might fall again. Do pray that I may die here, within these walls."

How little I then thought that his wish would be gratified; for by this time he had quite regained his former health, and seemed more than likely to complete his term of imprisonment. Some few weeks after this occurrence—during which I never failed to see him every few days—I was met on entering the precincts of the gaol by one of the warders, who knew the deep interest I took in the old man, and who informed me that he was gone. On going to his cell the night before, he had complained of feeling unwell, but had arisen in the morning and taken his breakfast as usual. Being exempted from work by the doctor on account of his age and indisposition, he had lain down on his cot again, his hands clasped, and his head thrown slightly back as if in prayer, and in this way he fell calmly asleep, to wake no more on this earth of sin and temptation.

In process of time—after I had ministered to them about three years—I had to request the Bishop to come up and confirm twelve prisoners. He readily responded, and came for the purpose during the cold

season of 1873. We had the usual morning prayers, followed by the appropriate anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings." The choir consisted of eight men, amongst whom the tenor possessed an extraordinarily sweet voice, whilst all sang in admirable tune and time. The Bishop gave a most earnest and impressive address to the candidates, and was so deeply moved that during its delivery he almost broke down. It was indeed a most touching sight when one thought of all the circumstances attending it. These men, with two exceptions, remained faithful to their vows, and continued consistent Christians up to the time of my leaving.

About the same time, one of the prisoners—the civilian I have referred to in the earlier pages of this account—began to sicken. He had no disease so far as could be ascertained, but seemed to be pining away. The infirmary, having no iron bars to its windows, was not considered safe for him, and the superintendent, fearing he might venture to make his escape, had him kept in a cell by himself. He felt this much, the isolation being so new to him, for he had always held some especial employment in the gaol, having been at one time the schoolmaster, and at another the clerk of the office. The man had stolen fifteen thousand rupees, in the form of specie, but what became of it was never known. He was extremely reticent, but just before dying the poor fellow exclaimed, as I was sitting by his cot, "I have a secret here," striking his breast, "that I cannot divulge." My firm conviction is that he was prevented from making a full confession of his guilt by the fear of implicating another, who had also had a share in the transaction.

There was a school, at which the most ignorant prisoners were taught. The superintendent also often gave lessons to them of an evening, on some interesting subject, such as natural history, geology, and the like; and what could be done to humanise and refine these poor outcasts from society I believe was done.

Now and then, though at rare intervals, there came the commutation of the sentence of some prisoner; and there was joy that day within those prison walls in the heart of one poor fellow, at any rate, though he did not actually receive his release until he had been sent down to the central gaol under escort, where he was set free.

A strict record is kept in the gaol books of the conduct of each man. Should he have behaved well throughout the whole year, and have no black marks against him, three months' sentence is remitted, whilst in cases of extraordinarily good conduct for a long term, the superintendent has the power to recommend the release of a prisoner, preferring his recommendation to the inspector-general of gaols, who in his turn hands it on to the Government. There were some men, on the contrary, who by their bad conduct added to the length of their sentence. Men who wished to make a little money with which to begin life again on the termination of their sentences, were allowed the privilege of working extra hours, for which they were paid, credit being given them for the work thus done, and the money handed over to them on their release.

One night I was just going to bed when I heard the loud report of a musket proceeding from the direction of some barracks not far from my house. I knew at once something was wrong, for although in a military station such sounds are common enough by day, at that hour—ten o'clock—after the "tattoo" has been sounded, calling every man to his quarters, the place is as quiet as in the dead of night, save the musical strains of the band in the distance—should it be "guest night"—playing at the officers' mess.

Hurrying off in the direction in which I had heard the shot fired, I found that a man had been murdered, one of the quietest and best-behaved men in the regiment. The circumstances were of a very painful nature. Walking to his barracks on his way from the "canteen" with a comrade, the latter tried to persuade him to commit an offence which if discovered would have caused him to be put under arrest. He refused, and leaving his comrade behind —who was determined to carry out his design— went home to his quarters.

It happened, however, that just as the offender was quitting the house where he had perpetrated the crime, a sergeant passed by, and in the dusk mistook him for another man in the same regiment whom he greatly resembled.

The following morning the soldier who had been mistaken for him, was summoned to the orderly room before the colonel of the regiment. In vain he pleaded that he had not been in the house in question; he was unable to prove an *alibi;* the sergeant felt certain he had seen him making his exit thence, and he was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in the military cells attached to the guard-room.

A few days after this the true culprit, feeling that should the truth come out, he would receive not only the punishment to which his offence had entitled him, but a greater one still for allowing an innocent man to be punished in his stead, determined to murder the one who alone had it in his power to betray him.

Going to the barrack where he lived, he found the poor fellow asleep with a pet parrot lying in his bosom, and shot him dead. The parrot, however, escaped the fire and flew away, but soon returned and was nestling in the dead man's bosom.

The murderer was at once captured, and sent to the gaol, the civil authorities having claimed him, although he was a military man. He was found guilty, condemned to death, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law at the Presidency town.

The ——th regiment had gone, and another fresh from England had taken its place, when, standing in the yard of the gaol one morning, I thought I recognised a familiar face. Who could it belong to; and *where* had I seen it before? Walking up to the man in question, he seized my hand and burst into tears. Even then I did not remember his name. "Who are you?" I exclaimed; but the instant after, I knew who it was. His face was indeed changed by the cutting off of his moustache and beard, but the voice that spoke to me was familiar. He was a dear young soldier of the regiment whose departure I had so much regretted, taking from me, as it did, many friends, both amongst officers and privates. This one had been foremost in my Bible class, and was come back to me, alas! a *prisoner*. The poor fellow was heartbroken, and his mortification intense at my seeing him in his prison guise. Provoked in some matter by a non-commissioned officer, he had retaliated, and been guilty of insubordination.

SUNDAYS IN SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

III.

WE come, then, now to that part of the Buriat people who are Christian. Perhaps it was an inquiry into the false religion of Buddha under which so many millions of the human race are deluded, or perchance only a timid belief in the power of their own creed, that led many of the early travellers in Siberia to look so coldly and unbelievingly on the efforts of the English missions to the Buriats. As Christian people look now upon their recorded utterances it will be manifest how little these gentlemen knew of the power of Christianity, and the thought naturally arises, for how little the heathen world would have to thank the Christianity of England, if there were not some at home who took a more believing view than travellers who go abroad, looking in a superficial way at what is being done, or sometimes not looking at all, and then coming home, and pronouncing missions a failure or an imposture. Captain Cochrane, for instance, speaking of the missionaries at Selenginsk whom he visited, went so far as to say, "For my own part so small are my hopes of their success, that I do not expect any one Buriat will be really and truly converted." He does, indeed, then allow that what is impossible with man is possible with God: but goes on afterwards to insinuate that the missionaries knew of the uselessness of their work, but that they had "too comfortable a berth to be given up," and then he thinks forsooth that justice is not done to the people of England in so squandering money etc., etc., etc. Mr. Atkinson, another author on Siberia, contented himself with a passing compliment to the character of the missionaries, and said that they were unable to make converts among the Buriats; whilst Mr. Hill, who visited Selenginsk, records that, notwithstanding all their labours, not a single Buriat had been converted by them; and then he quotes the testimony of a lady living on the spot and who said: "The missions only failed because the undertaking was beyond the power of man to accomplish unaided by more than his own genius. The missionaries had all the zeal and perseverance of the apostles, but they wanted their power of working miracles, or the aid of some such startling circumstances as the history of religious revolutions has often presented to us, and without which all efforts at all times to convert the Buriats will be fruitless."

But has this proved true? To answer this I must invite the reader to accompany us on a visit to the small town of Selenginsk, midway between the Baikal Lake and the Chinese frontier at Maimatchin. At this place, after driving all the previous night, we arrived on Sunday July 13th, and there we spent the rest of the day. We called upon the Ispravnik, or principal civil authority, who with his wife received us politely; and the latter, finding that we had good books to dispose of, wished to purchase some, which I allowed her to do to the value of six shillings. We also asked the Ispravnik's acceptance of some portions of Scripture in Mongolian for distribution among the surrounding Buriats. We then raised the question about the English mission to these people of which Selenginsk was for thirteen years the headquarters, but which had ceased to be so some half century before.

The Ispravnik had nothing to say of the missionaries but what was good and kind, which was only a repetition of what I had heard elsewhere. The Russian priests, he said, were carrying on missionary work among the Buriats, though for want of funds they cannot do it so effectively as the English did. A house, he said, was still standing on the spot where the missionaries lived, and he furnished us with the names of persons who could give us further information. We went, therefore, direct to the site of the mission-station, where we found some outbuildings very much like those of an English farmyard and strongly suggestive of home. There was also a good house which had been built near the spot on which formerly stood the one inhabited by the Englishmen. The garden still remained, and in it we were taken to a walled enclosure, a little graveyard in which were five graves, those of Mrs. Yule, Mrs. Stallybrass and three children. The place had been recently put in order at the expense of a missionary in China, and we were pleased to see the resting-place of our compatriots looking so neat and orderly. The garden commanded a pretty view of the valley of the Selenga, and there was pointed out across the river the spot on which the town stood in the early part of the century, and which having been destroyed by fire was rebuilt on the opposite side. The lady who occupied the house told us that now and then a traveller turns aside to see the spot, and that the ignorant people say that the English come out of their graves at night, which report she is at no pains to contradict, thinking that as the house is in a lonely position, the idea may conduce to protect her from thieves.

After being shown what there was of interest about the place, we called on an old man, a Russian, named Ivlampi Melnikoff, who in his boyhood had attended the mission-school. When he heard that one of the missionaries, Mr. Stallybrass, was still living, and that I had seen him just before leaving England, he seemed much pleased, and spoke with affection of his teachers. He had not opened a book for forty years, and so had forgotten how to read, but he remembered and inquired for, particularly, some of the missionaries' sons, and he sent to them his respects. The old man had lost sight of his Buriat schoolfellows, and thought that not one of them became a Christian, though he afterwards remembered that one was baptized into the Russian church.

Besides this Russian, we saw the nephew of one who had been a pupil in the school, and we heard besides of an old man, living some five-and-thirty versts distant, still a Buriat, but who as a boy had been a scholar. We had the same testimony, however, from both witnesses, which has been repeated by several travellers, that the missionaries did not baptize a single convert. None of them, however,

said what I did not know until I returned to England and spoke to Mr. Stallybrass upon the subject, namely, that the missionaries were under agreement with the Russian government *not* to baptize any converts.

The story of the mission seemed to be this. At the beginning of the present century there were four parties of foreign Protestant missionaries in the Russian dominions, namely: (1) the Presbyterians, working in the south of European Russia; (2) the Moravians on the Volga; (3) some Swiss missionaries from Basle, who took the place of the Presbyterians, and worked upon their ground; and (4) the London Missionary Society, which was allowed to send men to the Buriats in Siberia. Among the last company were Messrs. Stallybrass and Yule, who saw at once that the first thing to be done was to learn the Mongolian language, and in it to translate the Scriptures. Mr. Stallybrass left England in the year 1817, and lived in Irkutsk for a year and a half to learn the language. In due time the translation was commenced from the original Hebrew and Greek, and with such success did the work go on that they actually printed the Old Testament in the Siberian wilderness at Werchne Udinsk, to which place the missionaries removed from Selenginsk, and where they remained till they were sent home in 1840. The New Testament was printed in London. Their work was therefore of a preparatory and fundamental rather than an aggressive character. Nevertheless they had a school numbering sometimes from fifteen to twenty scholars, but there was found a peculiar difficulty, as I have already observed, in inducing children to attend, for not only were their parents utterly ignorant of the value of education, but they wanted their children to help them tend their flocks, which they grazed not on settled pasturage but as they wandered about over the vast extent of the Trans-Baikalian and the Mongolian steppes. Hence the children were at school to-day and gone to-morrow; and even when parents could be induced to leave their children with the missionaries, when these parents went off with their flocks, these children had to be kept and fed as boarders, and, even so, the parents begrudged the loss of their services. The object, however, of the Englishmen began to be appreciated, and tokens of success appeared. Then became apparent the difficulty which all along had loomed in the distance. The Russian synod in their jealousy for their own church had expressly stipulated that the missionaries should receive no convert by baptism, and this had been agreed to; and their agreement was not broken. But when certain of the Buriats showed signs of having received the truth in the love of it, the missionaries found themselves in a fix. The Russians wished the converts to be handed over for baptism to the Russian Church, and on these terms were willing that the English should stay and work as hard as they pleased, but this pleased not the men nor the Committee of the London Missionary Society, and neither party was disposed to give way. About this time, however, great political changes had taken place. Alexander the First, who favoured Christian missions, had died and was succeeded by the iron Nicholas, who does not seem to have been particularly opposed to the missions; but the synod was jealous of foreign interference, and an occasion was found for dismissing all foreign missionaries from the Russian dominions under the pretext that the synod wished to do all its own mission work to its own heathen. The Imperial ukase to this effect was issued in 1840, and thus was stopped an English mission of which the foundations were laid; as the outcome of which the whole Bible had been translated and printed into Buriat Mongolian, which had taught some few scholars of great promise, and one of whom at least that was known, named Shagder, and probably many more that are unknown, who for want of a better method of professing Christianity have been baptized into the Russian Church.

How far the Russian missionaries among this people owe any portion of their success to the foundation thus laid by the English, I cannot say, but certain it is that they are using English weapons, and it cannot be alleged of the Russian missionaries that they have no converts, for they count them by thousands. It may very well be that those converts are not educated and influenced before baptism according to our English standard; but it is interesting to see that Christianity has made a breach in the wall of Buddhism, and that the Russians have an organised mission to the Buriats.

The Ispravnik at Selenginsk told me there were about forty men engaged in nine districts in the Russian mission, though I am not aware whether some of them may not be also parish priests to the Russian population. We called upon a priest at Werchne Udinsk to ask about the matter and to whom we sold some New Testaments and Gospels. He informed me that there were fifteen mission stations among them and that on the eastern side of Lake Baikal there were baptized annually about three hundred Buriats, and on the Western side more than a thousand. This was confirmed by a missionary upon whom we called farther on the road, and it agrees tolerably with the general almanack of 1878, in which it is stated that in the Irkutsk diocese there were baptized in the previous year 1505 of both sexes, including four Buriat lamas, though the number of converts given for the Trans-Baikal diocese for that year amounted to only fifty-two, there being in that district one lama to every twenty persons. We had brought with us a number of copies of the Buriat Scriptures. Some of these we left at Irkutsk, some with the Ispravniks of Selenginsk and Troitzkosavsk, and some for the lamasery of Cheelantoui. Others we left at Chita, and so endeavoured that they might be spread over the district as well as placed in the prisons. I asked the Ispravnik at Selenginsk what he thought the lamas would do with the books. He said he thought they would first read them and then destroy them, but Mr. Stallybrass on my return was of opinion that they were likely to be deterred from destroying them by a feeling that they were "holy books." In any case, we gave the copies we had brought, and thus endeavoured to do what little we could, though it was not much, for this interesting people, who, I doubt not, will gradually be absorbed into the Russian Church.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

NOVEMBER 27.

THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

NUMBERS XXI. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT, ISAIAH XLV. 22.—'*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.*'

INTRODUCTION.—The forty years' journey was now nearly over. Its final stage was among the most wearisome of all. Sin, punishment, deliverance, are all illustrated here, as so often in the desert-wandering; and Moses in the wilderness prefigured the GOSPEL.

I. THE ISRAELITES ON THE SOUTH FRONTIER OF CANAAN.—*Read vers.* 1-4. The interest of this part of the record will be greatly lost without the aid of a map, such as now may be found in 'Teachers' Bibles,' or is otherwise easily accessible. It will be seen that the Israelites were upon the very border of the promised land, in **the South**, or the Negeb, a wide pastoral region, with rolling uplands, and scantily supplied with water. **Arad** is the name of a *place*:—**the Canaanite king of Arad**, one of the fortified towns in this region, Josh. xii. 14. Its site still retains the name (Tell Arâd), 12 or 18 miles S. of Hebron. **He heard that Israel had come by the way of the Spies**, or perhaps of *Atharim*, a Hebrew word denoting *spies* having passed into a proper name, from the tradition of their visit, thirty-eight years ago! From 'the South' these men had entered the country, ch. xiii. 22; and after their unfavourable report, the Israelites had begun a long course of desert-wandering, no longer aiming directly at Canaan, but waiting, under Divine guidance, until a new generation should be strong enough to take possession of the land. The time had now almost come, and the Canaanites were roused to do battle with Israel, on the very borders of the country. The heathen at first prevailed, **taking some Israelites prisoners**, but are afterwards defeated (but, as it would appear, not decisively), and devoted by **a vow** to destruction. Hence the name of the district, **Hormah**, 'utter destruction.'

> The fact of destruction, ver. 4, is stated by way of anticipation, as it was not until after the conquest of the land, and the death of Joshua, that these cities and their king were finally destroyed. Josh. xii. 14; Judges i. 16, 17.

The headquarters of the Israelites during the thirty-eight years, seem to have been at KADESH or KADESH-BARNEA in the wilderness of Paran (ch. xii. 16; xiii. 26), the north-eastern side of which was called ZIN, now *wady el Arabah* (xxxiii. 36). From this point they had set out on their thirty-eight years' wandering (xiv. 25), and hither they now returned (xx. 1). The desert stations successively occupied during this period are named, ch. xxxiii. 18-36. They had now passed northward, straight for Canaan, from Ezion-Geber at the head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, along the Arabah, then bending north-west to Arad and Hormah (then called *Zephath*, 'watch-tower,' Judges i. 17), from which they fell back on Kadesh. What were they now to do? The way by Arad was blocked by the opposition of the Canaanties as well as by the character of the mountain region. It would seem best to strike across the passes in the range of granite hills that lay to the east of Kadesh, so to get out on the broad country on the other side, and march upwards to the fords of Jordan. But these hills and passes were held by the EDOMITES, who refused to allow a passage (ch. xx. 14-21). Nothing could be done but to retrace their steps down the *Arabah* and turn the mountain range near Elath and Ezion-Geber (Deut. ii. 8). It was the necessity of traversing once more this sandy, barren plain—rough with granite boulders and smaller fragments from the heights, and often swept by sandstorms from the Red Sea—with their backs once more turned on the Promised Land, that caused **the soul of the people to be much discouraged because of the way.**

II. COMPLAINT AND PUNISHMENT.—*Read vers.* 5, 6. That the people were discouraged, we do not wonder; but instead of submission, trust, and prayer, they impiously **spake against God, and against His servant Moses.** It was the old spirit (ch. xi. 1; Deut. ix. 22-24). But the offence was more aggravated now. He who had protected and fed them for nearly forty years had proved both His power and His wisdom so clearly that to doubt Him now was the worst of treasons. They might have been sure that the weary way was prescribed to them for some good purpose in the end; but 'they remembered not His hand,' Psa. lxxviii. 42. God was justly displeased with them: and suddenly, among the stones and gravel or in holes of the rocks, or darting from the stunted tamarisk shrubs, appeared a brood of deadly **serpents called fiery**, perhaps from their colour,* more likely from the inflammation caused by their bite. Such serpents abounded in the wilderness, Deut. viii. 15; but this was evidently a special visitation.

> It is customary to speak of these as '*flying* fiery serpents.' The former epithet, however, is not found in this chapter. It seems to be taken from Isa. xiv. 29; xxx. 6; and denotes the swift darting movement with which these serpents seize their prey.

III. THE REMEDY.—*Read vers.* 7-9. Note, first, the penitent confession and entreaty of the people; **We have sinned.** Conscience was awakened by punishment. It is well for conscience to be awakened *in any way*—the consequences of guilt sometimes lead to true repentance. The cry was not against the punishment itself; the people own this to be just, and entreat the prayers of **Moses**, who had so often prayed for them before, Exod. xxxii. 31, 32; ch. xiv. 13-19; Deut. ix. 26. In answer to his prayer, God Himself appoints a remedy. **Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole.** A most unlikely kind of remedy! No doubt the people expected some powerful cure to be prescribed, or perhaps thought that the scourge would be taken away. But no! There was no word of physician or of medicine, no promise that the serpents should disappear. Only this image 'lifted up,' and the command to *look!* We may imagine that many would turn away from such a remedy, in abhorrence, or in faithlessness, yet those who tried it were healed. The **serpent of brass** or bright copper, shining in the sunlight, conspicuous through all the camp, was before the people: they had but to look and live.

The deep meaning of this appointment was to be seen only in after ages. The Israelites of a later day missed that meaning altogether, when they burned incense before the image itself. See the narrative in 2 Kings xviii. 4. It is remarkable that in the Apocrypha (Wisd. xvi. 6-7) the brazen serpent is spoken of as a symbol of salvation, 'for he that turned himself toward it, was not saved by the thing that he saw, but by Thee who art the Saviour of all.' Our Lord's words to Nicodemus, John iii. 14, 15, did but confirm what serious and devout persons had felt regarding this wonderful transaction, adding that it was HIMSELF who was to be lifted up, and that to 'look' was to BELIEVE IN HIM. So the Golden Text. It is

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* 'In the afternoon they brought us a very mottled snake of a large size, marked with fiery red spots and wavy stripes, which belonged to the most poisonous species, as the formation of its teeth clearly showed. According to the assertion of the Bedouins, the snakes, which they greatly dreaded, were very common in that neighbourhood.' *Von Schubert*, Travels, quoted in Keil and Delitzsch; 'Com.' p. 139.

Jehovah who speaks, and Christ's *whosoever* is echoed by the summons to all the ends of the earth. *Looking*, the Israelites were *cured*; *trusting*, sinners everywhere shall be saved.

This is the general, broad resemblance: it may be followed out into many particulars. 1. The *poison of sin*: it is from the bite of an 'old serpent' (Rev. xx. 2); a *fiery* poison; 'setting on fire the course of nature,' inflaming and destroying (Rom. vi. 21). 2. The *helplessness of sinners*. They cannot cure themselves. In God only, and in the plan of His mercy, is help to be found. 3. The *remedy provided*. There is a glance at the truth that Christ 'was made sin for us;' yet, as Luther remarks, the brazen serpent was 'only in the *form* of a real serpent, without poison, and altogether harmless.' See Rom. viii. 3. 4. Note also, the *divine appointment*. It is *God's* way of peace, not ours. To many, this is the 'offence of the Cross' (Gal. v. 17). 5. The *lifting up*. This may be taken as a twofold type, (1) literally, lifted up on the cross. See John xii. 33, 34; and (2) figuratively, 'shown openly' to the world, in the preaching of the Gospel. The word **pole** here means *banner, ensign*. Compare Isa. xi. 10. 6. The *looking*. This means believing, or trusting,—looking, from a sense of need, out of self, to Christ only, in the confidence that He will save. Looking would be pre-eminently the act of those who were 'without strength.' They could but turn a dying eye to the brazen serpent, but it was enough! Those Israelites did not ask questions as to whether their faith was *strong enough*, or *why* such a remedy was provided, or *how* it wrought the cure—they looked, and lived! 7. The *sufficiency for all*. **If a serpent had bitten any man**, old or young, rich or poor, no matter how ill he might be, **he lived**. So Christ's salvation is adapted to every one of us; to the old, the young, the little ones; to the dying, to the greatest sinners. The *Lord remember me!* of the dying robber, was such a looking to Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

1. What notable event took place during this stay in Kadesh, and what was its result in regard to Moses and Aaron? Compare it with a similar occurrence soon after the Israelites left Egypt.
2. Where and when did Aaron die? and Miriam?
3. What became of the brazen serpent? Explain the word *Nehushtan*.
4. Show the points of likeness between the Israelites' cure by *looking*, and our salvation by *faith*.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

Double Acrostic.

NO. L.

A man and his son well-known for his meekness.

1. A great cave.
2. The battle-field mentioned in Deborah's song.
3. The brother of Alexander.
4. One of the nations originally inhabiting Canaan.
5. The servant of Caiaphas.

G. W. B.

NO. LI.

The father and grandfather of Enos.

1. A town of Sidon to which Elijah was sent during the drought time.
2. A left-handed judge of Israel.
3. The fourth of the seven churches of Asia.
4. The king who supplied Solomon with wood for the Tabernacle.

G. W. B.

Pages for the Young.

"FOR THOSE AT SEA."

I.—BLOCKING UP THE GANGWAY.

"WHAT do you want, my little man?"

"Most everything."

That sort of answer is almost as bad for taking the breath away as a sudden gust of strong wind, almost as bad for bewildering the wits as a difficult riddle asked in a long string of verses.

The man who had asked the question was a hale, hearty, good-tempered-looking gentleman, between thirty and forty years of age. He had been out for an hour's climb up the hill behind his house before breakfast, and when he got back to his garden gate, he found it standing a little way open, and his entrance into his own domains barred by a small, dilapidated-looking boy. The obstruction was so insignificant that he could easily have jumped over it, but that seemed hardly a dignified proceeding for a professor at that early time of the morning, especially in full view of the breakfast-room windows, now crowded with his own family of small boys and girls. The next idea that occurred to him was to order the intruder off. But there was such a wistful look in the child's grave, sad eyes that somehow the order got ashamed of itself, or frightened maybe, and hid itself somewhere in the gentleman's mouth instead of coming out.

It would be an uncommonly good thing if some of our hard speeches would follow such a good example; do not you think so? But to return to the owner of Acre House.

His breakfast was ready, and his wife and children were waiting for him, and since, from one cause and another, he could neither jump over the impediment in his path, nor order it out of the way, the only thing that remained to be done was to question it as to the motive for taking up such an inconvenient position. Mr. Courtney's voice was bright with health, and the fresh crispness of the September morning, as he asked kindly—by way of wind-up to his swift deliberation,

"What do you want, my little man?"

The boy's voice had a tone in it of most weary, unchildlike despair when he started, at discovering for the first time the near neighbourhood of a companion, and answered,

"Most everything."

Mr. Courtney shivered, as though an icy blast had suddenly blown around him, and involuntarily he raised his eyes to the windows full of rosy, smiling children opposite. Then his forehead contracted slightly, as it would do when his chemicals presented some unexpected puzzle to him in the midst of his experiments.

What to do with a dreadfully ragged, dirty-looking, wan-faced little creature far out in the country, miles away from even a workhouse, who wanted "most everything," was certainly something of a puzzle. If the tiresome interruption to the smooth course of the morning had been a grown-up man, the owner of Acre House would hardly have liked to order him about his business without help, if his appearance had been so woe-begone, and his voice so full of misery. But to treat a child so would have been impossible to almost any one, and especially to a man with his heart full of love for those bright and wide-eyed little lookers-on in the breakfast-room

windows. Of course he must supply some of the nearly limitless wants at any rate; and the most tangible idea that he could get hold of out of the "most everything," was food.

"Are you hungry?" he asked at last, and stretching out his hand as he spoke to lay it on the little wanderer's shoulder. But the child shrank back from the touch with a frightened look, although he answered this question with a pitiful sob, and a scarcely audible, but most emphatic, "Very."

"Come with me, then," said Mr. Courtney, gently but resolutely drawing the shrinking child away from the gate, and pushing it wider open. "You shall have some nice hot milk and a bit of bacon, if you are a good little chap," he added encouragingly, and taking the trembling, grubby little hand in his own he began to walk up the garden to his house. The offers of hot milk and bacon were evidently too tempting to be resisted, but at the same time the child's voice shook with terror as he asked the singular and unexpected question,

"But if I come with you, you won't put me on the boat again?"

"Do what?" exclaimed Mr. Courtney. He was ten miles from the sea, and there was no river in his neighbourhood. If his companion had asked him not to put him on a horse, as his own little girl had done yesterday, he could have understood what the child was talking about. But for boats! "Don't do what?" he repeated in a tone of the greatest amazement.

"Don't—don't put me on the boat again," reiterated the child. "Oh! pray, *pray* don't."

And, however strange it might be, the prayer evidently signified something possible to the petitioner, for as the final "Pray don't," left his quivering lips, all colour left his face, and he would have fallen if he had not been suddenly picked up, grubby as he was, in a pair of strong, compassionate arms, and carried without further delay into the breakfast-room.

II.—SING AWAY THE WAVES.

"May God have pity upon you, poor little helpless stray!" murmured Mr. Courtney, beneath his breath, as he gently deposited his light burden in an arm-chair by the cheerful wood fire, from which his wife had just risen with her face full of mingled wonder and pity.

"Why, my dear, who is this?" she asked, at the same time hastily taking one of her children's mugs of warm milk from the table, and holding it to the boy's white lips.

Perhaps starvation had as much as fear to do with his faintness, for when he had half emptied the mug a slight tinge of pink slowly returned to his cheeks, although he still seemed inclined to draw himself as far back from the kind faces about him, as the depths of the large arm-chair would allow. Meantime Mrs. Courtney's question still remained unanswered, and the children still stood gazing curiously at their new companion. At last Sylvia, the eldest girl, exclaimed,

"Why, papa, mamma, wherever can he have come from? There is a great piece of seaweed dried on to his jacket, and there is another piece all tangled up in his hair."

And while all those present bent forward, to make these strange discoveries for themselves, the stranger shuddered and closed his eyes, as if to shut out some dreaded sight, as he replied for himself with a touch of weary impatience,

"Why, of course I've got seaweed on me. The surf was full of it, and it washed over me, right up, a dozen hundred times before they'd pulled us through it on to the shore."

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney exchanged glances of surprised intelligence as the boy spoke, and the young Courtneys' eyes became rounder than ever with wonder.

"When were you pulled through that heavy surf, my poor little chap?" asked Mr. Courtney soothingly, as he drew forward another chair, and seated himself by his side. "Was it long ago?"

The child opened his eyes again. "I wish it was," he murmured. "Perhaps when it's a long time I won't see it so well. It was the night before this one that's just gone. And when they'd got us safe on the beach, I heard the people saying they were going to put us on another boat in the morning, and send us away somewhere else, where some of the other people wanted to be. But I only wanted to be on the land, and so I slipped away from them all in the dark, and ran and ran. When it got light I hid, fear some one would find me, and put me on the boat anyhow. And then I ran again, and so I ran here, and just stopped to look at your little boys and girls, and to smell the bacon. And oh! you won't give me to them, and let them put me on the boat, will you?"

"No, no, my boy, not if I have to carry you the breadth of England in my own arms," ejaculated Mr. Courtney impulsively, whilst his wife hid her eyes for some moments in her handkerchief.

The next question came from little Eva. Slipping her tiny fingers into those of the stranger, she whispered softly, "But where's your papa an' mamma, ikkle boy?"

The colour once more fled from the child's cheeks, his eyelids fell, and clasping his two hands tightly together he answered with broken words—"They—they—were—drowned—off—the big ship—before we were thrown into—the boat."

This piece of sad, sorrowful news was followed by a long deep silence. At last the stranger guest raised his eyes to little Eva again, and said in a low, confidential tone,

"Ethel and me used to have a night-nursery at the Cape. Have you got a night-nursery here?"

"Oh! yes, course," in the same confidential tones. "For me and Hally and Baby, you know."

"And does your nurse sing to you when you are in bed?"

"Well," more slowly—"sometimes. Some little times a little, when we've got pains, you know, or can't sleep."

"Well then," came the quiet, assured answer; "she's sure to sing to me now, cause I've got pains all over. Please will you let me go to your nursery, and I'll ask her to sing till I'm asleep, so as to drown the sea sound out of my ears."

So saying he slipped down off the chair, and took astonished little Eva's hand that she might guide him to the sorely needed bed.

Mrs. Courtney dropped on her knees beside the pair, and drawing the boy into her arms, she asked tenderly, "Then you are willing to stay with us, my child?"

The tired head was laid against her shoulder trustfully. "Oh! yes. Mamma told me that dear Jesus would give me another papa and mamma if—if—I wasn't drowned—with her—and I 'spose she must have meant you. Will you be my mother?"

And with no more words Mrs. Courtney lifted the shipwrecked child who had thus trustfully adopted her for his new mother, and carrying him upstairs, gave him a warm bath, and laid him with her own pitying hands in one of her own little ones' beds. When at length she went down again to her breakfast she left deeply-touched nurse installed by the bedside, doing her very best to sing away the sound of the hungry waves out of the little orphan's ears. Even when he slept she renewed her task now and again, as a start or a moan from the cot proved that memory was still busy with those cruel echoes.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LII.

Two seasons which "shall not cease while the earth remaineth."

1. With what did John the Baptist bid the soldiers be content?
2. The eldest son of Caleb.
3. A prophet who wrote about Nineveh.
4. What did all the virgins need to do to their lamps?
5. What nation were the Israelites told not to abhor?
6. Out of what did the plague of frogs come on Egypt?

M. A. B.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

IOTHA CARDINELLI.

CHAPTER IV.—OLD CATTE AND THE GOAT.

THROUGH the kindly efforts and influence of Marco Cardinelli, the Signora Iotha Cardinelli was by general consent of the family, and also the judge, to retain the care and education of her daughters for the next six months, by which time the several affairs requiring to be set in order would be arranged; and it was agreed that at the said period a different arrangement could be made—if necessary. The Abbadessa of Santa Maria della Misericordia was not present, from illness.

Iotha was truly thankful to her brother-in-law Marco. It was a great softening of her bitter grief at the loss of her husband, to know that she was to remain in her home with her children, but it was more than she had dared to hope for. Having had no son born to inherit, her daughters had their dower from the estate, and she her jointure, but Iotha had no actual legal right to remain at "La Casa." Marco had disdained to take advantage of the circumstances; and when he saw the happy look of relief on the face of his brother's widow and received her silent but eloquent thanks, he thought of his dead brother, and felt he had done his duty.

Among the servants at "La Casa" was an old woman who had grown grey in the service of the family. Both Goachino and Marco had been her nurslings, and she loved them with a love strong as that of a mother. The advent of Marco and his wife gave true pleasure to Catterina, or, as she was generally

called, Catte, but her horror at the town-bred servants from Milano, where Marco Cardinelli and his family had lived, was intense.

The husband of the old dame had been one of the victims of the last persecution made by the Church of Rome against the Christians of the Valley of Piedmont. These persecutions lasted till comparatively recent times. In every period of political disturbance the authorities of the Romish Church took the opportunity to try to stamp out the religion denounced by them as heresy, which the followers of the ancient faith of Christ in the Alpine valleys still try to spread. Before his burning homestead the poor man had been shot down by one of the emissaries of papal Rome, whose hands were red, stained with human blood—men calling themselves the ministers of that God whose command is "Thou shalt not kill," and of that Saviour who is the Prince of Peace! Poor Catte wandered in the clefts and caverns of the mountains for many weary days and nights, sustaining herself and her three-year-old babe with berries, until one sad day the little one fell ill, the pretty head drooped, the sweet eyes looked down, and the mother saw that her child was perishing from want.

Suddenly a sound smote her ear! She listened—yes, it was the bleating of a goat, and as she was rising to see from whence the sound proceeded, a beautiful nannie in full milk came running up the side of the mountain, evidently in search of its lost kid. Used to the care of a flock of these gentle little animals, Catte deftly seized the goat, and having the child's little mug in her pocket, she quickly filled it, nannie standing quietly by. The effect on the famishing child was wonderful! In half an hour the sweet eyes opened, and smiled into the mother's face. Another draught, cautiously given, and the babe slept.

Many days and nights followed of great suffering, but Catte never doubted. The goodness of the Almighty to her child spoke like a voice of love and hope to her heart, telling her she was not forsaken, and other loving promises writ on her heart filled her with gratitude. Nannie made herself quite at home in the cave with her new mistress, but Catte, although truly thankful to God for the timely help which had saved her babe from death, could not help fearing that the bleating of the goat might be heard by some of those murderous prowlers who were seeking to work more harm to those sufferers who had already lost home and relatives by their hands.

For more than a week poor Catte was indebted for food to the goat and the wild fruits which grew on the mountain sides, but at last help and deliverance came. A party of Piedmontese, who had been deprived of their homes, passed cautiously by her hiding-place during the night; she recognised one of them, and they, directly they saw how thin and sorrowful she looked, placed her and her babe on a mule, and thus she once more found herself free. Hiding by day and travelling by night, the whole party arrived safely at their destination.

Such was the history that some years after Catte told to the family of the Cardinelli on entering their service as nurse. Some of them disbelieved and mocked her, but the question was allowed to drop, save with the two eldest born, the daughters, who were years older than their young brothers, Goachino and Marco, and they disliked her for it. But when a sad illness overtook poor Catte, and she raved of things she had seen in her once happy valley, Goachino, then a young lad of sixteen, heard them, and he besought the sick nurse to tell him and the young Signora Iotha Avillagna, who as a neighbour had come and brought fruit to the invalid, what she meant. Little by little the truth of the Gospel touched their hearts, and Romanism was seen in all its ghastliness! How clear and true was the simple worship of God through Christ, the young disciples learned to know, but a barrier was raised between those who should have respected their high religious principle. Although Catte was despised by that part of the family who were Romanists, when Iotha and Goachino married and the Père Cardinelli died, she was put in a position of trust over the other servants, and was also always honoured by Iotha and Goachino.

For all this Catte became, however, the "bête noire" of the Abbadessa Ildebranda. Both she and Bettina could not help seeing the difference between Goachino and Iotha's household and that of Marco and Estella. In one, were all the elements of forbearing love and kindness one to another, children obeying their parents, and learning the value of home duties lovingly performed; whilst in Marco's family all was different.

The comings and goings of certain priests who took upon themselves the conduct of Estella's, and in part of Marco's, religious duties, and other small matters, made the house seem scarcely their own—these men, Jesuit fathers, having also made themselves, according to that ilk, masters of all the details respecting the family.

Bettina Cardinelli lived quite alone but for her maid. When younger she might have become, by loving intercourse with Goachino's happy family, a woman; but now she was a mere machine, subject to the movements of the master-hand which managed her, for her sister the Abbadessa ruled her with iron will. If ever her heart was moved, it was at those times when she had visited Iotha and seen the happy smile of home love and confidence on all the inmates of "Casa Cardinelli."

CHAPTER V.

Under Marco's supervision, the old mansion was beginning to wear a very different aspect. A noble archway had taken the place of the heavy old door, through which could be seen the vista of the dear old garden, with its flowers and fountains, reminding one of the beautiful Giusti Gardens, which are the pride of old Verona.

Marco and his wife had joined Iotha in the pleasaunce after the mid-day merenda, and all passed through the archway to the front of the old house to notice the effect of the sun glinting through it on to the statues and arcades of the garden.

As they stood thus conversing and proposing some few other improvements, the sound of wheels caught their ears, and in a few seconds a carriage rolled round the shrubbery. Before their wonder had ceased—for Marco had recognised the driver—his sisters Ildebranda, the Abbadessa, and the younger, Bettina, stepped out. The former with a stiff supercilious nod of the head whilst crossing herself, uttered the general formula, "Peace be with

you!" and then without other salutation, looking up at the archway, said,

"Whose idea was this? I think 'La Casa' needed no improvements. It served our father and mother, and I should think might have served your brother—eh, Bettina?"

"I think," replied Marco good-humouredly, "that the archway is a great improvement. Did you not notice how charmingly the gardens looked as you drove up, Bettina?"

Bettina, who stood greatly in awe of her grim sister, looked at her, as though afraid to differ from her, which seemed to gratify the Abbadessa Ildebranda, for she turned to Estella, whom she had only noticed by a nod, saying, "Bettina thinks as I do!"

Where were the courtesy and love of the Christian in this poor woman? Lost in the selfish seclusion of the cloister, where human love and faith lie buried.

The Abbadessa, seeing that her ideas or her dislikes made no impression on those around her, turned to Estella, and with an evident second meaning asked, "Are there any other changes besides those I see here, Estella?—I suppose I shall get the truth from you!"

"Only those on the other side the house," replied Estella, pointing to some scaffolding which was raised for throwing out a bow window. "The garden and balcony-room are not to be touched."

Estella knew well the "changes" her sister-in-law meant, but she would not know; she knew that Marco was changed — more gentle, more thoughtful, and that he often read the New Testament Goachino had left him with that last loving message.

The Abbadessa looked Estella in the face, and then turned her bright cunning eyes on Marco in a broad stare, which he returned with interest.

"I am truly glad to hear it, for I came to——" and then, seeming to remember herself, she turned to Marco, saying, "Perhaps you will let me go in and rest myself; and I should like to see my two nieces. I suppose the younger will become a nun. Bettina, you can go with Marco and fetch them."

"My nieces' mother is here," replied Marco. "You appear not to have seen her, but of course you recognise her; her children are under her care."

"How do you do, signora?" she replied coldly, and turning to Marco, she asked him how long he meant to be fetching the girls.

"My sister-in-law is present, as I said to you but now," replied Marco.

"You are getting as full of insane fancies as your poor brother was be——"

"Silence, madame!" said her brother, moved beyond control at the sneer. "Well were it for you and I if our lives were as pure and our deaths as peaceful as his was; but in this house, hallowed by the memory of his virtues, and in the presence of his bereaved widow whom he so loved, none, more especially you who have no heart, shall mention his name without showing respect. Iotha, my dear, will it please you that I fetch the children?"

"Not for us," shrieked rather than said the irate Abbadessa; "I can plainly see that the influence of yonder woman is teaching you to want due respect for everything holy, and I think it is high time this should cease, or we shall have some more heretics in our family; eh, Bettina?"

Bettina, who, as we have seen, stood greatly in awe of her sister, groaned an acquiescence, but Marco, whose anger was justly roused, made a sign to Iotha, who curtsied deeply to her sisters-in-law and then left the room.

Turning to the Abbadessa he said, "You have insulted grossly my brother's widow whom he honoured and loved above any one in this world. Your religion is a sham if it does not teach you charity and love to your neighbour; therefore allow me to tell you that we deeply respect all that is really holy, because that means all that Christ taught his people—namely, love to our relatives, kindness and peace towards all. Pardon me when I say it, we of this household live in harmony one with another, whilst you seem the high-priestess of strife, envy and all uncharitableness!"

The Abbadessa was furious! She was about to reply, but Marco, now completely roused by the assumed superiority of a woman,—ah! words almost too sorrowful to write—who possessed no womanly tenderness, turned to her, saying, "So seldom as we have met in these bygone years, Ildebranda, it is strange that your heart never opens to a feeling even approaching to kindness. Has your so-called high-priestess-like office sealed your heart to the ties of blood? You have never even mentioned your dead brother's name—nor you, Bettina."

"He was a base heretic," said the cold, grim woman.

"Your brother was all that a Christian should be; and his wife, or rather his widow, — when I observe her everyday conduct, her daily asking of God for help to bring up her children to become all that their loving father desired, true Christian gentlewomen—I am filled with admiration at her gentle piety."

"Perhaps you have followed your brother's example and have left our most holy church," replied she.

"I have," exclaimed Marco, "and I glory in being able to say it."

Bettina actually jumped from her seat, and the Abbadessa, forgetting where she was, looked round in vain for holy water, and crossed herself with great unction, muttering something about the Vergine Santissima aiding her. Covering her face with her ample veil, she said, with all the spite she could, "I knew what your companionship with that woman would do; she helped to turn her husband's brain, and now she has done the same by yours!"

Turning to Bettina, who, to say truth, had waited most patiently Ildebranda's pleasure, the irate woman exclaimed, "Well, how much longer are you going to keep me in this heretic house? I am ashamed of you!" and without one word of farewell even to Estella, the Abbadessa Ildebranda marched out of the old mansion where she had been born to the dull tomb wherein she had buried every good and womanly attribute. But she had made up her mind to do battle in her own way for her church and its faithful servants, the priests! Poor woman! Her heart, instead of being the abode of love and piety, was at that moment the horrible den of raging passions, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Revenge would grow out of this, and she had a powerful ally in her purposes of vengeance—Padre Fabiano.

CHAPTER VI.

Estella had left the room directly after her sister-in-law's departure, deeply hurt at her husband's open declaration of his change of faith, and yet scarcely surprised.

Had she ever learnt to think for herself, three questions would have arisen to her mind: first, from whence came that new gentleness of spirit he showed to her? and why did he so often visit old nurse Catte in her bright little room?—a thing he had never done before; and thirdly, what did his visits to the Signora Iotha mean, at the hour of his nieces' studies?

Had Estella noticed all these signs, she would have known that a great change was taking place in her husband's mind, and that he was an earnest seeker after the truth.

When Estella came down to dinner that evening it was evident that she was much displeased with him, and her manner was distant and cold. A certain silence not usual at the social meal fell upon all, even the children appearing more quiet than usual. It really seemed as though the sisters had brought with them some baleful influence into the dear old house, and left it there to work its woe on the inmates.

Marco was pacing with unquiet steps the long dining-room; Iotha was running her fingers over the pianoforte, charmed into a low improvisation by the beauty of the summer evening and the sounds of the hour around her.

The far-off notes of the vinedressers' song came sweet and low, now near, now far, as the soft air bore it along. The laughter of children's voices, and the clear notes of the nightingales from the wood near by, had soothed Iotha's spirit, as all these loved home voices always did; but to Marco's troubled spirit—ah, no!

Estella went out on the balcony; she had maintained a perfect silence towards her husband since his honest declaration, as though he were a something apart from her. Truly her religion was a dead letter, if it could separate her from the man who loved her with true manly faith and devotion.

Iotha saw the seeds of disunion which were beginning to make sad havoc in Estella's heart, and leaving the instrument she passed on to the balcony, and laid her hand gently on her arm.

Estella turned with an angry frown, and moving away, asked Iotha what she wanted.

Iotha was about to reply, when Estella with great bitterness told her that she was the person who had turned her husband from his religion and his church. Iotha, who had scrupulously abstained from saying one word to influence her brother-in-law, although she had seen the change, only said, "You do me a great wrong, my sister," and was about to quit the room, when Marco, who had heard all, asked her to remain.

"Do not desert your husband, Estella," cried Marco, as he saw his wife about to leave the room by the balcony steps.

Estella turned, and for a moment she seemed undecided how to act.

Beautiful she looked as she stood with the moon glinting on her sheeny dress, and lighting into fuller beauty her dark hair encircled by a spray of white jessamine with which Mabella her favourite niece had decorated it; but the sweetness had gone from her face, and a hard look usurped its place.

Marco met his wife half way, followed by Iotha, and then in a few honest words renewed his declaration of being no longer a Romanist, ending by entreating his wife not to turn her face from him because God had cleared away superstition and falsehood from his mind, and opened it to the light of truth. Opening his arms to her he so truly loved, he called her to him, but she stood mute and frowning.

"Do not, my Estella, let us seek heaven by different roads! We were wedded for time and eternity also, cara; let us meet there after we are separated here!"

One look of unwife-like scorn she cast on the husband who had always made her slightest wish his law, and evaded his entreating looks by hurriedly leaving the room. In doing so she ran into the arms almost of Padre Fabiano, who to answer his own ends had listened to every word of the conversation.

Marco saw that which seriously displeased him, for, heedless of his expressed wish before given to her that he would not permit this man's daily visits to the house, she and he had gone by the way of the terrace to the pleasaunce.

Marco followed, saying to Estella, "Mia moglie, vieni da me" (Come to me, my wife), but she never turned her head, only the padre gave a short cough and stopped in his walk.

He had seen with pain the masterful way this Jesuit confessor had spoken to his wife; and justly angered, turning first to Estella, asking her to go to Iotha, he then told Padre Fabiano that his presence was not required at "La Casa," and that his future visits could be dispensed with.

"That is rather a pity at this moment, Signor Cardinelli," replied the padre, "because my visit was more to you to-day than to the signora, to ask you, as joint guardian with your sister-in-law of the signorini her daughters, when it would be convenient for me to begin their preparation for their first communion?"

Iotha, who had strolled on to the pleasaunce, heard what the padre had said, and also saw the cunning triumphant glitter of his eyes, but she was not prepared for Marco's burst of indignation.

"Never!" thundered he; "for by my good will the children shall never be brought up to love superstition and falsehood. This is my ultimatum!"

Iotha, who had stood quietly by, now approached Father Fabiano, and pointing to her girls as they sat happy and free as the birds on the terrace steps, she said, "Padre, see my children; they are the life of my life; I look upon them as God's most precious gift left to me since my dear husband is not, for life would be no life to me without them—but," holding up her slender hands joined as though in prayer, "I would rather see them dead before me, pure and unstained by the falsehood of having bowed their knees to Virgin or saints, than their chaste girlhood polluted by confessing their private thoughts to man instead of to God."

"Indeed, signora!" was all the padre's reply. But there was more in these ugly words than appeared on the surface. The priest meant mischief, no

doubt, for he knew that Iotha's six months' motherly guardianship would soon be at an end; and both Iotha and Marco, knowing the Jesuits' power for working ill, trembled!

The next morning but one after the Padre Fabiano's visit, Estella's place in the household was void. On going into her bedroom to assist her as usual to dress, Gianina, her maid, found that the bed had not been slept in. From the disorder all round it was evident that Estella had left her home!

A NEW CREATURE IN CHRIST.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. 5-7.*

THE doctrine of the new birth, though a chief doctrine of our religion, is yet little considered by the great majority of men. Christian professors are generally correct enough in their knowledge of the common articles of their faith. But talk with them of the new birth—tell them that they must be born again, regenerated, renewed in the Spirit of their minds ere they can enter into the kingdom of God—they are ready to say with Nicodemus, "Can a man be born a second time? What can this mean?"

Well, I shall endeavour to show you what is meant by being in Christ, and then what we are to understand by the term "a new creature." "If any man be in Christ," said the Apostle, "he is a new creature."

Now there are two ways in which a man may be said to be in Christ. A person may be said to be in Christ by an outward profession of the Christian faith, by being baptized into Christ's Church—holding communion with his people. This, however, cannot be the meaning of the Apostle in this passage. For then, every one that is baptized would be a new creature. But this we know is not the case. Many there are who are baptized with water but are not baptized with the Holy Ghost. To be in Christ then, in the sense of the Apostle, must mean something more than a mere outward profession of the faith, or being baptized into his Church, or being numbered among his people, or being called by his name. "Many in that day," says our blessed Lord, "will say unto me, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity."

We must here then understand something more than an outward profession; or rather, something in addition to it. To be in Christ not by an outward profession merely, but to be united to Him by a living faith, receiving virtue from Him as the branches do from the vine—this is being in Christ, or being "a new creature."

We are not, however, to understand that any physical change takes place, as though we were created anew. Indeed though this did take place, were it possible, it would not contribute anything to rendering us "new creatures" in the Scripture sense of the phrase: "that which is born of the flesh" would be flesh still. No; it means such a change in the tempers and dispositions of our minds as to make us different persons from what we once were. Our souls though still the same in essence, are yet so purged and purified, as well from their actual defilements as from the spiritual leprosy that clings to them, by the influences of the Holy Spirit, that they may with all propriety be said to be created anew. The old evil nature, which St. Paul describes as the flesh, still remains, but is resisted, and is gradually weakened as the new nature grows and strengthens.

We do not attempt to explain the manner of the Spirit's working—we must not. This is not given to man to know. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heareth the sound thereof," said the Saviour, "but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." If then we cannot understand *natural* things, no wonder that we are not able to understand things that are to be discerned spiritually.

But, though we know not *how* the thing is, we know from fact, as well as from Scripture, that *so it is*. Indeed we wonder how Nicodemus, who was himself a teacher in Israel, could have been ignorant of this grand doctrine. Surely, he could not have forgotten the Psalmist's prayer that God would "*create* in him a clean heart; and renew within him a right spirit." He could not have forgotten how the prophets had warned the people to turn unto the Lord with "new hearts and new minds." So that in the Old Testament the doctrine we are considering was no strange thing; and in the New Testament he who runs may read it everywhere: "Except a man be born again," said the Saviour, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." And how does St. Paul teach it in his epistles throughout, when he exhorts us to be *renewed* in the spirit of our minds—to *put off the old man* which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and to put on the *new man*, which is created after God in righteousness and true holiness.

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* This sermon contains the last message to his people of an aged minister, the Rev. George Stokes, B.A., vicar of Hope parish, Hanley, Staffordshire. He was laid aside by a paralytic stroke, the night following the Sunday when he preached it, and after lingering for some months, died when near his eightieth year. To him our readers have been indebted for many of those plain and scriptural sermons, which under the title of the "Pulpit in the Family" have been so acceptable and useful. We often hear of these brief evangelical sermons being useful, not only in Christian homes, but in ships during voyages, in country houses, and in colonial settlements, where many scattered exiles assemble for Sabbath worship, in places not having regular church or ministry.

Mr. Stokes contributed to the "Sunday at Home," in 1874, some interesting Recollections of Dublin, from 1820 to 1830. Belonging to a family well-known in Ireland, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.D. degree. He began his ministerial career at Liverpool, where he was mainly instrumental in building St. Saviour's Church, Falkener's Square, and the National Schools in Webster Street. He established Sunday, week-day, and night schools for the poor, both in Dublin and Liverpool, long before the "Ragged School movement" was popular. These schools were numerously attended and efficiently managed, and many of the pupils rose to honourable positions in the Church and the world. Mr. Stokes was for five years chaplain to the English Church at Rouen. On the dispersion of the congregation at the Revolution of 1848, he returned to England. Although few men had such varied qualifications and so long ministerial experience, he had to spend his best years in various temporary engagements as curate in the poorest districts of London, till appointed by Lord Palmerston to the vicarage at Hanley, where he passed the last seventeen years of his long and laborious life.

And again, in his letter to Titus he says: "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration, and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Now, what can be understood by all these different Scriptural requirements, viz. the being born again—the putting off the old man—the being renewed in the spirit of your minds—the becoming new creatures—the washing of regeneration—the renewing by the Holy Ghost? What, but that Christianity implies a thorough, real, inward change of heart. Some we know do not so consider it, they would have these Scriptures to be mere forms of speech, and would interpret them accordingly. But, as was once said by a godly minister: "It will be well if they do not interpret themselves out of their salvation."

We have now to show the necessity of this change because of the essential purity of God, and man's innate corruption. God is presented to us in Scripture as a spirit of purity, so holy that it is said even the heavens are not pure in his sight, and that He charges the angels with folly. On the other hand, man is described as a creature conceived and born in sin, as having no good thing dwelling in him, as one at enmity with God. Now can any one imagine a corrupt, sinful and polluted creature like man, to have fellowship with an infinitely pure and holy God, unless he be changed and made in some measure like Him? What communion hath light with darkness; what concord hath Christ with Belial?

Another reason for the necessity of this change is drawn from the very nature of the happiness with which God's people are blest in heaven. To attempt a description of it we must not, it would be vain: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." We may, however, conclude that it is a spiritual happiness, and consequently that while we continue in the condition of nature, we are not capable of the enjoyment of things that are spiritual. Hence the necessity. We must be regenerated if ever we are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints: "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

You observe our blessed Lord does not say except a man be born again he shall not, but, *he cannot* enter the kingdom of God! And it must be so. We can take no pleasure in objects or employments that are not congenial with our natural dispositions, with our faculties for enjoyment. What pleasure, for instance, can the sweetest melody afford to a man that is deaf? or the most exquisite painting to one that is blind? None. When unregenerate men talk of being happy in heaven, it is a mistake. Heaven is not a Mohammedan paradise. Its enjoyments are not sensual; hence the necessity of our being changed before we can have any relish for spiritual things.

But this change must take place *here*. Death makes no other alteration than that the soul is enlarged in its faculties, made capable of receiving deeper impressions of pain as well as of pleasure. *Here* His people delight to have communion with God, to have fellowship with the brethren. In heaven they will be transported with the sight of his glorious majesty, the society of angels, and the spirits of the just.

Another reason is, that the work of redemption will not be complete for us till this change takes place. Without it we cannot see the kingdom of God, that is, we cannot understand the nature of it. Without it, we cannot enter into that kingdom so as to share its enjoyments. Without it, we can expect no blessing from Christ or his gospel.

From what has been said, there are many things that we may learn by easy inference:—as, that we must not rest on outward things, whether moral attainments or religious profession, or spiritual privileges; even the means of grace, though ordained of God—prayer, fasting, hearing and reading the Word—are no further to be depended on than as they serve to promote the love of God in the soul. To rest satisfied with the attainment of some moral virtue—as that we are *just* in our dealings, that we do *harm* to nobody, that we are not conscious of any *great sin*; these things are good, so far, but to rest upon them our hopes of heaven is to rest upon a broken reed.

We may further learn that the Christian has a great work to do: a difficult work, but blessed be God, it is not impossible, though it may be found painful. Indeed, from the very nature of it, it must be so. It obliges us to cut off the right hand; to pluck out the right eye, to give up the darling sin; but what of that?—Heaven will make amends for all!

In conlusion, let any who feel that they are yet strangers to the new birth—still unregenerated—let them consider what they have to do, what to hope for. What is their prospect in a future world? Let them consider the change that must fit them for it; that this change must be made here, and that it must begin speedily, as it is plainly impossible that such a change of a man's heart, habits, desires, wishes, tastes, thoughts, dispositions, can be accomplished on a death-bed.

You Christians that are the Lord's chosen ones, see that you ever stand prepared for the happiness that is prepared for you in heaven. You must use diligently the means of grace, remembering the end for which they were ordained of God; not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; continuing instant in prayer, diligent in the study of God's word; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Thus will you be meet partakers of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, now to be administered to you, in which we do show the Lord's death till He come, and in the right observance of which we may look for showers of blessing. This communion reminds us, too, that we are fellow members of Christ's body—branches of the true vine, living stones of the mystical temple; that this spiritual fellowship of Christians with the Lord, and with each other, will never come to an end, but be improved and perfected in a better world.

THE REV. Dr. JOHN ERSKINE.

THERE have been several Erskines famed in the Christian annals of Scotland. One of them, a layman, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, who passed away lately, was a man of a singularly pious spirit, as is shown by his published life and correspondence. In earlier times, the two brothers, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, theologians of the old Calvinistic type, were leaders of the great secession from the Kirk of Scotland in the middle of last century; and the religious community founded by them has expanded into what is now known as "the United Presbyterian Church." But there was another Erskine equally distinguished and influential in his time, of whom the memory is still fresh in Scotland, and who is worthy of being introduced to a new generation of English readers.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott may remember a striking scene in "Guy Mannering," where the English hero of that romance is taken to the Presbyterian service in the Old Greyfriars Church of Edinburgh. The description of Dr. Erskine and his pulpit oratory is in Scott's best manner, and on the whole does justice to the venerable instructor of his youth. Scott, as he grew up, diverged greatly from Dr. Erskine both in politics and religion; but he never ceased to appreciate the talents and piety of the Evangelical minister of Old Greyfriars. Here is the passage:

"The colleague of Dr. Robertson ascended the pulpit. His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion, strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture; hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher; no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. 'The preacher seems a very ungainly person,' whispered Mannering to his new friend.

"'Never fear; he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer—he'll show blood, I'll warrant him.'

"The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture was delivered, fraught with new and striking views of Scripture history—a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith, or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor; but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read,—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity.

"'Such,' he said, going out of the church, 'must have been the preachers to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation.'"

Dr. John Erskine, was the eldest son of John Erskine, Esq., of Carnock, Fifeshire, who was long Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, and whose "Institutes of the Law of Scotland" is a standard book among Scottish lawyers. He was born in 1721; and was early destined by his father for the profession of the law. Both on his father's and his mother's side he was related to some of the most ancient families in Scotland, and if he had gone to the law, he would have enjoyed all those advantages of birth and station which in his day went very far with his countrymen. But when a mere youth, he manifested a strong desire to study for the Christian ministry, and his father acquiesced with reluctance in a choice that disappointed his paternal ambition. After receiving his preliminary education at Cupar, in his native county, and at the High School of Edinburgh, young Erskine commenced his studies at the University of that city; and on their completion in 1743 he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Dunblane.

At the University Erskine became acquainted with William Robertson, who was afterwards for many years his colleague in the Old Greyfriars Church of Edinburgh, and who gained a high place in letters as a historian. Alexander Carlyle, long minister of Inveresk, known as "Jupiter Carlyle," and John Home, the author of "Douglas," were also members of a club to which he belonged. But while the talents and character of Erskine gained for him the respect of such men, he differed from them very decidedly on matters of religion, as his future career abundantly showed. He was a hard student, and gave early promise of distinction. When but a youth of twenty he published a theological pamphlet which, though juvenile in some respects, excited the admiration of Dr. Warburton, and procured for its author the friendship of that learned English divine.

In 1744 Mr. Erskine was ordained as minister of Kirkintilloch near Glasgow; and at once he devoted himself earnestly to the performance of his sacred duties. His sermons, carefully prepared and affectionately delivered, soon attracted a large congregation, and were greatly relished by all who valued evangelical doctrine. He became aquainted with the leading ministers of Glasgow, who greatly prized his society. To one of them, John Maclaurin, author of the famous sermon, "Glorying in the Cross of Christ," he was specially united in the closest bonds of friendship. These two were men of kindred powers, and courageously did they defend in a sceptical age the pure truths of the gospel.

About the time when Mr. Erskine was settled at Kirkintilloch, the revivals of religion in the neighbouring parishes of Cambuslang and Kilsyth, which were greatly promoted by the preaching of Whitefield, excited general attention in Scotland, and were variously estimated by different classes of

ministers and people. Before he had left the Divinity Hall, Erskine had published a pamphlet in defence of these revivals, which, in his youthful enthusiasm, he considered "signs of the times," indicating the approaching glory of the latter day. Though he afterwards modified his views on this subject, he always joined his evangelical brethren in vindicating these remarkable religious movements from the charges of fanaticism and imposture preferred against them in many quarters. He considered them to be genuine fruits of the Word and Spirit of God, as they undoubtedly were; and Messrs. Maculloch and Robe, the ministers of Kirkintilloch and Kilsyth, he delighted to number among his chosen friends. It is remarkable that about a century after, a revival of a very decided character took place at Kilsyth under the fervent ministrations of William Burns, whose father was minister of that parish. After a singularly apostolic career, the revival preacher of Kilsyth died in China, where he had laboured successfully as a missionary.

In 1753 Mr. Erskine was translated from Kirkintilloch to Culross, a parish lying on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth. In the following year his friend Mr. Maclaurin of Glasgow died, and he had an opportunity of becoming his successor. But Mrs. Erskine, a woman of excellent judgment, a daughter of George Mackay, the third Lord Reay, strongly dissuaded her husband from accepting a call to Glasgow, as she felt assured that in due time he would be offered a charge in Edinburgh, and gain a position in the church to which he was entitled by his admitted talents. Mr. Erskine never had reason to repent of following his wife's advice on this occasion.

About this period Mr. Erskine carried on a correspondence with several distinguished divines in America, including the celebrated Jonathan Edwards. The work of Edwards on "The Religious Affections" he greatly admired, and took every opportunity of recommending as fitted to give the Christian public just views of revivals of religion. In a letter to Erskine, Edwards gives a brief outline of his great work on the "Freedom of the Will," which he was projecting at the time. This masterly performance, so full of profound thought and subtle reasoning, was published in 1754, having been written in little more than nine months. Edwards died a few years after, of smallpox, and Erskine, his valued correspondent, spoke of his death as an irreparable loss to the Church of Christ.

In 1758, Mr. Erskine was appointed to the New Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and in the same year Dr. William Robertson, afterwards Principal of the University, also became an Edinburgh minister. But it was not till nine years after, that both these men were translated to the Old Greyfriars Church, where as colleagues they ministered to the same congregation. In this new sphere Mr. Erskine immediately distinguished himself not only as a preacher and pastor, but as a pleasant and accomplished member of society. Though devoted to his pastoral duties and literary pursuits, he was no recluse, but fond of company and given to hospitality. His cheerful spirit, his fund of anecdote, and great conversational powers made him a general favourite in social life. To his other attractions was added the charm of simplicity, a quality which, delightful in all, is peculiarly becoming in a minister of the Gospel. He continued to correspond with distinguished literary men both in England and Holland, and he published, from time to time, works of theology and Church History which testified alike to his ability and his industry. Politics, in the highest sense of the word, as bearing on liberty, progress, and religion he also studied with characteristic zeal. He published various pamphlets at the outbreak and during the continuance of the American War of Independence, which favourably stated the case of the colonists. But he was opposed to a bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Burke for the purpose of relieving the Roman Catholics of their political disabilities. Erskine, though a friend of liberty, looked upon the Church of Rome more as a political than a religious organisation, and a foreign power dangerous at the time to the constitution of the country. Though he admired Mr. Burke, he combated his views on this occasion and assisted in defeating a measure which the great orator and statesman had attempted to carry. Burke wrote a long letter to Mr. Erskine in which he defended with much eloquence and no little sarcasm the principles of his bill as assailed by the Scottish Presbyterians; but he did ample justice to his correspondent's character and the purity of the motives that animated him and his brethren in the North.

Two volumes of "Sketches and Hints of Church History," published at separate times, are the only other works of Mr. Erskine which need to be mentioned in this place. They were chiefly the fruits of his study of Continental books, and served to introduce to his countrymen much ecclesiastical information of a very curious kind. He had at the age of sixty so mastered the German and Dutch languages as to be able to read books which were quite unknown in Scotland. His historical studies brought him into habits of friendship and correspondence with Lord Hailes, the learned annalist and accomplished defender of the Christian religion. Here also it must be stated that in 1766, the University of Glasgow bestowed on him, in the most handsome manner, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

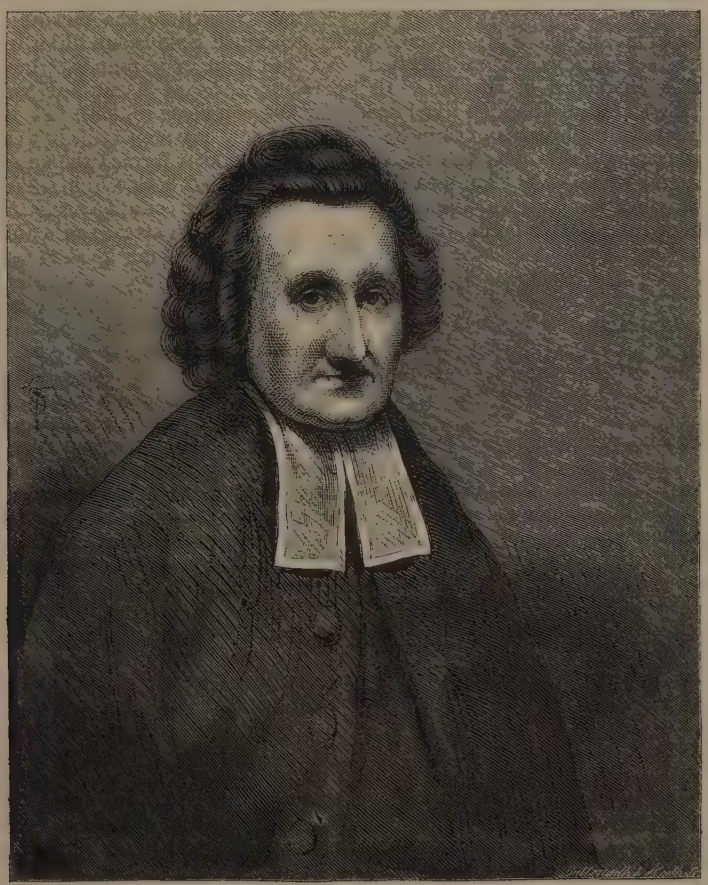
From 1767 to 1793 Dr. Erskine was the colleague of Principal Robertson, and during most of that period the parents of Sir Walter Scott were members of the Old Greyfriars congregation. Young Walter, with the rest of the family, doubtless attended the ministrations of these colleagues in the ministry, men equally eminent, working peacefully together, but diametrically opposed to each other in many important matters. Scott's father was a stern Presbyterian, and seldom absented himself on Sundays from the family pew; but his mother, still more earnest in her religion, while she liked Dr. Erskine's evangelical doctrine, and diligently waited on his ministry, did not at all relish Principal Robertson's philosophical discourses, most of which, as she thought, a pagan might have delivered.

In June 1793, Principal Robertson died, and Dr. Erskine preached two funeral sermons on the occasion. He spoke of his departed colleague in terms perhaps too warmly coloured by the feelings of a generous friendship; for the two distinguished men had lived together in perfect cordiality, though differing widely in matters of the highest importance. The testimony of the survivor to the religious

sentiments of his deceased brother is not generally known. "Dr. Robertson" says Erskine, "in lecturing upon the Gospels, the Acts, and the lesser Epistles, often availed himself of an opportunity for showing that the divinity and atonement of Christ, the depravity of human nature, the insufficiency of repentance and reformation to expiate the guilt of sin, or to merit the divine favour, and the necessity of the influences of the Spirit, were doctrines clearly asserted in the Sacred Oracles." He also states that in one of his last conversations with himself, Dr. Robertson "expressed his joy in reflecting that his life on earth had not been altogether in vain, and his hope that *through the merits of Jesus*, that God who had so signally prospered him in this world, would in another and better, be his portion and happiness."

The truth seems to be that Robertson held to the last all the great doctrines of religion contained in the formularies of his church, but that the dignified coldness of his character, and his unpopular ecclesiastical politics gave a very negative tone to his whole life. He was much more a philosopher and a historian than a Christian pastor, or a preacher of the Gospel; and he unguardedly associated with some of the greatest enemies of revealed religion. But Erskine is not greatly to be blamed for speaking of his illustrious friend in the superabundance of Christian charity.

Towards the latter part of his lengthened career Dr. Erskine grew in manner and appearance what the younger generation doubtless called old-fashioned or eccentric. He had too much individuality of character to conform readily to modern usages, and he became at last one of those Edinburgh notabilities which Kay, the historical caricaturist, delighted to portray. But the old man was ever true to the great principles he had spent his life in defending. During a famous debate in the General Assembly of 1796 on Missions to the Heathen, after a minister,



DR. JOHN ERSKINE.

who was the mouthpiece of the moderate party, had argued that the civilisation of savage nations must precede their conversion to Christianity, and that consequently the proposed Missions, as being quite premature, should not be undertaken by the Church, Erskine, who was a member of the House, fired with just indignation, rose on his seat and cried out with a firm voice, "*Moderator, rax* (reach) *me that Bible.*" The Sacred Volume, which always lies on the table of the Assembly, having been handed to him, he proceeded to prove, from text after text, that the Gospel was to be preached to men of all nations, to Jew and Greek, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free. This speech made a profound impression on

the Assembly, and the audience present; but the moderate majority was too compact to be defeated, and for the time the Church of Scotland refused to institute any Mission to the heathen world.

Dr. Erskine wrote, preached, and carried on most of his usual pastoral work till within a short time of his death. When in the eighty-second year of his age, he went to bed one evening at eleven o'clock, having complained in the course of the previous day that his sight had failed him for the first time in his life. By two o'clock on the following morning his spirit had departed. He died on the 19th of January, 1803. Of a numerous family of nine sons and five daughters, only one son and three daughters survived him. His widow also survived him five years.

The Life of Dr. Erskine by Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart., is a standard work in Scottish Church History. The character of Erskine, his published works, and the times in which he lived are described in it with great ability by a man of kindred spirit, who was the successor of Erskine, as a leader in the Church Courts, and whose descendants to this day have taken a prominent part in the ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs of their native land.

ANNALS OF PRISON LIFE IN INDIA.

IV.

"IS it possible that I find *you* here again, my poor brother?"

These were words with which as I went my rounds one morning I greeted a young man on entering his dark cell, a cell where refractory prisoners were confined, and which not only possessed no window, but whose very walls were painted black.

He was a private in the——th Regt., and was imprisoned for the long term of twenty years, for assaulting his commanding officer.

A man of violent temper—which indeed seemed to be his only fault—he was, for the first year and a half of his imprisonment, either from sudden outbursts of passion, refusal to do his quota of work, or some other dereliction of duty, being frequently put into irons; and I began to despair of ever doing anything with him.

In spite of his violent disposition, however, he was a lad of good impulses, and was as penitent as could be after every manifestation of temper, or act of disobedience. But there was no chance of any portion of *his* sentence being written off, for notwithstanding all promises of amendment, accompanied, I believe, by a sincere desire to fulfil them, he was perpetually falling again. The probability seemed rather that he would have to end his days in prison, as each act of violence or insubordination to the prison authorities would extend his already almost hopeless time of sentence.

In other respects he was, strange to say, one of my most encouraging cases. I had observed frequently, and with deep thankfulness, signs of the workings of Divine Grace within him. His heart was easily touched, and I had often seen him weep bitterly during any portion of my sermons that seemed more particularly to bear on his own case. He was very earnest at his devotions, and one of those who really read his Bible. His answers to the questions I put to the men of my Bible-class were very satisfactory as showing much careful thought. This I sometimes almost regretted. Though I could not refuse the sacrament to one who had the marks of a true faith, I could not help feeling that by his inconsistent conduct he did much harm to some of the other prisoners who, though indifferent to all matters connected with religion themselves, were not slow to mark the inconsistency of those who made an outward profession of it, and more than once represented this to him. Altogether he caused me much deep anxiety, and I bore him constantly on my prayers.

But to return to the morning in question when for the ninth time I found him in the refractory cell.

I was going my rounds, when passing down the corridor I heard a muffled voice calling to me. "Won't you come in, sir? Please do."

He knew my step well, but as I entered through the grating that formed the outer door, and opening the other, stood beside him, he did not look up. He was a lad of fair countenance, little over twenty years of age, and had a sweet smile and broad honest face, and it always did me good to see the unmistakable signs of joy with which as a general rule he welcomed me. This time, however, he took no notice of me, but kept his eyes fixed to the ground, his whole countenance wearing an expression of the greatest despondency.

"It's no use trying to be better, sir. I can't help it," he at length broke forth, the tears coursing each other down his cheeks. "I wouldn't so much mind these here;" pointing to the heavy chains round his ankles, "but you, sir, have been so kind and forbearing with me. You've done your best for me, but don't take any more trouble about a bad fellow like me. I shall never grow better."

It did indeed seem almost a hopeless case, and I remained speechless, and half inclined—the old Adam for a moment getting the better of me—to leave him to himself. I was really fond of the lad, and greatly disappointed in him. He had promised to try to amend as he had said for my sake, and I am afraid, if I must confess it, that my *amour-propre* was wounded. He had committed an offence against me, forsooth! Ah! what weak, vain, erring, selfish creatures we are at the best.

"My poor brother," I exclaimed, coming to myself, "we will make one more trial in God's strength," and I endeavoured to encourage him with the thought that the lives of many of God's saints are but unceasing battles against besetting sins; that if after every fall we do but rise again, even though it be on the ruins of our former selves, He is ever ready to receive us; that it is only when we fall and make no effort to regain lost ground that He leaves us to ourselves; and that all that is needed is true and hearty repentance, and casting aside all self-dependence, seeking strength from Him.

Then once more kneeling down, we prayed earnestly together that needful grace might be given him to conquer his evil temper.

After rising from our knees, he grasped my hand in both of his, and cried:

"Pray for me, sir; pray for me still: who knows but that I may be able to govern myself even yet, God helping me?"

And he did so. For a whole year from that time, there was no better, or more docile prisoner in the whole jail. At the end of this period, his old disposition, so long restrained, once more broke loose, though not to the former extent. He was not put in irons this time, but merely confined to his own cell on gruel diet. He had also great provocation, the warder of his division having treated him unjustly. And on this matter I wish to make some remarks.

The prison consisted of four departments or divisions, each having over it its own warder, who was subordinate to the jailer. Harsh and over-indulgent by turns, and all having their own favourites, as I have elsewhere said, they often placed the prisoners in a false position, and got them into trouble simply by their injudicious treatment. At other times they exasperated them by rough usage, and I am convinced that at least one-third of the refractory cases were due to this cause.

A sad case of tyranny on the part of a warder came under my notice shortly before I left India. I was on my way to the steamer that was to bring me to England, when I overtook one of my own prisoners, by which I mean a man who had been under my spiritual charge, and not that of the Roman Catholic priest. He had completed his term of service, and was on his way under escort of a native guard to the central jail in the capital, where he was to receive his final release. One of the quietest and most industrious of all the men, he worked extra hours, for which prisoners receive payment, which is placed to their account in the books, and given them when they leave the jail on completion of their sentence. This man, however, was to receive *his* payment by the purchase of tools, with which to begin his trade when his release should come. They were accordingly purchased, but when he left, the jailer would not permit him to take them away, though from what motive it is hard to say, but in all probability from some feeling of personal animosity or spite.

On one occasion a prisoner, with the connivance of the jailer, sent to a wine merchant an order for seven cases of brandy and port wine. Of course he carefully disguised both his name and address. The wine-merchant, imagining the order to come from some new customer of distinction, dispatched the goods with alacrity. They were received on their arrival, but what became of them afterwards did not transpire; whether the contents were shared by the men with the connivance of the jailer, or whether he kept them to himself was never known, but on the bare fact oozing out, the jailer was suspected and soon afterwards dismissed.

These and such like incidents were of by no means unfrequent occurrence during the time that I was there. In the above instance the amiable wine-merchant had to go without payment, there being no "effects"; but in many others the prisoners (who are up to every dodge to obtain money) are able to pay for forbidden luxuries, obtaining money surreptitiously from their friends or relatives. One whom I knew had upon one occasion received the present of a Bible, which was found to contain, concealed within its pages, a bank note to the value of one hundred *rupees* (10*l.*).

The superintendent has to use his soberest judgment often in acceding or denying requests made to him by the prisoners. For instance, a man will sham illness, and complain that he can get no sleep on account of the heat of his cell, and beg to be removed to one having a cooler aspect. If the superintendent give the permission, ten to one but he will find sooner or later that the prisoner had some ulterior motive; either he wished to get into some other division, of whose warder he happened to be a favourite, or he desired to be near a prisoner with whom he was carrying on some intrigue. These and similar pretexts were frequently made use of to further their designs, and the credulity and kindness of the superintendent taken advantage of, in the most subtle way.

Quis custodiet custodes? I record these things in the hope that greater care may be taken in appointing the officials in prisons, and greater watchfulness exercised by superintendents and inspectors.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

DECEMBER 4.

BALAAM. NUMBERS XXIV. 1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT, JAMES I. 8—'*A double minded man is unstable in all his ways.*'

CONNECTION.—The Israelites have passed down the *Arabah* or 'Wilderness of Zin,' have turned the angle of the mountains near Elath, and have ascended to the broad, well-watered pastoral regions of Jordan. The two most powerful chieftains of the district, 'Sihon King of the Amorites, and Og King of Bashan,' have come out against them, only to be utterly routed. The territory of Moab had been, by command, untouched, Deut. ii. 9; but Balak, King of Moab, is terrified by their nearness and power and, in accord with heathen belief, supposes that if he could but have them duly devoted to the anger of the gods by some one with influence in the supernatural realm, i.e. some 'magician,' these formidable new-comers would fall an easy prey. He sends therefore for the renowned magician Balaam,* from Pethor, in Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Euphrates, the cradle of Abraham's own race. Balaam knew JEHOVAH as God, but seems to have held the heathen idea that He was God only of Israel, and that by some magical incantations, He might be turned against His own people. This thought, however, if ever Balaam held it, vanished before the force of the 'possession' which constrained him, instead, to utter blessings.

> The character of Balaam as a man is a subject of intense interest. Every student of the history, should, if possible, master the sermon by Bishop Butler (vii.) on the character of Balaam, 'a very wicked man, under a deep sense of God and religion, persisting still in his wickedness, and preferring the wages of unrighteousness,' even when he had before him a lively view of death, and that approaching period of his days, which should deprive him of all those advantages for which he was prostituting himself.' The sketch by Dr. Edersheim, 'Bible History,' vol. iii. c. 2, is vivid and suggestive.

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* 'Son of Beor,' or in the New Testament, 'Bosor' (2 Pet. ii. 15), the same word in a different form. Balaam means literally 'destroyer of people.'

The Reading Lesson takes up the history at its latter part, after Balaam had failed a first and second time, and the king of Moab was in despair.

I. Balaam's View of the Israelite Encampment.—*Read vers.* 1, 2. The bewildered king, judging only by a worldly standard, cannot imagine why he cannot have the curse for which he has promised such rich rewards! But the soothsayer is sufficiently under the power of conviction to be unable to frame his words to order. He must speak the truth, though he hates it! Balak has changed the place, hoping that this might make a difference, ch. xxiii. 27. The two are now standing on the heights of Peor, some part of the great ridge a little above the Dead Sea, and looking down upon the broad meadow-land where the camp lay outspread for many a mile in ordered array—**Israel abiding in his tents according to his tribes,** beside the running waters, from *Abel Shittim,* 'the meadow of acacias,' on the left to *Beth Jeshimoth,* 'the house of desolations,' on the right, close to the Dead Sea; while the fortress of *Heshbon,* the Amorite city which the Israelites had captured, was full in front. Balaam no more endeavoured to work himself up to prophetic frenzy; the scene before him was enough, as **he set his face toward the wilderness.** But he is rapt beyond himself; **the Spirit of God came upon him,** and he is compelled to utter words deeper than he knew.

II. Balaam's third 'Parable.'—*Read vers.* 3-9. For the other two poetic outbursts, so termed, see ch. xxiii. 7, 18.

> A paragraph Bible will help the student to apprehend the poetical character of this grand utterance. Dr. Edersheim gives literal metrical translations of all these 'parables.' 'Bib. Hist.,' vol. iii. pp. 25-29.

The man whose eyes are open—rather 'the man whose eyes are *shut*,' his outward eye being closed: he sees with the eye of his soul alone. **Falling down,** he hears **the words of God,** and beholds **the vision of the Almighty.** Into the **trance,** the soothsayer carries as it were the impression of the fair view just outspread before his eyes; but it shapes itself into a picture of future prosperity and power—like **valleys** watered by streams, to an Eastern mind an image of beauty only surpassed by the picture of **gardens by the river's side.** See Psa. i. 3; Jer. xvii. 8. **Lign aloes,*** richly aromatic wood (Psa. xlv. 8; John xix. 39), used in the preparation of incense; **cedar trees,** unequalled in grandeur and durability; **Jehovah** is said to have **planted** them, pre-eminently, to denote their surpassing excellence; compare Psa. civ. 16. With *beauty* and *fertility,* there shall also be *strength.* Israel is as a man carrying two overflowing **buckets of water,** east and west. **His seed,** or children, dwell **in** or by **many waters,** symbol of a rich, progressive, and powerful nation, compare Jer. li. 13. So **shall his king be higher than Agag;** i.e. than the Amalekite chieftains, of whom this was a general name, as Abimelech of the Philistine kings, and Pharaoh of the Egyptians; (we read of one Agag, 1 Sam. xv. 8, 32). Amalek was a type of the heathen nations, generally, in their contrast with Israel. The reference to the deliverance from **Egypt,** and the comparison to the **unicorn,** *reëm,* or buffalo, strongest of the horned tribes, also to the **lion,** the **great lion** (or 'lioness'), are repeated from Balaam's second 'parable,' ch. xxiii. 22-24. **Who shall stir him up?** i.e. who shall dare rouse him by opposition—a warning to Balak himself, that it would be wise policy to abstain from meddling with the people, now couched as it were in lion-like majesty on the plain beneath! **Blessed,** etc.: an echo of God's own words to Abraham, Gen. xii. 3; and of Isaac's blessing upon Jacob, xxvii. 29.

III. Remonstrance of Balak, and Balaam's Answer.—*Read vers.* 10-14. **Balak's anger** from his point of view was not unreasonable (**to smite the hands together,** was a gesture expressive of rage, Job xxvii. 33). If Balaam had not intended **to curse** the Israelites, why had he come at all? Whatever might be his power as a magician, his moral character shows itself contemptible. See Golden Text. Even the heathen king has sense to perceive in this great sorcerer a **double minded man, unstable in all his ways.** He would—yet does not. First, in the journey to Moab, inclination triumphed over conviction, now conviction triumphs over inclination, and neither is fully master of his course. Balak can only say, contemptuously, Get you gone! **Flee thou to thy place,** adding with a touch of sarcasm, **Jehovah hath kept thee back from honour!** There is something of mournful dignity in Balaam's reply; **Said I not,** etc. ch. xxii. 18; but he does not give quite a fair report of his own words. Unconsciously, perhaps, he makes them braver and more resolute than they really were. When he uttered them, his object was to gain time, and to secure permission to go, if he could. However, he must utter one parting word. All seems over between him and Balak, but the king shall hear the truth before the soothsayer goes; truth, not yet spoken, as to the relation between **this people,** Israel, and **Balak's people, Moab, in the latter days.** But the prophecy goes far beyond Moab and its destiny, as this phrase—literally 'in the end of the days,' see Gen. xlix. 1.—seems to intimate (Heb. i. 2).

IV. Balaam's farewell Prophecy.—*Read vers.* 15-19. His parting words comprise four 'parables,' of which we have only to consider the first. [The second is against Amalek, ver. 20; the third respecting the Kenites, with a warning of their oppression by the future princes of Assyria, 21, 22; and the third concerning the downfall of Assyria itself before a power of the West.] Again Balaam speaks of his outward **eye as closed** (see above, III.) but of an inward vision.

> 'I behold Him, but not now; I descry Him, but not nigh!
> Cometh a Star from Jacob, and rises a Sceptre from Israel,
> And dasheth the two sides of Moab,
> And overthroweth the sons of tumult.'

The vision then is in the *far future.* **Star** and **Sceptre** are emblems of royal power. **Moab** was to be smitten down by David, 2 Sam. viii. 2. **Children of Sheth,** or of 'tumult,' represent the Moabites in their wild untamed fierceness; Israel would **destroy** them. See Jer. xlviii. 45. But this conquest was but a type of that which in the end of the days should be won by David's Son—complete and final triumph over all the godless forces of the world. Christ is the bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16; and to Him is the Sceptre given, ii. 27. The application of Balaam's prophecy to the Messiah has been maintained by Jewish writers.* The Star of Bethlehem was an embodiment of the same symbol. The 'wise men' or magi, *from the country of Balaam,* recognised the sign that the great soothsayer's word had come to pass. So were they led to the King, and unlike Balaam they **saw Him now and beheld Him nigh.**

Nor should Moab alone be stricken down: **Mount Seir**—the stronghold of **Edom**—should likewise yield before the conquering might of **Israel.** This also was fulfilled in the reign of David; 2 Sam. viii. 14. Here the type is still continued. **Out of Jacob shall come He that shall have dominion.** In their highest sense, these words point to Christ. It is the Kingdom of God of which the involuntary prophet speaks. **Him that remaineth,** etc. The utter destruction of all that belongs to the realm of falsehood and unrighteousness is here prefigured. See the imagery in Isa. xxv. 2.

Points that may be farther noted. 1. The secret of Balaam's awful failure. *Covetousness* (2 Pet. ii. 15), a root of all kinds of evil (1 Tim. vi. 10. rev. ver.). 2. A wicked man, yet inspired

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* 'Lign,' of course is simply *lignum,* 'wood.' The plant was perhaps the *Aquilaria Agallochum* of botanists.

* See references in Keil and Delitzsch, 'Comm.' p. 200.

for a special service. 3. Gifts bestowed on the unworthy. 4. Balak and Balaam somehow must have effected a reconciliation after all: and the soothsayer who could not curse, found a way to do yet greater harm! Rev. ii. 14.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give the New Testament allusions to Balaam. What light do they throw upon his character?

2. What became of Balaam? When and how was his life ended?

3. Distinguish between 'soothsayer' and 'prophet'; and show that Balaam selected the lower calling.

4. Illustrate from Scripture the application of the phrase 'the last days' to Messiah's Kingdom.

Pages for the Young.

"FOR THOSE AT SEA."

III. ALL RIGHT.

MR. COURTNEY finished his breakfast, and then he took up the newspaper as usual, although in truth his mind was more full of thought as to what he should do with regard to the new, unexpected little inmate of his home, than of what he read. But at last a paragraph caught his eyes that did chain his attention to itself.

"On the night of Tuesday, a boat was sighted off the Salton coast, drifting helplessly against the wind. A volunteer party was at once organised, headed by a young clergyman, and armed with rockets and ropes, the men succeeded, with considerable peril, in drawing the boat safe up through the tremendous surf on to the shore. The boat and passengers proved to be the sole relics of the ill-fated 'Neptune,' homeward-bound from the Cape, whose total wreck was telegraphed a week ago. Unhappily, of this poor handful of survivors, one, a child between six and seven years of age, was lost even in the last moment of peril. The night was very dark, and he must have been washed off the deck, and drowned at once in the high surf running at the time the boat was pulled in. His body has not been recovered."

"No," said Mr. Courtney with a grave smile, as he pushed the paper across to his wife, with his finger pointing at the paragraph. "No. His body has not been recovered from the sea, thank God, because it lies at the present moment, I suspect, up in Harry's bed."

"Yes," said Mrs. Courtney, running her glance quickly through the dozen lines. "It is sure to be that missing child we have here. The roads between here and Salton are the ones a child would be the most likely to take. What shall we do about him? Although his parents are drowned, he probably has other relations over here."

"Yes," broke in Eva, who had managed to slip upstairs once before the stranger fell asleep, to ask her new friend if he was comfortable in her brother's bed. "Yes, he says he has a ikkle sister bigger'n me, most as big as Gertie perhaps, what was bringed over to his grandmamma last year."

Miss Eva's piece of information settled the matter, and half an hour later an advertisement had been sent off to three of the principal papers, describing the little wanderer and the suppositions as to his identity with the shipwrecked passenger of the lost "Neptune." The following day Mr. Courtney's newspaper contained two notices that had a good deal of interest for him and his family. One was his own advertisement, and the other the sad announcement—

"Lost, on the 28th August, in the wreck of the 'Neptune,' the Rev. James Turner, of Oakwood, Kent, and Ellen his wife. Also, on the 5th of September, from one of the 'Neptune's' boats, Lyulph Turner, their only son, aged seven years."

Before the next post went out, a letter had been despatched to Sir Lyulph Turner, of Oakwood, Kent, to tell him and the heart-stricken grandmother, that the mourned-for grandson was yet alive, and on the afternoon of the next day Ethel Turner and little Lyulph were clasped in each other's arms.

"But you won't take me home in a boat, grandmamma?" asked Lyulph, anxiously. "And you'll bring me to see this dear papa and mamma again?"

"Surely, surely, my darling," said Lady Turner earnestly, and with a look of the most earnest gratitude at the good Samaritans who had so rescued the poor little desolate orphaned castaway. "We shall all hope very often to see again these dear, good friends, who have been so kind to our poor little beggar-boy. But we must say good-bye to them now, for the present, or we shall not be able to get home to-night."

Little Lyulph held up his face for Mrs. Courtney's loving farewell kiss, and with his arms around her neck he whispered: "And I shall always remember that dear Jesus did send me a papa and mamma that morning, when I was too tired and hungry to be a little beggar-boy any more. Good-bye, Eva; come and see me soon, but don't come in a boat."

G. STEBBING.

THE RIVER AND THE OCEAN.

"I WISH you would make haste," said the Ocean to the River, which was slowly and deliberately pouring its great sweep of waters into her. "I wish you would make haste and come all at once, instead of dawdling as you do! Why, for the last hundreds of years you have been coming, coming, and yet you have not done emptying yourself into me."

"That's just what I think so delightful," replied the River. "However fast I pour my waters into you, there is always more to follow."

"More to follow! that is just what I complain of! Why can't you come all at once, instead of keeping me waiting all this time?"

"For the very good reason that I don't choose to," said the River. "Why, if I rushed and tore along in the way you wish, I should uproot all the verdant things that grow on my banks."

"Yes of course, a very good excuse! but the real thing is, you like to dawdle."

"Better dawdle with a definite end in view, than vacillate like you do," retorted the River. "Why, you can never make up your mind to do the same thing consecutively for a day at a time! No sooner does your tide come in for a few hours, than you change your mind, and think you had better turn and go out again! Slow I *may* be, but better be that than having no mind at all."

A cloud passed over the Ocean's changeful face as the River spoke; and her waters, which a moment before had sparkled in the sunshine, looked dark and dull. A small Hermit-Crab was crawling out among the rocks on her margin, and he paused a moment to make a remark before slipping down into a still pool among the stones hard by.

"Do you not know," he said, turning to the River—"do you not know the reason for the Ocean's unrest? There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet, it cannot rest. 'Who can rest in the midst of sorrow?'"

"Sorrow? it looks far more like rebellion," answered the River.

"Ah!" replied the Hermit-Crab; "you know but half the matter, and make your judgments too hastily, as too many good people do. But I can tell you another side of the story. Under all that restless surface, there are depths of peace and stillness which the wildest storms cannot ruffle—depths where no tempests come. And it is so beautiful there—such perfect peace!"

The River was silent, and after a pause the Hermit-Crab continued:

"You only look on this broad waste of waters as a great and wide sea of surging, turbid waves, ready to toss themselves in rebellion at each contrary wind: but it is much more than that—it is the casket in which are laid aside many of the fairest and best of Earth's sons and daughters. An *unseen hand* parts the waves, and safely these precious ones pass through the opened door; then it closes over them, and they lie down safely, where none may break their rest."

"And they sleep well on my bosom," murmured the Sea.

"But you have digressed from the subject we were talking about," said the River. "What I was saying was that the Sea is always vacillating—never doing the same thing for a day at a time."

"Can I help it?" cried the Ocean. "Does not a mighty though unseen hand rein in my proud waves, setting the bounds which I may not pass over, and though my waves roar yet they cannot prevail?"

"She is but obedient to her Maker," explained the Hermit-Crab, as the Ocean paused. "The same law that bids you run on, bids her go back. Hark how her waves as they break on the shore seem ever uttering the one word 'Obey.'"

"We have all to obey," sighed the River. "I would often like to stop running a little while, but I cannot."

"Yes," cried the Wind as it flew past; "We have not been placed in the world to please ourselves, but to obey our Maker. His command to me is, 'Go forward,' and on and on I go, not knowing whither."

"And we are bid to shine, and we obey too," cried the Stars from their far-off home.

"And we are bid to grow," said the Corn that was waving like a sea of gold by the margin of the River; "and I am sure our short life is spent in obeying."

"That is well," remarked the River; "for I am sure that if you did not 'make hay'—corn I mean—while the sun shines, the winter would soon destroy you utterly before you had prepared your seed-corns for the years to come."

"And if I did not run on I should soon overflow my banks, and do more damage than I care to think of," remarked a Stream that near that spot joined the River.

"And if I stayed still I should soon cease to exist," cried the Wind; "and that would be certain death!"

And the Ocean resigned herself obediently to *fulfil her course;* "If I must go backwards and forwards, I will do my best to do it well, though it is rather stupid work."

"Depend on it," said the Hermit-Crab, as she slipped gently down into a deep pool among the rocks, fringed with seaweed and carpeted with shells, "it is always best for us to do what we are made for, and not waste our time in wishing to do something else we were never made to do, and consequently could not do half as well. For instance, if the Ocean took to running straight on like the River, it would soon leave behind it a devastated world."

"And if the River went backwards and forwards instead of on and on, it would never merge itself into the glorious Ocean—and how dreadfully salt it would then become!"

"And the Wind would die if she did not go wherever the great Force that propels her carries her."

"Ah!" murmured the throbbing Deep; "*real life*—life worthy the name, *consists in the fulfilment of the purpose for which we are made.*"

SILENT RAYS.

SO forcible they were, those bright rays of the sun! And yet they never spoke; but some people's actions speak louder than many words.

So forcible they were, and yet they never spoke as they passed over hill and valley, and stream and river, and the 'great and wide sea also.' The heather-bells purpled beneath the touch of their airy fingers; the oak and ash grew and strengthened in their light; little seeds close hid under the earth felt their genial warmth, and came pressing up into their light; the birds, and insects, and cattle basked beneath their shining smiles; and man learned to look through them to the "marvellous light" that lay beyond them, of which they were but as dim foreshadowings.

Dear little rays, how brightly they went, each on her separate course; not dimmed or shadowed by the darkest place where they had to go. Nothing contaminated them, for they lived in the light of the sun; and to be parted from him for a moment would have killed them, for they only had their life in, and through him. It was a law of their nature that they could not live away from him.

Always living in the light! What a blessed existence! What mattered it to them that their brief life was "swifter than a weaver's shuttle"? They only thought of the Great Light in which they lived; and they had no fear of death, for they knew that what men call by that dread name was for them no "King of Terrors," only a sudden catching away to be absorbed in that "resplendent glory" from which they had their being. They shone sweetly for him below when he sent them here, and then returned to him, oh! so willingly and gladly.

And during their brief life on earth they shone all the while. No one thought how small they were, only how sweet and bright.

Perhaps the very briefness of their life made them shine more earnestly, for their motto was "The time is short," and they never forgot it.

They just came straight down where they were sent; they never hesitated or murmured because they could not shine where they pleased. They always knew that their sun made no mistakes, never sent them to the wrong place; and so no time was lost by them in pausing on their way.

They could do but one thing at a time, but they did that one thing well, their very best. They turned their one talent to good purpose, taking care that none of it was wasted; all the while looking right upward, nothing between their sun and them but the golden cords of love.

Only little sunbeams! taken separately such insignificant things! Yet what would this dark earth be without them? Are they not types of *other* lives; less short, less unsullied than theirs, yet whose mission-field is as wide as their own, though their light is borrowed from another sun than theirs?

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," but earth-dimmed eyes cannot yet behold unveiled the everlasting glory; and so, for a little while it comes to them in messenger-rays on whom the King's own seal is set "that the purpose may not be changed concerning them."

"Ye are the light of the world."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLII.—p. 656.—ELIJAH.

1. E-zra . . . . . Ezra vii. 6.
2. L-amech . . . . . Gen. iv. 19, 21.
3. I-ssachar . . . . . Gen. xlix. 14.
4. J-eremiah . . . . . Jer. xxxvi. 23.
5. A-mos . . . . . Amos i. 1.
6. H-aggai . . . . . Haggai i. 13.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Church Congress of 1881 will have met and dissolved before this sheet is in the hands of the reader. We write with the completed programme before us, and full evidence, therefore, of the importance of the gathering. The place appointed for meeting is Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The opening sermon is preached in St. Nicholas Church, on the Tuesday of the Congress week, by the Bishop of Manchester; and the closing sermon on the succeeding Saturday morning in Durham Cathedral by the Bishop of Derry. The Bishop of Durham is President, and delivers the inaugural address in the Town-hall. Among the subjects set down for discussion and the readers and speakers are the following:—"The relation of the Church of England to Churches in communion with her:" Bishops of Argyll and Meath. "The duty of the Church in respect to the prevalence of secularism and spiritualism:" Archbishop of York and Rev. Harry Jones. "The organisation and development of lay work in connection with the Church—that of men, and that of women:" Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode. "The limits within which variations of ritual may be permitted:" Dean of Durham, Archdeacon of Warrington, Earl Nelson, Dean of Chester, and Rev. Berdmore Compton. "The connection between Church and State—what we gain by it, and what we lose by it:" Bishop of Carlisle, Dean of Manchester, Rev. J. Bardsley, Rev. M. MacColl, and Mr. T. Hughes. Q.C. "The responsibility of the Church as regards the opium traffic with China:" Rev. A. E. Moule and Sir Bartle Frere. "The relations of the Church to the social movements of the age, with special reference to trades unions and co-operation:" Sir T. C. Brassey, M.P. "The Ecclesiastical Courts; the principles on which they should be constituted, and the methods by which their decisions can be made more effectual:" the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Q.C., and the Hon. C. L. Wood. "The principles of the English Reformation, as bearing on the questions of the present day:" Dr. Boultbee. "The methods in which religious life and thought may be influenced by art, viz., architecture, music, painting, and sculpture." "The temperance work of the Church;" "Sunday observance;" "The helps and hindrances to the spiritual life which arise from the religious and secular activities of the day:" Bishop of Bedford, Canon Hoare, Rev. George Body and Canon Knox-Little. "The Church's care of the young:" Rev. R. Appleton, Mrs. Philip Papillon, Mr. F. B. Money Coutts and Mr. Eugene Stock. "The claims of the Revised Version of the New Testament to general acceptance."

THE first Methodist Œcumenical Conference ever held was convened in City Road Chapel, and sat twelve days. The day before it assembled as officially constituted, it received a welcome to the metropolis, at a breakfast meeting at Exeter Hall. This was given by the Religious Tract Society in honour of the Conference. Mr. Edward Rawlings, as the Treasurer of the Society, presided, and gave a cordial welcome to the guests, as did the Rev. L. B. White, one of the secretaries. Touching reference was made to the absence of the other secretary, the Rev. Dr. Manning, and deep regret was expressed that he was then suffering under the severe illness which has since issued in his lamented death. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. Dr. Craig, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, the Rev. Bishop Simpson, the Lord Mayor, the Rev. Bishop Payne, Pastor Hocart, the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and others. The Methodist Œcumenical Conference contained representatives from nearly every part of the North American Continent; from Yokohama, Foochow, Liberia, Naini Tal, Constantinople, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Germany, and Mexico. The various Churches represented were classed, "for convenience of organisation and for purposes of equity and fraternity," in four general divisions: (1) British Wesleyan Methodist Churches, (2) other British Methodist Churches, (3) Methodist Churches having an episcopal form of government, and (4) Churches having a non-episcopal form of government. Thus organised, the Conference was attended by some four hundred representatives. The Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, preached the inaugural sermon from John vi. 63. Bishop Simpson gave a masterly sketch of the rise and progress of Methodism. At the close of the discourse there was an administration of the Lord's Supper. The President of the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Rev. Dr. Osborn, afterwards took the chair, and delivered an address of welcome to the assembled delegates, several of whom responded in appropriate terms. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received at the Mansion House, later in the evening, nearly a thousand guests, members of the Conference and their friends. As a different chairman presided over each day's proceedings, the chair was filled on the second day of the Conference by Bishop Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Syracuse, New York.

ONE of the first subjects discussed was "Methodism: its History and Results," introduced by Dr. Wm. Cooke. In presenting to the Conference, "Some Statistical Results of Methodism," the Rev. Dr. A. Edwards (U.S.) dealt with an elaborate table of statistics, which gave the following as the present numerical condition of Methodism.

Branches.	Travelling Preachers.	Members.
1–4. British Wesleyan Methodists. .	3,326	593,528
5–10. Other British Methodists . . .	2,103	456,031
11–20. United States and Canada (Episcopal)	23,268	3,404,300
21–28. United States and Canada (Non-Episcopal).	3,475	306,085
	32,172	4,762,944
Additional Ministers		32,172
		4,795,116

THE deliberations of the Conference ranged over so wide a field of subjects, that we must be content to indicate some of the other principal topics. These included—the "Evangelical Agencies of Methodism," such as the itinerant ministry, lay preachers, and women's work; the "Lord's Day;" "Temperance;" "Education;" the "Use of the Press;" "Home Missions," and "Foreign Missions." In addition to the sittings of the Conference proper, there was held a series of evening missionary meetings at Exeter Hall, each taking up some field of mission enterprise. One subject was "Methodist Work on the Continent of America;" "Methodist Work in India, China, and Japan;" and "Methodism in Australia, and Australasian Missions." There was a Temperance demonstration at Great Queen Street Chapel; and a reception of deputations from other churches took place in Exeter Hall. When the Conference assembled for the last time, the President of the United States was just dead. Sincere and deep sympathy was manifested by the delegates representing the Eastern Section—England and Canada—towards those from America, whose grief was manifest. The feeling, which prevailed among all the English delegates, was embodied in a resolution, moved by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, expressive of the deepest grief on the part of the Conference at the intelligence of the decease of President Garfield, and its profound sympathy with the American nation, particularly with Mrs. Garfield in her bereavement. A hope was expressed by several speakers that out of this great sorrow some national good might come. The resolution was put, and the unanimity of the Conference was signified by the delegates rising *en masse* and standing, for a moment, in solemn silence. The resolution was immediately transmitted by cable to America. The "Christian Unity" was the last of the general topics brought under discussion. It was resolved that a second Œcumenical Conference should assemble, and, if practicable, in the United States, in the year 1887. The closing exercises of the Conference were of a devotional character. Bishop Simpson expressed the gratification with which the American delegates witnessed the heartfelt sympathy of their English brethren in behalf of the bereaved family of President Garfield, and of the nation that had

been bereft of so noble a ruler. The feeling to which Bishop Simpson referred was displayed in various ways, and in connection with various religious exercises. The most noticeable service in the metropolis having reference to the death of General Garfield was one of a special character held at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. The manifestation of religious feeling in the United States, by the common impulse of the people during President Garfield's last days to resort to prayer, was very marked.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed a letter to the clergy and laity of the Church of England, in accordance with a request from the bishops of his province, who had been approached by an influential committee, begging them "to consider whether any, and, if any, what further steps can be taken to grapple with the infidelity and indifference to religion which so widely exist." Citing episcopal sanction and precedent for his advice, the Archbishop urges the necessity of deepening and extending the organisation which already exists for the employment of lay agency. His Grace speaks of some 3,000 lay helpers at work in the diocese of London incorporated into a regular body, who are expected to meet from time to time, as circumstances allow, for a united participation of the Holy Communion. Of these some 140 are lay readers, who have been formally set apart by the Bishop in his chapel with prayer. All, however, has not been done that the exigencies of the case require. His Grace therefore recommends: "1. That in every diocese laymen should offer themselves to the parochial clergy for the distinct work of readers. 2. That the clergy should widely make known their desire to receive the co-operation of such laymen. 3. That when suitable men have come forward and been approved, they should receive, as in London, a formal commission from the Bishop, with such religious service as may deepen in their minds a sense of the responsibility of the position on which they are entering, and may be the instrument of calling down God's blessing on their labours. Such lay readers occupy a definite office, distinct from the position of those many other lay helpers whom every earnestly-minded clergyman seeks to enlist in his parish." The Archbishop goes on to point out that it will be the duty of the Bishop of each diocese to see that, when he licenses such persons, they are fitted for the duties which they undertake; and that each Bishop require a test of fitness, and may arrange for those who can avail themselves of it, some suitable course of instruction, by which busy men may be assisted in preparation for such work without an undue interference with the claims of their ordinary secular callings. His Grace adds: "Last winter, as in the previous year, a regular system of instruction and voluntary examination for lay helpers was maintained in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral; and during the last few weeks, the authorities of Keble College, Oxford, placed their buildings at the disposal of certain eminent clergymen, who gathered round them for a time a body of such laymen. I have the testimony of those who have had the benefit of this instruction that they have felt braced and encouraged for the better discharge of their labours of love by the kindly interest which has been shown to them, and the useful hints which they have received to guide them in the better discharge of their duties. The authorities of Westminster Abbey are understood to have expressed their willingness to co-operate in a similar good work; and I see no reason why such short courses of training may not be organised in every diocese, in connection with its cathedral." Finally, the good Archbishop takes care that, in a long pastoral letter on organisation, the important truth be not overlooked that organisation cannot supply the place of Christian faith and energy.

The Archbishop of York has written an account of the efforts he has made to effect the release of the Rev. S. F. Green, now confined in Lancaster Castle for refusing obedience to all the courts of Law which have adjudicated upon his case. His Grace wrote to Mr. Green recently, inviting him to put himself in the hands of his own Bishop and follow his direction. This Mr. Green declined. "But I do not think," says the Archbishop; "that the attempt has been wholly vain, for it has proved to me that the cell from which we should be glad to lead him forth, is locked on the inside." His Grace points out that Mr. Green will not accept the ruling of the Archbishop's Court, the opinion of the assembled Bishops of the Anglican Communion, the resolutions of Convocation, the determination of his own Bishop, or the invitation of the Archbishop of the province; and that so long as the imprisoned clergyman maintains this attitude, no further means can be adopted to effect his release. He has been visited in gaol by the Bishop of Tennessee, and other sympathising friends.

The policy of the German Government towards the Court of Rome appears to be undergoing modifications to the advantage of the Pope and those who, in Germany acknowledge his spiritual authority. The rigour of the "May Laws" against Romish ecclesiastics having been already softened, further concessions are being granted. The bishoprics, long vacant, in consequence of the Government refusing the episcopal nominees to be instituted, are now, it is stated, about to be filled. Indeed, in the case of one see—that of Treves—the Pope and Emperor have agreed upon an occupant, Dr. Korum, and his installation has taken place. Diplomatic relations, too, which had been broken off between the two powers, are about being resumed.

Monsignore Count Enrico di Campello, one of the Canons of St. Peter's, at Rome, renouncing his benefices in the Roman Catholic Church, recently made a solemn public profession of the Evangelical faith in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Piazza Poi, before the pastor Dr. Alceste Lana. Monsignore di Campello is a member of a distinguished Roman family, and brother of Count Paul di Campello, elected Municipal Councillor by the clerical vote. Count Enrico, on the day after his abjuration of the Roman Catholic faith, addressed a letter to Cardinal Borromeo, the head of the clergy attached to the Basilica, announcing the step he had taken. The conclusion of the Canon's letter to the Cardinal is as follows: "I quit the ranks of the Roman clergy to militate in those of the pure Gospel of Christ, thus remaining true to my vocation and convinced of finding peace for my soul, since, strong in the doctrines of the Divine Master, not adulterated or counterfeit, it will be given me to profess myself a Christian without hypocrisy, and an Italian citizen without a taint of being a traitor to my country. No one, least of all your Eminence, will suspect that I am led to this step by hard treatment or unsatisfied ambition. On the contrary, I affirm that I was well received everywhere. I felt specially honoured by the goodwill of my colleagues, of whom I shall retain the most dear and imperishable remembrance. Moreover, the dignity of a canon of the first Church in the world was held by me in such esteem that no other object of ambition could have seduced me. I am spurred on by the above reasons, and if my whole mind is to be manifested, I am moved likewise by disgust of a life spent almost wholly in uninterrupted religious exercises, of five or six hours daily, which all sensible persons must regard as stupid fetichism and most degrading idleness; but, above all else, what decides my course is the study of the faith in the unquestionable pages of Christian antiquity, and in the modern ones of the immortal Rosmini, Gioberti, Venturo, and of the excellent Roman priest and curate De Santis. I therefore beg your Eminence to notify to the Pontiff my spontaneous abjuration of the Catholic faith." The event is said to have created a great sensation in Rome.

A letter from Torre Pellice, in the Piedmont valleys, gives an account of the annual synod of the Waldensian Church held in that little town. An opening sermon was preached on the eve of the synod's assembling; the preacher being M. Weitzecker, Pastor of the Waldensian Church at Nice. On this occasion the ordination of three pastors took place, to each of whom will be assigned a post in evangelisation work in Italy. The deliberations of the synod commenced under the presidency of the Rev. Professor Geymonat, of the Waldensian College at Florence. The work of the Church in the valleys and in the numerous stations throughout Italy was reported and commented on,—the discussions on home matters in French, and on evangelisation in the Italian language. A lively and interesting discussion took place on the Report of the Commission entrusted with the Revision of the Liturgy. The Conservative element was in good force for the retention of the old Liturgy intact, but the labours of the Revisers were not to be thus set aside, and the Revision Committee was reappointed; and it is hoped that by this time next year this work will be perfected. Among the deputies and strangers from abroad were the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh; Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn; Mr. Hugh Matheson, Mr. G. H. Lake, and Major Frobisher. Dr. Robertson announced, amid much applause, the completion of the promised gift of 12,000*l.* by the friends of the Waldenses in Scotland, as an endowment for increasing the hitherto insufficient stipends of the pastors; an example which is to be followed in England by a similar endowment, which was inaugurated at the Meeting at Lambeth Palace, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury in March last. The synod closed, with the re-election of the old "Table," with Rev. Dr. Lanteret as Moderator, and of the old Commission of Evangelisation with the Rev. Matteo Prochet as its President.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDE.

IOTHA CARDINELLI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES AND STORIES OF LIFE IN ITALY."

CHAPTER VII.

"HERE is dear Aunt Iotha!" exclaimed a bright olive-complexioned girl to her sister, as they stood looking down the mountain path at a small mule waggon which was wending its way slowly up the steep path to the farm.

Situated close in the midst of the smiling sunny valley of the Anio, near to Subiaco, "La Colombaja," as the farm was called, could be seen from these mountains, which are offshoots of the Apennines, lying like a green gem at their foot. Round and about the long low building a sort of wild beauty prevailed, but once inside the palisades all was cultivation of the highest order.

No. 1440.—DECEMBER 3, 1881.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

A spacious vineyard took up the entire south side of the house; and beyond this, separated by a tessellated pavement, was a large grass plot, and round it a most charming rosary, planted in a long half circle just before the low window of the general room.

All else around was garden, arranged after those which grace the famous Villeggiatura of the Popes, which stands on a pianura of the next spur of the mountain, beside the lovely cascades of Le Sirena, the music of whose falls is most soothing doubtless to the priests and frati who seek the charming villa residence during the hottest season of the year.

Like all priestly palazzi, everything about is of the best, and this is celebrated, and had been from the days of St. Boniface, for its lovely growth of roses of every conceivable colour, and it was from these superb trees that the rosary of "La Colombaja" was grown. A sort of bastion or gallery of rock rose on one side the cascade, which was covered with flowers falling in showers of many-coloured beauty adown the side of the mountain. Crimson and blue-winged dragon-flies and butterflies of gorgeous colours flittered here and there in all the happy liberty He who gave them their short summer day lives intended them to enjoy, and innumerable swarms of busy insects filled the air with their gentle humming.

The little sunny hamlet of Cerbera was on the heights above the villa, and there it was that all the festas of the year were celebrated, and a gay little place it was. But some monks had built an oratory near by in a lone forest dell, so dark and gloomy that the dear little birds' voices were never heard there, and in a small belfry they had hung up a deep, melancholy-toned bell.

Now this bell was, as these narrow-minded black-robed gentlemen wished it to be, a real kill-joy! for on this or that so-called saint's day, when there might be a birthday fête, or perhaps a wedding, every half hour this bell would give out its doleful sound, and whilst it was tolling, a long, dirty, miserable-looking brother would come forth among the joyous crowd, and walk, or rather shuffle, among them with a small tray before him held by a string round his long yellow neck. And what was it he carried? Books with pictures for the ragazzi—or brooches and ribbons for the young maidens? Ah, no! This would at least have been honest trade. But, alas, he was vending bits of old bones—pretended relics of saints, which were more probably bones of paupers or criminals; crosses also on which was carved the image of the Crucified: all these were held up as articles of merchandise by the poor blind leader of the blind.

It was the sound of this melancholy bell which made the Signora Iotha Cardinelli tremble, she knew not why, as she neared her sister's house, "La Colombaja;" but when the mules had gained the last steep incline of the mountain and turned into the farm lands, and she saw her two nieces Ottavia and Ninetta waiting for her, and heard their tones of joyous welcome, she was reassured.

The day in which Iotha arrived at the farm was a so-called saint's day in the Roman calendar, and it being a yearly festival, and friends and relatives meeting together, it had been chosen as the nuptial day for Ottavia, the eldest daughter of the Signore and Donna Bianchi.

Among what might be called the gentlemen farmers of Italy—those living on their own lands—a marriage is a very interesting affair.

On the day before that fixed for the wedding, the betrothed sit to receive the visits and gifts of their friends, after which, with a few chosen ones, the pair proceed to the house prepared for them, when the bridegroom asks his bride's acceptance of her new home, and on her of course accepting it, he seats her in the place she will occupy as his wife.

The evening is devoted to dressing the bride's chamber, which she will occupy for the last time, and in which she will receive congratulations after her return from the ceremony.

Everything is done early in Italy, therefore it was not quite six o'clock when Iotha arrived at "La Colombaja" and was so warmly received by her young nieces—the bride being but seventeen. They had been gathering roses for Ottavia's chamber, all white moss ones—with some superb white lilies, which had been carefully preserved for the last two days, the greenery having been arranged the previous night.

"Darling auntie, where are my cousins Iotha and Mabella? Why are they not with you?"

Signora Cardinelli burst into tears. But after a few minutes she recovered herself sufficiently to tell her news, that which afflicted her.

"The reason my dear children are not here to-day is that the judge has decreed they are to go into a convent school for a year," replied their aunt.

But at this juncture they reached the farm, and Donna Geltruda, hearing her sister's voice, came forward, and received her with the warmest signs of affection.

"But where are the girls?" she asked, and then Iotha, not wishing to mar the joy of her young niece's nuptial day, told her sister that they had gone to a convent school much against her will, but that she would speak to her more fully to-morrow.

Iotha then presented a beautiful set of pearls and turquoises as her present to Ottavia, and a rich bracelet on the part of her two children, with their most affectionate greetings and wishes. "And now, my Ottavia," said her mother; "it is time for you to dress, for the Pastor Brunelli will soon be here, and we have quite a small walk to take."

In the chamber Ottavia had shared with her sister, flowers were everywhere. Ninetta loved her sister dearly, and had not allowed any one to help her in this her work of affection.

Dressed in the nuptial dress of the brides of Subiaco, Ottavia looked the picture of a true Italian maiden.

When she was ready, her father and mother came into her room to say their greetings, and to hold a few minutes' conversation with their daughter before giving her into another's keeping.

Donna Geltruda Bianchi and her husband Filippo kissed and blessed their child, and she kneeling at their feet, thanked them with tears of gratitude for all their loving care of her from infancy; and then in gentle tones of regretful emotion, she asked their forbearance and pardon for all her shortcomings and faults committed in the heedlessness of youth.

"Thou hast been an obedient daughter, and wilt be no doubt a faithful wife, my Ottavia. We all fall short of our duties, and nothing but the grace of God to guide us, and our dependent prayerful-

ness to be kept from temptation, can lead us safely through the thorny paths of life. But thou my Ottavia—mia diletta figlia—thou hast ever been thy father's joy, thy mother's obedient child, therefore I say with all my heart to thee, 'Many daughters have done well, but thou—thou excellest them all!' Go in peace, my daughter, to thy husband's arms; and if thou carriest to his heart and home the sunshine thou hast often brought to thy father's and thy mother's, the blessing of an Omnipotent God will rest with thee and abide with thee for ever, Amen!"

Signor and Signora Bianchi laid their hands on the lovely bowed head of their eldest-born child. Thus blessing her and commending her to Him who alone could be her shelter from the real tempests of life, the father left her to her mother's care.

It was a bright morning which now shone forth in full beauty for the young sposi, and the sun had scarcely kissed away the dews from the lips of the flowers, when the sound of gay voices through the open lattice of Ottavia's chamber told that the business of the day was about to begin.

The weather being very warm it was requisite that the party of the bride should set off early.

How beautiful and fresh was the summer morn! The very birds and flowers seemed to acknowledge the power of the gracious sunlight, everything in nature was offering up in its own appointed way its tribute of love to the Father who had created them all.

Giaccomo Radinelli, the sposo, with his friends, was waiting the signal to approach the house of his bride, anxiously looking for her appearance.

At last Ottavia appeared among the flowers on the balcony of her room, the signal gun was fired, and then from the neighbouring copse the bridegroom elect and his brothers and relatives, accompanied by a well-trained band, approached to the appointed spot to meet the bride and her maidens.

Twelve of the best singers and the band commenced the nuptial hymn, then the two processions filed off and took their way to the little temple where the nuptial rites were to take place. Never was seen a prettier or more pastoral picture. Through the winding hill-path they walked, the sun glinting through the branches of the trees; the music sounding with the girl's voices, soft and clear, as the breeze bore it now here, then there, until its soft echoes wandered away to cheer other hearts, perhaps sorrowing ones, among the distant hills!

"I pronounce you man and wife."

The nuptial blessing has been given; and they two—happy as the birds that helped to swell their wedding anthem of God's blessed love, the chaste bridal embrace given—Ottavia and Giaccomo, with their friends, took their way to the farm, where other friends awaited them.

The walk back from the little church seemed like the revelation of a new life to Ottavia, and as she afterwards said she moved as in a dream.

The voices of the Contadini, so gay and joyous, who were flocking to the piazzas where the booths of merchandise were, could be heard distinctly as they neared the little hamlet of Cerbera, and many a group who had come down from the mountain hamlets or from the villages in the valley, stopped by the wayside to make their offerings of fruit and charming flowers to the bride. Giaccomo looked almost like a jack o' the green, but that the bright colours of these floral offerings gave him a far better appearance.

Ottavia's pretty dark eyes were full of tears of gratitude to those who showed her such good feeling, many bright drops falling on the flowers she held as their cheery words of good will fell upon her ear.

So they returned to the fête which awaited them at the farm. Through the meadows where the soft-eyed kine were feeding, passing the solemn woods where the west wind whispered to the leaves, they took their happy way—proofs of God's power around them as seen in the works of his creation, and his love in their hearts as obeying the command contained in the Book of his Word, "That ye love one another!"

CHAPTER VIII.—TWO YEARS AFTER.

In a large airy room on the fourth story in the Rue du Ponthieu, near the Champs Elysées, a young Italian woman, dressed with all the neat coquetterie for which the Genoese are noted, was busily preparing some fine linen for ironing, for Margarita Moroni was a laundress.

At the other side of the room on a low truckle-bed, tossing her weary head here and there on her pillow in all the inquietude of unrest, lay a lady of twenty-seven or eight years, whose low moans uttered now and again seemed to pain greatly the busy little woman at her ironing-table.

"Cara Padrona, if you do not try to get better, you will never be able to go with me back to our Italy, will she, Minetta? Patience and courage, signora, and all will yet go well."

A low moan from the lady on the bed was the only answer to Margarita's kindly words, and then after another turn, and another toss, came the loving plaint, "Oh Marco, ben amato marito mio, dove sei tu?"

Margarita ran to the suffering Estella—for it was she—and laying the aching, weary head on her bosom, comforted her with words of hope, even Minetta, the little dog, doing her best to cheer her by caresses and gambols.

Margarita had been laundress at "Casa Cardinelli," every one in the household having felt a true kindness for the ready-handed Genoese. The little dog had been given to the child Iotha by her on the occasion of her birthday, and when the sad day came that the two girls left home for the monastery, the poor girl had entreated Margarita to take Minetta with her when she married—which she did a few months afterwards her soldier lover,—and care for her until her return, for the little animal was her property.

Poor little faithful doggie! How she loved her little mistress! After Iotha had left "La Casa," Minetta would roam over the gardens, then into the schoolroom, and not finding Iotha, she would seek Margarita, and by every means in her canine power, ask, "Where is my little mistress?"

This was the dog which Margarita apostrophised, and well she might, as time will show.

When Estella heard those hopeful words from her trusty little friend, she turned and begged Margarita to tell her what she meant.

"What I mean is this, carina, that your husband Signor Marco has sought for you everywhere! He visited the monastery over which his sister is

abbadessa, and there were hard words between them. But that which annoyed the lady the most was, when Signor Marco told her that he forgave you with all his heart, because of his love for you. He knew that Padre Fabiano had worked upon your weakness by his strength of purpose, to disunite you from him, making you believe that you would lose your soul if you lived with such a heretic."

"True! All true, Margarita; and now whilst I have power—for your words have comforted me, dear Margie," said Estella, kissing with much grateful feeling the soft olive cheek of her companion, "I should like to tell you all I suffered during this past dreadful time."

Margarita assisted Estella to an old easy-chair, and propping her up with cushions, she wheeled it to the window which commanded a view of the Champs Elysées, thinking that the perfume from the lime trees would reanimate her with thoughts of home. Then she took her own embroidery, and prepared to listen to Estella's story.

The suffering lady closed her eyes for a moment or two, asking help from One who is mighty to save, not as heretofore from the Virgin; and then Estella told her true little friend all she had gone through since the fatal night she fled from "Casa Cardinelli."

"When I heard my husband declare himself no longer of the Roman Catholic faith, my heart seemed to stand still! I remembered all the dreadful stories Padre Fabiano had told me about the years of purgatory my dear husband would have to endure, to purify him from his so-called heresy, so that when my confessor—ah! how the word disgusts me now, cara—told me that I should be lost if I remained with my faithful Marco, but that by leaving him, and passing through penances and prayers, I should shorten his years of pain, I believed the perfidious man, and entered my sister-in-law's monastery that night.

"I will not break your kind, tender heart, Margarita mia, by telling you all I suffered at the evil hands of the Abbadessa Ildebranda and Padre Fabiano, but will come to one dark, fearful night when all endurance must have come to an end, but that the infinite compassion of Him whose precepts and commands I had neglected, sent me help in my darkest hour. That hour gave place to a light that showed me the dawn of a morning whose brightness would lead me to Him who has invited all such weary souls as mine to trust in his love, believing—and there to find rest!

"On that night, Margarita, I had to perform a penance which was the hardest I had yet had put upon me. At the end of the cloisters in the monastery of Santa Maria della Misericordia, there was an old, old church, which stood in a quadrangular court, and possessed many attractions for a mind like mine, then full of the mysticisms the Padri Gesuiti love to put into the minds of their votaries. In this church I was to perform my penance—and what was this penance for? Because in confession I had told Padre Fabiano that I mourned deeply for my husband—he who had been the joy of my girlhood, and who had crowned my womanhood with the blessing of his faithful love, caring for me, ahi, cara, with a tender undying affection that, had my religion—so-called—permitted me to think for myself, I should have recognised as an honest, ennobling feeling that only the noble-hearted ever know.

"It was nearly midnight when I walked with uneven steps down the cloisters, and my nervous fears at the utter stillness were not relieved when that silence was broken by the croak of a raven! Although I knew that this old bird had its home in the old church tower, still it shook my courage a little as I entered the old building. The clock tolled midnight as I reached the high altar where my penance was to be performed, and after the prescribed prayers I rose from my knees, and went to the small side chapel where the image of Santa Maria della Misericordia stood dressed in all the expensive style imaginable, also with jewels of price on her neck and arms.

Whilst prostrate and in tears before this figure, I perceived that the church was gradually becoming full of a curious soft light which, beginning at the Lady Chapel, gradually diffused itself through the church. I knew it was not the moonlight, for all the windows of the picturesque old building were covered with a parasitical growth of climbers, which almost excluded the light, except in the lightest part of the day.

"What was it then? But, as I afterwards learnt, these seeming wonders were not meant for my behoof. Oh, Margarita! I began to be so frightened, and yet I could not shape my fear into words; and then to my intense surprise I heard a voice which seemed to come from the image of the Virgin, say 'Iotha, daughter!' and point the right hand towards heaven! Round about the image incense floated, the subtle perfume filling the church with its fragrance, but as yet nothing was to be seen; but in a few minutes stealthy footsteps approached the velvet portière, and gently lifting it, passed swiftly out to the cloisters. Then all was quiet! Almost fainting from the effects of the weird scene, I crossed the church to a side chapel where a lamp burnt continually.

"On approaching it, a deep-drawn sigh startled me, and in another moment I felt that I was not alone, for I had scarcely dared open my eyes before, but now I found the mystic light gone, and I saw a slight figure rise, as it were from the ground, looking in the semi-obscurity like a visitant from another world. The figure advanced towards me, and I saw it was that of a young girl, but ah! what joy when a dear and gentle voice exclaimed, 'Zia mia amatissima!' and my niece Iotha Cardinelli took me in her arms, or I should have fallen, crying, 'Oh che felicità—che gioja!'

"Dear girl! Her great pleasure was something pretty to see. 'They had given me,' she said, 'this penance in this old church at midnight on purpose to frighten me. All that strange light, and the voice of Sister Monica calling me—for it was she who stood for the figure of the Virgin on purpose to make me believe I was miraculously called—I can now laugh at, dear auntie, for it has brought me to you. Depend upon it, Padre Fabiano did not know of my penance, or he would not have let you have one in the same place, but, thank God, we have met. The penance of to-night was almost too horrid to tell you—it was to lick with my tongue the yard of marble pavement where the priest stands,* and why? Because I refused to confess to Padre Renardo! But I have always had some kind of penance.' That night

* A fact well-known to the writer.

always seems to me like a dream, and yet we then planned something which ended as you already know. Ah! if we did but know——"

"Never mind, cara padrona, and now you must rest," and taking from the fire a plate of appetising and nourishing food, she placed it before her charge, and when she had finished, she helped Estella to undress, and in a short time all was quiet in the room.

TRUE HEROISM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

THE Yellow Sea, that laps the feet of the Quantock Hills, is now some miles away from me. Instead of treading the clay that has crumbled from the alabaster-banks, I pace the firm sand, edging a portion of England's largest bay, and feast my eyes on the splendid hues—azure shoaling into emerald, and thence into wine-dark amethyst—of the sea, that make glorious the coast of Dorset and Devon. At one time I may contemplate the spot where landed ill-fated Monmouth, and the sigh of the crisp, clear, curling wavelets on either side his vessel, seemed sadly to presage his doom. At another time I may linger by moonlight on the shelving shore of Charmouth, and revolve the various experiences which this quiet bay has undergone. I may try to call up the ammonites into myriad life, to imagine the nautilus sailing here in the light of the tropical moon of long ages ago, to imagine the strange snake-necked plesiosaurus, or the grim lengthy ichthyosaurus, crocodile-jawed and fish-spined, disporting themselves on the shore. Then I may come nearer our own times, and watch King Charles II. and his faithful few coming down cautiously and fearfully to Charmouth beach, vainly expecting the vessel which comes not, and obliged to forego for that time the hope of leaving his unkind England. And I may see the poor henpecked captain (who was to have taken him to sea, but was imprisoned in his own house by his virago wife and two stalwart daughters) going down at last to the beach to explain matters to the colonel. But Colonel Wyndham meeting him, and seeing him dogged by his women, warily passed him in silence, and so the king fled to Broadwindsor, leaving the Puritans of Lyme to seek him in vain, and "hum their surly hymns."

Well, plesiosaurus, mammoth, King Charles, all are gone, save for fossil bones and fossil memories. And the grey lias cliffs are here, and the hills wear their golden gravel cap in the afternoon sun. And the everlasting sea, as it seems, brims up and retires as the tides come and go; and shimmering paths lead from each gazer up to the moon, when the clear blue nights come. And the playful crisping waves run races shorewards, and leave answering curves of sienna and madder-hued seaweed on the brown sand. And they leap about the dark-green-bearded piles sunk for breakwaters, and about the stone protests that run out seaward to stem the encroachments of the persistent sea. And they make merry with the many naked legs of children wading, paddling on the shelving shore; and, coming up quietly, resistlessly, they level those painfully-erected sand-buildings, and make the smooth shore even the same as it had been before all that earnest, important work had been lavished on these structures of a day.

The child is father of the man, we murmur, as we look at these little Nebuchadnezzars of the sands, contemplating with pride these great Babylons, which the next tide will sweep away. And the sea, as it creeps on up the shelving shore, seems to merit the thousand similes lavished on it. It comes, as does old Time, to overthrow the labours of many brief hours of life. It comes, as mature Disappointment, to cast down the castles which young Hope has been busy in building. It comes, as an inexorable Fate, a grim implacable destiny, swaying with equal indifference a seaweed or a corpse in the rhythm of its musical motion. It comes, as Treachery, with crisp wave-laughlets, with a million twinkles of delight, with sweet, sentimental melancholy of musical sighs. But it will hem you in, if it can, with crafty molten silver creeping round to cut off your retreat; and while you fearfully retire, and eye the sheer heights of impracticable cliff, it will come on, just as smoothly, just as gaily, just as tenderly regretful, just as deliberately, to hold you, a button at a time, in the playful embrace of Death. A very Undine.

Then there is the day to think of, when the storm-wind is let loose, and the blue and the jewel-green hath gone, and great, and wrathful, and turbid, and dark, all pretence over, all treachery laid aside, the thundering ocean, scabbard cast away, carries its utmost of warfare against the trembling land. Mightily, with a thud which makes the stone landing shake, on which you hardly stand, does the great wave shock, longing to be at you. High above the parapet sheets the fury of the foam, falling with a crash at your feet, and hurrying off, in an angry stream, to seek the outlets through which it may rush back again into the boiling sea. Eager it presses on again, "with a desperate desire, and a resolute endeavour, now, now, at last or never," to conquer in the eternal war; but the solid stone-work baffles again the passion of the onset. Back rushes the defeated wave, chafing, raging; and meeting, in its madness, another charging cohort, they clash, and buffet in blind fury, and the spray of the civil conflict leaps up far into the dun sky—most fascinating to watch, for an hour or more, spite of drenching, from a stone pier. But a different thing, if you are out, in a frail boat, daring and buffeting the storm.

And then we may go on to fancy the excitement and the terror of a wreck; the bellowing wind, the mad scream of the tearing breakers, and the lifeboat putting off for the life-and-death fight. The lifeboat! Our thought goes back to a time before lifeboats were invented, and we recall the well-worn story of Grace Darling, compelling, by her energy and simple devotion to duty, the cautious old sea-dog, her father, to take an oar, in that shell of a boat, and row out to the rescue of the despairing mariners, helpless against the determined onset of billow after billow.

But Grace fights the battle of the waters. And why? Just, I suppose, because it was the right and evident thing to be done. Consequences, to herself and her father too, were not to be considered. Here lay a duty, right in their path. With no sense of heroism, but just with the thought that what the hand findeth to do, ought to be done, with utter might, she did, as a matter of course, the clear duty and, unconsciously, she became a heroine.

Thus the sea, twinkling in the calm, raging in the storm, leads us on to thoughts of true heroism. For our custom of old time is, to moralise, even while we seem only listlessly to saunter and admire; and to learn a lesson, even in our hours of play.

Heroes and hero-worship; these are well-worn words in our time. And every aspiring young heart would fain be a hero. And every spirit with vigour and latent fire, leaps up into flame, when a spark strikes it, from the hard flint of some hero-life.

How, then, are heroes made? Let us, thinking still of our brave mariner-girl, lay down this dictum, at any rate, That self-consciousness is fatal to true heroism.

A simple saying, yet a simple truth. If a man vapours about glory, praise, and honour, as *ends* and *aims* of noble deeds in this life, does not a quiet analysis of his story, even if he succeed, show him to be really contemptible? A selfish man; not seeking the good, but the applause of his kind. A man living for show, a mere actor on a stage, dependent for the vigour of his acting upon the sympathy and appreciation of his audience; collapsing, therefore, if hisses come instead of applause—retreating, shamed, beaten, baffled, from the stage on which he is no longer a *popular* performer. A poor creature, and no real hero, is he who loses heart and force, when the sustaining power of popularity fails him.

True heroism will dare to do and to say the unpopular thing—to run counter to the multitude; to face an army, hopelessly, if need be.

> "Alone stood brave Horatius,
> Yet constant still in mind;
> Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
> And the broad flood behind."

But the offer of the old Roman hero was simply made, and simply accepted, as though there were nothing wonderful about it:

> "For how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers,
> And the temples of his gods?"

A matter-of-course offer, without any parade; and accepted in like spirit.

> "'Horatius,' said the Consul,
> 'As thou sayest, so let it be.'"

And mockery first, and anger last, met brave Horatius and his right- and left-hand man. But the simplicity of the act, and the faithful and manful daring of it, raised the true man into the category of heroes.

The right course, however, in this as in every case is beset with shoals and quicksands. A man may glory in being unpopular; may foresee that posterity will right him in the end, and so fight, not really for the true, unpopular cause, but for the cause which, he foresees, will eventually triumph, and crown his memory with glory.

> "Charge once more then, and be dumb,
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of Folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall."

And the man who foresees praise, and acts not for simple, possibly never-to-be-praised duty, is not truly the hero. The quiet doer of duty will often, not always, win praise. But then this was the accident, not of the essence of his action.

> "Not once, nor twice, in our rough island story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

So the plant that grew patiently and unpretendingly on a sterile soil, unnoticed, receives the blossom-crown at last. And the homely dull-green corn that endured, through frost and heat, rain and drought, rage of storms, and flattery of summer skies, only thoughtful, through all, to fulfil its part, and to go right on to the maturing of the useful grain, finds, when the work is done, a golden glory dwelling on its head.

Yes, self-consciousness is fatal to true heroism. Something of this thought is to be found in the warning of Solomon, "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips." And a greater than Solomon, even the Lord of our love, gives us the rules which, acted upon, will make true heroes. Quietly, bravely, in His strength, to drink of the cup that He drank of, and to be baptized with the baptism that He was baptized withal—the cup of self-sacrifice for others, the baptism, if need be, of blood—and not to set greatness and high places before the mind as the object of great deeds. Not to seek "to be some great one, when you do some great thing." But to act as the stars do, whose commission—as Jean Ingelow has reminded us—from Him who lit their fires was, "Give light," not "Win praise."

And then our Master provides us further with an antidote, good and stringent, against the Grub, Self-consciousness, which is so apt to mar the Rose, Perfection. Who, of mere men, could ever pretend to have fulfilled thoroughly and satisfactorily every duty of life? And suppose the case of one who had done so, what then? May he not, as did Napoleon I., place the crown on his own head, inscribe himself as a true hero? No, the Master says no.

"When ye have done *all* that is commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do."

Such doing of duty would indeed bring the praise, would bring the crown. So the Master promises His own "Well done!" for His good and faithful servants. And so *faithful* work, however it be but the fulfilment of duty, will, must, win from men the tribute of applause. Or, if it miss this, and be misunderstood, or overlooked, the fragrance of a real life is never wasted upon the desert air. He who "putteth our tears in His bottle," will (if the simile be not too homely) guard the essence of such a life amid His choicest perfumes.

And if in hamlets, village Hampdens and mute, inglorious Miltons may be imagined, in how many a

single household heroes and heroines may be found? Mostly heroines, perhaps; patient and worn wives and mothers and sisters, "without a hope on earth to find a mirror in an answering mind;" "meek souls" who live and "little deem their daily strife an angel's theme." Household martyrs—patient, gentle, kindly; loving, amid coldness or hate; ever set aside, yet ever to the fore; overlooked, yet indispensable to those about them; bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. And these are they who are, for the most part, so truly heroic, that they have no knowledge of their heroism. They do but do their duty, and if a word of appreciation from some outsider should come, it is received with no simulated surprise.

> "If their own life plaudits bring,
> They're simply vexed and hurt, that such
> An easy, yea, delightful thing,
> Should move the hearts of men so much."

Theirs is something of the unconscious heroism of a dog. Your dog gets you your water-lily, not that you may write a poem about it, but because it saw that you wished for it. If a pat or a kind word come, that is indeed reward, appreciated, though not exacted. If it floats with its dead master down yellow Tiber, holding him up with its paws as long as it can, it did it not that man might write its praise for the generations to come, but only because of the simple faithfulness and love of its canine heart. Gelert could die, never regretting his service, though dying too soon for the torrent of repentant words. And that other dog, noting the fall from the saddle of its master's bag of money, and giving him no peace, when he wished to ride on his way, so that, thinking it to be mad, he turned his grieved face away and shot his importunate servant—well, when the master, suddenly perceiving his loss, turned back, and, tracking the dog by his blood, found that he had crawled back to keep watch beside the bag, what did he find? Not resentment, nor consciousness of nobility. No; only simple service unto death, and loving dog-eyes still, and a grateful licking of the mistaken, caressing hand, and much content to find his trust relieved, as he turned him on his side and died.

To go once more from dogs to man. The Iron Duke's single thought of duty has been already spoken of. Not only in command, however, but in the ranks, all true soldiers,—we love to say, not without good grounds, pre-eminently the British soldier—is animated by the true heroism which looks at duty as a thing apart from praise.

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die,
> Into the valley of death,
> Rode the Six Hundred."

And this reliability is not a mere matter of animal courage. It is something more than that. "We have done that which was our duty to do;" thus it would sum up its performance at the end.

"When the *Birkenhead* went down," as we were recently reminded, "everybody knows how splendidly the soldiers behaved. The Duke of Wellington, a very short time before his death, referred to the disaster in a speech at the dinner of the Royal Academy, and it was noticed at the time that he said nothing about the courage displayed, which he appeared to take for granted, but dwelt exclusively upon the admirable discipline which had been maintained."

Nor is it only soldiers who may be thus matter-of-course, unpraised, unconscious heroes. Here is a brief account, cut from the *Standard*, of one. You see, not so much as his name is given. But it is written in the roll-call of heroes, for all that. "Three men who were engaged yesterday in clearing out a drain at the Pennywell Rodd Tannery, Bristol, were found by a labourer, working on the top, to have succumbed to the effects of the foul air. They were lying in the bottom of the drain quite helpless. The labourer jumped into the hole and lifted the three men out, although he, too, was nearly overcome by the fumes."

But now must not all self-consciousness, in even the most heroic life, find a wholesome check in that saying of the Master, "When ye have done *all* that is commanded you"? If the bravest, best, most faithful human service be tested by this test, must not the glow of self-complacency give place to the blush of shame? Ah, surely it is for the Master to praise, if He graciously deigns to do so, service that, howsoever grievously imperfect and inadequate, was yet earnest service, service sadly felt to be unworthy, yet the offering of true love: a willing heart, though the flesh was weak. Self-consciousness, if it be not leagued with self-deceit, must lead to self-abasement. The heart must be humbled, that finds always great things done feebly, and wise things done foolishly, and right things much alloyed with wrong in the doing them. And some hearts are even over-sensitive of this, and serve with a heavy spirit, while they yet serve with their might. Yet they shall be counted as heroes, doubtless, who, against odds, sometimes faint, often wounded, but never giving in, "alone uphold the day."

These need encouragement, but others, warning. Let them thus consider of the thing. A man has a man's work to do, and a man's power with which to do it. Whatsoever his hand findeth to do, he is expected to do it with his might.

But, as a matter of fact, the most part of men are unfaithful to their trust, or at least, do slack service, not working heartily. Thus the comparatively few that are true and leal become marked men. Let us remember that if all were true men, none would be beyond others, heroes, though there would be yet differences—leaders, and rank and file—according to the more or less talents committed to each.

May we not learn a lesson from the way in which the angels do God's work? Can we imagine surprise, even applause, among them, at the mere performance of delightful duty? But we are not as they are, who excel in strength. We seem to excel in weakness, and so strength among us, at all, is prized and praised. Surely, then, now is our special opportunity for work which the King shall count to be heroic, although we tender it with shame. And though our own strength be weakness, yet we may dare and endure. For He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE public life and career of James Garfield, from the log hut to the White House, will form a bright page in history. But there are special lessons to be gathered from his religious character. His parents were God-fearing people, and their home, though humble, was consecrated by the Divine presence. The father died when James was young, but the pious mother brought up her children in the love of the Saviour, and in the ways of truth and righteousness. There are many incidents remembered and recorded, proving that the good seed, sown in faith, bore good fruit.

His early years were passed in hard labour, and in adventurous employment of various kinds. He had for a time a hankering after the sea, but gave this up in deference to his mother's wish. She objected also to his being engaged in a canal boat, from fear of the evil company into which he would be thrown. He left that employment, but he had caught a malarial fever, which prostrated him for five months. It was a time of searching of heart, and the mother's prayers and pleadings were earnest. Not long after his recovery he yielded himself to the Saviour, and, as a friend has recorded, "he consecrated body, soul, and spirit to Him, in a conscious act of faith and self-surrender." This was no transient emotion, but the deep working of the Spirit of God in a true and thoughtful mind.

He joined a Christian community, holding the cardinal points of evangelical religion, and of which the distinctive feature was the adoption of the New Testament as the sole rule of faith and practice. In the fellowship of these "Disciples of Christ" he continued, and though not formally set apart for the ministry, he was known as an earnest and effective preacher. Afterwards when he rose to be Principal of Hiram College, where he had been a pupil, it was his custom to begin each day with prayer, reading the Scripture, and an address, seeking to exert good influence on the students. Elected a State Senator at the age of twenty-eight, he carried into public life the same high and consistent Christian character. When the Civil War broke out, he thought it his duty to take an active part on the side of what he regarded the cause of justice and right, of civilisation and liberty. In 1863, he entered Congress as one of the representatives of Ohio, and held the seat till his election as President.

Many illustrations of his religious character appear in the records of his life, but we have space now to mention only two characteristic incidents. When the nation was startled by the terrible tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln, a deep feeling arose for vengeance on the South, whose leaders were supposed to have instigated the murder. Garfield was in New York at the time. A mass meeting was being held, when a telegram from Washington was read: "Seward is dying." A tumult portending vengeance agitated the crowd. At this crisis the voice of Garfield was heard: "Fellow citizens, Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before His face. Fellow citizens, God reigns; and the government at Washington still lives." These pious and patriotic words stilled the tumult of the people. They were words simple yet sublime, and their power was felt throughout the nation.

The other incident was mentioned by Bishop Simpson at the meeting of Americans at Exeter Hall. At the Convention at Chicago, when the Republican party were selecting their candidate for the Presidency, Garfield was one of the leading men of the assembly, though his name had never been mentioned for nomination. The day before the decision was the Sabbath, and he went to the house of a friend, away from the excitement of political strife, and worshipped in an obscure little church of the denomination to which he belonged. "Them that honour me I will honour." Although the high position to which he was called by the voice of the nation exposed him to danger, it raised him to an elevation from which his character, noble by nature and doubly ennobled by grace, has been displayed before the whole world, and will exert an influence in all time.

On the day of the funeral of the President a special service was held in London at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which was attended by Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, and many American citizens. The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address, which gave expression to the general feeling in England, and touched all hearts. After a noble tribute to the President's character, and a review of his career, he thus concluded:—

"And now, my brethren from the other side of the Atlantic, and all of us, what lessons have we to learn from this mourning which has brought us all together so remarkably this day? Families disunited are often said to be brought together by some common sorrow. Thank God, we are not disunited, but we may be brought better to understand and love each other by our union in this common sorrow. There are many bonds to keep us together. The same blood, the same tongue, the same literature, each of us enjoying the privilege which the literature of the one race gives to the other; science in each country lending its aid to develop the industry, the prosperity, and the happiness of both. We have learned to appreciate each other. We know here in England, my American friends, your boundless hospitality shown to ourselves or our sons who have visited you and who have received from you a welcome as of relations near in blood. But our union above all must be based upon our common Christianity. We know that the Lord God Almighty has committed to us a trust—beyond the trust He has given to any other nations of the world—to carry through the boundaries of the human race a civilisation founded upon Christianity.

"Let us learn that this union is the only true union to keep us really together in the dark ages that may be in store for the human race; that individual, family, social, or political life must all have its cement in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Some may think that from this country there goes forth at times an uncertain sound as to religion, and that we have received uncertain sounds from over the Atlantic, but the heart of both nations, thank God, is still truly Christian, and in the ages that are before us may the Lord teach us both more distinctly to recognise the priceless value of the common guide, which alone can safely lead both nations in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Labour and Rest.

REST follows labour!
Even so;
Yet side by side
They likewise go.
Each to the other
Near akin,
For life well spent
Brings peace within;
This is the rest
That all may win.

S. E. G.

YOUNG INDIA.

BY RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

III.

A "NEW Dispensation" has been in progress since the last anniversary of the Bramo Somaj in February last; and our educated countrymen are now being earnestly invited to pause and consider its claims. The sacred flag of this fresh economy was hoisted in the metropolis of British India, amid the pomp and solemnity of a religious ceremonial of special significance. A silver pole, the gift of some pious Brahmo ladies, was set up in a conspicuous place in the Brahmo Mandir or Church in Calcutta, and a crimson silk banner was mounted thereon. A special service was held in honour of this sacred symbol of "regenerated and saving Theism," and a hymn composed for the occasion was enthusiastically sung. The banner was then formally unfurled amid "varied and deafening peals" raised by "a dozen of musical instruments, from the English bugle and gong to the traditional conch-shell." The presiding minister, Babu Keshab Chandra Sen, addressed a few words of exhortation and counsel while performing this ceremony, and very briefly alluded to the principles which he was to enlarge upon in his then eagerly looked-for anniversary address. He represented the flag thus hoisted as the visible symbol of the invisible "spirit of universal union:" inasmuch as "under it" were reconciled the four scriptures of the four great religions, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism;" "the East, West, North and South;" "Asia, Europe, Africa and America;" "men, women, the old and young." The "Apostles" present were solemnly exhorted to "go" and "preach," "far, near, and everywhere according to their light and faith." And "those of the congregation who accepted the New Dispensation were asked to come forward and touch the banner, while their names were being taken down." The ladies held a similar service "on the day following," and, while singing "sweetly" a hymn composed by themselves, "they walked round with dishevelled hair."

To obtain an insight into the doctrines enshrined in this dispensation we must examine the address delivered by the reformer, who is properly speaking its head and soul, in the Town Hall of Calcutta, in the hearing of a very large and appreciative audience. That address, which filled columns of some of the local papers, and which has subsequently appeared in the form of a neatly published pamphlet, has been read with no little disappointment by the public at large. Mr. Sen's utterances have for some years past, if not always, been more or less incoherent and wild; but this beats its predecessors most completely in incoherence and wildness. Some excellencies it doubtless has, such for instance as purity of diction, fervour of eloquence, and some degree of rhetorical finish; but these are more than counterbalanced by blemishes of a very serious character. But its greatest fault is its want of proper arrangement or logical precision; and this, in conjunction with the redundance of irrelevant matter put in, makes it difficult for us to see what the lecturer is driving at. The discourse is a string of rhapsodies, and, if we free it from the charge of a laboured attempt to mystify known truths, we cannot but represent a gross confusion of ideas as its most characteristic feature.

The New Dispensation is declared opposed to "egotism," and yet a very large portion of it is occupied with details of a personal character. The orator is really the hero of the oration, and his own experiences, both sombre and bright, the trials and persecutions he has had to brave, as well as the honours heaped upon him, are not merely related, but again and again referred to with what might justly be stigmatised as tedious repetition. He, however, most emphatically renounces all personal claims to prophetic or mediatorial honour, and identifies himself most completely with his brother apostles; a wise step, fitted to put an end to such rebellion as was once attributed, I do not know how far correctly, to Babu Protah Chandra Majumdar, his right-hand counsellor. "Accept me," says he, "as one among many. Do you see an individual before you? You are sadly mistaken. Behold a band of apostles entrusted with the New Dispensation. As I speak, their voices speak through me. For we are an undivided and organised church." The New Dispensation is "complete" with its "band of apostles," with "its full complement of apostles, scripture and inspiration." What its inspired scripture is, we are not told, but it is evident that its champions have been weaned from their quondam habit of sneering at paper revelations.

The principles of the New Dispensation, so far as they can be gathered from this incoherent discourse, are three in number. We shall refer to them in the order in which they have been enunciated.

I. The first of these principles is what the lecturer calls "immediacy." Let us allow him to speak for himself:—"For we represent a *new* dispensation. Its distinguishing feature is its immediacy, its denial of a mediator. While all other dispensations have their special mediatorial agency between God and a sinful world, here we have no such thing, no intercessor, no mediator. None of my fellow-believers will take God at second-hand, but would go direct to Him for light and salvation, thinking it wrong and impious to rely upon me or anybody else for intercession. The humblest sinner bases his supplication for Divine mercy upon the merits of no saint or martyr, but upon the merits of the Lord alone. In the immediate presence of the Deity the least amongst us daily seeks eternal life. Upon every Theist the new Gospel imposes the vow of direct worship. This is the peculiarity of the present dispensation, and in this, more than perhaps in anything else, it differs from all other dispensations." With reference to this extract it is to be observed that two things are apparent. The first is that "the distinguishing feature" of the New Dispensation is not a new doctrine or principle. There have been, since the beginning of days, groups of people, small indeed but blatant enough to make themselves

heard, determined and ready to call in question the generally or rather universally believed doctrine of mediation. The prominent place it occupies in the religions of the world shows its adaptability to the condition of man. But despite this patent fact, it has been gainsaid by the champions of so-called Liberalism in all ages and all countries. It cannot therefore impart a novel character to the dispensation of which it is represented as a "distinguishing feature." It should in the second place be borne in mind that denial of mediation has been a characteristic element of every form of theism or deism that has appeared and disappeared in the world since the beginning of days. It is, therefore, a heritage which the New Dispensation has received from its predecessors; and it cannot, therefore, of itself justify its ostentatious assumption of the title it has assumed.

Nor is this doctrine a link of union. The great boast of this dispensation is that it reconciles the jarring religions of the world, or fuses them into a homogeneous whole. But it begins its work of religious unification by holding up a principle which involves a declaration of war against all its rivals. To these it offers peace; and their advocates cannot but be obliged for its condescension! But the terms offered, or on which peace is offered, are very unfavourable, so unfavourable that the religions to which its generosity is extended cannot accept them without neutralising themselves. The doctrine of mediation is not a non-essential feature of these systems of faith, and therefore dispensable. It is to them a vital doctrine, that sinful man cannot without a mediator approach the holy God. The denial of mediation does violence to the instincts of humanity. The prominence mediation enjoys in the religions of the world sets forth its accordance with the instincts of our nature.

II. But let us hasten to the second distinguishing feature of this dispensation. Let us once more allow the lecturer to speak for himself. "Besides immediacy, there is another characteristic of the New Dispensation, which distinguishes it from all other religions. It is inclusive, while they are more or less exclusive. They exclude each other. But this includes all religions. If it does not include all, it is fatal to itself. This dispensation shuns altogether the old path of exclusiveness, and establishes for itself the new character of an all-embracing and all-absorbing eclecticism." The lecturer dwells upon this feature at great length, and presses a good deal of what might be represented as irrelevant matter into service to explain himself. For instance, he shows the difference between analysis and synthesis, unity and multiplicity in religious matters, dwells upon the tendency of correct science to "evolve by processes of generalisation and classification, the unity of force and cause" from "a huge mass of facts and figures," and points out the possibility of bringing order out of the chaotic heap of the conflicting faiths of humanity. There is a science "in the dispensations of God" as "in all things." "Do these alone stand beyond the reign of law and order? Are they mere accidents that happen without method or sequence?" Of course not, the lecturer replies. Men have not seen, and therefore they have ignored and denied the connecting link between the several dispensations. The New Dispensation has discovered the missing link. It has found the secret thread which goes through these dispensations and keeps them together. A great deal in this strain.

There is a glaring fallacy running through this and many other statements of the sort crowded under this head. Brahmoism is not a whit more inclusive than Christianity. The champions of Brahmoism cast in our teeth such sweet phrases as these, exclusiveness, intolerance, bigotry, narrow-mindedness; but these epithets may as legitimately be applied to them as to our own selves, if they can be applied to us legitimately at all. We are by no means more exclusive than they. They include truth, and exclude error. They do not say to the religions of the world, "come as you are, and we will embrace you as brethren beloved." Their language is, "come shorn and divested of your error, and we will hold out the right hand of fellowship to you." This is precisely what we are willing to do. We recognise the fact, as clearly and as emphatically as they, and the authors from whose writings they derive their inspiration do, that there is some truth in every religion on the surface of the globe. Nay, we believe that unmitigated and unmixed falsehood, falsehood without a spark of truth to recommend it, would not spread in this world. Mankind would recoil from it in horror, as they would recoil from a man who was all vice, and had not a single redeeming quality. That the religions of the world have some elements of truth buried under heaps of error was first proclaimed in the Church by Christian writers in the very first and second centuries of our era, nay, by the Apostles themselves. Now if these religions were to come to us shorn of their error, what Christian would not embrace them with the readiness with which the Brahmo leader is willing to accept them when they thus come? Why should his faith be paraded as especially inclusive, and ours as particularly exclusive? And why should we of all men be most persistently accused of exclusiveness and intolerance? Is Mr. Sen after all willing to accept them just as they are with their heaps of error concealing their sporadic elements of truth? If he is, our prayer is, God defend us from such liberal-mindedness, a liberal-mindedness which makes no distinction between truth, and untruth, holiness and unholiness!

His statement that all the dispensations of religion that have appeared and disappeared on the surface of the globe are dispensations of God, is one to which we most unhesitatingly demur. They apparently clash with and contradict each other; but as God cannot clash with or contradict Himself, they cannot all in their entireness be ascribed to Him. But Mr. Sen has discovered the "missing link" by means of which they may all be unified. What this missing link is he does not tell us. And he is wise enough not to attempt the impossible task of reconciling all the conflicting religious beliefs of humanity. Is it not a singularly significant fact that he applies his missing link to the varied progressive developments of one religion, and leaves the others in the cold? He sets forth at great length the unity between Moses and Christ, and Christ and Paul, but does not make the slightest attempt to set forth the unity between Buddha and Patanjali, the Indian champions of Atheism and Theism, between the Polytheism of the Puranas and the Monotheism of the Koran. Are we to ascribe this neglect of duty to a secret conviction that, while

the reconciliation of the Jewish with the Christian Scriptures is feasible enough, a reconciliation of "the four great scriptures of Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism" is an impossibility?

But perhaps Mr. Sen's meaning is this. There are confessedly scattered rays of truth in all the jarring religions of the world; extricate these rays from the circumambient darkness of error, gather them into one focus, and you have a new dispensation in which they are all unified. No statement can be fairer than this. Take the good out of every religion, the truth dissociated from the error by which it is neutralised, and work up the treasure thus accumulated into a system, and you have a religion free from the slightest touch of falsehood. But who is to do this? Mr. Sen does not claim infallibility as the Pope in doctrinal matters, and consequently he is not the man to gather the scattered rays of truth in the religions of the world into one focus, and thus initiate a faultless dispensation.

This idea needs a little expansion. There are principles at work, social and moral influences both good and bad; and the human soul must be free from all wrong bias, that is, perfectly sinless, before it can be benefited by the one class without being injured by the other. Again, there are associations and traditions afloat in every country, current ideas both good and bad by which human character is fashioned; and a man must be free indeed from all wrong proclivities before he can be at one and the same time moulded by one class and shielded from the other. It is only a perfectly pure and spotless soul that can maintain its integrity and uprightness amid the manifold corrupting influences of life; and it is only a perfectly sinless man that can instinctively recognise the truth in every current tradition or idea, and separate it from all admixture of falsehood. Such a man Mr. Sen is not, according to his own confessions; and, therefore, he is not the man to elaborate a system of unmixed truth. But Christ was according to Mr. Sen's admissions a perfectly sinless man, and therefore He was fitted, by means of moral faculties unimpaired by sin and a judgment free from all bias, to discover the true in all current ideas, and to evolve from them a system of unmixed truth. And so when Mr. Sen sets aside the dispensation inaugurated by our Lord, and brings forward a higher dispensation to supersede it, he is guilty of self-contradiction, as well as presumption. But perhaps Mr. Sen's belief is that he is only reviving the dispensation of Christ, after freeing it from the load of theological wrangling, under which it lies buried in Christendom. In that case he cannot call it a *new* dispensation, and *his own* dispensation, without being guilty of shameless plagiarism.

III. But it is time for us now to come to the third and last great principle of the New Dispensation. This principle is *subjectivity*. One has to toil his way through a regular wilderness of connected and unconnected matter, reasoning to the point and beside the point, in order to obtain an insight into what he says under this head; and after having waded through it, knee-deep in burning sand, he is not sure that he has apprehended the lecturer's meaning. What does he mean by the subjectivity of the New Dispensation? If he means that we must so meditate on God that His Spirit shall be the guiding spirit of our life, so contemplate the communicable attributes of God that they shall be reflected in us, and so hold communion with the saints of bygone ages that all that was good in them may be reproduced in us, there was no necessity of his dwelling on these simple old truths with the prolixity which characterises this portion of the discourse. He seems to mean nothing more, though solitary expressions of a mystical character are not wanting in his discourse, fitted to show that he has something like the transformation of the human into the divine essence in view. He, however, takes pains to discriminate his subjectivity from pantheism, which he most emphatically condemns. "As far from pantheism is this communion of saints as the north is from the south pole. Detestable pantheism! Thou hast done incalculable mischief in India. This land has seen thy horrors as no other country has. Therefore thou shalt not be permitted to re-enact those horrors. We have had enough of this cursed pantheism!" His utterances for some years past have had a pantheistic bias, and his present emphatic condemnation of pantheism is opportune. Barring, however, all pantheistical and mystical interpretation of his principle of subjectivity, we have a very simple truth, as old as the world itself, and consequently unfitted to warrant his application of the term new to his dispensation.

It is curious to ascertain what his present views of Christ are. He calls our Lord his Master most decidedly, and is surprised that we Christians do not hail him, amid unmistakable signs of gratulation and joy, as our most powerful and illustrious ally in India. He seems to feel the neglect to which he has been consigned by the missionaries, who once seemed disposed to bid him God-speed, most poignantly; and complains of the injustice they are doing him. It becomes them, therefore, to assure him that so long as he refuses to recognise in Christ Jesus "Very God and Very Man," a gulf wide, though under divine blessing not impassable, separates him from them. His Christology has passed through many phases of development since the beginning of his career; and its present phase is by no means fitted to recommend him to them who look upon the essential divinity of our Lord as both the foundation and vital element of Christianity. He says, "What Christ claimed was only subjective divinity, not objective deity. He was God-consciousness, not God. He was partaker of the Divine nature." His tendency to make Christ evaporate into an abstraction, the spirit of obedience, or the principle of self-surrender, is manifest even in this discourse, though in one passage he brings prominently forward the objective historical personality of our Lord. He vacillates, and our prayer is that he may vacillate till he is convinced of the Supreme Divinity of Christ, and of the truth of the peculiar doctrines associated with the dispensation He sealed with His blood.

Here then is a New Dispensation without a single element of novelty in it! When, however, we refer to this patent fact, our Brahmo friends turn the tables on us, and state that there was nothing new in the dispensation inaugurated by our Lord. The principles of morality and the grand doctrines He welded into symmetrical system might be found scattered in the Jewish scriptures, and buried under existing systems of religion. But we maintain that the

dispensation inaugurated by our Lord did not revolve around any doctrine of theology or principle of morality taught by Christ or any other person. It revolved around Christ, the central fact of history, the miracle of miracles, the climax of a long-continued series of revelations, the crowning exhibition of Love Divine, the one atonement for sin and uncleanness, the Emmanuel, whose advent involved a new creation and whose departure was accompanied with the greatest of miracles, barring His own self; the life and light of the world, the Saviour of mankind, and the captain of our salvation. The Christian dispensation clusters around the most glorious, as well as assuring facts of history—a God-man bearing our infirmities and carrying our sorrows, wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, agonising in the garden and dying upon the Cross for sin, rising from the grave and ascending up to heaven amid bright processions of angelic worshippers, now seated on the right hand of the Majesty on High, regulating the affairs of this world with a single eye to the spread and ultimate triumph of His kingdom. The Christian dispensation revolves around this group of miraculous facts of transcendent glory. Is there any fact in Brahmoism corresponding to these, or any of these? Yes—do you not see the silver pole standing in the pavement in front of the pulpit of the Brahmo Mandir in Calcutta, the crimson banner playing in the buxom air, and devout ladies "going around with dishevelled hair!" Shall we say, "Here is a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous?"

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE JOY OF TRUST IN GOD.

"Now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."—*Psa.* xxvii. 6.

IT was not when surrounded by comforts, ease, peace and plenty, that the Psalmist vowed to offer his sacrifices of joy, and sang his song of praise. It was when surrounded by enemies; when "an host" lay encamped against him; when false witnesses had arisen up against him, breathing out cruelty. Prayer and faith were the wings on which his soul arose, above his foes, into a region of holy calm; and keeping his eye fixed on the Lord, his light and his salvation, he saw nothing but matter for triumph in the circumstances of difficulty in which he was placed, which he was sure would be turned to his good and to the glory of his great Redeemer. He tells his experience, that others may be comforted. He would have all men know that it is not a vain thing to wait upon the Lord. The song which he raised so many centuries ago, still encourages the Lord's faithful ones to struggle on and to hope on, though surrounded with difficulties. The voice which bids us "wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart," has been echoed and re echoed throughout long ages by Christ's people. They have followed their Lord himself, in the path of suffering; they have believed to the saving of their souls; and with one consent they testify that none ever trusted Him in vain. The time may seem long; they may have had to "tarry the Lord's leisure" during many a weary day and night, when they would have fainted unless He had so strengthened their heart that even in the night of their sorrow they sang His praise.

Neither the Psalmist, nor the many who have since his day suffered and trusted like him, knew at the time how invaluable to the Church their testimony was to prove. They had a work given them to do, the importance of which was hidden from their eyes; and may it not be so with some afflicted one who reads this page? May it not be your portion, my reader, to glorify your Saviour by the joy of trusting Him, adding your voice to the many who say continually, "Wait, I say, on the Lord"?

Bible Studies for Home and School.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

DECEMBER 11.

LAST DAYS OF MOSES. DEUTERONOMY XXXII. 44–52.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM XXXVII. 23.—'*The steps of a good man are ordered by Jehovah; and He delighteth in his way.*'

INTRODUCTION.—'Deuteronomy' means *second law.* The book contains the substance of the laws which had been given at the outset of the journey through the wilderness, repeated in a form adapted for observance when the people had reached a settled home. This part of Old Testament scripture is *especially* honoured in the New; our Lord quoting from it in His threefold reply to the threefold Temptation (Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10).

The book is called by the Jews *These are the Words,* from its commencement. See also ch. i. 1–3, for note of place and date, all this particularity stamping the book with peculiar importance. Moses first recounts the history, then delivers the law mingled with solemn warnings and appeals, ending with a 'Song' and a 'Blessing' (ch. xxxiii.)—the song and the prophecy of a dying man! The Reading Lesson which comes between the two is supposed to be part of the appendix (including also ch. xxxiv.; see next week's 'Study') added by a later hand.

I. APPEAL OF MOSES TO THE PEOPLE.—*Read vers.* 44–47. **This Song.** For the command of God to write it, and teach it to the people, see ch. xxxi. 19. It was a 'testimony, for God,' and 'against the children of Israel,' a grand and solemn vindication of Jehovah's dealings with His people, a denunciation of their guilt in departing from Him; ranking with the sublimest flights of Old Testament inspired poetry. Thrilling must have been the scene when the aged lawgiver, the only survivor of his generation, came forth before the hushed awe-stricken multitude with his younger comrade and trusty successor Joshua by his side, and poured forth this grand strain, calling heaven and earth to listen (ver. 1)!

Hoshea the son of Nun—so called by the writer of this appendix to Deuteronomy. Moses had changed his name to Jehoshua or Joshua. The former name expresses

simply *deliverance;* the latter, *Jehovah as the deliverer.* It is, as all know, the name that has become sacred in its Greek form *Jesus.*

Moses made an end, mentioned as if to call attention to the pause of solemn silence after his words—words that had told of fearful vengeance on transgressors, yet had closed in tones of tenderness and love. Upon that hush breaks in again the voice of the inspired bard, confirming the impression by a plain and strong appeal. **Set your hearts unto all the words,** etc; or, as we say, *lay the words to heart*—not only the majestic words of the 'Song,' but **all the words of this law,** the rule and charter of Israel's life. From generation to generation were these great lessons to be learned. **Command your children;** this injunction is constantly repeated—see the beginning of the great rehearsal of the Law, ch. vi. 6, 7; also Psa. lxxviii. 4–6. That children should thus learn God's will from their elders, would be the secret of Israel's strength. Hence national, as well as personal life. In both respects, then, these commandments are **not a vain thing.** Only he truly *lives*, who *obeys*, Lev. xviii. 5; Psa. cxix. 93 (*quickened* means *made alive*); Prov. xiv. 27; Isa. lv. 3; John v. 24. Thus also the *nation* should **prolong its days.** A nation lives, though the men and women who compose it pass away. While the people of Israel remained true to God and to His law, they would be enabled to overcome their enemies, be protected against assault, and maintained in prosperous possession of **the land** which God had given them. *Obedience to God's laws is the secret of national permanence and greatness.* See ch. vi. 2; xi. 21. **Whither ye go over Jordan,** not *we*. Moses knew that this last and crowning joy was not for him!

II. Moses summoned to Die.—*Read vers.* 48–52. **Jehovah spake unto Moses,** as He had already done; Num. xxvii. 12–14. **That self-same day,** in which he had poured forth this wonderful 'Song.' The inspired prophet must turn aside in the hour of his highest triumph, and own himself mortal! **This mountain Abarim** ('regions beyond'), a mountain-*range*, rising steeply on the east of Jordan, like a wall, with a height of from 2000–3000 feet, and sloping down to the plains of **Moab.** Nebo was one of its heights, the summit of Pisgah ('the peak'), ch. iii. 27, **over against Jericho,** where the range is boldest and loftiest. And **behold the land of Canaan,** as detailed in next week's 'Study;' **and die in the mount.** Moses was prepared for this. Months ago, in Kadesh, he had learned that this would be his doom as well as that of **Aaron his brother.** In Aaron's case it had already been fulfilled—where? and how? Beautiful is the description of death—**be gathered unto thy people.** So Gen. xv. 15, 'thou shalt go to thy fathers'; xxv. 8, 'Abraham was gathered to his people;' Isaac, xxxv. 29; Jacob, xlix. 33; Aaron, Num. xx. 24; Hezekiah, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 28. The words tell not only of the great congregation of the dead, but of the assembly of the living; not only of the grave, but of heaven! There was a greater meaning in them than perhaps the patriarchs knew. To *them* the words meant death, but *God* meant the 'life beyond.'

But why must Moses die? Not only because he was very aged and his work was done. We might have thought that this was reason enough. Hardly was it for his trembling hand now to grasp the sword of conquest. As the leader of Israel, he must now give way to younger, stronger men. Yet might he not have been spared at least to pass the Jordan, to feel his feet on the soil of the Land of Promise, and *then* to say 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!" To have borne so much, to have gone so far, and not to take the *last step!* This he might have done, but that he had sinned. See the story of **Meribah in Kadesh** (*Meribah*, 'Contention'), Num. xx. 1–13, especially ver. 12: **in the wilderness of Zin** (the *Arabah*). Here the sin of Moses and Aaron is specified. Not simply that they had lost their temper, as sometimes represented. Hasty temper is a bad thing, but it was not *that* which excluded them from Canaan. Nor was it only that they did not obey *exactly*. God had said, '*Speak* ye unto the rock;' but 'Moses lifted up his hand and *smote* the rock twice.' This also was a sin. God's commands are given to be obeyed in spirit and in letter: but this sin was not the whole, nor yet the chief part of their transgression. Where they were most deeply wrong was **that they believed not God, to sanctify Him in the eyes of the children of Israel.** But how did they show this unbelief? First by their angry haste. Belief, or trust, is calm, assured. 'He that believeth shall not *make haste*.' God commanded them to speak, but they act as though a word would not be enough; and to smite the rock *twice* looked like distrust of God's power. But more than this; they 'did not sanctify' or honour Him 'in the eyes of the children of Israel.' This they failed to do when they said, 'Must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?' Their words seemed to claim the power for themselves. It was the precise opposite of the sentiment, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory.' The words of Moses called the attention of the people to himself and his brother as supplying the need, instead of pointing upwards to God. So was their insufficiency made manifest, when the people passed over into Canaan without them. By taking the leader and the priest away God shows the people that none are necessary to Him. His great purpose goes on, just the same, though the greatest and the best are removed.

Moses 'spake unadvisedly with his lips,' Psa. cvi. 31. Had he not great provocation? Were not the people too provoking for him to endure it? After bearing with them for forty years, was it not natural that he should at last be wearied out? Yet God had borne with them patiently, Acts xiii. 18; and Moses, the meekest of men (Num. xiii. 3), ought to have held out to the end. Two affecting lessons:—1. that we often fail just where we had seemed strongest; and, 2. that we are never safe from temptation, or from the evil of our own hearts, unto the end.

The punishment of Moses lay in his bitter disappointment; yet he must have felt it to be deserved; and the great lesson to the children of Israel was well purchased even by their leader's death. To place God first in our thoughts, to trust Him wholly, to honour Him supremely—these were the teachings which their leader left them, in acts more impressive than words, as he went submissively up to Nebo.

> The Golden Text may be used by way of showing that **the steps of a good man are** wisely and rightly **ordered by Jehovah,** even when they seem to falter, or to turn aside. God will bring him back, though it be by a sorrowful path, or even through the gates of death. God **delights in the way** of His servants, not in every part of it, but in that way *as a whole*—especially in that to which it tends, after the struggles and failures of life: the life, the glory everlasting! Dean Perowne, however, gives the words a somewhat different turn:
>
> 'From Jehovah is it that a man's steps are established,
> So that He hath pleasure in his way.'
>
> 'He that would walk securely, and so as to please the Lord, must trust in the Lord to guide him.'

Questions.

1. Which of the Psalms is termed the 'prayer of Moses, the man of God'? Show its points of similarity with this 'Song.'
2. What points of likeness, and of unlikeness, are there between the scene at Meribah, and that which had occurred thirty-eight years before?
3. How were the words of Moses, respecting the conditions of national life, fulfilled in after-days?
4. What are the chief intimations of immortality given in the Old Testament?

Pages for the Young.

GRACE DARLING.

WHO has not heard of Grace Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse? whose name, associated with the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer, will long be remembered amongst the annals of those who, although holding humble stations in life, have yet exhibited traits of natural greatness which would grace the occupier of the loftiest position in society.

There are probably few persons in this country who have not heard of her and of the act of daring courage in the cause of suffering humanity for which her name has become celebrated. The account of the transaction appeared generally in the newspapers at the time it occurred. As, however, a good and great act will not lose its lustre from being oft recited, and as a prominent object of the "Life Boat Journal" (from which we take the narrative) is to encourage and stir up others to the exhibition of such deeds, we hold up to emulation the intrepidity of one of that sex whose virtues are commonly of a more retiring nature, and who are neither morally nor physically so constituted as to fit them for encountering such perils.

Grace Darling was born in November 1815, and was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the lighthouse on the Longstone, one of the group of the Farne Islands; in which solitary abode she constantly resided with her parents. She is described as having been "remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition—of a fair complexion and comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence;" which latter qualities, we need scarcely remark, are not uncommonly found associated with gallant bearing and the most resolute courage.

Previous to describing the distinguished act of Grace Darling, in proceeding with her father to the rescue of the sufferers on the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, it will be desirable that we should explain the nature of the dangerous locality where it occurred.

The Farne Islands lie off the Northumbrian coast. They are a group of barren and desolate rocks, inhabited principally by sea-fowl, and their sides are in many parts extremely precipitous.

Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great impetuosity, and doubtless many a shipwreck of which there is no record has occurred there in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch 40-gun frigate, with all her crew, was lost amongst them; and numerous other wrecks are recorded to have happened between that time and the present.

Living on this lone spot, in the midst of the ocean, with the horrors of the tempest familiarised to her mind, Grace Darling was shut out as it were from the active scenes of life, and was principally occupied in assisting her mother in the management of their little household; and it is worthy of remark—in order to the better appreciation of the magnanimity she exhibited on this occasion—that she was not habituated to the use of an oar, or the management of a boat, those offices having been performed by other members of the family.

She had received a good education for her station in life, and had reached her twenty-second year, when the incident occurred which has rendered her name so famous, and which we will now proceed to relate.

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a steamer of about 300 tons burden, John Humble, master, sailed from Hull for Dundee, having on board a valuable cargo, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, sixty-three persons—viz., the master and his wife, a crew of twenty men, and forty-one passengers. She was a new vessel, being only two years old, but her boilers were no doubt in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to her leaving Hull a small leak had been discovered in them, and for the moment, closed up; but when off Flamborough Head it broke out afresh to such an extent as to put out two of the fires. The boilers were, however, again partially repaired, and the fires relighted; and in this inefficient state she proceeded on her voyage, passing the "Fairway," between the Farne Islands and the mainland, at about six P.M. on the 6th. At about eight P.M. she entered Berwick Bay, the sea running high, with the wind strong from the north. The leakage now increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning, and at about ten P.M. she bore up for St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became useless and would not work, when the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel tacked, in order to keep her off the land. She, however, soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she was carried by it in that direction.

It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was too dense to enable the position of the vessel to be ascertained.

At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farne lights became visible, leaving no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board.

It was in vain attempted to avert the catastrophe by running between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer her helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, which was there so precipitous that a person could scarce stand erect on it.

A part of the crew now lowered one of the quarter-boats and left the ship, having one of the passengers with them, who had contrived to throw himself into the boat; but two others in making the same attempt perished. The scene which now presented itself was of a most heartrending description. Several women were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amidst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which he was unable to afford. Very soon after the first shock, a heavy wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently upon it, when a sharp ledge striking her about amidships, she was fairly broken into two pieces, and the after-part, containing the cabin and many passengers, was instantly carried off by a rapid current through the Pifa-gut, whilst the fore-part remained on the rock.

A portion of the passengers and crew had previously betaken themselves to the foremost part of the vessel, considering it to be the safest place.

In this dreadful situation, exposed amidst darkness to the buffeting of the waves, and fearful lest each rising surge should sweep away into the deep the fragment of the wreck on which they stood, they awaited in anxious expectancy the breaking of the day. In the fore-cabin, also exposed to the intrusion of the sea, was a woman, the wife of a weaver, with her two children, who, when relief at last came, was found yet alive, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

Such was their seemingly hopeless position, when, soon after the day broke, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island, and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea was still raging fearfully, making any approach to the rugged pinnacles and sunken rocks which surround these islands, a work of extreme peril. Indeed, even at a later period of the day, a reward of 5*l.*, offered by the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the dangers of that terrible passage would have done the highest honour even to the well-tried nerves

of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm?

Through the dim mist, with the aid of a glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother—the father and daughter entering it, and each taking an oar.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventuress encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and they knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would be utterly insufficient to row the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors on their return, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock, beside the wreck, until the tide again ebbed.

It could then only be by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that they could hope to reach the wreck; and when there the danger would be much increased from the liability they would run of being dashed to pieces on those rugged rocks.

It must have seemed to them a forlorn hope; but their courage rose with the emergency—God's blessing accompanied them—and their efforts were crowned with success. The whole of the nine survivors were taken into their little bark, and conveyed in safety to the lighthouse. Here, owing to the violent seas which continued to prevail, they were compelled to remain two days, during which time they received every kindness and comfort that the household could afford, and of which they were in so much need.

The party who had left in the ship's boat, also nine in number, were picked up, the next morning, by a Montrose sloop, and conveyed to Shields.

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name all over Europe. That lonely lighthouse became speedily the centre of attraction to curious and sympathising thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in numerous instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. Amongst the number were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who invited her father and herself to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch. Grace and her father received the silver medal of the National Lifeboat (then Shipwreck) Institution, and numerous testimonials from other public bodies and admiring strangers. A public subscription was also raised with a view to reward her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about 700*l*. To such an extent, indeed, did the popular enthusiasm reach, that portraits of her were eagerly sought for, and she was even offered large sums by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres on the condition that she should merely sit in a boat for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers, however, were promptly and steadily refused; and it is gratifying to know that amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered on her seemed to produce in her mind no other feelings than those of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued to reside at the Longstone Lighthouse with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty, on that sea-girt islet, a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than the crowded haunts of the mainland would have afforded her; and thus giving, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling did not live long in the enjoyment of the honours that had been showered on her. She died of consumption on the 25th of October, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven years, and four years after the occurrence which has made her name famous for all time.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LIII.

1. A hill whereon is seen a cross
   With one on either side.

2. A name that's given to Him who there
   To save poor sinners died.

3. A land, a patriarch left in faith,
   When told by God to go.

4. A brook where Jesus ofttimes strayed,
   Throughout His life below.

5. One who within a garden fair,
   His friend to death betrayed.

6. He unto whom upon the cross,
   Christ for His murderers prayed.

7. That which, by Christ, we are told to "take"
   And we shall find it "light."

8. That which to Him was offered,
   In suffering's darkest night.

9. What now, the risen Saviour does
   For us, at God's right hand.

10. That loving one who early came
    Beside Christ's grave to stand.

Initials take, and so descry
Of an infuriate mob the cry,
When forth the harmless One they bring
In mockery arrayed as king.

B. L. B.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLI.—p. 639.—SHE LOVED MUCH.

1.	S-un of Righteousness	Mal. iv. 2.
2.	H-ail	Exod. ix. 22–25.
3.	E-lisabeth	Luke i. 5–24.
4.	L-ebanon	Jer. xviii. 14.
5.	O-nesimus	Col. iv. 9. Phil. 10–18.
6.	V-iper	Acts xxviii. 3–6.
7.	E-sther	Esther vii. 3–6; viii. 3–17.
8.	D-elilah	Judges xvi. 4–21.
9	M-anna	Exod. xvi. 14, 15.
10.	U-riah	2 Sam. xi. 14–17.
11.	C-lay	Jer. xviii. 6. Rom. ix. 21
12.	H-yssop	1 Kings iv. 33.

NO. XLIII.—p. 656.—JERUSALEM—Matt. v. 35.

1.	J-ericho	Mark x. 46.
2.	E-phesus	Rev. ii. 1, 4.
3.	R-ome	Acts xxviii. 16.
4.	U-z	Job i. 1. James v. 11.
5.	S-arepta	Luke iv. 26.
6.	A-lexandria	Acts xviii. 24.
7.	L-ystra	Acts xiv. 8, 19.
8.	E-zion-geber	1 Kings ix. 26.
9.	M-iletus	Acts xx. 17.

C. J. STANILAND. EDMUND EVANS.

GRACE DARLING.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

"Perennial ice around the encrusted bow."

THE KING'S WINDOWS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

CHAPTER XII.—THE WONDERS OF THE ICE.

OUR readers cannot but remember the singular questions in the Book of Job, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Out of whom came the ice, and the hoary frost of heaven?" and these questions remind us of those other words in the Book of Psalms, "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes; He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold?" All these which are the sparkling crystals from what seems to be the spectral and cheerless museum of nature, belong to the Wonders of the Ice; and indeed the word *Ice*, itself a most expressive word, suggestive in its mere pronunciation of the sharp glitter of a crystal—is an old Gothic word simply signifying *to sparkle;* and Professor Max

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Müller, in his interesting lectures on language, traces the word "arctic" through the Sanscrit "*riksha*," to the same signification; and thus, curiously enough, brings Arcturus, the great constellation, into relation with the Bear by the sparkling, glittering, the sharp shining of the eyes of the one, and the cold remote splendour of the other. Cold, we are told, has no real existence; it is a mere negation; the earth is turned from, or out of sight of the beams of the friendly sun, and, instantly, all life becomes pallid, and feels, as it were, the touch of death. There are many who would feel that if cold be an abstraction, and only the negation of heat, it is, nevertheless, positive enough in many of the evils and pains which it seems to confer; but it is impossible not to discover, while meditating and observing, amidst the marvels of snowflakes or ice-fields, how wonderful are many of the arrangements and pre-dispositions connected with the freezing of the atmosphere, or with a fall of snow. For snow and ice are forms of water; the sun withdraws his fingers of fire from the upper atmosphere, and thus it condenses, crystallises; and there have been those who have been able to study, to observe, and to make others familiar with the singular architecture of those snow-flakes, crystals which, in their various and exquisite beauty, can only be likened to the lovely varieties of form seen through a kaleidoscope; beauties which reveal all the variety of the leaf, the flower, or the crystal. But more remarkable still are the purposes apparently subserved by the snow; it is true the earth retires from the sunbeam, and as she does so, and the snow falls like a drift of death over garden and glen, the appearance of the wide-extending landscape looks ghostly, all nature seems stretched out beneath her shroud; but in very reality it is not so; nature is rather, on the other hand, tucked up snug and warm, and all her sleeping children are lying comfortably in bed beneath a pleasant blanket. The expression of the Psalmist is even as exactly and wonderfully true, "He giveth snow like wool." Warm as the woollen blanket to the unconscious and comfortable sleeper, so warm is the snow to the sleeping seeds and plants. The Ettrick Shepherd simply expressed the truth when, commiserating the fate of some unfortunate ones who were lost in the snow, he speaks of the "poor creturs, no that verra cauld, for driftin' snaw sune begins to fin' warm and comfortable, but wae's me! unco, unco, sleepy."

Thus, also, in those regions of perpetual snow and ice, the polar snow is the material out of which the Esquimaux usually construct their huts; and the ships of voyagers are not considered as snug in winter quarters, until they are banked up by walls of snow, and the roof over the deck has been covered in with it. In accordance with this fact, we find Dr. Kane testifying in his most interesting Voyages, that in a hut of snow, in a cold Arctic night he was compelled, with the rest of his party, to divest himself of part of his clothing. Snow is a bad conductor of heat, and its effect in the hut on man, or on the earth for plants, is like a great-coat, and conserves the vital warmth which is already possessed, and prevents its dissipation; curious, though, it is to think of the inhabitants of those regions. Sir John Ross, in his travels thither, gives several descriptions not merely of the native habitations, but of those of his party, and how they set to work to build, and how pleasant they made the interior, where the only furniture to be seen consisted of a sofa of snow, two feet and a half high, covered with skins, and the only light was obtained through a window of ice, nicely inserted in the building with frozen snow; but they seem to have thought it a pleasant dwelling-place for the winter, and speak of it as warm and cheerful, and kept lively by the blaze of lamps constantly replenished from the oil of seals. To us it seems merely the home of desolation. Snow is but a kind of ice, but in ice perhaps the effects are far more beautiful; and the remarks we have made with reference to snow as applied to the earth, are true of the ice as applied to water. The ice also is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore of cold; and thus when a sheet of ice has been formed on the surface, it acts as a barrier between the warmer water and the outer sharpness of the air: thus it acts as truly as a blanket to the water as the snow is a blanket to the earth, or as a great-coat is a defence and protection to us. It is in this way that those very means of all privation from the absence of the sun are turned into compensation for the loss of his beams.

Many of the poets have written very sweet words on the snow shower. Dr. Moir, the "Delta" of "Blackwood," in more than one poem has, in his pure verse, expressed the true sentiment which the heart feels in presence of the snow:

"How sudden hath the snow come down!
Last night the new moon show'd her horn,
And o'er December's moorland brown,
Rain on the breeze's wing was borne;
But when I ope my shutters, lo!
Old Earth hath changed her garb again,
And with its fleecy, whitening snow
O'ermantles hill and cumbers plain."

And again, the same sweet rural poet says:

"The snow! the snow! 'tis a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon Earth with noiseless wing,
As at some spirit's calling:
Falling white on the land it lies,
And falling dark on the sea;
The solan to its island flies,
The crow to the thick larch-tree."

But William Cullen Bryant has caught, in the measure of his verse, the spirit of the snow shower:

"Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so high;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like those fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake."

A strange fascination seems perpetually to beckon men on to explore the wonders of the ice.

Have our readers ever seen a glacier? Unless they have, the object is almost inconceivable and indescribable; and yet, no; the poet Coleridge describes glaciers in a single line:

"Motionless torrents; silent cataracts."

Such they seem; silent they are, but not motionless, and another poet says with equal truth:

"The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey,
Slowly rolling on."

And this is one of the wonders of that amazing torrent of ice called a glacier: it glides slowly down the side of the hill on which it came into existence, bearing with it, as it goes, boulders—blocks of stone—and so melting as it reaches the valley. The motion of glaciers is incontestable; innumerable instances confirm this. In 1836, a Chamouni guide fell into a crevasse in a glacier which is a feeder of the Mer de Glace; he contrived to escape, leaving his knapsack behind him; in 1846, the identical knapsack was yielded up by the glacier, four thousand three hundred feet below the place where it was lost. There are many such instances. In 1820, three guides lost their lives near the summit of Mont Blanc, by an avalanche which buried them, past recovery, in a glacier below; forty years afterwards various relics of these lost guides came to light on the Glacier des Bossons, far below the point where the accident occurred. Thus the motions of glaciers is constantly going on; the rate of travelling varies according to the steepness of the valley, and the force which pushes them on is chiefly the weight of the accumulation behind. To the great geological theories which have been founded on the motion of glaciers we must not stay to refer. A glacier, solid as it seems, is really a semi-fluid mass.

Such are the phenomena of ice among the mountains. Icebergs present the same phenomena, with a difference, among the awful realms of polar and Arctic seas.

"Where thro' both mist and snow,
It grows wondrous cold;
And ice, most high, comes floating by,
As green as emerald;
The ice is here, the ice is there,
The ice is all around,
And cracks, and growls, and roars, and howls,
Like noises in a swound."

Captain Scoresby, one of the most interesting of Polar travellers, and who, after his sailings among those seas, settled down pleasantly as a vicar of the Church of England, says he counted once a fleet of five hundred icebergs, sailing majestically towards the south; he calculated them, also, in some instances to be not less than fifty thousand tons in weight. The magnificence of colour and scenery amidst these awful solitudes is so great that the Rev. Louis Noble, in his book "After Icebergs with a Painter," says: "I am quite tired of the words emerald, pea-green, pearl, sea-shells, crystal, porcelain, and sapphire; ivory, marble and alabaster; showy and rosy alps; cathedrals, towers, pinnacles, domes, and spires. And the ear is charmed as well as the eye; voices and murmurings through the ice caverns, half thunder, and half like the praise of some mighty organ; and then, the gloomy silence, broken by the crash of a billow far within, and reverberations like the slamming of great doors. Silent seas! Those Arctic solitudes are anything but that!"

Travellers appear to be very fond of venturing into those drear abodes; but some have ventured who have never returned to tell of the wonders they have seen, notably, Sir John Franklin. The following singular story was reported to the Admiralty by Captain Warems: "It was in the month of August 1775. I was sailing about seventy-seven degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice, which the slightest wind would force upon me. We had passed the second day in such anxieties, when, about midnight, the wind got up, and we immediately heard horrible crackling of ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by morning, the wind having by degrees become less violent, we saw the barrier of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, and we sailed away from the northward before a light breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship, but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars, and its manœuvres. It continued to sail on for some time; then, stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not then resist my feelings of curiosity. I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went towards the strange vessel. We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port-hole, which was open, and saw a man seated before a table upon which were all the necessary materials for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk, as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what was our terror and astonishment, when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheek and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open. He had a pen in his hand, and the

ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follows:

"'Nov. 11, 1762.

"'It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again. His wife died this morning; there is no more hope!'

"My sailors kept aloof, in alarm, from the dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-room, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman, laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told us that she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other; and having before him several pieces of German tinder. We passed on to the fore-cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood: we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intentions of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then, after having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of Polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found, by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing *thirteen years*."

We remember nothing in the course of our reading which more vividly sets before the mind the perils of Arctic explorers; and, indeed, there are other accounts which reveal a similar sad destiny, although not brought before the mind with such a distinct and ghastly vividness as that in the narrative we have just quoted. It is to be believed that many vessels and voyagers have been locked, and lost, in those dread, unfathomable seas, from which, when the bars of ice are let down, there is no escape. The interior of Greenland has been described "as one Mer de Glace, whose enormous proportions dwarf every other sea of ice which has ever been discovered; it has been estimated to have a length of twelve hundred miles."

James Montgomery in his poem "Greenland," has memorialised, in fine verse, the possible and probable fate of a vessel, which set sail from Norway, having on board a newly-appointed bishop—Bishop Andrew, just ordained to his diocese of Greenland. The bishop and the vessel appear never to have reached their destination; and the vessel was probably caught in an ice-drift, borne up, and embraced in the fangs of the ice. The poet, not unnaturally, depicts the old missionary bishop, breathing a warm blessing through the icy air, and the chilled atmosphere freezing and fixing him there, unsepulchred, to wait, with his comrade crew, for the resurrection moment:

"There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung;
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
The crew felt, by a charm, their ship stand still:
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose.
The father now, amidst the icy air,
Breathes from his marble lips unuttered prayer.
Then round the expiring saint such visions burn,
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul—'tis flown.
The glory vanishes, and over all,
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.
Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away—
Perennial ice around th' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigged mast shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
From age to age, increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb;
But when th' archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all."

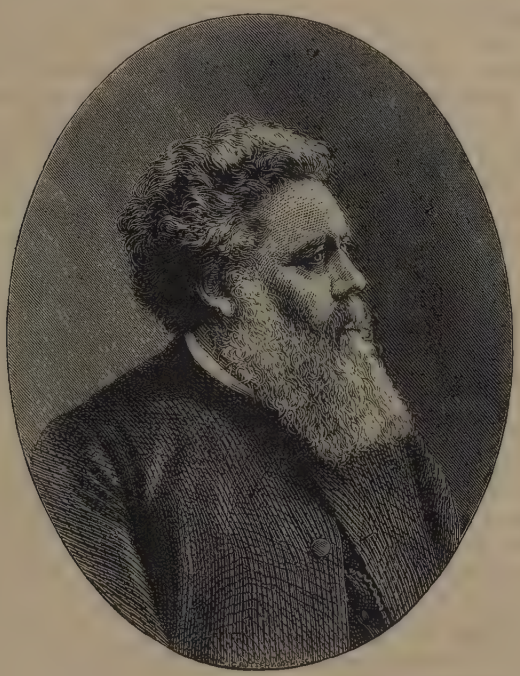
And, in this connection, it is more than interesting, it is affecting, to think of a Christian church and devout Christian faith and service in those wild regions of boundless ice. There is an interesting picture in the work of Dr. Isaac Hayes, in his volume "The Land of Desolation." He attended the Sabbath service at Julianshaab, the chief port of Greenland; he speaks of the peaceful Sabbath morning, and he says, "Certain it is, I would not exchange the memory of the notes of the little organ, presented to the little church by Queen Jauana of Norway, a hundred years since, for those of any other church organ I have ever heard." He continues to remark on the peaceful Sunday in the Greenland dell, and, listening to the sweet voices of the choir, reflected that they were the voices of God's children, who, through the instrumentality of Christian love, had been reclaimed from barbarism.

These hints of the wonders of the ice are rather suggestive than adequately descriptive; but through all the phases, from the ashes of the hoar-frost, the morsels of ice, the warm and wool-like snow, the glacier, which Professor Forbes so concisely describes as "ice in motion under gravity," we have the transparent windows of the Great King. Consider the vapour floating in the atmosphere arrested by cold, uniting with nitrous particles in forming a compound crystal, and shooting out into beautiful feathery flakes, and thus compensating in some measure for the absence of the cheerful and benevolent sunbeam; so that, as the sun provides a carpet of green in the summer, his very absence is made to supply a warm vesture for the earth in winter; and then, take an extreme step, and we shall find that both glaciers and icebergs have their own wonderful purpose, unconscious to themselves—those immense mountains of Polar ice compensate for the evaporation going on through the heat of summer seas, and they attemper the heat of warmer latitudes. Into the wonderful beauty, the chromatic splendour of colour of these singular crystals of frost and con-

solidated snow, we have scarcely permitted ourselves to turn aside to give a glance. But if, as in so many of the powers of nature, we are startled by the terror which appals, and a kind of severity even which affrights, we are none the less compelled to see that a hand of Infinite Power seems to come down upon, and to arrest all the mechanisms of terror; and the ice-crystal becomes a window through which we may see some of the ways of the Great King.

SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.

ONE OF THE SECRETARIES OF THE "RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY."



S. Manning. LL.D

ON a lovely autumn day, the 16th of September, the body of the Rev. Samuel Manning was laid in Kensal Green Cemetery, a great concourse of mourners being present. It was a sadly solemn scene, though brightened by the hope which springs from the Christian faith. It was sad to think we had seen the last on earth of one so bright and strong, so hearty and cheerful; loved in every relation of private life, and in public life so energetic and so useful. He had not reached his sixtieth year when he sank under an insidious internal disease. But life is less to be reckoned by duration of time than by extent of service. Few men had passed a life of such busy, active, uninterrupted work, and there seemed almost a merciful fitness in the time of his being called to his rest, for one could hardly imagine him in the feebleness and inactivity of declining age.

"To return to my work, if it is the Lord's will; if not, to be taken soon to Himself,"—this was one of the last words we heard him say; and all through his long and distressing illness he manifested wonderful Christian patience and submission. The portions of Scripture which he best liked to hear, and the hymns which he said were "beautiful," were such as expressed the trust of a sinful soul on a merciful Saviour. This was the frame of mind which was conspicuous in our departed brother. And his work is not done:

> "For death is not a break or end
> Of thought and action, but the change
> Of rising into loftier range,
> Where thoughts to nobler issues tend."

Samuel Manning was born in 1821, in Leicester. His father, Alderman Manning, was for some years Churchwarden of St. Martin's in that town. Subsequently he attended with his family the ministry of the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of the Baptist Church at Harvey Lane, and hence Dr. Manning's connection with that denomination. In early life he was intended for commercial pursuits, and both at Leicester and at Liverpool, where he went in his

eighteenth year, he acquired those business habits which proved so serviceable in the important position held by him in his latter years.

He did not long continue in business, however, for his talents and piety marked him out for a higher service. By the advice of friends, among whom was the Rev. Charles M. Birrell, and impelled by his own tastes, he resolved to study for the Christian ministry. In 1840 he entered as a student at Bristol College, a well-known "school of the prophets." Having passed through the usual term of study, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, where he attended the classes of logic and metaphysics.

A young minister with such training and of such promise had a choice of settlements in the pastoral office, and he chose as the sphere of his labour a church at Frome, Somersetshire, where John Foster in his early days had been pastor, and where the venerable John Sheppard, author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion," was long a leading member. For fifteen years he fulfilled diligently and zealously his ministry, and with such success as a popular preacher and faithful pastor that the old chapel had to be rebuilt and repeatedly enlarged. His literary reputation had also become known, even beyond the circle of his denomination. His contributions to religious periodicals were numerous, and for some years he edited as well as wrote for the "Baptist Magazine." In 1862 he published "Selections from the Prose Works of John Milton," with memoir, notes, and analyses.

These literary efforts, along with his reputation as a popular preacher and sound theologian, procured his appointment as editor of books published by the Religious Tract Society. It was an office greatly to the taste of Mr. Manning, though he accepted it with regret at being severed from his attached people at Frome. He accepted it also on the condition that he was to remain free to preach, and this privilege he continued to enjoy during his long connection with the Tract Society; few Sundays, until his last illness, passing without pulpit engagements. In the more important Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian pulpits of the metropolis his appearance was ever welcomed, and it may be mentioned, as characterising the matter as well as the manner of his preaching, that in the absence of Mr. Spurgeon, no "supply" gave more satisfaction to the great congregation at the Tabernacle than Dr. Manning.

With this academic prefix he was now known. Previously we believe he had been offered, and declined, the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, but after a visit to America, he accepted the degree of LL.D. from the young but vigorous University of Chicago.

In platform speeches, and in lectures and addresses, Dr. Manning excelled. Nor was his reputation in this line confined to the ordinary "Institutions" and Halls where popular lecturers are engaged. Among his latest public appearances was a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and an address at Sion College, at both of which places his eloquence delighted a select and appreciative audience. His expositions of the work of the Religious Tract Society were on many occasions most clear and effective.

The editorial duties of Dr. Manning were partly of a routine order, but to this a man of his talent and energy could not be confined. Besides the laborious duty of reading and judging the manuscripts submitted by many writers, and the careful editing of books of a didactic or devotional kind, including a series of selections from classic English divines, entitled "The Wisdom of our Fathers," Dr. Manning struck out a new line of publication in pictorial books of travel. The design was at first chiefly to reprint various articles, and to reproduce costly illustrations, that had appeared in the Society's periodicals, the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home." But in Dr. Manning's hands the idea was expanded, and a personal narrative of visits to America, Switzerland, Spain, Egypt and other countries became a leading feature in the volumes. The success of the "Swiss Pictures" led to the production of similar pictorial books of uniform size and plan. Many lands, especially the lands of the Bible, were thus "illustrated by pen and pencil." These beautiful and popular volumes, begun by Dr. Manning and continued by his editorial successor, Dr. Green, are widely known and highly appreciated, as they well deserve to be, not merely from their liveliness of style and richness of pictorial art, but from the Christian tone by which they are pervaded.

On the death of the late secretary, Dr. G. H. Davis, it was generally felt that no successor so suitable as Dr. Manning could be found. The operations of the Society, however, had in recent years been so greatly enlarged, that it was thought advisable to appoint two secretaries, the one to attend chiefly to its correspondence as a great missionary and benevolent institution, and these duties were entrusted to the Rev. Lewis Borrett White, M.A., Rector of St. Mary Aldermary. The other was to superintend primarily the business of the house as a great publishing establishment. The combined literary and business qualifications of Dr. Manning marked him as specially fitted for the latter post, and with great energy, efficiency, and success he has fulfilled its duties. Keeping up the discipline necessary in so large an establishment, he has always displayed so kindly and considerate, so cheery and genial a spirit, that every employé of the house mourns his loss as of a personal friend.

Martha and Mary.

"Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things."—*Luke* x. 41.

TROUBLED like Martha about many things,
We miss the part that Mary meekly chose;
Sad Care a dreary mantle round us flings,
Through which no gleam of heavenly brightness glows.

Ah, let us pause at times and sit awhile
At Jesus' feet, and seek for counsel there,
Until refreshed by His approving smile,
We rise once more His holy cross to bear.

Led by that cross, like Martha we will toil,
And bear the heat and burden of the day,
But when the evening shadows softly fall,
To Jesus' feet we'll gently steal away.

And there in meditation sweet and pure
Will learn the things belonging to our peace,
With Martha's zeal all hardness to endure,
With Mary's faith to rest when labours cease.

IOTHA CARDINELLI.

CHAPTER IX.

LIKE all Italians Margarita was an early riser, and being anxious to hear the rest of her friend's story, she rose at four o'clock so as to finish her most urgent work before Estella awoke.

Two hours later, all being in order in the nice airy room, and the easy-chair drawn up to the window, the weary-hearted wife, looking pale and wan, but more hopeful, took her seat, and in a sort of feverish anxiety proceeded with her narrative:

"When I held my dear niece Iotha in my arms it seemed as though I was once more linked with my own, for I had loved the dear girls as though they were mine, and seeing the look of quiet something in the brave young face, I seemed all at once to know that to her Christian training she owed it. The thought, perhaps, was not quite so defined at that time; still with the rapidity that ideas come, I saw before me the quiet scene in the schoolroom overlooking the dear old shady garden at home, and heard their mother's voice coming dreamy and soft to me as I sat reading on the balcony, whilst she explained to her children the truth as it is in Jesus. And I—I shut my ears, and my heart, and would not hear or understand.

"My emotion was so great at seeing the dear child that I could hardly stand, so with tender care she led me to a niche in the church, where if any one should come we should not be disturbed.

"I began to ask her questions about Mabella, and her own past during the time she had been in the monastery school, asking her which of them was to become a nun.

"'A nun, aunt! Ah, you little know the punishments I have endured at the hands of my cruel Aunt Ildebranda because I would not do one single action against the teaching and the dying wishes—nay, commands of my dear father. From a very little girl, and now I am almost a woman, I have been taught to honour God's commands, and I never read in His word that we are to pray to the Virgin for help or that we must hide ourselves in dark houses from our parents and friends to be acceptable to God! No, Aunt Estella, God has given us such a beautiful world to live in, clothed it in flowers and greenery of grass over which the weary feet may pass as on a soft carpet laid there by a merciful hand. Our duty is to go forth, if needful, a prayer on our lips for guidance, and a true belief in our hearts, and He who made us and gave his Son to suffer for us will care for us even to the end.'

"The girl's words struck home to my very heart, Margarita. She was indeed no longer a child, her teaching shamed mine, and all I could say was, 'Go on; more, tell me more.'

"And she did. Before she had finished to teach and I to learn, the dawn of the morning was upon us, a heavenly one for me, but her last words brought such conviction to my mind that they thrill me even now.

"'Think, dear auntie,' continued my niece, 'how the priests of the Roman Catholic Church love to keep their people in ignorance of the Bible, because they know that in that book, as I heard my dear father say, every one *must* learn that the Church of Rome does not teach the love of God through Christ alone. When I remember poor old Catte's dreadful sufferings and her description of the cruelties inflicted upon all those who did not believe their wicked doctrines, I feel in my innermost heart that love for a merciful Redeemer can have nothing to do with those who commit such fearful crimes, under order of one who dares to call himself Christ's Vicar on earth.'

"And then, Margarita, the dear girl, who knew much of her Bible by heart, repeated to me portions of God's word, and in her pure, innocent way taught me, as her dear father had taught her, until we were obliged to leave the church, and go to our cells, for the priests would soon come to early mass.

"Day by day in our hour of reunion in the garden, under the teaching of that young girl I learnt to think for myself, and then the earnest desire of my aching heart for my dear husband's voice and presence would not be put aside. As I knew there was no hope of being allowed to leave the monastery, we determined, Iotha and I, to get away if possible at the next penance we had inflicted on us, for then would be our only time.

"Iotha found, the day after the supposed miraculous intervention of the Virgin in her behalf, that her confessor, to whom she had never confessed, and a certain bigoted nun, were hovering about her now and again during the day, evidently expecting her to speak of what she had seen in the old church; but Iotha knew better than to do so, for she had seen that the image must have been removed to make way for Sister Monica to stand in its place, draped in white, and she recognised the nun by a certain malformation in the first finger of her right hand when she raised it to point upwards. Thus the whole plot to make it appear a miraculous call was discovered by Iotha, in all its bold and naked invention.

"You have no idea of the effect this audacious trick had upon my mind, Margie. My darling had asked me before we parted that night to learn to think for myself, and I did reflect in the still hours of that night, with her sweet loving words cheering my heart, that truth in any form wants not falsehood and deceit to aid its grand majestic power; therefore as God is truth, no false doings were needful to teach us to worship Him.

"A few weeks after this, by means of a heavy bribe—no less than a fine brilliant ring I happened to have on when I left 'La Casa'—I induced the old portress to leave the outer gate open on a certain night when I heard Iotha had another penance to perform.

"How I trembled all that evening, fearing that every one who looked at me knew my secret intention; yet who could blame us? The plan was hateful to us, both were subject to severe penances, and I had fully realised, Margarita mia, that nothing was too bad for the joint work of the Abbadessa and Padre Fabiano.

"Soon after midnight, when it would be supposed that I was at my devotions, and Iotha performing her act of penance, I waited until the nuns and I were on our way to the vesper service, and as the whole line filed through the cloisters, I contrived to step in to an ancient tomb which had one side partly open, and broken with decay.

"In that dreary place I waited for Iotha, and at length soft cautious footsteps sounded near, and with a beating heart I saw my niece coming towards me enveloped all in black to avoid observation, and, then—then, ahi, Margarita, when I think of those moments, I tremble even now!

THE FLIGHT FROM THE CONVENT.

"Neither of us uttered a word, but she—the almost child, but a woman in the honesty of her purpose—held my hand in a tight assured grasp, and thus in a panic-bound silence we passed out of the monastery of Santa Maria della Misericordia. Although suffering still—and I must do so until God in his goodness permits me to look on my husband's face again, and on my bended knee ask his forgiveness for all I have made him suffer—no torture can equal the remembrance of those cruel days of penance and misery.

"When we had arrived at a safe distance from the monastery, Iotha stopped, and kissing me with great affection asked me, whatever might happen, not to leave her.

"I readily gave her the required promise, thinking she feared that some one from the prison-house, as we called it, might come after us, but she did not then tell me that the youngest son of the Marchese Cinque Torri was a forced student at the convent of the 'Buon' Friari,' and that his sister, a novice also against her will, had told her that he had on the night before declared his hatred of a celibate life, and had determined to leave his convent.

"Iotha's friend had told her that the young student of theology, whose fine voice in the choir she had so admired, was her brother. The kindly looks of the young student at the sad-eyed girl behind the grating, had made the dark days gather light, because, although no words could possibly have been spoken between them, the looks of true sympathy the young man's eyes shot forth told her that he had heard her story, and admired her courage, and, alas! —dangerous feelings—sincerely pitied her.

"It was this feeling, so new, that sustained Iotha's courage when leaving her prison walls. She knew that her mamma was again at her sister's farm in the valley of the Anio, with her younger sister Mabella, and it was there that Iotha intended, if possible, to proceed.

"'Casa Cardinelli' was under the care of old Catte, and had been so during the time that its master had been wandering in search of his unhappy wife.

"But I must hasten to finish my story, Margie mia," said Estella, "to the time your kind hands raised me up when I fell exhausted on the mountain near Macon."

CHAPTER X.

"Have you ever been on the mountains at night, Margarita? No? Then you never saw one of the grandest sights in nature.

"When Iotha and I turned from the hamlet, and entered the mountain path, I felt for the first time in my life an intense sense of fear. It seemed as though all around testified to the omnipotent power of God.

"Iotha had told me about the shepherds feeding their flocks at Bethlehem on the night of our Saviour's birth, and as I looked up at the purple night sky (bright shone the gems of that heavenly mine), I wished—oh! how I wished—that for us a star would arise in the east to guide us on our way to peace; but I had been surfeited with the stories of miracles, and I thankfully acknowledged we could see our path by the light of those lamps of beauty over us.

"How lonely it was! Should we reach the little town before our absence was discovered? All these questions I asked myself as we took our silent way over the mountains at night.

"'Hark! What was that, Estella?' said Iotha, under her breath, standing quite still, as the sound of footsteps came distinctly in the stillness of the night, or rather early morning, for it was near two o'clock.

"The footsteps, for such they were, seemed now farther off than before; and, reassured, we went quickly on, every nerve quivering, and every pulse beating.

"Still, although we did not hear the footsteps as before, now and then there was an echo which frightened us; but we walked cautiously, stopping to listen at each turn of the mountain path.

"On the last turn of the road we had taken, there was a 'casa di refugio' placed there, in case of storms, and, tired and weary as we were, I whispered to Iotha that it would be well if we rested for a short time. Iotha readily assented, and as we had brought a bottle of milk and some biscuits with us, I thought it would be right to keep up our strength by partaking of them. We were both glad to reach the pianura on which the little casa was built, for all

around it there were ups and downs, little paths leading to dells where the rock rose and wild arbutus covered the mossy sides of the hill, which, had I been happy, I should have delighted to gather.

"At length we arrived at and entered, as we thought, our haven of repose, and having deposited our one hand-bag on the rustic table, sat down.

"Before we had time to speak to each other, a heavy hand was laid on me, and the other on poor Iotha, and, oh! Margie, the hated voice of Padre Fabiano hissed out, 'son qua, miei cari, son qua!'

"I screamed loudly, but darling Iotha seemed quite stunned! It was the priest's footsteps we had heard, and he had heard ours, and seen us too; it was the echo of his footsteps we had heard, as he craftily crept along a side path, thinking it probable that we should enter the little house of refuge, and that he would be there to meet us.

"I can speak of it now, Margarita, but the terror—the horror of that time is not to be described.

"'You wicked girl,' said Padre Fabiano to Iotha; 'and you, signora, I am grieved and ashamed at your weakness, your want of sense, to let that girl lead you astray! But by severe penance you must expiate your fault, signora.'

"All this time he had tight hold of my arm with one hand, and Iotha with the other, but upon hearing these words, I wrenched myself suddenly free of him, saying—'No, padre, no; your false reign is over. No more penances will I perform. No longer do I believe your wicked words about my husband, for I know that nothing but God's will can separate us, and I am now on my way to meet him!'

"'Indeed, signora; indeed, we shall see!'

"Dear Iotha had been all this time quite quiet, but now she turned with a bravery I envied, saying, 'Release me, padre; you hurt my arm. I am not your pupil—never was. You know my dear Uncle Marco refused to put myself and sister under your care, and it was to the bad influence of the Abbadessa my aunt and you that I owe all my misery. If it had not been for poor Mabella's illness she would also have been in misery, but my dear mamma would have her to nurse her.'

"'No, signorina, true; you were not my pupil, by your uncle's will, but the judge awarded you in part to my teaching, so I intend now I have you to keep you.' So saying he was about to seize the poor girl's hand the more securely to hold her, when Iotha broke suddenly from him, and ran with the speed of

RESCUED.

an antelope down the path, and she being the more valuable prize of the two, the padre for the moment seemed to forget me, a circumstance I readily took advantage of. Turning into one of the many intricate cross tracks on the mountain, and losing my footing, I tumbled down some distance among the stunted trees, where I lay stunned and scratched, to be found by you, my good, dear Margarita, and brought with you by easy stages to Paris. But of my darling Iotha I know nothing; but that God has taken care of her I am certain."

CHAPTER XI.

Marco Cardinelli had determined to return to "La Casa," thinking that his wife would be likely to come back like the dove to the Ark—for he had heard of her flight from Santa Maria, his sister's

rage being only equalled by her malignity against the Signora Iotha Cardinelli, vowing that all this heresy came by her means.

Marco was too spent with fatigue and sorrow to heed the irate woman's ravings, poor Bettina, to whom she carried all her grievances, suffering most by her wicked temper.

There was about to be a reception of four young novices as nuns at Santa Maria, and the Abbadessa had hoped that one at least of her nieces would have figured at this ceremony, and the loss of both, or rather their escape from the snares laid down for them, did not improve her temper.

In his wanderings after his beloved Estella, whose faults were all forgotten in her sufferings, Marco remembered that the family of the Marchese Cinque Torri, a distant relative of his wife, had a palazzo, or rather villeggiatura, near to Novara, and here as a last hope he bent his steps before returning to "Casa Cardinelli," thinking it just possible but scarcely probable that, upon the principle of any port in a storm, she might have found refuge there.

The report of Marco's heresy had been spread far and wide by the Abbadessa, and as the youngest daughter of the house of Cinque Torri was in her novitiate, and the third son at the Buon' Friari near by Santa Maria, the news had arrived at the palazzo of that which had been the cause of such heartaches and heartburnings. Nevertheless, when Marco Cardinelli arrived on that July morning, he was most cordially received by the country nobleman and his marchesa, and seeing how worn and sorrowful he looked, they forbade him to say one word until rest, refreshment and sympathy had in part restored him.

The marchese had sent his son and daughter into their respective retreats, according to an ancient and general custom in his family, but he missed the gay carol and merry laugh of his young daughter, as also the ready help of his third son; and if in these times of advanced thought they should prefer to return home, well, he would not say them nay, although his wife was anxious to see her son don the "vesta talara."

Signor Cardinelli had joined them at dinner, and the marchese, warmed by the pleasant companionship of his old acquaintance—though he had not seen Marco for years—entered into a kind of confidential talk with him.

"I think that my boy's dislike to a priest's life is more than his 'no-vocation,' for in a letter to his mother he speaks of a pupil in the school of Santa Maria, whom he sees when he joins the choir in the church, or assists the priests at mass. He does not say her name, but he speaks rather too warmly to his mother of her beautiful sad eyes and her sorrowful bearing, though he sets the marchesa quite the wrong way by telling her she is one of the Evangelici."

"At Santa Maria, did you say?" asked Marco. "Then it must be my poor niece Iotha, my late brother Goachino's eldest daughter; but I heard that she with my wife Estella, your relative, had made their escape from the monastery, on account of the fearfully disgusting penances the Abbadessa, my sister, I am sorry to say, inflicted on them, and I have been searching for my poor Estella ever since."

"You astound me, Cardinelli," returned the marchese. There was a brief silence, as if both were overwhelmed by their thoughts. Then after a few minutes he rose from his chair and rang the bell.

A servant came quickly at the call, and the marchese told the man that he wished to see Maria Bartoli directly.

Nana Bartoli was the gouvernante of the house, having originally been the nurse.

When the woman presented herself to her master he asked her how the young person was who was unwell at the casetta of Zannetti the vine-dresser, lower down the lands at the entrance to the vineyards.

Marco had almost risen from his chair at the marchese's question, but at a look from his friend he sat down again, but he was excited and unquiet, for he began to think that it was his wife of whom he spoke.

"She is very far from well, Signor Padrone, and what adds to her illness is that every step frightens her. Last night she saw Don Logotto pass to the Signora Marchesa's maid's apartments, who is ill, and her terror was so great, I thought the poor young thing would have fainted."

"Um, is she quieter to-night? Do you think she would like your padrona and I to visit her, Nana?"

"Oh, Signore Marchese, 'tis just what poor Zannetti's wife said to me this morning, 'If the signora would come and tell me what I had better do I would be so glad.'"

"Well, we will come with you, Nana, but first go to the marchesa, and ask her to be good enough to come to me."

The woman went to her padrona with the message, and returned with her in a short time; and then, followed by Nana Bartoli, they took their way to Zannetti's casetta.

If anything could have calmed Marco Cardinelli's mind, surely that evening walk must have done so. The lovely clearness of the evening sky, flooded in the west by the sun's sinking rays, the mountains flecked with hues which need a pencil dipped in its own soft colouring to paint, the bees wending their way home to their cells, the fireflies lighting them on their way—all these things had their charm; and then, as the shades of evening deepened, the birds ceased the chattering history of their day's wanderings. Nature's night-dream came over all, as the soft light of the stars lighted them to the vine-dresser's casetta.

The pretty little wife of the vinedresser had seen them from afar, and stood ready at the gate to receive her noble padrona and padrone.

"Di grazia avanti, signori," said she with a deep curtsey, the rich pomegranate colour mounting to her olive cheek with gratified pride that Mimi, the woodsman's wife, should see her noble guests enter her prettily decorated casetta.

As the little party entered, Marco heard a voice, which made him tremble, say, "Who is that? Oh, don't let him take me away!" But the voice was not that of his wife, Estella.

Impatient as Marco was, he followed the marchesa to the inner room, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the words, "Uncle Marco!" "Iotha carina!" were heard; and both were locked in an affectionate embrace.

The content of the good couple who had sheltered poor Iotha was very great, and with the love of telling a personal adventure every Italian has, Cosimo

Zannetti, at Marco's request, told them how he came to find Iotha.

"I was returning from San Pelagia, Padrone Marchese, when the mule—you know she is a clever one—sniffed and snorted and would not go on. 'What hast thou?' said I. 'Come on, get on!' But no; she would not move; and, looking about, I saw that she was frightened at something creeping behind the wild olives.

"I shouted, and the figure sank down to hide. 'Come, girl,' said I to the mule, and she went trotting on right up to what proved to be the young lady there, who, clasping her pretty hands together all bleeding from the bushes, prayed me to protect her from Padre Fabiano. 'Protect you! Yes, sure I will,' and I lifted her up on to the mule's back—for she could hardly stand. The old girl jumped and frisked her tail, and shook her bells with delight, as much as to say, 'It is all my doing,' which it was, all but lifting the signora on to her back, and she couldn't do that you know, signori. I brought her to my Carlotta, who has a tender, pitiful heart," looking at his wife, "and she comforted her, and bound up her bleeding hands, and then laid her to rest in our bed, for it was early morning, and I had been taking care of the new-born lambs.

"That's all," said Zannetti, and kissing his hand to the guests in his cottage, with true Italian courtesy, he and Carlotta left the reunited uncle and niece with their new and hospitable friends.

CHRISTMAS IN FIJI.

I.

TO the ordinary traveller, Fiji must for the present be considered a dead letter. Unless he comes here in his own yacht, or is prepared simply to go round the Isles in one of the new steamers, merely touching at divers ports, he will find no facility for further travel than along the beach at Levuka. Even were their houses accessible, the planters of Fiji are not in such a prosperous condition that they can afford to keep open house, as is the custom in some countries, and of course the "stranger's house" in a Fijian village would have few attractions for a stray white traveller, ignorant of the language of all around him. My own position as an inmate of Government House is one which of course has many advantages, and gives me many opportunities of seeing the chiefs and their families. But this, of course, is a very different thing from seeing them and their people at home in their own villages.

I therefore deemed myself singularly fortunate in being invited by the superintendent of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to accompany him and his wife on an expedition up the Rewa, which is the principal river in the island of Viti Levu, where they were going to inspect schools and churches, and purposed visiting several villages which had so recently become Christian that no white teacher had as yet been there, only the native teachers sent the previous year at the request of the people. Seventeen years' residence in these isles have made both Mr. Langham and his wife thoroughly acquainted with every detail of native manners and customs, as well as given them a keen personal interest in all those stirring events and wonderful changes which have made the true history of this group a tale stranger than any fiction. I could not, therefore, have been more fortunate in my travelling companions. Starting from their house at Bau, the native capital, five or six hours' rowing brought them to the town of Rewa, whence, the same night, we proceeded six miles up the stream, by moonlight, to the house of Andi Quilla (i.e. Lady Flag), the favourite daughter of the ex-king.

This was my first experience of a night in a Fijian house. Except in size, they are all alike; from that of the greatest chief to the poorest peasant, all are built on one pattern, namely one large room, the heavily thatched roof resting on strong wooden pillars, which support roughly hewn trees laid lengthwise and fastened together with strongly knotted vines. The fireplace (there are sometimes several) is merely a sunken hollow in the floor, edged with wood, just to separate it from the mats, which cover the dried grass with which the whole house is strewn. There is no furniture whatever, save a few cooking pots and *yangona* and oil-bowls; and as there is no chimney, the blue smoke wanders at will among the blackened rafters, producing a dark, Rembrandt-like background for the groups of brown figures which lie on the mats, or crouch round the fires watching the progress of the cooking. One end of the house is generally slightly raised, forming a sort of dais, and here are spread the best mats, reserved for the principal inmates and their guests. In the houses of some chiefs a portion of the space is curtained off by a large piece of *tappa*, which is a thick sort of native cloth, also made from the fibrous bark of the paper mulberry, and stamped with a rich brown pattern. With a view to instilling the advantages of at least a measure of privacy in home life, the houses of Christian teachers invariably have one end shut off by a reed screen; but this is an example which their people show no disposition to follow, indeed in one case I observed that the teacher himself used the screened end only as a yam-house, so that virtually his family had even closer quarters than if there had been no division. In every village there is invariably one large house called the Bure, where all the young men sleep.

This Rewa river, or Wai Levu (i.e. Great Water) as the people call it, is the principal river in the group, and considering how short its course is, its size is certainly remarkable; its width at Rewa town being equal to that of the Thames at London Bridge. Below this point it diverges into many streams, each bordered by a broad belt of swampy ground where only the mangrove flourishes, its strangely branching roots overspreading the swamp like a vast network.

Here multitudes of wild duck make their home, and tantalise the sportsman by falling wounded, with just life enough to dive among those tangled roots, whence of course they never rise again, at any rate not within reach. Very different are the banks of the river above the town, where the country becomes fertile, and happy cattle find pasture in smiling meadows; a pleasant sight which we had not beheld for many months. The banks are dotted on either side with the homes of planters, some of which have, in past years of commercial prosperity, been comfortable and well-cared for, but now, alas, there are few which do not, by their neglected appearance, confirm the grievous tale of loss and pecuniary embarrassment which we heard from many sufferers. But wherever we called we received the same cordial greeting, and the offer of that most acceptable cup of tea, which in the colonies is so freely dispensed at all hours of the day, and which to us was doubly precious, as we knew we were bidding farewell to milk until our return hither.

On the second night we reached the village of Delandamanu, where our sleeping-quarters were in the church (Wesleyan), an idea which at first was certainly startling, but to which we became more quickly reconciled from the fact of churches here being precisely like the houses—simply one large empty room with matted floor. So we hung up our mosquito-curtains as usual, and such screens of mats and plaids as to allow us each a tiny room, and therein slept in peace. Our food was cooked in the village close by, and brought up to us. For the church stands on a tiny hillock, which is the village grave-yard, a quiet and very picturesque spot, overlooking the fertile valley, through which the river winds so peacefully, with grand mountain ranges in the distance. From this spot we watched a beautiful sunset, and then the great moon rose in clear loveliness, and lent a dreamy beauty to the mists, which floated along the river like pale spirits. At sunrise we were up and away. For a few hours longer we occasionally saw planters' houses, but nearly all were deserted, and by noon we were beyond all trace of white men.

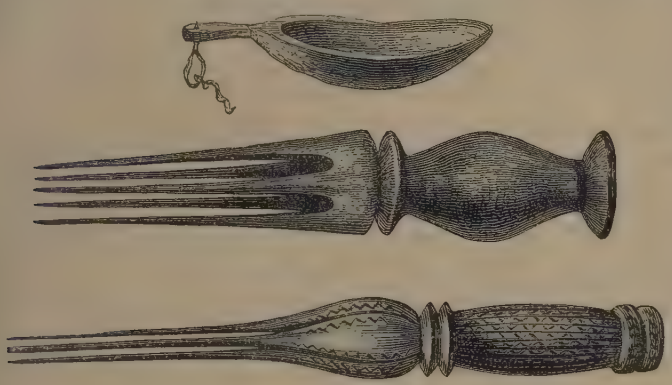
As we advanced, the river gradually narrowed; the banks of great reedy grass were replaced by the tangled vegetation of the forests—dark trees massed together by luxuriant vines of every description, hanging in long festoons right down to the ground, and an undergrowth of ferns of every description in richest profusion. Here the great tree-ferns grow in such masses that their lovely foliage becomes positively monotonous; in fact, all green things of the earth are here in perfection—only, as usual, there is a total lack of all colour. Such blossoms as there must be, are so few and far between as to make no show whatever. The banks have this disadvantage, that from the thickness of their tangled foliage, you rarely pass any spot tempting as a landing-place. Here and there, however, a little stream comes rushing down a rocky bed, to lose itself in the Great Water. Great was our satisfaction when we found such an one as we approached noonday. Then came the delight of bathing in some deep pool, and of boiling the kettle, and really enjoying a dinner under green leaves. Sometimes, where no such stream presented itself, we were driven to bathe in some quiet reach of the river, but this we did in fear and trembling, knowing that even here treacherous sharks lurk in the still water.

We halted for Sunday at Navounindrala, a charmingly situated village, commanding a magnificent view of the mountains and the valley, and as this was my first experience of a real Fijian Sunday, as observed in every village in the Isles, I may as well give you a sketch of it. On this, as on every other day of the week, the earliest sound that greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is the voice of hymn-singing and most earnest family worship rising from every home. About half-past six the great wooden drums or *lallies* beat to summon the people to a prayer-meeting in the church—which I am told is always well attended. I can answer for the 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. services being invariably crowded, and with a congregation so devout that I could have fancied myself in a Mohammedan mosque or Hindoo temple, rather than in an average Christian church. There is no slouching here or idle lounging, and no apparent inattention. The whole congregation are seated on mats; they stand to sing, and kneel to pray. They kneel, as one might say, on all fours, both hands resting on the earth, and the head almost or altogether on the ground, and touching the feet of the next man. It is a very striking sight to overlook such a church as this, with its undulating pavement of prostrate forms, tawny heads, brown backs, and white *sulus* (waist-cloths); you never see a head raised, so, except where here and there a tiny brown child stands beside its kneeling mother, no eyes will meet yours, however long you may gaze on this impressive scene. The service combines extempore prayer and sermon, with translations of portions of the English liturgy, such as the Creed and the Te Deum, which are chanted in measured chorus, somewhat resembling one of the native *mékés*, an excellent adaptation of the national chants, and greatly preferable, I think, to the barbarous versions of our own hymn tunes, to which psalms are sung, heartily no doubt, but in horrible discord. Besides the regular services I have mentioned, there are Sunday Bible-classes, which the majority attend, either as teachers or scholars. Altogether, the observance of the day is as strict as could be desired by the most rigid Sabbatarian, and by no means what our preconceived ideas of Fiji might have led us to expect. We were assured that the presence of "the missionary" made no appreciable difference in the congregations, and that the churches were just as crowded when there was only the native teacher to lead their simple worship.

I forgot to mention that the six strapping young fellows who acted as our boatmen, were all students from the Mission Institution at Bau, who hoped eventually to attain the position of teachers or native ministers, and who in the meantime improved their opportunities by teaching in the villages near which we halted. So at daybreak on Sunday morning (donning clean white shirts in lieu of their more picturesque garlands of green leaves) they scattered in divers directions, and walked long distances across the mountains to hold services in remote villages, returning thence at nightfall. Several of these men belonged to this district, and had lost parents and friends in the bloody wars which raged here only two or three years ago. One (whose rank as a chief was marked by the respect with which the villagers clapped

hands whenever he had finished eating) pointed out to us the spot where his father was clubbed, and the place where he himself buried him, and watched over his grave for ten nights lest the foe should even then dig him up and eat him! Certain herbs were invariably cooked to eat with the flesh, and in order to have them handy they were always grown near every village. Moreover, it was the only meat that might never be touched with the fingers, it was always eaten with a curious round wooden fork with several long prongs, and large wooden spoons were also used, if required.

I had the good luck to secure two or three of these cannibal spoons from a villainous-looking old priest in one of the remote villages, which had



FORKS USED AT CANNIBAL FEASTS.

only become Christian about a year before our visit, and where cannibalism in its most aggravated form had been carried on to the last. We made great friends with the young chief and his pretty wife, and in the course of conversation the subject came up. From his cradle he had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of fighting, and although, on embracing Christianity, he and his tribe had moved down from their stronghold in the mountains to a more accessible spot on the banks of the river, they had deemed it prudent to establish themselves on the site of an old fortified village, surrounded by a deep moat; nor would they venture to go thence to a peaceful service on Christmas Day in a neighbouring village without carrying firearms, thus betraying their lingering distrust of other tribes. Nor was this to be wondered at, when right above us towered the dark conical hill of Mbalavu ("the Long Town"), where, so recently as 1871, the neighbouring tribes surprised and massacred two hundred and sixty persons, every one of whom was eaten. Naturally, while so many of these murdered men have living relatives among the still heathen tribes, the dread of an avenger's club must be a very present thought.

Hard indeed it is, while hearing and innumerable tales of horror on the very scenes where they were so recently enacted, to realise that the perpetrators of them are, in many cases, the very people who now, in every village, give us such cordial welcome, who throng the schools and churches, and, poor as they are, insist on doing the utmost honour in their power to the Christian teacher, by slaying for him and his party the fatted pig (the only animal they possess, save an occasional cat). This oft-recurring presentation of food wherever we halted was an interesting sight, until its novelty wore off. First would come a procession of women carrying palm-leaf baskets containing baked yams, *taros* or sweet potatoes. Others followed with black cooking pots, whence they produced boiled fowls, or fish, sometimes prawns, or rather small cray-fish; and in some places large fresh-water mussels, resembling those of our own rivers, are found, which when cooked resemble a poached egg stuffed with mincemeat—and very good they are! These were all deposited on large green banana leaves, and spread on the mats at the further end of the house, the bearers crouching in the accustomed attitude of respect, and our boatmen, tired with their morning's work, lying outstretched all round.

We (the quality) of course were in possession of the mats at the raised end of the house. It was not etiquette for us even to seem to see the arrival of all these good things till they were formally presented by the leader, and often a pause occurred—a hush of expectation—and we guessed there was something more to follow. Soon a stir among the spectators told of an approaching pig, and a moment later he was borne in by four men, on a large wooden tray, which was also deposited on the unlucky mats. Then the feast was formally offered, and as formally accepted, with much hand-clapping, and the head boatman proceeded to cut up the pig into as many portions as there were guests from other villages, adding to each a share of vegetables, and of course reserving a portion for themselves and us. This was a matter demanding considerable knowledge of the Fijian laws of precedence, for certain portions are considered better than others, and to award the head, for instance, to a small chief when a greater was present, would be a cause of serious offence. In olden days it might have involved life and death, and even now would require explanation. The portions being duly heaped up, each name is called in proper order, and the owner carries off his allowance to eat at his leisure. As a matter of course, every pig was roasted whole, the oven being a pit dug in the ground, lined with firewood, over which is placed a layer of stones.

In former days feasts were prepared on a gigantic scale, to celebrate any great event or meeting of friendly tribes. We were told of one feast at which there was a wall of cooked fish, five feet in height and twenty yards long. The pudding on this occasion measured twenty feet in circumference; and a carpet, ten feet long by four wide, of green banana leaves, formed the dish on which was piled a pyramid of roast pigs and large turtles. Calvert describes one festival at which he was present, where there were fifteen tons of sweet puddings, seventy turtles, fifty tons of cooked yams and *taro* (besides 200 tons which were judiciously reserved), and as much *yangona* root as would have filled five carts! On these occasions all food is arranged in heaps, a layer of cocoa-nuts as foundation, then baked yams and *taro*, next the gigantic puddings on green banana leaves, and pigs and turtles to crown the whole. The native puddings consist of various preparations of bread-fruit, banana, cocoa-nut, and sugar-cane. Some of them are really nice, others indescribably nasty.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

DECEMBER 18.

THE DEATH OF MOSES. DEUTERONOMY XXXIV.

GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM CXVI. 15.—'*Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of His saints.*'

CONNECTION.—Last week's 'Study' showed the command; that of to-day, the fulfilment. One great prophecy intervened, in which the lawgiver set forth the destinies of Israel, tribe by tribe. This should be compared with the dying words of Jacob, but not now. There is enough, and more than enough of interest in the simple record of Moses' death.

I. HIS VIEW OF THE PROMISED LAND.—*Read vers.* 1-4. **Moses went up,** as the whole history shows, *alone.* Aaron had been accompanied by brother and son, Num. xx. 28. Moses, too, may have been attended for part of his way by a mourning company full of sadness that they were to lose their leader. But at some part of the way came the parting, and the grand heroic man went bravely on to meet his God!

The mountain of Nebo. See last week's 'Study;' Pisgah is literally 'the Pisgah,' the Peak. Nebo, now *Jebel Nebbeh* (Tristram), is its highest point. It has only lately been identified.*

The view from this eminence was the same, eastward, that was outspread before Balaam, Num. xxiii. 14; the dark forests of **Gilead** to the north, on the eastern side of Jordan, and still beyond, the snows of Hermon, faint on the horizon, **Dan** lying at the foot, then **all Naphtali**—Galilee, with its lake—to the south of Dan; and nearer still, in the centre of the land, the fruitful hills and valleys of **Manasseh** and **Ephraim**, with the plain of Esdraelon leading the eye to distant Carmel; **all the land of Judah** with its rocky frontiers and the mountains that are round about Jerusalem, almost at the foot; and beyond the hills the faintly gleaming purple of **the utmost** or Mediterranean **sea; the South,** or Negeb, opening in the distance to the wilderness which had been so lately passed; Kadesh itself being perhaps visible, while in the immediate foreground lay **Jericho,** then famous for the **palm-trees** which have long ceased to flourish there, and a little farther southwards, the silent, steaming waters of the Dead Sea, with **Zoar** not far from its southern shores.

> The names of the tribes of Israel here given to the different localities were no doubt inserted in this appendix to Deuteronomy at some period after the division of the land. It is unnecessary to suppose that they were written by way of anticipation. The regions beheld were those which were afterwards, in the time of the narrator, occupied by these several tribes. See a noble description of the prospect as outstretched before Moses, by the late Dean Stanley, 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 301: 'That view is pronounced by the few modern travellers who have seen it, to be unequalled of its kind.'

The view was in part *prophetic*—**Jehovah showed him;** as if Moses beheld something more than he could see with the outward eye. In fact, to take in the whole of the physical view as described, there must have been some heightening of vision.* How much more, we can only imagine. There was the hill-fortress of Jebus, where the Temple was to stand; the rocky ridge of Bethlehem, the distant gleam of Gennesaret, the 'little hill' of Calvary, the summit of Olivet. It is easy to believe that with the prospect of the outspread landscape, and the assurance, **This is the land that I sware unto Abraham,** there was also a revelation to the dying seer of yet 'better things' to come. So Moses 'died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar.' (Heb. xi.)

I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. It has well been observed that here Moses is but a type of many of the great and good whose lot it has been to prepare the way for achievements in which they will never personally share. This is illustrated, as Dean Stanley has finely remarked, by 'the many reformers, martyrs, and missionaries,—John Huss, Tyndale, Francis Xavier, Howard, who, in all times of the Church, have died on the threshold of their reward "in hope, not in possession."'

II. DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.—*Read vers.* 5-8. **The servant of Jehovah,** the grandest of titles. Compare ch. xxxiii. 1; Psa. xc., *title.* **Died there**—death the penalty of sin, universally, in his case specially, while yet he is forgiven, reconciled, saved. **In the land of Moab,** not in Canaan; renewed emphasis on the fact that he was not to enter the land of promise. **According to the word,** literally 'at the mouth,' **of Jehovah.** Hence the Rabbinical idea that Moses yielded his breath to 'a kiss of the Almighty.' The idea is beautiful if fanciful; but *mouth* is used as a synonym of 'commandment.' **He,** Jehovah Himself, **buried him in a valley,** some secluded ravine of the mountain. [Most of our readers will be acquainted with Mrs. Alexander's beautiful poem, 'The Burial of Moses.'] **Over against Beth-peor,** mentioned as the last halting-place of Israel, ch. iii. 29; iv. 46. (See also Num. xxi. 20.) **No man knoweth of his sepulchre:** this was hidden, perhaps, in part that the Israelites might not regard it with idolatrous veneration; and so the world has one 'sacred shrine' the less! but more especially to show that about that death and burial there was still a mystery. **To this day,** when the writer lived by whom this chapter was added.

> Into this mystery we can only look reverently. Still, we may note two facts. 1. The archangel Michael is said to have contended with the devil about the body of Moses † as though this body were in some way exempted from the claim of 'him that had the power of death' (Heb. ii. 14), and lay, uncorrupted, in angelic guardianship. 2. Moses 'appeared in glory' with Elijah upon the Mount of Transfiguration, to speak with Jesus of the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. It seems just to conclude that the great resurrection-change had passed upon Moses as well as upon Elijah, 2 Kings ii. 11.

An hundred and twenty years old when he died; forty years in Egypt, Acts vii. 23; forty in Midian, ver. 30 (Exodus vii. 7); forty in the desert, ver. 36. The age was preternatural, even in that day: see the words of Moses, Psa. xc. 10; he was sustained by special Divine power, so that he not only lived, but lived in full vital energy. For the accustomed period of **thirty days** (see Gen. i. 3, 10; Num. xx. 29) **the children of Israel wept for Moses,** the brave general who had so recently led them against the Amorites—the inspired seer who had still later roused and thrilled their souls by prophecy and

* There was a town Nebo in the valley, Num. xxxii. 3, 38. See 1 Chron. v. 8. It belonged to Reuben, but was retaken by Moab, Isa. xv. 2; Jer. xlviii. 1, 22. The name was also that of a (Chaldæan) god, Isa. xlvi. 1; and probably there may have been some association between the deity, the city, and the mountain-peak, although we have no direct evidence on the point.

* It was a view, in its full extent, to be imagined rather than actually seen. The foreground alone could be barely discernible; its distance had to be supplied by what was beyond, though suggested by what was within the actual prospect of the seer.'—*Stanley.*

† It is an insufficient explanation which refers this statement to the vision of Zech. iii. 1, 2; striking as is the coincidence in one point.

song—the leader whom they had often troubled by perverseness and rebellion, yet had admired and loved all the time, and whom they now together mourned with unaffected grief. But **the days of mourning** at length **were ended**; the days of action had come.

III. The Successor of Moses.—*Read vers.* 9–12. **Joshua the son of Nun,** the faithful friend of Moses from the first, a brave officer in the days of his youth, Exod. xvii. 9; Moses' 'minister' or attendant (Exod. xxiv. 13; xxxii. 17), ordained by Moses himself as his successor. **Moses had laid his hands upon him.** See Num. xxvii. 18–20. The imposition of hands was a sign of the impartation of divine power. **The children of Israel hearkened unto him.** See Josh. i. 16–18. Joshua was a great general, a wise and good man, valorous, faithful to the end: but he was not **like Moses.** No one in Israel could ever take the place of their first leader. Not only a commander but **a prophet; whom Jehovah knew face to face,** not only 'who knew Jehovah,' as Exod. xxxiii. 11—but God graciously regarded him, manifested Himself to him, filled him with His own power, enabling him to perform **signs and wonders.** The historian dwells especially on those which Moses wrought **in the land of Egypt,** the **great terror** which wrought a great deliverance. But the character of Moses was great in other respects, Num. xii. 3. He was very meek,* i.e. 'enduring,' 'regardless of self.' 'This,' remarks Dean Stanley, 'is the trait most strongly impressed on all his actions from first to last. So in Egypt he threw himself into the thankless cause of his oppressed brethren, at his earliest call he prayed that Aaron might be the leader instead of himself; at Sinai he besought that his name might be blotted out, if only his people might be spared; in the desert he wished that not only he but all the Lord's people might prophesy. He founded no dynasty: his own sons were left in deep obscurity; his successor was taken from the rival tribe of Ephraim.'

> As compared also with the line of succeeding prophets, Moses stands alone in name and fame. They were teachers, he was ruler and leader; they spoke with power, he sustained his mighty words by mightier deeds; and above, all the Law was given by him. So he remains, in unshared incommunicable greatness, until the Christ should come—'a Prophet,' he says, 'from the midst of thee, from thy brethren,' ch. xviii. 15; see Acts iii. 22, 23. The superiority of Christ over Moses is shown, Hebrews iii. 1–6. 'Moses,' says *Keil*, 'was the founder and mediator of the old Covenant. As long as this Covenant was to last, no prophet could arise in Israel like unto Moses. There is but One who is worthy of greater honour than Moses, namely, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, who is placed as the Son over all the house of God, in which Moses was found "faithful as a servant;" Jesus Christ, the Founder and Mediator of the new and everlasting Covenant.'

Questions.

1. Illustrate from the history of Moses those traits of character described as 'meekness.'

2. State from Scripture what is known of the great lawgiver's family and descendants.

3. What was the age of Joshua when he succeeded to the leadership of Israel?

4. Give the chief lessons to be drawn from the appearance of Moses in glory on the Mount of Transfiguration.

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* 'The word "meek" is hardly an adequate rendering of the Hebrew term, which should be rather "much enduring"; and in fact, his onslaught on the Egyptian, and his sudden dashing the tables on the ground, indicate rather the reverse of what we should call "meekness." It represents what we should now designate by the word "disinterested."'—*Stanley*, in 'Dict. Bible,' art. Moses.

Pages for the Young.

ALICE THE PEACEMAKER.

IT was Saturday evening, and Alice Foster sat in front of the glowing fire, learning her scripture lesson to repeat to her father on the morrow.

Outside, the last rosy hues of the early sunset were fast fading from the sky; but indoors, the firelight danced and sparkled lighting up the whole of the old farm-house kitchen with its cheery glow, and falling in fitful gleams on Alice's face, where it lingered lovingly, as if it had found a pleasant resting-place. A very sweet face was hers too; it could not be called pretty, but the dark brown hair was smooth and shining, and just now there was a very earnest look in the clear grey eyes, as Alice bent thoughtfully over her lesson, saying it softly to herself. It was the beginning of Christ's beautiful Sermon on the Mount; and as Alice read over one after another of its rich cluster of opening blessings, she came to one which struck her as the most beautiful of them all: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

As she paused to repeat it to herself, and to wonder how *she* could win that blessing, the door suddenly flew open, and a little girl with merry black eyes and curly hair that no amount of brushing would ever make tidy, ran in, dragging a retriever puppy behind her.

"Look, Alice! isn't he getting a beauty?" she said, pulling him forward for Alice's inspection. He certainly could not with truthfulness be called a "beauty," being in that ungainly stage of puppyhood in which his limbs appeared much too long for his body, but Alice smiled and said, "He will be a fine dog some day! But, Letty dear, I don't think mother would like him in here. You know he is so mischievous and pulls things to pieces so!"

"Oh! I'll see that he doesn't get into mischief," said Letty carelessly, as she threw herself down on the hearth-rug and began to give Prince his first lesson in begging.

Alice went on learning her lesson. Suddenly she looked up: "Letty, have you learnt your scripture?"

"Oh! I forgot!" said Letty springing up. "Where's my Bible, Alice?"

"I don't know; you had it last," replied her sister; and careless Letty set to work to hunt for the missing book.

The search was fruitless, but presently the little girl dragged forth a large, handsomely-bound volume from the thick folds of paper in which it was loosely wrapped.

"Here's Tom's! that will do," she said seizing upon it, and re-seating herself upon the rug.

"Oh! Letty, don't use that; Tom would be so angry if anything happened to it!" cried her sister.

"Well, I can take care of it!" Letty impatiently retorted, and Alice said no more. Then there was silence in the room for a few minutes, except now and then, when Letty paused in her lesson to play with Prince. It did not last long, for soon she sprang hastily up, and leaving Tom's Bible on the rug, ran off into the pantry to get a piece of bread for the dog.

Just then Mrs. Foster's voice at the top of the stairs said, "Alice, I want you to help me for a few minutes;" and Alice had to go.

When, a short time afterwards, she came back, a strange sight met her eyes. There was Letty chasing Prince round and round the room, with the poker in her hand, the dog cleverly evading her blows, and bestowing his long limbs in incredibly small spaces, eyeing her all the while as if he rather liked the fun.

Very ridiculous it looked, and Alice began to laugh, but stopped suddenly as she caught sight of her sister's flushed and angry face.

"Why! Letty, what is the matter?" she inquired. In reply, Letty held up to view Tom's new Bible, with the leaves torn and the covers bitten and scratched past all recovery. "There!" she said, "see what Prince has done! Oh! what will Tom say?"

Just then the door opened, and Tom himself, a bright, pleasant-looking boy of fifteen, entered the room, stopping short, however, when he saw his sister's distressed looks.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, and then his face changed as he caught sight of his handsome Bible, lying defaced and torn upon the table.

"Who's been doing this?" cried angrily.

"Oh, Tom!" sobbed Letty—the tears for which she had been too angry before, now flowing fast, "it was all my fault! I brought Prince in, and Alice said I had better not, but I thought I could take care of him, and then I went out of the room for a minute, and——"

"And then he spoiled my book! interrupted Tom. "I should like to know what right you had to meddle with my new Bible at all. You know only brought it down to be covered. I'll never forgive you, Letty, as long as I live!"

"I am so sorry!" sobbed out poor Letty; but before she could finish, Tom had gone out, slamming the door behind him with unnecessary violence.

"Never mind, dear," said Alice, kissing her sister; "it can't be helped now, and perhaps he won't be so angry when he comes in, and will forgive you."

So Letty forced back her tears, though they were very near for the rest of the evening.

Just as she was going to bed, Tom came in. Tremblingly she went up to him for her usual good-night kiss, but he took no notice. Poor little girl! that was more than she could bear. The tears would be kept back no longer; so she ran upstairs without a word, and hastily undressing, got into bed and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, breakfast was a very uncomfortable meal, for Tom sat in grim silence, hardly answering even when he was spoken to; while Letty, who generally did most of the talking, kept her eyes on her plate all the time, to hide the tears which could not be driven back.

After breakfast, Tom went to the Sunday school a mile and a half distant; and Alice and Letty brought to their father the verses they had learned for him on the previous day. Of course Letty did not know hers, and she received a severe reproof for what . Foster thought was only another of many instances of his little daughter's carelessness. Then it was time to get ready for church.

During the walk home after the service, Tom kept apart from the rest, and arrived barely in time to take his seat with the others at the dinner-table. Dinner was no pleasanter than breakfast had been, and afterwards when the family gathered round the harmonium to mingle their voices in the grand old Sabbath hymns they all loved so well—as had been their custom ever since the children could remember—Tom was missing from the group.

The singing was a failure that afternoon. Poor Letty's heart was too full for her to join in it, and even Alice's clear voice was scarcely heard to-day. She sang as if her thoughts were occupied with something else; and so indeed they were, for all that morning her text had kept floating through her brain, and now it came with greater force than ever, and would not be driven away: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

If she could but make peace between Tom and Letty how glad she would be! But Tom was so cross, and perhaps if she spoke to him it would only make him more angry.

Still the text haunted her. It was almost as if some one had whispered it reproachfully in her ear, so clearly and distinctly did she hear it. At last her mind was made up. Slipping quietly away when the hymn was over, she ran first for a moment into her own little room, and kneeling by her bedside, earnestly asked for strength and guidance in her task; and then summoning up all her courage, she went and knocked at Tom's door.

There was no reply.

"Tom!"

No answer.

"Tom!"

"Who's there?" growled a surly voice from within.

"It's only I—Alice," said his sister, almost wishing she had not come after all.

"Come in then," said Tom ungraciously, and Alice did go in.

Tom sat near the window with a book in his hand, but as Alice drew near she could see that he was holding it upside down, and had evidently not been reading. He never turned as she entered.

"Tom, come down! It is too cold to stay up here."

No answer.

There was a pause, and Alice stood a moment; then her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed earnestly:

"Oh! Tom dear, I *do* wish you would forgive Letty! She is so sorry!"

Tom roused up then.

"What does it matter to you?" he retorted. "It's not you I'm cross with. Forgive her, indeed! I'll *never* forgive her. Suppose it were your Bible instead of mine, you wouldn't talk like that. It's easy to tell me to forgive, but I'll teach her to go meddling with my things again like— Hallo! What are you crying about?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Alice, laying her hand on his shoulder, and then she stopped.

"Well—what?" said Tom.

She went on timidly: "Didn't you say 'Our Father' in church this morning?"

"Well, and if I did?" said Tom inquiringly.

"Why," Alice hesitated. Tom was older than she, and she had never spoken to him about religion before. She paused, and then went on bravely:

"Didn't you ask God in that prayer to forgive you, as you forgave those who had trespassed against you? And, Tom, dear, would you like Him to?"

Tom had been growing very red as he listened to his sister's words. He did not answer for a moment, and Alice stood astonished at her own boldness, and wondering whether he would be very angry with her for having said so much.

Little she dreamt how sharp was the struggle going on in the boy's mind just then. It was very hard to have to humble himself by giving in after all he had said. No! he could not do it! And yet—suppose God treated him as he was treating Letty! Alice's words rang in his ears, and just then his eyes fell on her earnest, tearful face, and the victory was won!

The boy rose, and flinging his arms round his sister (a very unusual thing for Tom), he said, "All right, Alice! I think I'll come down with you now!" and Alice knew that her words had prevailed.

Together they entered the room, and to the astonishment of all, Tom walked bravely up to Letty, and giving her a hearty kiss, said huskily, "I was horribly cross yesterday and to-day. Will you forgive me, Let?"

The little girl burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, Tom I'm so very sorry about your Bible!" and so the brother and sister were reconciled. And as all joined in the hymns of praise a few moments later, mingling with the melodies they sang, a voice seemed to ring in Alice's ear, saying in tones no longer reproachful, but full of rich meaning to her now: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

SUNRISE IN THE OLD HOME.

IOTHA CARDINELLI.

CHAPTER XII.

MARCO'S disappointment at not seeing his wife was great, but his pleasure was none the less to know that Iotha was safe out of the hands of her persecutors. He determined that the next morning he would write to her mamma, who was at Subiaco nursing into health her youngest daughter, after a violent nervous fever, the result of fear occasioned by seeing a phantasmagoria of souls in purgatory —another trick of the Abbadessa Ildebranda's, to bring refractory pupils to obedience.*

Long was the conversation between Marco and his niece, and when she told him that she had left her aunt Estella in the little house of refuge on the mountain, his misery was great:

* A fact.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Do not put yourself out so, my friend," said the Marchese; "the better way is always to meet a difficulty bravely, so let us return to the palazzo, taking our little stray bird with us, and there we will talk the affair over, and settle what had best be done."

Accordingly Marco returned with the marchese and his wife, a garden chair was sent down for Iotha, and soon all were assembled in the reception-rooms, the kindly couple full of anxiety for the future of both Iotha and Marco.

A long conversation between Marco and his friends resulted in his making up his mind to return to "La Casa," believing that Estella would naturally seek her own home, but not for another few days.

Most tenderly was Iotha wooed back to happiness by the marchesa, and when Marco left Cinque Torri for home, Iotha, at the earnest request of the dear marchesa, remained as a petted guest with them.

Marco was almost frantic when he arrived at the dear old home, and Catte told him his wife was not there. "Oh, caro padrone, we have not seen her," said she, in her pretty Piedmontese dialect, wiping her eyes. Marco scarcely heeded her entreaties to take rest and refreshment, for he had determined to go to the house of Estella's sister, in Paris. He made the journey, but when he arrived, found she had gone to England a year before, having given up the mansion, which had been taken by the family of an English baronet. But the porter told him that a lady with her maid had called there not more than three days since to ask for the Italian Madame, and had appeared very much distressed at not finding her.

Poor Signor Cardinelli! at that very minute his wife was only the length of half a street from him.

Estella was certainly very ill. The constant double anxiety respecting her husband and Iotha was telling upon her fearfully. Had Iotha fallen again into the hands of the Abbadessa and Padre Fabiano? If so, brave as the dear girl was for the right, she would never be able to bear those terrible punishment cells—quite dark, damp, and most frequently infested with rats—and the fearful penances!

Oh, that men with minds and educated intellects should so shame those priceless gifts of God by such desecration! Religion—dare they call it so?—that teaches the use of winking Madonnas and imitations of souls in purgatory by means of phosphoric illuminations, to frighten young novices into the belief that they have seen a vision—faugh! Out upon such devices of Satan, for certainly such falsehood does not belong to the church of Him who has graciously declared that He is always in the midst of his Church and people!

Estella knew also what penance meant; for the honest wife-love she bore him whom she had left at the instigation of a bad man, who had taught her to break the solemn bond of marriage, had called down upon her a most severe one—and that more than once.

In this state of mind it was impossible she could gain strength.

"Oh, Margie, carina," said she one day to the faithful little woman who sat busily ironing, whilst she, listless and miserable, sat by the window with Minetta, the little dog, on her lap; "if I could only see my dear Marco once again, and tell him all my repentance at having left him, I think I could die at his feet to hear him say, 'Estella, I forgive you!'"

Just at that moment the little dog jumped up so suddenly as almost to fall from the window, uttering loud, shrill barks of joyful recognition, and it was not until Margarita rose in real fear for the little animal's life, and took her away from the window, that she could be quieted—still making now and then insane efforts to jump from the window at some one. Who was it?

But looking at Estella she saw that she had fainted! Half an hour elapsed before her return to life, and then a hearty flood of tears came to her relief as she hid her face on Margie's bosom, crying, "'Twas he, my Marco—I saw him there," pointing to the Champs Elysées, "and the dear little doggie saw him too!"

Then it was no fancy, for Minetta had recognised her master. Oh, if Estella had not fainted, the parted husband and wife might have been together now!

As soon as Margarita had lain Estella on the bed to recover herself, she went into the Rue de Ponthieu, and walking slowly to the Champs Elysées and sitting down she watched the passers-by.

Half an hour she sat with Minetta loosely held in her lap, knowing that she would see and recognise her padrone perhaps before she herself saw him, but then she went home, deeming it unsafe in Estella's state of health to leave her any longer alone.

Poor suffering wife! He who had beheld with pitying and tender eyes her true repentance, was even now whispering words of comfort and forgiveness in her ears, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy darkest days are nearly past. Fear not, for I am with thee!"

Several days passed away, and Estella, still weak and ailing, but more hopeful, watched and waited for her husband. A certain hidden something in her heart, almost joy, quieted her, and this was after she had seen him on that morning in the Champs Elysées.

"Cara Padrona, 'tis such a charming evening, do try if you cannot walk into the gardens; the air will strengthen you, and make you sleep better."

"I am too weak to walk so far, amica mia."

"Try—if only to please me, carina;" and rising, the dear faithful little woman put her arm round Estella's shoulders, and laid her soft olive cheek to her padrona's pale one; and in this act there was no want of respect.

"To please you, my Margie, I would do more—much more than that," and in a few minutes they left the house for their walk.

"We will not go near the drive, Margie; let us go to the seat beyond those trees," and to that secluded spot away from the cafés chantants they directed their steps, followed by little Minetta.

"Do you think you could be left for a moment or two whilst I go and speak to the portress at the house just there?" pointing to a house just outside the railings.

"Oh yes, but don't be longer than you can help. I am very selfish, Margie cara, but you are all I have at present, and I dread to lose you. Leave Minetta with me," and Margarita went.

Estella had sunk into a reverie, becoming deaf to everything around her. A distant sound of applause from the pleasure-seekers awoke her, and to her dismay she found that her little dog had gone!

Estella was so weak that she began to cry, thinking how sorry Margarita would be; she was about to

try her strength so far as to go in search of Iotha's little favourite, when she thought she heard the sound of her sharp bark of delight.

Yes, it was Minetta's voice—and how pleased the little creature seemed, how glad to meet Margarita. She listened; yes, it was Minetta's joyful bark, and then a prolonged sound, not a howl certainly, but a sustained note of joy—was she so very pleased to see Margie again? Estella looked around her from whence the dog's voice came, and saw the little creature, now rolling over and over, then making frantic efforts to jump into some one's arms, or at them, but at whom? Not Margarita.

It was rather dark there under the trees, for it was nearly nine o'clock, still Estella saw that it was a man whom Minetta was making this fuss over. "Minetta!" cried Estella, and she came, the little faithful doggie, frisking first nearly up to Estella, then back to the stranger, until, fairly jumping at his coat, she uttered one long bark of delight. Estella rose, and looking with eyes that dared scarcely believe what she saw, and uttering the one loved name, fell at her husband's feet in speechless joy, until the words, "Forgive, oh, forgive!" broke the spell which held them both.

"Not at my feet, my darling—no, ah no; but here," lifting her to his bosom; "here, cara, here, to your rest on a heart that knows your weakness by his own, but forgets all but his love in holding you thus again!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"Paulina mia, here is a letter from Eduardo," said the Marchese to his wife one morning when Iotha had been their guest about a fortnight; "he will be at Alessandria at twelve o'clock. My heart is full of joy at the thought of seeing him again, although he has so disappointed me. But I think we had better ring and order the carriage, as it is past ten now."

"Bene cara, will you accompany us, signorina?" said the Marchesa, turning to Iotha, who just entered the salon.

"Anywhere with you," said she, hiding her face caressingly on her kind friend's shoulder the better to hide the flush that had mounted to her face, for she had heard the conversation whilst gathering some flowers just under the open window.

"Then, my child, we had better get ready."

With all this noble family's love of the ancient ways of their house, the thin crust of conventionality was nothing when compared to their strong love for their children, and wish for their happiness; so when his wife told the marchese her husband that if Iotha did not accompany him—as she might being as yet only a pupil,—she should be very angry, he answered:

"Brava—bravissima, mia cara moglie! There, that is like my own Paulina; happiness, consistent with duty first, and, well—all else afterwards."

It was a delightful drive through the path by the rice fields, the horses sometimes fetlock deep in the rich slush grass,—then by the field of Novara, where the beloved friend and monarch of his people, the gallant soldier and faithful holder of his people's rights, took the oath to his conquered father, which —like the brave loyal gentleman he was—he suffered all things rather than break!

At the station, sure enough, both brother and sister came joyfully, but rather timidly to receive their parents' caresses, surprised, but truly pleased (especially one) to see Iotha.

Eduardo began a sort of lame excuse, but his father, putting his hand lovingly over his mouth, told him that if he were happier at home he was glad to have him there, kissing the open brow of his son, which the boy repaid warmly, thanking his father for letting him choose for himself.

Never was a happier household, for all were genial and good-tempered, the only drawback being the ugly presence sometimes of a priest.

The eldest son of the house was on his travels, and two of the daughters at a school in Paris.

It had been with an aching heart that the marchese had parted with his pet, his Rosamurda—but, "it was the family custom" had been the cry from relatives and friends. But love for his darling had overcome every custom, and as he said to his son, "Here you are, my children, and here you shall remain: we have a right to choose our own manner of life."

And so the weeks rolled on, and soon it was quite evident to the marchese and his wife that Eduardo and Iotha were becoming all the world to each other.

He had been charmed at her modest, gentle and perfectly respectful refusal to join the service in the chapel of the house; and when on the Sundays Iotha took the New Testament into the shady garden to read with reverent face the parables of our Saviour, and the teaching of his apostles, Eduardo, uneasy when not with the gentle girl whose kindly eyes had said so much to him in the choir of the monastery chapel, would join her; and together they conned the sacred page. So it came to pass that Eduardo began to take an interest in the simple truths of the gospel.

And when the rich autumn came and the grapes hung in clusters on the boughs,—when the Indian corn lay in the piazzas ripening in the south wind and the bright sun,—Eduardo told Iotha that life to him had become very sweet in these last weeks, because he loved her; and Iotha, well, she turned her sweet true eyes once upon him, and what he saw in their true depths, who shall say? But he placed her arm on his, and when at the garden steps they met the marchesa, he put her hand into hers, saying, "Mine, mother; she is mine;" and the marchesa took her in her arms and kissed her, saying "Tis well, my son."

* * * *

Marco had taken his recovered treasure home with him, and the result of Padre Fabiano's intrigues and cruelty was that Estella was laid by with a low nervous fever, which without being dangerous caused her much suffering.

But who shall tell her happiness when, convalescent, she sat or laid on her couch drawn up to the window of the dear old balcony-room Goachino had so loved, and heard the joyous songs of the birds, and, ah, dearer than all, her husband's voice reading to her —hand clasped in hand, henceforth united in one life, one love, never to be separated until the day when the Reaper shall gather his sheaves.

Iotha had written to her mamma of the kind-

ness she had received at the marchesa's, giving her also an account of her escape from the monastery. A part of Iotha's letter said thus:—"I would not have dared take such a step, carissima madre mia, had it not been that I knew I was there against your will. With regard to the penances and discipline, I reserve all that to tell you when we meet, cara, but remember that I have never broken my dear papa's dying wishes; I have suffered—ahi, how I have suffered!—rather than do so.

"Tell my dear, darling sister how glad I am she is so much better. She says you have taken a villa at Portici, the doctor Ferarri having recommended that beautiful air to help her perfect recovery.

"The marchesa writes to you by this same post, and I hope you will forgive me, cara madre, and not be angry with Eduardo, for the marchese is——"

Thus Iotha's incoherent letter ran.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is summer time again, rich, ripe, and lovely; an Italian summer, when the flowers seem to droop their heads, shy of their own beauty. The fruit hangs in clusters from the heavily laden boughs, and all nature seems rejoicing in her own bountiful charms.

A year had passed away since Estella and Iotha freed themselves from their half woven chains, and in the dear old "balcony-room" as poor Goachino Cardinelli used to call it, of "La Casa," so many happy people are assembled that there is scarcely room for all.

Estella, looking not one bit like the Estella of old, but purer, more quiet and gentle, reclines on her chaise-longue on the balcony. Her husband is by her side, watching to anticipate her every wish, for Marco has now found that a good wife is far above rubies; and when he with loving kindness, tells her to forget all about Padre Fabiano—who, it is said, has gone somewhere for his health, but in truth to be out of the way of a charge for conspiracy—Estella caresses the hand that touches her so tenderly, telling her husband he is too good to her.

Margarita has taken up her abode at "La Casa" as Estella's maid, and will not let any one wait upon her dear mistress but herself.

Old Catte has been at work—pleasant work—for a week before the return of the inmates of the old house; and the gardeners have been pruning and clipping, and then dressing the trees with coloured lamps for a festa, for on the morrow is the betrothal day of Iotha Cardinelli and Eduardo Marchesina Cinque Torri.

Wandering through the green paths of the dear old garden, Iotha and Mabella, with their youngest cousin from "La Colombaja," are showing to the new visitor all the old haunts of their childhood, touching with tender, reverent affection the flowers and vines—as "That which dear papa gave me for my very own on my tenth birthday," or "The little arbour in which darling mamma and papa used to sit and tell us Bible stories."

Then the birds—how many there were of them, for other birds have of course made their nests in that lovely spot so fitted for them; and among the old ones is a bullfinch who seems to recognise the girls' call, although so long a time has passed since he heard it. Poor Bettina—who passed away to a quieter state, we hope, last winter from a violent cold, some said from the constant torment of the Abbadessa—used to call it waste of time and affection that was given the dear little things, but they thought differently.

And well they might, for the thrushes that sang so sweetly in the lime-trees on that fair spring morning when Goachino Cardinelli went to his higher rest, sing as joyously now.

In all the joy of their new-born happiness the young betrothed pair sought the old haunts of Iotha's childhood in the garden. Each nook where she and Mabella had played, the spot where her dear father had taught her the value of self-help—the lessons of the goodness of God, to be gathered from the beautiful gifts of His love around them, everywhere, and to every spot which spoke to her loving mind of that dear dead father, she took Eduardo, dwelling with tender melancholy on the great grief all felt at his loss. On entering one of the summerhouses near to the extremity of the grounds, Iotha found her mother solitary and weeping, the return to the dear old home having brought back a crowd of loving remembrances of her lost husband.

"Dear mother, why weep? he lives, and would not like to see you unhappy!"

"Eduardo," continued the graceful-minded young girl, "I hope that you will help me to comfort her when she remembers her sorrows—she is such a darling mother," and then with affectionate pride she placed the Signora Iotha between them, and they took their way to the house where all were assembled ready for dinner.

And now we leave Iotha Cardinelli with a bright future opening before her. Child as she was in years when her father died, that solemn scene in the old drawing-room had its grand effect for good on her mind, for it helped her to hold fast to the principles in which she had been educated. By the simple influence of her unspoken bravery in refusing to join in services her soul abhorred, she had gained the holiest love of a noble youth.

Iotha arose the next morning after her return to "La Casa," before sunrise, to question her heart of her happiness.

As she stood on the terrace overlooking that grand panorama of mountains, valleys and flood, the east became flecked with grey and white shadows, which seemed like arms warning away the departing spirit of night.

Other shadows came softly gliding over the deep blue sky, bringing a warm rosy flush, before which the grey shadows flitted away.

She saw the graceful peaks and slopes of the mountains on which her childish eyes had so often dwelt with awe, now all aflame with deeper rose tints, sheeny lilac and orange—misty and charming, which lighted rapidly into what appeared a grand illumination; and then morning—an Italian morning on the mountains—broke forth in all its wondrous beauty.

Iotha has looked on many bright and lovely scenes in her own fair land, has seen the sun shine and sparkle on the blue waters of many an Italian lake; but still when she thinks of that charming sunrise, it seems as if she had been graciously permitted to see the unveiling of the glorious work of the Creator at the supreme moment of creation.

THE YOUTH OF SIR CHARLES REED.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of a wise life. Countless instances attest that it is so; in some specially wise and good lives the fact is distinctly marked. "The beginning" was with God; the man started on his wise course when he gave himself to the Lord. In most noble lives this grand event occurred early. It was this wise "beginning" that fashioned the man's fortune; "the child was father to the man;" the wise life dated from the act of consecration. It was this "beginning" that led on to a noble career.

When the Rev. J. C. Harrison was called to preach the memorial sermon for the late Sir Charles Reed this was the thought that struck him: this high life, so prominent because so useful to the public good, sprang out of early piety. Hence the text chosen for the memorial sermon was the saying of Obadiah, the servant of Ahab, the servant of his people, the servant of God: "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth" (1 Kings xviii. 12). No happier selection of a text could have been made, and none more true to fact, in the case of him who was lately taken from us. Of this the writer is able to supply striking confirmation, in a fact revealed by Sir Charles Reed himself. Mr. Harrison was probably not aware of it, but he well might have been, so apposite were the words he chose to affix to the memory of the departed.

During the former part of the year 1875 the Rev. J. B. French was taking the place, in the absence, through ill health, of the Rev. Andrew Reed, of St. Leonard's, the brother of Sir Charles. On the evening of the first Sunday in the year Mr. French preached, according to common usage, a sermon to the young, and he chose for his text those same words of Obadiah: "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." Sir Charles Reed was present, and heard the sermon. The preacher at St. Leonard's discoursed on Obadiah's religion, the time of its beginning, and the man it made him. "Few men become godly," he continued, "eminently godly, unless they begin in the early stages of life. Obadiah became a good, a happy, a useful man because he feared the Lord in his youth. What blessings to the world some whom we have known have been whose religious life began in their early days; witness such names as Moffat and Ellis and Livingstone; and there are thousands like them, each in their own measure. Will you not join their ranks? Which of you will come to-night? Which of you will go home and, kneeling before God, will tell Him you are determined to give Him your heart and walk in His ways?"

At the close of the discourse, Sir Charles Reed stepped into his brother's pulpit, and addressed a few touching words to the youthful audience. He told them they could not do better than accept the counsel that had been given them that night. He did not know what their answer would be to the invitation offered them. He knew no reasons why they should not, but many why they should come to God that night. It was a good opportunity that first Sabbath in the year. God grant that by His grace many might turn to Him and live. Sir Charles then touchingly narrated the way in which he was himself led to decide upon becoming a Christian. It was when he was yet young; it was by means of a picture, a mental picture, that was placed before him. It was a picture, but not a painted one; he had seen many galleries, but he had never seen this picture in any of them, though he wished some artist would attempt to paint it. That picture was shown him by his mother. On Sunday evenings, when the younger members of their family remained at home, their mother would read to them, and talk with them about the religious life. On one of those evenings he was with her alone, and she took the opportunity of speaking to him of his future course, and asked him what he meant to do. His reply was that he had not thought much about it. Presently she reached down a book from the shelves; it was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and she said, "I will take you into Interpreter's House, and you will see what he has to say." Then she read the words of the Interpreter, "Come in; I will show thee what will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him. So he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it; it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." The advice of his mother was that he should aim at becoming such an one as Bunyan described, to have his eyes fixed on heaven, to take the best of books for his guide, to have the law of truth on his lips, to put the world behind his back, to plead with men for their good, and to be ever looking up at the crown of gold that was hanging over his head—the crown of a holy, useful life. That conversation on that quiet Sabbath evening with his mother had determined him to try to be like the man whose wonderful picture hung on the walls of the Interpreter's parlour. That picture had ever remained in his memory; it had been ever before him in his life.

Happy son that had such a mother to incite in him the noblest ambitions! Happy mother that had such a son, with a soul that was capable of being fired by such considerations. A worthy son of a worthy sire also was he, whose life was dedicated to the cause of philanthropy in one of its highest forms—the providing of education and religious instruction for the children of the poor. There were, indeed, unusual facilities to so lofty a pursuit in the surroundings of young Charles Reed. In his home he would be ever hearing of some plans for the promotion of human well-being, in Homes for Orphans, Asylums for Idiots, Hospitals for Incurables, and Schools for Youths. In his youth his mother had taken the lead in the promotion of mothers' meetings, then a new idea, going up and down the land in her endeavours to found such a valuable agency, and with marked success; but, though often absent from home on this work of Christian philanthropy, never forgetting nor neglecting her own children, as the above incident indicates. From her as well as from his father, young Charles Reed learned how the poor and the needy were to be cared for and helped.

Nor let the formative influence of Wycliffe's chapel, and "the places round about it" be lost sight of in speaking of the youth of Sir Charles Reed. It was in the large Sunday-schools connected with his father's church that the youth found his first sphere of service. They were memorable Sundays which the younger members of the Reed family spent at the back of the London Hospital. They were there at morning school, and afterwards with their scholars at chapel. Then came the dinner, brought from home, and eaten in the outer vestry, while the minister and his wife alone partook of theirs within—the young people often joined by youthful fellow-helpers, some of whom have since made their mark in the world as ministers and missionaries and prominent workers at home. The brothers William and Robert Milne, the sons of Dr. Milne, who were brought up in Dr. Reed's family; John Curwen, and Edward Rooker, among others, were often of the party.

The afternoon was given up to the schools, and the classes, and the library, and the address to the children, and to all the means and appliance that could be brought into requisition for the good of the children of the needy. This was the scene into which the consecrated youth, Charles Reed, came in his early years. Nor would it be greatly different when he went to live in the busy black town of Leeds. There, as in all Yorkshire, but specially in the West Riding, Sunday-schools were, as they still are, a great power, and young Mr. Reed would not be slow to take in all the wider plans of religious education that would be found in operation there. On returning to London, while still quite young, his name became known through all the Sunday-schools east of London, and their annual meetings were scarcely considered complete without "Mr. Charles Reed" as chairman or speaker. Hence it was that when, years afterwards, Hackney, where he had been brought up, was made a parliamentary borough, and he came forward as a candidate for its representation, he found an enthusiastic constituency in those who had known him in their Sunday-schools, and who returned him at the head of the poll as their first member. It was the growth of aptitude in educational pursuits, as well as his increased fame, that led to his being elected first as Vice-chairman and afterwards as Chairman of the London School Board. But all he attained to in honours, and all he achieved in service, dates, according to his own testimony, from the Sunday evening when, having got him alone, his mother urged on him the question as to what he meant to do with his life. And what did he do with it? He "first gave himself unto the Lord, and then unto us" in life-long service for the children of the people. The fear of the Lord was "the beginning" of the wise, and therefore useful, career which has recently come to an honourable and happy end.

J. B. F.

AIDS TO INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN.

IN the 'Sunday at Home' for September there was an interesting paper on Homes for poor Gentlewomen, giving an account of the Royal Homes at Wandsworth for the use of ladies who have fallen into poor circumstances. As secretary of a society in Scotland, founded for the relief of the same class of sufferers, the writer of the following lines can confirm in the strongest manner the necessities of their position, and the causes which lead to so many ladies being reduced to these straits. In fact the first portion of Dora Hope's paper in the 'Sunday at Home' might be taken as a description of the classes relieved by the Scottish society, with this addition, that a considerable number of those we aid are the daughters of clergymen of all denominations. The stipends of ministers are seldom so large as to enable them to make much provision for their children, and thus many "daughters of the manse," after struggling to maintain themselves as governesses, or by work of various kinds, are forced in their old age to seek help in other directions.

Our fund was established "for the relief of indigent gentlewomen of Scotland" in 1847. The qualifications required were that the applicant must be in necessitous circumstances, that she must be a gentlewoman, unmarried, and of the age of fifty years or upwards, and a native of, or connected with Scotland—this last being dealt with in a liberal spirit—so that on the one hand, Scottish ladies resident out of Scotland are eligible, and on the other hand, ladies, who have no connection with the country by birth or descent, but who have resided there for a number of years may be among the recipients of its aid. The kind of assistance to be given was fully considered, and it was decided that a larger number could be relieved by giving an annuity than by providing them with house accommodation, and at first the very modest allowances of 5, 6, and 8*l.* were all that could be given. But by degrees, as the society became better known, larger annual subscriptions were received. Some considerable legacies also were bequeathed, and special allowances of larger amounts were given. During the past thirty-four years the society has distributed in all 114,148*l.* At the annual division in March last the sum of 6046*l.* was distributed among 541 ladies, in sums varying from 8*l.* to 25*l.* There are sixteen pensions of 25*l.* each, payable out of the interest of 10,000*l.* bequeathed by the late Mrs. Tyndall Bruce of Falkland, and known as Tyndall Bruce pensions. Similarly the interest of 5000*l.* bequeathed by the Misses Ferguson is divided into pensions of 20*l.* each, called Ferguson pensions, and other special legacies are dealt with in the same way. There are thirty-five ladies in England and Ireland and one in Canada who receive among them 459*l.* It is to be regretted that the contributions to the society from beyond Scotland, do not exceed one sixth of the sums thus paid. The annual subscriptions are almost entirely collected by a noble band of above 400 lady collectors, whose gratuitous services are generously given in this good cause.

Very touching are some of the cases that come under the notice of the committee. The daughters

of a merchant, living in princely style, were on the death of their father left friendless and penniless, and are now almost wholly dependent on pensions of twenty-five and fifteen pounds respectively from the society. The daughters of more than one landed proprietor whose entailed estates went to distant relatives or whose heavily-burdened property would not admit of adequate provision being made for them, are on the society's roll. Perhaps one of the most touching incidents was that related to the writer a few years ago by a clergyman, when applying for an increase of pensions to three lady members of his congregation. He observed that two only of them ever appeared together in church, and it came to his knowledge that they possessed among them only two dresses sufficiently respectable for appearance in public—which they used in turn. Equally touching are the grateful acknowledgments received on all hands from the society's annuitants. Small as the sums are which in most cases can be given, they make the difference between penury and sufficiency, and many have thankfully declared that but for the help thus afforded, they must have given up their little houses, and gone to "the poor's house," to which nothing short of the fear of actual starvation would have driven them. Several cases have occurred of annuitants who have come into possession of some little means, and have not only at once resigned their annuities, but done what they could to repay the society for the help they have received. In order, however, to secure that the funds are used to the best advantage, a certificate from the clergyman of each annuitant is required annually, setting forth that she is still in the same necessitous circumstances as formerly—and these are often accompanied by pressing requests for a slight increase—requests with which the committee are glad to comply when their funds admit, and the case seems to require it.

It should be added that every application is carefully investigated by the committee. It is in the first place certified by the applicant's own clergyman, and by a local director. The cases are then carefully gone over by sub-committees, and the distribution of grants made at the annual meeting of the committee held for the purpose, and although private influence is sometimes bought to bear on its members, it receives very little attention, except when it throws additional light on the circumstances of the case.

In these lines the writer has no desire to discuss the relative merits of houses and annuities. Probably both are best—for while there are many cases for which a home is most suitable, it is evident that this cannot be provided for all, especially where there are two or three sisters to whose meagre united income a small addition in the shape of an annuity turns want into something like comfortable means—or in the case of solitary ladies who are able to earn something, but not enough for their support, and who by the little help they receive are able to subsist without fear of absolute want. If this narrative should induce the formation of similar societies elsewhere, the writer will be happy to furnish fuller details than can be here given.*

J. T. MACLAGAN.

6, *North St. David Street, Edinburgh.*

* We are glad to know that in Scotland, this department of Christian beneficence is so well organised and worked. With increased funds there is no limit to the usefulness of the society represented by Mr. Maclagan. As the recipients of the bounty need not be Scottish ladies by birth, we may plead for larger contributions from England and from the colonies. For a long period, Scottish patriotism saved that country from what it regarded as the disgrace of a poor law. But for the influx of strangers, the parochial system, as explained by Dr. Chalmers, might have coped successfully with pauperism. It is impossible now, and this society is one of the institutions necessary to give relief in quarters untouched by legal arrangements.

The article in our September part, has also brought to our knowledge other societies, such as the small but well-managed "Home for Ladies of Limited Means," 25, Richmond Terrace, Clifton, Bristol.—ED. S. H.

SUNDAYS IN SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

IV.—ON THE AMUR.

ONE of the most interesting points that presents itself to the Siberian traveller, is the great variety of races with which he is brought in contact. On the Obi are seen the Ostjaks of whom I have previously written, and north of their country lies the territory of the Samoyedes. Many of these peoples are already nominally Christians, but I believe it is not so yet with the Uraki, one of the Samoyede tribes who inhabit the northernmost peninsula of Asia. They still practise their heathen rites before huge idols, formed of the trunks of trees, and into whose mouths they are said to thrust pieces of raw sacrificial flesh.

On reaching the Amur I met with aborigines of a different character, chiefly of Tunguse origin. The Greek church has made some way against the superstitions of these people, as was evident on reaching a village of the Lower Amur one Sunday afternoon, where several natives stood on the bank, clothed in holiday costume and wearing round their necks a cross. In their cases this had a distinct meaning, inasmuch as the wearing of the symbol served to distinguish between Christians and Pagans. Among all the aborigines of the Amur may be traced the influence of the Chinese to whom the river anciently belonged. There was formerly on the Lower Amur at Pul an annual fair which lasted for ten days, and was like a miniature Nijni Novgorod. Manchu and Chinese merchants met Ainos and Gilyaks from Sakhalin, Tunguses, Orochi, and Manguns, to say nothing of smaller tribes who spoke nearly a dozen languages, and conducted business in a patois of all the dialects. The navigation of the Amur by the Russians has caused the fair of Pul to be discontinued, but the Manchu and Chinese merchants still descend the river, though not as in

days of yore, when one voyage in the year sufficed to realise enough for all their wants. I was informed that the Chinese merchants fleece the natives sadly, giving them for instance a pint of millet or half a pint of smuggled brandy for a sable skin, and when

URAK HUNTSMAN.

the natives are made drunk, then of course skins are bartered for very much less. The natives prefer very decidedly the rule of the Russians to that of their former masters, and it is hoped that the commercial sway of the Chinese on the river is nearly at an end.

Many Chinese merchants congregate at Khabarovka at the mouth of the Ussuri, where I expected to find a steamer bound for Lake Khanka, but unfortunately we were behind time and the vessel had not waited for us. I was accordingly compelled to descend the whole length of the Amur to Nikolaefsk in the hope of finding a vessel there that would take me to Japan. All however was uncertainty, and the venture was the more hazardous, because if I failed to find a vessel I should have to retrace my steps, and thus go 1200 miles out of my way. I sought very earnestly for guidance, and having learnt that it was possible to cross from Nikolaefsk to the Island of Sakhalin, where I hoped to do something for the prisoners, I decided to go, and reached Nikolaefsk on the 13th of August.

The arrival of a Protestant clergyman was an unusual event in this distant town, and it was proposed that I should conduct a Sunday service. Permission was readily granted by the chief civil authority, and the police-master sent round a notice to every one in the town whom he thought it likely to concern, to the effect that I was to officiate on Sunday, and requesting those who wished to attend to sign their names. To my great surprise there were no less than thirty-three persons present, natives of Russia, England, America, Poland, Finland, Germany and Sweden. A good many of them were able to understand me, but some probably came to see what was said to be the first English service conducted on the Amur. Before the congregation separated, some tracts and Russian Testaments were distributed, and a sailor, as he took one, expressed his thanks, and said that he should not forget me. The following Sunday was wet, but we had an audience of twenty, all of them men but one.

I stayed at Nikolaefsk several days, vainly hoping that I might find a vessel to take me to Japan or China, or at least to the island of Sakhalin, and when at length I found myself unsuccessful, I determined rather than to run any further risk, to return by the post-boat to Khabarovka, which I did. I had then to ascend the Ussuri and Sungacha to Lake Khanka, and from thence to proceed by horses to Vladivostock. There was to me something very attractive about travel on the Ussuri because it presented a journey of

NATIVE ON LOWER OBI.

700 miles through a country where no Englishman or American had preceded me, and which had been in the possession of the Russians only a quarter of a century. I expected, therefore, to find things in a primitive condition.

The Ussuri, after the Sungari, is the most consider-

able river, flowing into the Amur from the south. At its mouth the stream is nearly two miles wide, with an ordinary depth of ten feet. The Ussuri was chosen in 1860 for a frontier, so that the western bank is now Chinese, and the opposite bank Russian. The Chinese bank is for the most part flat, but the horizon is bounded by low mountain peaks. The Russian bank is mountainous and richly wooded. The Chinese side is all but uninhabited. On the Russian are dotted at intervals post stations with euphonious names, such as Trekh svyateeteley, or the "Station of the Three Saints;" Vidnaya, or "The Beautiful;" and Kozloffskaya, or the "Goat Station," at which last we arrived on Sunday morning, September 7th. Here was a telegraph-office and

CHINESE MERCHANTS ON THE AMUR IN WINTER COSTUME.

a church, two places which I was glad to visit in every Siberian town: first, because I had introduction to the telegraph officers, and generally found some one among them who could speak English, French, or German; secondly, because at the church I visited the priest, and left with him tracts, or sold him Scriptures. In this case I found a priest rejoicing in the name of John Voskresenskie, which meant "Resurrection," and whose parish extended along the river's bank eighty miles. He ministered to ten villages, going to the most distant eight times, and to the others twelve times a year. I gave this priest some tracts, but he declined to purchase any New Testaments, even at a reduced price, at which I was not surprised, when he subsequently told me that he occasionally preached to the people for five minutes on Sunday, but that they complained of his sermons as "too long." I had met with a finer specimen of a Russian priest at Khabarovka, where Alexander Protodiakonoff was filling the post, not only of priest of a parish with three Russian villages, but he also superintended a missionary district some hundreds of miles in length. It was his custom to preach or read a sermon every Sunday, which in Russia is *very* unusual, and he had a crowded church in consequence. I suppose that he did not profess that his sermons were all original, for when on board a steamer with me he caught sight of a tract I had given to the steward's boy, he immediately seized it, and wrote thereon the equivalent of "for a sermon." This missionary was busy in the translation of part of the Scriptures into the Goldi language, and, from what I heard respecting him, I thought him the most hard-working priest I met in Siberia.

After steaming up the Ussuri as far as the confluence of the Sungacha, we entered this narrow, muddy, and tortuous stream. A straight line drawn from its source to its mouth measures but 60 miles, whereas by the current it measures nearly 180 miles, and I do not think we traversed a single half-mile in which there was not a bend in the banks. What interested me most, however, on the Sungacha, was a visit to one of the Cossack houses. They are grouped in *Stanitzas*, or hamlets, and at Markova

were a dozen houses, of which only seven were inhabited. I entered one of them, and was at once struck with its cleanly and orderly arrangement. The floor was strewn with hay, the walls were white-washed, and on one of them was displayed a quantity of table-ware, consisting of seven forks, four spoons, and a ladle. On a shelf stood a teapot, slop-basin, two dishes, and four plates, a mug, cup, and two glasses. Near the door hung two bundles, of squirrels' skins, and a sheep-skin coat, whilst in the corner was a well-known feature in every Cossack's house, in the shape of a handmill for grinding corn, which, true to Eastern custom, was turned, not by the Cossack, but by his wife.

On reaching Lake Khanka, we steamed across it to Kamen Ruibaloff, from which point I had to drive nearly a hundred miles to Rasdolnoi on the river Suifun. This comparatively short journey I feared might present greater difficulties than any I had encountered since leaving my interpreter, but I was so delighted, however, with the thought of reaching the coast, that I resolved to press forward. I set out, therefore, on a lovely morning through a beautiful country, with a brave heart, and had sped well, till, on reaching the station of Dubininskaya, I discovered that I had lost a large pocket-book, or paper wallet, in which were my most important documents, including a letter from the Minister of the Interior, my *podorojna* and other official papers. This greatly alarmed me, and by dumb signs I made the people understand, on my arrival at the station, that I had sustained a serious loss, and that I must go back to see if I had left my book at the previous station. This I did, lying on my bearskin, which I had spread over the wretched post tumbril in which I was travelling, and in which I had to spend six hours of the night, looking up into the sky, unable to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning we reached the station, but they knew nothing of the pocket-book, and I found the guest-room occupied by two Chinese, who proved to be very civil, and in the morning manifested much sympathy with me in my loss, offering me a seat in their vehicle if I chose to go back a station farther. My distress was increased by the discovery that in the wallet were some of my note-books. Fortunately, however, and to my great joy, on arriving at the next station my wallet had been found. The driver had told a peasant who had preceded me of the loss and of a promised reward, and he had found the treasure lying in the road. Never did I pay ten shillings with greater pleasure than to the peasant who repaired my loss, after which I continued my journey with recovered spirits, to enjoy the prospect before me.

Leaving Dubininskaya, the post-road lay over low hills, from the tops of which there was a view, the counterpart of which I had never before seen. The horizon was bounded by hills, and between were enormous, almost interminable plains of tall brown, luxuriant pasture, waving like fields of corn. I could think of nothing but Mount Pisgah, on which Moses stood viewing the land of promise. In my case, however, there were no cities in view, for there was not a human being or habitation visible. The grass had been here and there cut and piled in heaps, but the abundance that remained seemed to mock such puny efforts.

I reached Rasdolnoi late the same night, and was writing up my diary in the post-house, when the news having spread that a clergyman had arrived, a Finnish shopkeeper presented himself, and asked if I would baptize his little girl. The request came at an odd time, for it was past midnight, and I had ordered the horses to take me to the steamer at five. There was no Protestant minister, however, resident within two thousand miles; and apart from the religious aspect of the matter, I afterwards learned that, in Russia, to have a child baptized is of great civil importance, inasmuch as this is one of the particulars entered on the papers or passport which every one carries. Accordingly, I lay down for a couple of hours, and at half-past three sallied forth, the Finn conducting me, lantern in hand. The house was not far distant, though approached by a very rough road, and passing through the shop I found a room nicely arranged and brilliantly lighted, with some half-dozen persons present to take part in the ceremony.

After leaving the house, I started for the boat, but unfortunately missed it, and was therefore compelled to spend Sunday, the following day, at the post-house. Rasdolnoi is a very small place, but when it became known that I had good books in possession, poor people emerged from I know not where, to whom I sold nearly all my remaining Scriptures, and gave some of my tracts. I had now time to look back upon the number distributed in crossing Asia, and found that the exact total was 55,812 publications of all kinds.

There seems to me to be a general willingness in Russia to learn of better things, and I was glad to note the absence of that bigotry and aversion to scriptural truth, which is, alas, too prominent in some parts of the continent of Europe. Never, certainly, have I met with such eagerness to get Scriptures and good books as in Russia, and it has been gratifying to hear in various ways that my distribution of 1879 is not forgotten. Prisoners have asked if the English pastor is coming again with more books: and an Englishman, who has recently passed through Siberia, tells me that he found still hanging on the walls of the post-houses the illustrated parable of the "Prodigal Son" which I nailed up, and also that the people cherish the books then given to them.

My last two Sundays in Siberia were spent at Vladivostock where hospitality was provided me by Captain De Vries, who, with his kind-hearted English wife, spared no pains to make me comfortable. Here I made the acquaintance of the governor of the province, Admiral Erdmann, and Madame Erdmann his wife who spoke excellent English, and had all the manners and charm of an English lady. They were German Russians from the Baltic provinces, Protestants, and not dead ones either, for they had come out to Siberia with the hope of effecting some good in the place, and were evidently doing it. My host bore testimony to the material improvements which had been made by the governor. But that was not all. When he arrived there was no system on foot for relieving the poor, whereupon Madame Erdmann called together the ladies of the place, and organised a society which has been a means of great good. In the first place they built a free school. The institute or boarding-school for girls also was enlarged, and her excellency had been the prime mover in another effort to build a Lutheran church and manse, which were nearly complete at the time of my visit. In

this church on Sunday the 21st September I officiated at the first English service. There were about twenty-seven persons present. Of course I could not conduct the service after the fashion of the English church since there were only two or three English persons in the congregation. Others among the people were Russians, Swiss, Germans, Swedes, Finns, who were unfamiliar with the English liturgy, but one thing they seemed all to appreciate was the simple preaching of the Word. The simplicity of the service seemed to impress the Russians, who had never before seen a Protestant service.

THE BATTLES IN THE BIBLE.

HOW is it that the Bible contains so many descriptions of battles? The fact staggers some readers, and even mars the pleasure with which we turn to the sacred books. Peace-loving and sensitive hearts dislike these terrible histories, and ask, What is the use of them being recorded?

We might reply generally that these painful and saddening records attest the truth of Scripture as a faithful mirror of human life and of the history of the world. The annals of all nations too much have been made up of strife and war, and other consequences of evil passions. But there is a higher purpose in these dark pages being preserved in God's Book, however contrary they may be to the spirit of peace and of love which pervades the New Testament. The records of ancient conflicts, while historically true, are also spiritually edifying, and the Christian reader, while hating war, may gather from them very practical and profitable instruction. Let us see.

Among the earliest battles in the Bible were those which the children of Israel fought with the nations who sought to bar their way from the wilderness into the land of promise. The Lord commanded them to fight against these enemies.

And thou, O feeble and fearing soul, hast not thou also to face foes who would prevent you from reaching the heavenly Canaan? These ancient conflicts and victories are full of spiritual meaning and encouragement for thee. Read and apply these things to thy own duty and experience. Fight manfully against every enemy that would bar thy way to the better country. God has promised victory over these Amalekites and Midianites.

But even the land of Canaan, though flowing with milk and honey, was a land of conflict and of wars. The enemy does not yield an inch of ground without a combat. See before thee the walls of Jericho and giant-like men. Thy enemies are leagued for thy destruction, as were the thirty and two kings against Joshua, and the seven wicked nations against the host of Israel. Thy enemies are not now of flesh and blood, and thou carriest not carnal weapons; but the combat is not less a reality which these wars announce to thee. Each day reveals new foes in front, and new temptations arising and compassing thee about. The word of command is still, Forward! March! to advance in the faith, to acquire more grace, to mortify the earthly lusts, to strengthen the spiritual life.

Ah! dost thou shrink from such an unequal conflict? Does the Christian warfare seem harder than any earthly combat? Look at the encouraging side of those wars which to thee are allegories and emblems.

Those strong walls of Jericho fell down, and those warlike people fled before the Ark of God. By faith Israel conquered kingdoms. We shall never overcome in any other way. The ark was the visible symbol of the presence of Christ. Let our faith rest on the same almighty Saviour, in our daily conflicts and trials. This is the secret of victory, revealed to us by type in that record of conflict, so faithful an image of our Christian warfare.

Again, in the history of the Israelites in the days of their Judges, we see how hard it was to retain the territory already won. The enemies devastated their lands, destroyed their harvests, harassed them on every side. Often Israel turned their back in the day of battle, and were always beaten when keeping, as in Achan's time, any forbidden thing.

Is there not here too a picture of striking truth for us, and easily understood? Do you not see the efforts of the adversary to dislodge the Christian believers from their spiritual position and to destroy their privileges? And it is an unceasing conflict. If they are not watchful, and if they have not recourse in prayer to their Saviour, who overcomes for them by his intercession in heaven, they are defeated by their enemies. Is it not so? May we not thus read with profit these continual conflicts of ancient Israel? The deliverers whom God from time to time raised up, recall to you the remembrance of the one Deliverer and Saviour, Jesus Christ. What comfort and encouragement we may find in those warlike pages, when we see that even the stars in their courses helped in the overthrow of Sisera, the oppressor of Israel!

Then, when we come to the troubles and the wars of David, we see him seeking to possess his kingdom, but he and his people persecuted and resisted by Saul. For the last eighteen centuries the Church of God has been thus, under its Chief, David's son and David's lord—been seeking a kingdom which is disputed. Poor Church! often driven into the desert, often cast down, but not destroyed, it has sure hope of triumph one day. Let us accept the earnest of this glorious end, of which the peaceful reign of Solomon gives the type and the promise.

And when, in the Psalms, you read cries of distress and songs of deliverance, you will say, "My Saviour has for me striven and conquered. I am assured that His victory will enable me also to be victorious, and to join in psalms of deliverance and of triumph."

All our spiritual conflicts are prefigured in these experiences, in these prayers, and the means of overcoming are there revealed. I see in the New Testament the conflict continued. The apostles had to contend against the powers of evil, and they overcame through faith in their glorified Redeemer. Paul fought a good fight, resisting even unto death, and obtained a crown of immortality.

Fear not, nor be afraid, O Christian, however fierce the fight and strong the adversaries. Thou hast a Defender on high, who is engaged to fight for thee, as of old He did for his people. It is not in thy own strength thou contendest. Mistrust not the grace promised in answer to the prayer of faith. Lift thy

heart to Jesus, and trust in his loving and almighty help. Those who share the conflict now will join in the triumph hereafter. There is a time of blessing and of peace coming to our earth, so long under the curse, and so long the scene of spiritual warfare. The world will yet witness Paradise restored, and all the disorder and desolation of the Fall repaired, under the reign of the Messiah.

"Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed; who would else
In his dishonoured works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged without redress?
* * * *
Come, then, and, added to Thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou, who alone art worthy! It was Thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth;
And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with Thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim Thee king; and in their hearts,
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love."

ANNALS OF PRISON LIFE IN INDIA.

BY A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

IV.

DURING the interval of a few days between the departure of the —th regiment and the arrival from Bombay of the —th, a mutinous spirit became manifest amongst many of the prisoners. The station was left under the protection of one wing of a regiment, the jail having only its usual native guard. Had the prisoners but made a united effort, they might with ease have overwhelmed the jail authorities and attempted their escape.

It was at this time that three of the Roman Catholic and one of the Protestant prisoners planned to kill a warder. He was a man who had rendered himself obnoxious to almost the whole community by the partiality he showed towards some few of the prisoners, whilst he was unusually severe in the case of others. He, moreover, possessed harsh and disagreeable manners, and irritated the poor men often by the way he addressed them.

Several, as I have said, were implicated in the crime; only one, however, struck the blow—an Irishman, and a desperate fellow, fond of a shindy, and who no doubt, from the dexterity with which he dealt it, must have had considerable experience in the use of the national shillaly! The only furniture the cells contain, besides the cot, is a small wooden table or bracket nailed to the wall. In the absence of any other weapon, the intended murderer wrenched off the slide that supported the bracket-table, and awaited his victim.

At certain times of the day the cell-doors are left unlocked, and whilst the warder passed, he rushed out upon him and felled him to the ground, causing a deep gash in the head. Though very violent, he was quickly secured, two of the Protestant prisoners, who had run to the rescue, assisting, whilst the injured man was instantly taken to the infirmary, as it was feared in a dying state.

I happened to arrive at the jail five minutes after the occurrence. As I was passing under the massive stone archway which forms the entrance to the jail, the guard surrounded me, saying, "It is not safe for you to go into the wards alone, sir; we must attend you."

So soon, however, as I had recovered from the effects of this unusual proceeding and had ascertained the cause, I requested them to allow me to enter unaccompanied. "Leave me!" I exclaimed, "I know that my own men will protect me: they will not suffer their chaplain to be harmed."

On arriving at the interior I found that the culprit was confined safely within the walls of a "solitary cell;" whilst on going up to the infirmary, I saw the wounded man lying insensible on a cot, and the priest—for he was a Roman Catholic—standing over him, who, having already administered extreme unction, was now pronouncing the words of absolution.

He did not die, however, as was anticipated; he recovered partially, but was disabled for life, being wholly incapacitated for any mental or physical labour, and received ultimately on this account a pension from Government. The man who committed the crime, and who had only two months more to serve in order to complete his sentence, had on the contrary ten years added to his term of imprisonment; whilst the two men who helped to secure him, each obtained two years shortening of their sentence.

After this it was not for a long time considered safe to enter the prison unarmed; in fact, the superintendent never did so without a revolver and a guard also, so greatly had the ill-feeling and insubordination to authority spread amongst the inmates. I was advised to do likewise, but I had no fear, positively refusing both guard and weapon; simply letting them see that I trusted them implicitly.

On the Sunday, too, after the deed had been committed, I addressed my men from the pulpit of our little chapel, and told them I had no thought of coming amongst them armed, but that I looked to them rather to do their utmost to uphold the discipline of the jail authorities, and to quell whatever bad-feeling existed in the minds of some of the prisoners.

There were three different superintendents whilst I ministered at the jail, each of whom was not only a gentleman but a Christian, who did his utmost to maintain order and discipline; but with such a staff of subordinate officers as I have described, and who were appointed not by themselves but by the Inspector-General, it was no easy task. Both warders and jailers were frequently being dismissed from one cause or another, but the new ones after a short time proved little better than the old, and the whole system appeared to me to be at fault.

Prisoners who had behaved uniformly well during their term of incarceration, were towards its close allowed certain licence—a licence, however, which, from having been in many instances abused, has since been abolished. One of these men, a painter, was permitted to come to my house daily to work, returning each evening to the jail. He continued to do this upwards of a month, and I was to give him his food and what else I liked for his trouble. He was a most quiet and well-behaved man, and had once been a respectable artizan, but

drink, that fatal snare to so many thousands of bodies and souls, had ruined him; he fell in with bad companions, and at length had committed forgery, for which he was sentenced to prison.

The first day he worked, my servants gave him with his dinner a small bottle of Bass's beer. He left it untouched, however, saying it was drink that had degraded him and brought him to jail, and by God's help he was determined never to touch it again; nor did he so long as he was in my house, though the temptation must have been great, particularly in so hot a climate. God grant that he may always have been able to withstand the temptation! for I soon lost sight of him.

During the time he was in prison—six years I believe he was there before I was appointed chaplain to the station—his wife had died, an occurrence that caused him intense sorrow, as well it might, particularly under the circumstances. He had one child, a little girl nine years old, living somewhere in the Punjab, and his one wish was to have her near him. The permission was readily granted, a home for the child found in the station near which the jail was situated, and she was sent for.

One day, as I was pacing up and down the verandah of my bungalow, I observed coming along the road a strange vehicle, not at all the kind we were accustomed to see in our part of India, but one that might well have existed in the time of the Pharaohs, its massive, heavy wheels rolling with difficulty and harsh squeak, carved out of solid wood.

This singular conveyance was drawn by a pair of white oxen, and was surmounted by a dome-shaped canopy, draped with crimson cotton hangings. Beneath it sat a native woman and small child. Imagine my surprise when I saw this quaint and curious little vehicle stop at my garden-gates, and my greater astonishment still when the native woman, descending from it, walked up to the door and asked if the *Padre Sahib* lived here—that being the term by which clergymen are designated all over India. It was the little child who, having been travelling on the road six weeks, had at last arrived. The woman had been directed to the jail in the first instance, but on ascertaining that the father was working at my house, she had wisely brought the child hither.

I shall never forget the meeting. The poor fellow was so much overpowered that he sobbed aloud as he clasped her to his bosom; whilst the child, not knowing the cause of his tears, kept saying, as she entwined her arms the more tightly round his neck, "Don't cry, daddy, don't cry."

So long as I continued to employ him she came every day. She was a bright-eyed, winsome little creature, and I liked to see her sitting in the verandah pretending to help the *dhurzy* (tailor) mend socks and sow on buttons for the *Padre Sahib* whilst "daddy" was working within, or chasing in the garden the beautiful swallowtail butterflies with their bright red spots.

It was cheering; but very touching at the same time, to hear this poor prisoner—who, I trust had reason to bless God for his prison discipline—talk to her of Jesus and teach her to say a simple prayer which he made her repeat to him before he left in the evening. She lived not far from my house with a kind woman of the —th regiment, who took good care of her, and after he had finished my work and no longer came out of jail, she took her there to see him once a week, until his term had quite expired, when he carried her away with him to the metropolis. How often I find myself wondering what has become of them, and how they are faring—father and daughter—in this sad world of temptation and sin.

About the time of which I have been writing, three prisoners made their escape. Scaling the outside of a warder's quarters by means of the *jinmils* (venetian shutters that enclose the windows on the outside), they got over a wall sixteen feet high. One of them injured himself so much by the fall that he was only able to crawl a distance of three miles, where he was re-captured. The other two wandered away to the jungles, where they concealed themselves for a few days, till unable to hold out any longer without food. Nearing a village, one of the prisoners foolishly threw a stone at a native, hit him, and thereby exasperated the inhabitants, who turned out *en masse*, and, armed with sticks, attacked them and gave them such a thrashing, that, when he was caught by the police—which they both in fact soon were—he was so much bruised that he had to be carried back to jail on a stretcher, apparently more dead than alive, and only survived it two months.

At length the day drew near when, twenty years service as Chaplain to the Indian Government having been completed, I began to think of home. The thought of leaving India, where I had spent the best years of my life, was anything but welcome, and perhaps the greatest trial of all was to leave my work in the European Penitentiary.

Shortly before quitting the station, I was telegraphed for to go to the camp of exercise at Delhi for two months, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, being fortunate enough to be appointed chaplain to the — division.

On my return to the station I found on going to wish my little flock "farewell," and commend them to the God of all comfort and grace, that they had during my absence been working hard, making a little "souvenir" for me, lest I should be tempted at any time to forget them when far away from my old scenes in India. It rests upon my table as I write, and simple as it is, will always be one of my most valued possessions.

And if these brief annals of prison life do but kindle a deeper interest in the minds of some than they have hitherto felt towards these poor outcasts, *as a class*, they will not have been written in vain. Oh! think kindly, gently of them. It is so hard for *some* to withstand temptation and be good, as they term it. Can we say for certain that *we* should have done otherwise had we so been tempted and circumstanced as they were? Surely not. Rather let us each and all say, it is only by "*the grace of God* I am what I am."

Then let our prayers go forth together with our pity for these erring ones. Not only when in the words of our Litany we pray for "all prisoners and captives," but daily, in our morning and nightly approaches to the throne of grace, that *He* may bring them to the knowledge of Himself, that He may pardon, sanctify, and save them, for Jesus' sake who died that they—even *such as they*—might live.

THE PEASANT'S GIFT.

THE missionary meeting held in the little Protestant church of A——, in France, was over, and the village audience were scattering to their homes. Very earnestly had their good pastor pleaded the claims of the heathen on all who loved their Saviour. "There are many ways of helping this good cause," he said; "but the gift He loves best is that which has cost us self-denial for His sake; something taken from our own comforts, or even our necessaries."

One aged couple there was who wended their way in thoughtful silence to their humble dwelling; silently still the old woman lighted the fire, and soon they sat down together to their frugal supper of "soupe maigre." Then the old man spoke.

"Wife," he said, "it makes me very sad to think of our giving nothing for the spread of the Gospel, for we are both thankful that we have a Saviour, and we wish to do what pleases Him."

"Ah! if only I knew how it could be managed," replied she with a sigh.

"I've been thinking of the ten centimes we put away every week for our burial," the old man went on; "but if we were to take that, it would be a wrong to those on whom the expense of burying us must fall."

"No, that would not do. And it is impossible for us to do with less food, because now we never quite satisfy our hunger; we should fall ill, and that would be worse than anything."

"We will lay the matter before our Lord," said the old man reverently. "He will show us what we can do," and then, weary with their long walk, the feeble pair went to rest.

Well might this question perplex them. They earned their living by weaving and spinning, by which they gained about four francs and a half a week, on which to feed and clothe themselves, buy fire-wood, and pay rent.

Two months had passed since the missionary meeting. The winter had set in early and severe, bringing hard times on the poor. One day the pastor heard a knock at his door. It was the good old spinstress, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Your reverence," she said, "I have brought you something for the missionary collection. My husband and I wish to show to our Saviour how precious He is to us by giving some help to the poor heathen," and she took five sous from a paper wrapping. The minister, who well knew the hard struggles of this poor old couple, especially when work was scarce, was as much touched as surprised, and asked how she had contrived to set apart this little offering.

"Oh, sir," she answered joyously, "our good Saviour put the thought into my mind. Since the missionary meeting, I have dried all the peelings of our potatoes—we eat twelve every day—and I have put them in a bag. This morning I carried them to a neighbour who has several pigs, and she paid me these five sous for them."

Watching her, as leaning on her stick she laboriously climbed the hill-side on her homeward way, the pastor said to himself "These indeed understood my words! Oh my God, how much we may learn from the poor in this world, rich in faith."

A. J. T.

Bible Studies for Home and School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

DECEMBER 25.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

EXODUS XXXV.–DEUT. XXXIV.

READ HEBREWS III.

I. THE TIME OCCUPIED.—How long is the period covered by these lessons? From the first summons to the Israelites to prepare a Tabernacle for the worship of God, to the farewell and death of Moses. (Compare xl. 17 with Deut. i. 3.) Where was this time mostly spent? Why was this long wandering ordained? As a *punishment for sin*, and as a *preparation for conflict*. (1) What was the sin that was thus chastised? (The 'Studies' do not include the history of the Spies, but this will be the place for a brief reference to it. See Numbers xiii. xiv.) Who could not enter in because of unbelief? Heb. iii. 19. What token of retribution was there in the special number, *forty* years?

(2) Show the value of this long probation in preparing the people for the conflict that lay before them in entering Canaan. The nation needed to be trained to hardihood and self-control. They had left Egypt a community of slaves, with the faults and weakness of their servile condition. They emerged upon the plains of Moab a brave, well-disciplined people.

If further reference is made to the general outline and course of the journey, the itinerary in Numbers xxxiii. may be consulted. This shows in vers. 5–16 the route to Sinai. Vers. 17 continues the record to **Hazeroth**, in accord with ch. xi. 35. Hence the route was into the **wilderness of Paran**, xii. 16, to **the desert of Zin**, xx. 1 and to KADESH, where the people abode. The itinerary, however, gives **Rithmah** next to Hazeroth. The probability is that Rithmah ('place of the broom-plant,' *retem*) is a local name at or near Kadesh: and that the places whose names follow down to **Ezion-geber**, ver. 32, were, in the wilderness of Paran, the main body from time to time removing to them from this central spot. The places are now quite unknown. They were no doubt dotted over the great wilderness, still called by the Arabs *Badiet et Tih*, the 'Desert of the Wanderings,' and were successively occupied under the guidance of Him who abode among His people in the pillar of cloud. They lived not *only* on manna, though they 'ate it forty years,' Exod. xvii. 35. The wilderness would yield them and their cattle a certain amount of sustenance, but the manna would supply all deficiency. The supply of water, also, in one way or other never failed. This, in metaphorical language, which the Rabbis hardened into a tradition, became 'a rock that followed them,' a rock yielding a stream miraculously both at the beginning and the end of their pilgrimage. See 1 Cor. x. 4. Kadesh means *Sanctuary*, and was probably so termed because for the most part the Tabernacle was stationed there during the days of wandering. It is probably to be identified (so *Robinson* and others) with *Ain el Weibeh* in the N. W. of the *Arabah*; although Dean Stanley pleads strongly for Petra; 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 95. The route from Ezion-geber to Kadesh, xxxiii. 36, up the *Arabah*, was virtually the close of the Wandering. Here the fountain in Kadesh failed, and this led to the scene of *Meribah*. Afterwards, the question was how to enter Canaan, southward by Arad, or across the mountain passes of Edom to the Moabite valleys and

up to the Jordan fords, or down the Arabah again, and upwards on the eastern side of the range. What circumstances showed that this last was the necessary route?

II. Ritual and Festal Institutions.—These belong to the first part of the great journey, and are considered in the 'Studies' from Oct. 2 to Nov. 20. During the period between the completion of the Tabernacle and the resumption of the march (how long a time? Compare Exod. xl. 1, with Num. x. 11) the series of Divine instructions was given. All was ready for entrance into the promised land, and for the institutions of the national religion, had Israel but been faithful. As it was, the realisation of the elaborate and beautiful system was postponed. But it must be distinctly remembered that these instructions, though so largely relating to the time of the Israelites' abode and settled order in the land, *were given in Sinai.* In fact, when the Tabernacle was dedicated, the first use made of it, within a fortnight, was to celebrate the Passover. The Sabbath, we know, was kept, and its obligation fenced about by awful sanctions, Num. xv. 32–36. Other observances were wholly for the future, as already noticed in these 'Studies.'

Review the system in detail. Its great purposes? Chiefly to keep perpetually before the people the truth that they *belonged to God.* They were 'a peculiar people,' Exod. xix. 5; Deut. xiv. 2, 'a people for His possession,' as the phrase is rendered (rev. ver.) in 1 Pet. ii. 9. Hence the **Sanctuary,** the place of His dwelling. Glance here at the first of the quarter's 'Studies' (Oct. 2), the willingness and profusion of the people's gifts. The reason? Not simply that they were building a place for *their worship,* but for *Jehovah's manifested presence.* The outward and visible sign that Jehovah was with them, was to be always there. We may honour, we ought to honour our places of worship, but *not as temples.* The true temple of God is spiritual,—His redeemed Church, the contrite heart. In like manner the **seventh day** was His, an acknowledgment that He was Lord of His people's *time,* the **Sabbatical year** and **year of Jubilee,** a sign that He was Lord of their *possessions.*

Again, these institutions kept alive the *national spirit.* In a special sense they belonged to one another in belonging to God, and were a people apart from all the nations of the world. The great events of the national history were thus commemorated; the deliverance from Egypt, the giving of the Law, the journey through the wilderness. Great memories, as binding as they were glorious! Deep and joyful was the emotion with which each worshipper would feel, *I, too, am of the commonwealth of Israel!*

> This all history has proved. These institutions, ordained through Moses in the Arabian wilderness, have maintained the sense of unity in the nation to the present day, scattered as the Jews are all over the world.

This national spirit constituted a *law of brotherhood.* All classes were as one in these celebrations; nor was the 'stranger within the gates' forgotten. See also the fraternal equality maintained by the 'Jubilee' laws.

Thirdly, the only method of *access to God* and of *reconciliation with Him* was exhibited in all these services. Note especially **the Day of Atonement** ('Study' for Nov. 6). What was meant by the purification of the Sanctuary, of the priests themselves? Show the significance in the choice of *two* goats. What truths did they severally represent? What do we learn from the blood sprinkled on the mercy seat? In general, what is the leading idea in the **sin-offering**? the **burnt-offering**? the **peace-offering**? Why, in the great ceremonials, were the three combined? To which of the three classes did the daily morning and evening sacrifice belong? Shew how in the sacrifice of Christ, there was the antitype of all three. To which of the three classes do the 'spiritual sacrifices' of Christians belong?

Fourthly, they were *a grateful commemoration of mercies received.* The principal feasts were connected with the events of the natural year. Seed-time, harvest, vintage. How, especially, was the **Feast of Tabernacles** thus associated? Show by the rules for its observance, and by the history, that this was the favourite festival of the year. How was it distinguished by Solomon, by Ezra, by Jesus? What is said of this feast in prophecy?

Fifthly, there was *an earnest of good things to come.* Every observance was prophetic, and pointed to a spiritual fulfilment. Illustrate this in the case of **the Sabbath.** What is the reference in Hebrews iv. 3–9? What is the Christian's **Passover?** What was the special honour of the **Pentecost?** To what spiritual blessings was the **Feast of Tabernacles** intended to point? How may we apply to Christian uses the enactments for the year of Jubilee? (Here take the four thoughts severally, *Rest, Release from debts, Manumission from servitude, Restoration of heritage.*) When did our Lord publicly assert for Himself the fulfilment of this type?

> If, to complete the review of this series of Studies, a reference be made to the sad story of Nadab and Abihu (Oct. 30), it must be simply to enforce the lesson that these typical ordinances must be observed *exactly.* To disobey would be to lose the meaning. In this instance, what especially was lost, in the negligence to take the fire from the altar?

III. Closing Scenes. Nov. 27–Dec. 18.—These four 'Studies' have been so recently before us, that probably little need be added now to deepen their impression. It was a humiliating fact that this new generation, many of whom had been born in the wilderness, and to none of whom Egypt was more than a childish memory, should yet in the spirit of their fathers have been murmuring and disobedient, as well as liable to yet graver sins (Num. xxv. 3). Their sin, however, was overruled to the provision of a type of Gospel blessing through all time. Draw out the main points of analogy between the **uplifted serpent** and the Great Sacrifice.

A glance may again be taken at the character, the baffled aims, and fearful end of **Balaam.** With his great gifts, how noble he might have been in God's sight! With his knowledge of the truth, what ways of service were open to him? With his conscience so wakeful and alive, how he might have been kept in the way of holiness! But he failed all through, from a longing, a vain longing, for earthly greatness and reward. *Let me die,* he said, *the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his:* but he fell slain among the enemies of Israel and Jehovah. Num. xxiii. 10; xxxi. 8. Constrained, in spite of himself, to prophesy, which of his predictions pointed to the Christ?

And lastly, with regard to the **death of Moses.** What parts of Deuteronomy were evidently written by a later hand? Does this fact at all stand in the way of ascribing the rest to Moses? Show that his death was both in judgment and in mercy. What had been his victories since Israel had for the last time quitted Kadesh? What was the character of his latest utterances to the people? His view of Canaan—its main features? [On this Christmas-day, it will be interesting to remember that in his view lay Bethlehem, and that in prophetic anticipation he may probably have 'seen the day' which in the fulness of time should be greeted by the angels' song.] The manner of his death and burial? Reasons for the concealment of his tomb? Probabilities of his having entered the resurrection-life? His reappearance:

> 'With glory wrapped around,
> On the hills he never trod'?

Wherefore was this appointed, as illustrating the work of Christ?—and as crowning with heavenly joy the career of him who in far distant ages had 'esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for *he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.*'

Pages for the Young.

TRUE TREASURES.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

LONG ago, when I was quite a small child, I went on a visit with my mother to the house of a friend living a long way from our home.

This home of ours was in one of the wildest districts of Ireland; and this was the first time I had ever crossed the chain of mountains which shut us off from the rest of the world,

The Atlantic was on one side of us, the hills on the other; and the strip of country lying between was dreary and barren, with a few fields of oats scattered over its brown heather slopes, and among its grey rocks.

The country we visited was very different, and I gazed with wonder at the fertile lands, the hedge-rows, and—above all—at the trees which I saw there. I had never before beheld anything larger than the stunted sycamore that grew just as high as the roof of our one-storied house: the sycamore that made such vigorous efforts to grow every spring, and that was so cruelly nipped off each winter if it showed its tops over the roof which sheltered it from the western blasts.

But our friend's house was in the midst of beautiful gardens; orchards stretched up the slopes, and a well-timbered park was beyond these. There was also a large walled fruit-garden, where for the first time in my life I saw plums and pears slowly swelling and ripening in the autumn sun.

The rows of gooseberry bushes, the beds of sweet-scented herbs, the bushes of grey lavender, and the tall spires of the hollyhocks—everything, in fact, growing in this walled garden was wonderful and beautiful in my eyes. At home we had only potatoes, cabbages, and rhubarb; and how uninteresting such things were in comparison with the new-found delights of this world "beyond the mountains"!

One of the gardeners, the oldest and the kindliest, was much amused at my questions, and at the pleasure I took in the things which were so usual and common to him. I often went to "help" him at his work; and he always made me welcome, and listened to my talk as long as I liked to chatter.

He was gathering kidney-beans one day, and gave me some of the pods, smiling at my admiration of the pretty spotted purple seeds within.

"May I keep them?" I asked.

"Surely," he answered; "they're too old to use, these big ones; 'tis but the young and green ones that are fit to eat."

I carried my treasures indoors, and threaded them carefully into a set of ornaments of which I thought an Indian chief might well be proud:—necklace, bracelets, and a long string for twisting through the hair—a double row, this last, of the darkest purple and brightest crimson alternately.

We went home soon after this, and I took my ornaments with me. I stowed them away in the little wooden box that contained most of my precious things. They faded, and became withered very soon, but for many a month they were valuable and beautiful in my eyes.

I look back on those long-ago days, and smile. And you, dear reader, perhaps have also smiled at this childish fancy for worthless unripe seeds. Who would care for a string of threaded kidney-beans?—such beans as grow in any cottage garden, common sort of things. And I, what do I care for them now?

A baby amuses itself with a heap of paper shavings; its older sister, who looks with contempt at the shavings, will weep bitterly over a broken doll. A lad will value a handful of marbles; while the young man who kicks them disdainfully aside, will give many hard-earned shillings for a gilt-headed cane.

Childhood cares for childish things: what appears beyond price to us this year may be valueless the next.

You, whose fingers are turning these pages, can remember past days—days when you dearly loved what you now would not care to possess; days such as those of mine when I threaded my kidney-beans. And you, perhaps, may remember longing for what was not only worthless, but dangerous, as a child stretches out its tiny hand to grasp the bright flame of a candle.

That which was true of us as babies, as children, is true of us still. We long for the things which to our narrow vision appear fair and precious; and as soon as we obtain them, we find their charms have already faded; and in a little time we grow to hate them as much as we longed for them.

And thus we spend our life, as a tale that is told. Thus we squander the love that would bless us, and one another!

There is a very old prayer—written by a man who loved God's truth well enough to die for it at last—which it would be well for us all to utter from our hearts. It is this: "Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing that Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found: through Jesus Christ our Lord."

What is the commanded thing that we are to love?

What is the promised thing that we are to desire?

This is God's commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another; that we should seek after truth, peace, purity, and humility.

And the promises of God—how am I to write here what they are? "Good gifts, perfect gifts," such as our eyes have never seen, nor our hearts imagined. Instead of earth's sorrow there shall be *joy;* instead of weariness, *rest;* instead of darkness, *light;* instead of tears, *happiness;* instead of death, the *life eternal.*

If, now, we do not desire what God promises, and love what He commands, it is that we are too foolish to know what is worth loving—too ignorant to tell what is worth possessing.

We shall all be wiser one day.

God grant that the "one day" may not come too late! Even the most ignorant and heedless will at length learn the truth, and see things as they are, free from the glamour and glitter that baffles and deludes us here. They will see this world withering away, and the "city whose builder and maker is God" standing steadfast; the city which they may not enter, although, had they chosen, they might have been among its people. They will see the riches they gathered with so much toil, the fame they strove for, the friendships they prized, all slip away from their grasp. And there will be hard agony then, when the "good gifts," the "perfects gifts," are seen at last—the gifts that are not for them.

Let me finish with an older prayer than that which I quoted just now: "the Prayer of Moses, the Man of God." "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLV.—p. 672.—ELEAZAR—ITHAMAR.

1. E-l-*i* . . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 15, 18.
2. L-o-*t* . . . . . Gen. xix. 1.
3. E-noc-*h* . . . . . Gen. v. 22.
4. A-dri-*a* . . . . . Acts xxvii. 27.
5. Z-eboii-*m*. . . . . Gen. xiv. 2.
6. A-ssyri-*a* . . . . . 2 Kings xviii. 13.
7. R-edeeme-*r* . . . . . Isa. xlix. 26.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A Merry Christmas.

NOW, while we sit here banqueting,
Of dainties having store,
Let us not forgetful be
To cherish up the poor,
And give what is convenient
To the needy at the door.
And Heaven will bless you evermore.

For God hath made you stewards here
Upon the earth to dwell.
He that hath gathered for himself,
And will not use it well,
'Gainst the kindness of his Maker
Does wickedly rebel.
And Heaven will bless you evermore.

Old English Christmas Song.

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS is a time when perhaps we are most of us inclined to measure our progress during the past year, and to take stock, as it were, of our chances for the next.

At any rate James Williams, an old fisherman on the Lancashire coast, was doing this one stormy Christmas eve, as he sat in his little cottage on the beach, gazing into the fire. The glow, fed by logs that had once been part of the timbers of some goodly ship, fell with uncertain flicker on his stalwart frame and honest face, and again on the pale cheeks of his wife, who was somewhat younger than himself, but looked prematurely aged with the life of toil and care she had to lead. Now and then a stronger blaze than common lighted up the whole interior of the cottage, but only to show how little there was in it beyond the nets, oars, and other belongings of his trade.

The old couple had been silent for some time; so that there was nothing to interfere with the roar of the wind outside, or the deeper boom of the great sea, which was only a few yards from the door, and which on this night was running mountains high. The wife spoke at last:

"It is a fearful night, Jim. Dearie me! It minds me of that night poor Thomas lay a-dying."

"Ay," replied the husband absently. "Do you know, Bessie, I've been thinking——" then he stopped.

"Well, what have you been thinking, Jim? Something glum, I'll warrant. There's nothing but sorrow for the like of us."

"Nay, nay, lass: we must take things as they come, and we are none so badly off yet, while we have a fire like this. But I've been thinking," he went on with an effort, "I shall scarcely, I fear me, be able to go on with the fishing another year. I do fear it."

"Oh! Jim, to hear you talk like that!" said Bessie in utter dismay. "What can make you say such a thing, you that were always reckoned the best hand from the Ribble to the Mersey?"

"Ay, *was*," replied the old man with a sad smile; "though I don't know even that: Hugh Somers was as good as me at my best, and maybe others. But now I haven't done a fair day's work in the smack since Michaelmas, and that isn't right to my mates, you know, Bessie."

"Since Michaelmas—and never said a word to one! Why, Jim, what *is* the matter?"

"Nay, lass, you needn't look so skeary—it's nothing but the old hurt in my arm come back again. But it grows worse every week and stops me from hauling or throwing just as if it were something worse."

Bessie, like many other persons, usually took refuge in a little fit of temper, when she was frightened. "Ay, Jim," she said peevishly, "this comes of your always thrusting yourself in to help folks when there is danger, and no other fool to face it but you. Ay, ay, lamed for life! There is nobody so ready to help *us*, that I can see."

"Well, it was His will, Bessie, and the child's life was of more value than my arm."

"Well, but—hoity-toity! your arm got better before, and why shouldn't it again? Now on with your coat, Jim, and go and let Dr. Griffiths look at it this very night."

"I have seen him, two or three times, as you must know," replied the old man calmly; "and he tells me that I must not use it at all again. So I am a one-armed man for the future, lass,"

"But a one-armed man can do something, surely, and the lads will never turn you out of the smack," she said after a pause.

"No, they are good-hearted lads; but I'm not the man to take my share of the pay when I cannot do my share of the work."

"Oh! Jim, Jim," she moaned; "this is the worst blow of all, and we have had many a hard one."

"True, lass, we have," he replied.

"And now nothing before us in our old age but the poor-house, or to starve, oh, Jim!"

"Well, whatever comes, as we have kept clear of the House so long, we'll keep clear of it now," he answered firmly.

Their lot in life had indeed been a hard one. Twelve years before, James had been a prosperous man in a small way—the owner of a tight fishing-smack of his own, and blessed with five tall sons, whose sturdy limbs it would have been difficult to match. Then his misfortunes began, and for years he had nothing but misfortunes. His three eldest sons were all killed in the same colliery explosion; another was carried off by a fever; and John, the youngest, the favourite of both his parents, had "taken to bad ways," being suspected of theft, and at last drowned while working his passage to America. Then there were bad seasons—his smack became too rotten to venture out in—and finally, in saving a child that had fallen from the pier, he broke his arm.

Then at last James was forced to work once more as a common fisherman of the poorest kind, and now, as we have seen, even this resource was failing him. To have to learn a new trade at seventy, and that with only one arm serviceable, and the burden of a wife who was always ailing—was there any one whose gaze into the Christmas fire revealed a bleaker prospect than James Williams?

"What must we do? What can we do, Jim?" moaned the old woman as she rocked herself backwards and forwards. "Ah, Jim, if but one of those five fine lads had lived," and she burst into tears.

"I was just thinking the same thing myself, lass," said the old man with unusual emotion and hastily dashing away some moisture from his own eyes. "But I'll tell you one thing we must do; we must just put our trust where we always have done. He will not try us above what we are able to bear."

Then afraid of making a further display of his feelings, the honest old tar snatched up his weather-beaten cap, and hurried off with some herrings which he had promised to take to some one in the little town hard by.

CHAPTER II.

When James reached the town of Tidesley, as we choose to call it, he found more persons in the street than he expected to see on so stormy a night, and he soon heard that a ship had been driven ashore in the bay about an hour before. After leaving his fish, therefore, he went to the pier to look at the wreck.

The wind had partly gone down, blowing now only in occasional gusts; but the sea was still a roaring, angry, heaving mass of white foam, as far as the eye could reach. It was very cold on the pier, and the spray dashed over it now and then; but near the end there were several groups of fishermen, some deep in consultation, and others watching the ship, which, however, could only be seen when the moon broke for a brief and occasional instant through the driving clouds. She lay a mile from the pier, and on a very dangerous shoal called the Churn, which a hidden belt of rocks made doubly formidable.

"Now here is Jim Williams, and I ask him if any boat could live in such a sea. What do you say, Jim?" asked a middle-aged fisherman, as James advanced to one of the groups.

"Yes, we'll stand by what Jim says," cried another. "Jim, some say 'Stay, while you're safe,' and some say, 'Try it;' but don't you think we might reach her with care?"

James, thus appealed to, gave a long look round before he answered.

"I don't know, lads," he said at last; "it is a fearful risk, the Churn on a night like this,"

"Come now, Jim," said another; "you have been on the Churn on a worse night than this, or our old mates tell lies."

"Ay, it was an American ship, the *Florida;* but I was younger then, Matthew, and I really don't think the breakers were quite as rough that time," replied the old man, shaking his head. "As it was, it was the mercy o' heaven that we were not all drowned, like the forty-seven poor Yankees we could not rescue. But you want my opinion for to-night?"

"Yes, Jim; if you'll go, we'll go; and if you won't, we won't—the poor beggars must drown, that's all," they cried.

James considered anxiously an issue that might involve such fatal consequences. His heart leaped up to save the unfortunate wretches on the ship, but how if the attempt only ended in himself and a dozen of the brave Tidesley lads being drowned as well? He thought of the wail of mothers, widows, and orphans, which there might be in Tidesley next day, and he thought too of his own poor Bessie sitting alone, old and helpless; what would become of her if this new misfortune happened? Well might he watch the state of the sea long before he spoke.

But as he still hesitated, a young man stepped up to him from one of the other groups, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Jim, you were sent," said the new-comer. "I was just telling them there is no man in Tidesley who can steer a boat on the Churn to-night but you; and here you are!"

James had much of the old Puritanic feeling with regard to special calls and interpositions, and this voice at his elbow decided him.

"Well, then, mates," he said; "I will go with you; I think it just possible we may reach her. My arm is not worth much, but I think it will hold out in a case like this, and poor Bessie must take her chance."

The boat was now soon launched, and filled with twelve brave fellows, the old man steering. I leave the reader to imagine the faint cheer that broke from those on shore as the boat got safely off, with the anxious silence that followed as she disappeared in the spray and gloom. The sea was rougher outside even than James had anticipated, and as they sank and rose on the monstrous crests, the greatest care and skill were required to prevent the boat being swamped; indeed, she was soon half full of water with the spray and some smaller seas which they could not avoid. But at last the great ship loomed up through the darkness close to them, and by a passage which James knew existed between two of the rocks that were now hidden with white and boiling foam, the boat found a partial shelter on the lee-side of the vessel.

Loud rang the shout of the boat's crew above the roar of the sea, as they stood to their oars, and watched for any sign of life on the grinding hull. Two men only answered to the call and jumped into the water near the boat, into which they were speedily dragged.

"There is no one left on the ship now," said one of the poor rescued men in a voice faint with exhaustion; "except one man tied to the rudder-post, and he must be dead; for we shouted to him, as we saw you nearing us, and he never answered. All the rest are overboard."

"Then pull away, mates," cried Matthew Johnson; "the wind is getting up again, and we have done enough and to spare."

"Nay, Matthew," cried Williams firmly; "as we have risked so much, we will risk a little more. I never yet left half my work undone, and we'll see whether that poor fellow is dead or alive."

There were some murmurs in the boat, but they obeyed the old man when he ordered them to pull towards a loose rope which his practised eye had detected hanging from the ship's side. The vigour of his youth seemed to come back to him as he caught hold of the end, and swung himself on to the deck. There he hastened to the rudder-post, and cutting the bit of rope that fastened the body of the poor wretch to it, bore him off in his arms, without waiting to see whether he were alive. A furious sea, that broke over the wreck at this moment, dashed him and his burden overboard, but fortunately near the boat, and they were pulled in.

"Now lads, away with a will!" cried Williams. "Another sea like that will make a change in her."

He was right. Before they had gone a cable's length, the sea, as if angry at losing its prey, reared itself up as if for a mighty effort. The wreck staggered wildly to and fro,—then when they looked again there was nothing to be seen but the wild waters.

"Doesn't it look as if the old craft had only just been waiting till we did our business?" whispered one of the crew in awe to Williams; and with no little thankfulness at their own narrow escape from being carried down with the hull, the brave crew

pulled back to the shore, where they were received by the crowd with bursts of cheering and many a warm shake of the hand.

A dozen cordial invitations to food and shelter were showered on the rescued mariners, and Dr. Griffiths, who was waiting on the beach, pronounced the man whom Williams had rescued, to be not dead, but only insensible with fatigue, and he thought he would come round in an hour or two. After hearing this, therefore, and seeing that the three men would be well cared for, James hurried back to his own cottage to change his wet things, and relieve Bessie's anxiety at his prolonged absence,

"Ay, ay, Jim" said that inveterate grumbler, when her husband told her what he had been doing; "it fits you to be going and risking yourself for other people. When you have nothing left but your life, you must try to fling that away too."

"Well, my life is not much use now, Bessie, except to you," he answered.

CHAPTER III.

Some three hours had elapsed since James Williams came home, but on this night neither of the old people was inclined to retire early. However, just as they were beginning to think it bed-time, a loud knock came to the door.

"Come in," said Williams, rather startled by so late a visitor. And there entered a young man, dressed in sailor's garb much torn, and with a long beard and pleasant-looking face.

"I could not sleep without coming and thanking you for my life," said the stranger, advancing up to James and taking his hand cordially. "I am the man you cut from the rudder-post of the *Nancy* a bit since, and I'm all right now, you see. I hear that if it had not been for you, I should have stayed on the ship till she went down."

"Why, sir, I am sure you are welcome to anything I did. We ought to help each other at a pinch, you know, sir."

"Nay, sir me no sirs," said the other laughing. "I am only a plain seaman, as you see, and a somewhat ragged one just at present. However, in return for my life, I think I can tell you a bit of news you will be glad to hear."

"What is that?" asked James.

"Well, about your son John," replied the man. "He did not behave well to you, I believe, but I have seen him."

"My son John is dead," gasped the old man. Then he and his wife looked at the stranger in anxious silence—fearing lest the new-born hope should be dashed away.

"He is no more dead than I am," replied the young fellow. "But he would have been dead this night except for you, old man—look at me;" and he advanced into the full blaze of the fire-light.

Bessie gave a scream, and in another moment had recognised her son, and was in his arms. Who can describe the joy of the old couple as they became convinced of the truth of this strange resurrection?

"Yes, father, I have come back to the old place, you see," said John laughing; "and I hope I am somewhat wiser than I was when I went away. I was picked up on a spar by a passing ship when you thought me drowned; and said I, 'They'll not care to hear of me till I'm a rich man.' So I never wrote. But I've been all over the world now—Australia, California, South America, Indies, West and East, and where not?—and you must not think I am quite as wild as I used to be—there's nothing like knocking about for sobering a fellow—though I was never as bad as they made me out to be."

"No, indeed, you, Johnny," said the old woman; "and Mary Deane did not think you were either."

"Mary!—and is she really Mary *Deane* still?" asked the young man in some excitement.

"Ay, lad, and all for the love of you—she stood up for you against them all, but go and fetch her, James, and let her answer for herself;" answered the exulting mother.

James accordingly fetched the young woman, who was the daughter of a neighbouring fisherman, and a merry night they had of it.

"But, Mary," said John, as they sat in a sly corner by themselves, "will you marry me in such rags as these?"

"The clothes don't make much difference, John," she replied.

"Bravo! you are a lass after my own heart, and—don't talk to me—we'll have the wedding to-morrow," replied John kissing her gratefully. "As to the rags, why here's what will buy us something better." And he laughed as he threw jingling on the table a heavy belt filled with coin.

"Ha, ha! father. I haven't been at the diggings for nothing, you see. There are two thousand yellow boys in that belt, and you did a good turn for yourself, as well as me, when you took me off the *Nancy*. While I and Mary have a roof over us, you and mother shall have the warmest corner, old man."

And the Tidesley bells next day rang their merriest for the wedding.

"DO NOT TAKE AWAY THE KEY."

"THERE is no use in keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity, that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there only remained faithful the one poor woman to whom now the missionary was speaking.

"There is Christian worship in the village three miles off," he added noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can go there."

"Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church and will sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again."

"So I left her the key," continued the missionary from whom I heard this story, "and the time came when I preached in that very church crowded with repentant sinners; the harvest, surely, of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman, who had gone on her way weeping, bearing the good seed of believing prayer."

A. J. T.

CHRISTMAS IN FIJI.

II.

ON THE REWA.

I HAVE told you of our journey up the Great River as far as Navounindrala, at which point it is formed by the junction of two streams, the Wai Nimala and the Wai Nimbooco, both of which were, at the time of our visit, too shallow to allow of the large boat proceeding farther. We therefore left it, and such baggage as we could dispense with, in charge of the native teacher, and, transferring ourselves to one large canoe and our goods to two tiny ones, proceeded first up the Wai Nimbooco, where we halted successively at two villages, neither of which had been hitherto visited by any white teacher, but which nevertheless were most orderly, and apparently devoted to the new faith. Of course the presence of two white women made even a greater sensation than usual, and all the people crowded round, anxious to shake hands, a newly acquired habit, which we considered an immense improvement on the old custom of smelling one another (which is the Fijian substitute for kissing). The handshaking, however, revealed an amazing absence of little fingers, a painful trace of the mourning of heathen days. Great was the demand for fathoms of cloth and large knives, either as presents or as barter, and many were the quaint old clubs and whaletooth necklaces offered us in exchange for the coveted *papalangi* (foreign) goods. Some there were who had walked many miles over mountain and valley, bringing what was probably their only treasure (for these people are all very *very* poor), anxious to exchange it for a copy of the New Testament, which many can already read for themselves, and which they do read with a keen interest that might shame many of the wise of this world.

I need not linger to tell you of oft-repeated school-examinations and church services, nor of the beauty of scenery, and picturesque moated villages. Suffice it to say, that after a few days we returned to the junction, and thence turned up the other stream, where we halted four days at Nakorovatu, at the house of the chief, and thence proceeded to Nirukuruku, where we spent Christmas, and beyond which we found it impossible to proceed.

At Nakorovatu we witnessed two interesting scenes. The first was a school-examination at which were assembled the scholars from eight neighbouring towns (or as we should call them, villages). It was a repetition on a very large scale of such a school festival as I have already described, including various *mékés*—that is, chanted recitations with much pantomime. The leafy dresses were of great variety, and exceedingly pretty, and when at the close of the proceedings each scholar in turn came to lay a fringe of coloured or green leaves at our feet, they formed an immense heap, from which the boatmen quickly selected as many as they could contrive to wear, dressing themselves up till they reminded me of sweeps on May Day, only that no London sweep was

ever so pleasant to the eye as these naturally graceful and comely Fijians. The palm of manly beauty, however, decidedly belongs to the people of Tonga, many of whom are settled in these isles, and who are generally splendid men, contrasting most marvellously with the hideous inhabitants of other groups, who are imported here under the generic term of "foreign labourers," collected from every corner of Polynesia. To what difference of ancestry this marked physical and mental superiority is due, is a much vexed question, concerning which many theories have been propounded, resulting in no very definite conclusion.

The second scene which struck me as so strangely novel and picturesque was a missionary meeting! Not such a meeting, you may well imagine, as we are wont to associate with the name—but a great native gathering, when the people assemble from far and near for an annual festival, at which they dance and sing to their hearts' content, and bring with them, either in money or in kind, their contribution towards the general expenses of the mission. On this occasion the people of seventeen towns, numbering in all about two thousand, assembled on the first day, and the following day ten more towns came in. Each town had its own company of dancers and musicians, all dressed up in the most eccentric style of native taste, with wreaths and garlands, *masi* and feathers, spears and clubs, and abundant paint, red and blue, black and brown. Each company advanced solemnly to where the missionary and native teachers were seated, with a large mat spread before them, and as each man, woman or child passed, they deposited their offering—a yam, a *taro*, a bundle of tobacco leaves, a sugar-cane, or a small coin. The latter is invariably carried for safety in the mouth, a purse at once novel and self-acting, for as both hands are generally occupied with fan and spear, it saves trouble, and conveys no shadow of disrespect, simply to spit out the coin on to the mat. Some of the more zealous produced one coin after another in succession, the height of ambition being to contribute a dollar, subscribers of that sum being marked men, whose names appear in a printed list, a privilege which even in Fiji is not without its attractions!

As soon as the people of one town had presented their offerings, they proceeded to dance, fan and spear dances being those most in favour. Some companies contented themselves with a solemn pantomime. One large party appeared with their heads dressed with lime, like a regiment of powdered footmen (only they were brown, and not in full livery!), and went through a long pantomime of such awful solemnity that we thought they must represent a company of ghosts bewailing their past sins, but we were told it was all a story about an empty basket. We greatly preferred the merry dances in which due scope was given for display of the amazing flexibility and rapidity of action for which these people are so remarkable, and it was pleasant to see their own exceeding enjoyment, as well as the delight of the bystanders, who applauded and shouted to their hearts' content; the excitement and delight produced by some of the old war dances suggesting how recently these must have had a terrible reality to many there present. Some of the dances were fast and furious, and the dancers became wildly excited, their hideous war paint and wild cries combining to produce an effect truly demoniacal; but when, at sunset, we suggested that the remaining towns should defer their appearance till next day, the crowd quietly dispersed in the most orderly manner. In olden days they would have kept up a scene of wild revelry throughout the night, and as it was, we thought there would probably be some torchlight dancing; so later in the evening we strolled quietly towards the village, but all was hushed and still, save only that as we passed each dwelling, we heard voices within, either joining in family prayer or singing Christian hymns. There are those who blame the missionaries for allowing the people to keep up these old national dances, but it is necessary to discriminate between sports of this character and those of immoral tendency which have already been completely extinguished.

On the following afternoon we proceeded up the river to Nirukuruku, our farthest point. Some of the rapids were so strong that even with the help of half-a-dozen extra men, poling and pulling, we made slow progress, being sometimes whirled back almost as fast as we advanced; but at our journey's end we found a warm welcome from the native minister and his wife, their tidy house being situated just outside the moated village. Here we found no less than forty couples waiting to be married, a matrimonial fever having set in after the measles, the widows and widowers deeming it prudent to console one another in their loneliness. Moreover, several of the recent converts having renounced polygamy, wished to marry the one wife whom they selected to retain, according to Christian rites; while the bachelors of each tribe (many of whom had hitherto been condemned to involuntary celibacy) were equally anxious to appropriate the discarded wives.

There are always so many preliminary questions to be asked, and often such difficulty in ascertaining the exact truth as to relationships between the parties, consent of guardians, and similar points, that the marrying of forty couples was likely to prove a lengthy business. It was therefore deemed advisable to commence at once, and dispose of as many as possible, that same evening. So about fourteen couples were summoned then and there, and a very curious picture rises to my mind as I recall that scene. In one corner of the room a brown group of boatmen lay stretched round the wood fire, whence a faint curl of smoke rose and lost itself among the dark rafters. The fireplace you will remember is merely a hollow square in the floor. Near the fire sat the native minister's wife, with a group of unusually pretty children, sewing some Christmas finery by the light of a dim wick in an old sardine box. At one end of the room were rigged up our mosquito-curtains and mat screens, and all round the wall were ranged the happy couples, looking singularly shy and uncomfortable. They had been summoned so hurriedly that there had been neither time nor light to scour the forest in search of wedding raiment of gay leaves, and the girls had not even donned the apology for a white jacket (low-bodied and short-sleeved) which many possess, and wear on state occasions (only over one arm, however). So as the waist-cloth was the only raiment worn, it was difficult by the dim light to distinguish the brides from the bridegrooms, and still more difficult to get them properly paired, as their custom, from the moment

they arrive till they depart again, is to stand as far apart as possible, doing their best to look as if they had nothing to do with one another! At last, however, they were duly coupled, and then commenced the necessary preliminary inquiries.

To me the names of these young couples afforded considerable interest. Some gave their recently acquired Christian names, which, almost without exception, are Scriptural names Fijianised, which is much the same as if they were Italianised. Thus Bartholomew becomes Bartolomeo, Amos is Amosi, Zaccheus is Zaccheusa, Stephen is Setavenie; Jacopi, Josephi, Joeli, Luki, Timothi, Lydiana, Miriama, &c. In short, in any large assembly you will find namesakes of the whole army of Hebrew patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. Far more characteristic are the old native names, which include such poetical fancies as Spray of the Coral Reef, Queen of Parrots' Land, Queen of Strangers, Smooth Water, Wife of the Morning Star, Paradise, One who quiets, Sacred Cavern and Waning Moon; Mother of her Grandchildren, Mother of Cockroaches, and Mother of Pigeons are also feminine names. So is Ten Whale's Teeth, a name implying exceeding value. Among names of men we hear such as The Stone God, The Shark, Bad Earth, New Child, Bad Stranger, Quick as Lightning, Eats like a God, King of Gluttony, More Human Flesh, Abode of Treachery, Not quite cooked, Empty, Die out of Doors, Live in the Bush, Day, Night, Spark of Fire, and so on.

The inquiries involved so much cross-questioning, that the night was far advanced ere the actual marriage service was concluded, and at last, weary with the day's travel, I crept quietly within shelter of my mosquito-curtains, and fell asleep to the murmur of the old old story, "till death us do part," in the Fiji version. No ring is given on these occasions; indeed rings are almost unknown articles, a tortoise-shell hoop being the only thing of the sort I have seen.

Of our return journey down the river I need not tell you. Everywhere the people met us again to give us greeting, and shake hands, ere we once more passed beyond their ken. I fancy the remembrance of their guests, albeit they "tarried but a day," will long linger in those far-away valleys and in the hearts of those kindly people. For ourselves, we had become so thoroughly accustomed to sitting or lying curled up on mats or in canoes, that it felt quite strange to sit once more on a chair in the first planter's house where we halted. As to the first cup of tea, with abundance of good milk, it seemed to us as nectar fit only for the gods!

Once more we found ourselves at Rewa, and thence rowed down one of the many mouths of the river, till we reached Navouloa, which is the training college for native students. Many a good and faithful teacher has been sent forth hence to work in all parts of the group, and some have already gone forth on perilous journeys to found a Fijian Mission in far distant cannibal isles, notably those of New Britain and New Ireland, among tribes so ferocious, that not even the thirst for gain has proved a sufficient inducement to draw white traders to those dreaded shores. So surely works that little leaven of Christianity and civilisation first brought to these dark lands by the determined will and earnest faith of a little handful of brave men, by whose sons the work so nobly begun is still carried on.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

NAOMI'S RETURN TO BETHLEHEM.*

WHETHER Elimelech and his wife felt that they were entering on a doubtful course when they left the Holy Land to sojourn with the heathen of Moab, we have no means of knowing. But we have much reason to think that, during her ten years' sojourn in the Field of Moab, Naomi came to regard it as a sinful course. The loss, first of her husband, and then of her sons, came upon her as a Divine rebuke; and as she laid her sons, cut off in their prime, in an alien grave, the thought and purpose of return, return to God as well as to the land of God, seem to have taken possession of her heart. This purpose was probably strengthened both by the hope that, in her poverty and bereavement, she would receive help and comfort from her wealthy Hebrew kinsman, and still more by the happy tidings which now reached her, that the famine was at an end, that the valleys of Bethlehem were once more covered over with corn and its hills with flocks. In the fine Hebrew phrase, "The Lord had remembered His people, to give them bread."

And now that He is once more gracious, may there not be grace and a blessing even for the impoverished and afflicted Naomi, if she too returns to Him and once more takes shelter under His wings? Perchance there may. At all events she will put Him to the proof. And so she starts on her homeward way.

But she does not start alone. Her two daughters-in-law resolve to accompany her. She, apparently, is not aware of their intention, and supposes they have only come to see her off and indulge in a last embrace, although *they* regarded themselves as already on the way to the land of Judah. When, therefore, they reach the Ford of the Arnon, on the northern boundary of the Field of Moab, or perhaps when they reach the Fords of the Jordan, the eastern boundary of Judah, Naomi bids them return each to her mother's house, and prays, both that the Lord will deal kindly with them, as they have dwelt with her dead and with her, and that He will grant that they may each find an "asylum" in the house of a new husband. As she clasps them in a parting embrace, they lift up their voices and weep. They protest, "Nay, but we will return with thee unto thy people." And, now, Naomi has the delicate, difficult task of breaking to them, as gently as she may, the sad secret that, if they go with her, they will find no welcome from her people, no kindness from any but herself.

If we would understand the scene, and especially the stress laid on these young widows finding new husbands, we must remember that in the East of antiquity, as in many Eastern lands to this day, the position of an unmarried woman, whether maid or widow, was a very unhappy and perilous one. Only in the house of a husband could a woman be sure of respect and protection. Hence the Hebrews spoke of the husband's house as a woman's "*menuchar*," or "rest"—her secure and happy asylum from servitude, neglect, license. It was such an "asylum" of honour

* The Book of Ruth. A Popular Exposition. By Samuel Cox. Religious Tract Society.

and freedom that Naomi desired for Orpah and Ruth. But, as she had to explain to them, such an "asylum," while it might be open to them in Moab, would be fast closed against them in Judah. In marrying them her sons had sinned against the Hebrew law. That sin was not likely to be repeated by Israelites living in their own land. Yet how is Naomi to tell them of this fatal separation between the two races? how is she to make these loving women aware that, if they carry out their resolve to go with her, they must resign all hope of honour and regard?

She discharges her difficult task with infinite delicacy. They, of course, had no thought of marrying any sons that might hereafter be born to the widowed Naomi. Such a thought could not possibly have entered their minds. Why, then, does Naomi lay such emphasis on the utter unlikelihood of her having sons, and of their waiting for them even if she should have them? Simply to convey to them that, if they went with her, they would have no hope but in herself. What she meant was: "I know and love you: and, had I sons, I would take you with me, that in their homes you might find the asylum every woman needs and craves. But I have none, nor am I likely to have any, nor could you wait for them if I had. And, outside my household there is no prospect for you; for the men of Israel may not take to wife the daughters of Moab. Alas, it is more bitter for me to tell you this than for you to hear it. It is harder for me than for you that we must part. I have no hope for the future. I must walk my darkened path alone. But you, you may still find an asylum with the people of your own race. *Your* future may be bright. You will at least have one another. Go, then, and return each to her mother's house."

This, I apprehend, was what Naomi meant by the words which sound so strangely to us: this was what Ruth and Orpah would understand her to mean. And if we cannot wonder that the prospect proved too cheerless and perilous for Orpah's love, let us all the more admire the constancy of her whom even this prospect could not terrify. Ruth risked everything which a woman holds dear rather than leave her "mother" to walk and suffer alone. And it may be doubted whether in all the crowded records of womanly heroism and self-sacrifice we anywhere meet a courage and devotion surpassing hers.

And yet, in this contest of self-sacrificing love, it is hard to tell whether the palm should be awarded to Ruth or to Naomi. Has not Naomi discharged her full duty of dissuasion in placing the discomforts and dangers of her lot before her daughter? She, at all events, thinks that she has not. When Orpah has kissed her and gone back, while Ruth is still "cleaving" to her, she renews her entreaties and dissuasions. "Thy sister-in-law has gone back to her people and to her gods; go thou also. It is not simply, or mainly, that we belong to different races: we worship different gods. It is *this* which really separates us, and makes it impossible that you should find an asylum in Judah. Return, then, after thy sister." When we consider how dark and soli-

tary Naomi's path must have been had Ruth yielded to her entreaties, we cannot but feel that these two noble women were well matched, that it is hard to say in which of them love was the more generous and self-forgetting.

If, in the judgment of the world, Ruth carries off the palm, it is, in part, because we expect more of a mother in Israel than of a daughter of Moab: but it is still more, I think, in virtue of the exquisite and pathetic words in which her reply to the dissuasions of Naomi is couched. Her vow has stamped itself on the very heart of the world; and that, not because of the beauty of its form simply, though even in our English Version it sounds like a sweet and noble music, but because it expresses, in a worthy form and once for all, the utter devotion of a genuine and self-conquering love. It is the spirit which informs and breathes through these melodious words that makes them so precious to us, and that also renders it impossible to utter any fitting comment on them. They shine most purely in their own light. "Intreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people is my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried. JEHOVAH do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST.

VII.—THE PRINTING-PRESS.

AT the beginning of the present century a gardener and his household removed from a village in one of the Midland shires to its county town. He was a man of remarkable intelligence, and, though in humble circumstances, belonged to an ancient family which received a grant of arms in 1675 from Charles II. Through serious reverses (caused by the exhaustion of certain lead mines) its representatives eventually sank to such poverty and obscurity that the family was declared in the county records to be extinct. Traditions of the old prosperity and influence were, however, never lost. There was but one son, and it is with him that our story has to do. Considering the social circumstances of his boyhood, and that the household had no association with any of the religious communities of the town, there is a good deal in the future development of his life to show, as D'Aubigné expresses it, that "God is in history."

The bright and comely look of the lad attracted the affectionate notice of a Unitarian minister in the town, by whom he was put to school, where he distinguished himself by an extraordinary memory. While quite young, a complete change was wrought in his religious belief and character by a sermon he heard from an Evangelical minister on the words "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and coming under the full influence of the truth thus indicated he rapidly grew into a life of consecration. Meanwhile he had been apprenticed to a printer and bookseller, and was thus prepared for the special work to which he was subsequently devoted. In the pursuit of his calling he removed to London, where, by a singular combination of circumstances, a long but secretly cherished desire to be a missionary to the heathen found expression, and ended in the acceptance of his services by the London Missionary Society, a course of theological training under Dr. Bogue at Gosport, and his finally sailing at a season of storms and shipwrecks for the Straits of Malacca. Thus did it come to pass that a printing-press was set up, and tracts were issued and distributed in thousands for the mental and moral good of the numerous tribes which speak the Malayan language. Here laboured my father (to whom such frequent reference has been made in preceding papers) for twenty-six years without intermission, and here he died through the enfeebling effects of such toil in a tropical climate.

Around this printing-press are gathered the most interesting elements of his usefulness. Not that his service was limited to it. He prepared books and tracts, but also trained readers for them. For a number of years he must have had about two hundred children in regular attendance at the schools in various parts of the island, established by him, and under his daily supervision. Unhappily they were for the most part taught by Mohammedan masters, but still the books used were Christian books, and many thousands must thus have acquired knowledge of the chief truths of the Bible. The schools were liberally supported by the Government, on condition of receiving in return supplies of servants for the numerous offices belonging to it. For these boys, with the masters and as many parents as could be induced to attend, he conducted religious services in Malay every Sunday morning and also in the evening, when not occupied in preaching to an English congregation. What was done by this press was done chiefly through the co-operation of the Religious Tract Society, which never had a more admiring and active agent; the paper and the woodcuts came almost entirely from Paternoster Row, and by these means, from his printing-office, tracts, original and translated, issued in a perpetual stream, including a very idiomatic rendering of "The Pilgrim's Progress" with several woodcuts. He also translated and printed at the expense of the late Mr. Isaac Crewdson, a portion of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and at the expense of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society the Psalter and Morning and Evening Prayers of the Church of England. One of his translations consisted of the section in Bishop Porteus's "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," in which he compares Christianity with Mohammedanism, and this occasioned such a ferment among the people that they appealed, with their "Scribes and Pharisees" at their head, to the governor, who was compelled to summon the missionaries to a conference, which

ended, however, in no interference with their work. But this was an unusual occurrence. There never was a more amiable controversialist. Here is an illustration from one of his letters: "I have just been travelling for a week among the Malays in Province Wellesley. For some time I had been sending over Scriptures and tracts and learnt that the people were examining them. A few months ago, I received a reply to some of the tracts, and sent an answer which cost me much labour. When I went over I saw the man with whom I had been corresponding. He is high-priest of the place, and has great influence. His confidential friend told me that when he received my reply, he was reading it till midnight, sometimes sitting, and sometimes reclining on his mat. I preached the gospel to him and a large congregation of his people, and now and then there was a general burst of applause as I spoke, the priest himself joining, saying, 'All very good.' I was speaking of the excellency of Christ, and his superiority to all other prophets; that He died for sinners, and rose in triumph from the grave, etc. I found the priest had put all the books into circulation which I had sent, and urged the people to read and examine them. He assured me he would distribute all I sent, adding that he is now writing a book for me to answer, and that to use his own words, 'While I have life I will not let you go, but get to your heart's core and know all you can tell me about the gospel.' He had prepared coffee, rice, and fowls, for my dinner at his house; after dinner I took up my quarters in an empty house, and the people visited me till midnight to ask questions, till at last I could talk no longer." My father's knowledge of the native language was very remarkable. So perfect was his mastery of the tongue that the most learned of the local native *literati* praised his Malay composition in the highest terms, and independent chiefs of neighbouring tribes sent messengers hundreds of miles by sea or land to obtain his books and tracts.

In the work I have described I was his constant companion. He taught me how to handle the compositor's stick, and how to print, and to stitch, and cut the edges, and do the rough binding that was needed. When he attended the assizes I was with him, and often after some trial that had caused much excitement he would publish a sheet containing comments and warnings. I have one before me with a woodcut at its head supplied by the Tract Society. In the distribution of tracts at the festivals I was almost always at his side. A man he was subject to gusts of stormy anger, but withal so tender and affectionate! I have seen him, on discerning at one of the Mohammedan festivals (the Mohurrum) that his tracts had been used to stiffen the tinsel-paper of the mimic shrine, tear down the decorations and fling them about with loud denunciation of the wickedness of thus desecrating religious literature, pointing out, to the shame of the offenders, that the sacred name of Allah was everywhere to be found on the dishonoured pages. On the other hand, how well do I remember the pet names for his children, his mingling with our play and laughter, and how every Sunday morning each of us visited him in his study to receive one of the pretty little books that came from Paternoster Row! After this visit he would lead us to the grassy plot in front of the house, and there we distributed his alms, accompanied by pictured tracts, to a crowd of the blind and halt and palsied and leprous and lunatic, who gathered every Sunday from every part of the island to receive his blessing. No one was more observant of John Wesley's advice: "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can." He regarded it as a "means of grace" for men that they should contribute to the Mission funds; he spared no self-denial that he might personally contribute; and I do not believe there ever was a local object of charity which appealed in vain to his purse. When I read his original will I found that on the death of his first colleague, who soon followed his wife to the grave, my father at once adopted as a daughter the orphan child that was left, and directed by will that she should share equally in everything with his own children.

What pathetic recollections crowd upon me as I recall my companionship with him in his work!—the visits to his schools, attendance at ceremonials of public interest, evening walks among the people, visits in acceptance of hospitalities from distinguished natives, journeys by land and water, perils through exposure to the sun and from the nearness of wild beasts, and sometimes from the anger of chiefs and their officials when rebuked for oppression or vice. How humorous, too, were his sayings and doings in this companionship! Can I ever forget our parting? I had to leave my island home with the first streaks of the morning light, and he brought me the night before to the house of a friend close to the jetty from which we should embark. How he lingered and lingered, and at last pressed me to his bosom and rushed away with sobs that yet echo in my ears! And unknown to me till long afterwards he was at dawn the next day near the spot of embarkation and watched with streaming eyes his boy in the boat as it started and carried him away for ever from his sight. Years had passed when at the same spot he greeted a friend from the old country, and heard from him with a thrilling joy that ended in a flood of tears that his son had become the avowed servant of his father's God. How humble too, was he, and unpretentious, and though in constant intercourse with the highest functionaries of the locality, ever cherishing the spirit of the apostolic law, "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." "When I am buried," he said in written directions found after his death, "let there be, in any address that may be spoken, no allusion to myself or my labours, for I wish to be regarded simply as a sinner saved by grace." And the last sentence that could be heard in his dying hours, was, "I am a poor sinner, very near the eternal world, but, O my Saviour, remember me now Thou art in Thy Kingdom."

At his side was my mother—a woman of Israelitish descent, who had removed to London from a southern county, and there became known to him as a devoted teacher in a Sunday-school. One of the most important branches of her Christian service sprang out of a tract. Among my father's labours and influence in reference to Europeans was an effort made by him to rouse the conscience of many among them who formed alliances, without the sanction of marriage, with native women and became fathers of Eurasian children. An anonymous pamphlet was printed and put mysteriously into circulation, which was I think entitled "Bachelor's Buttons," in which he described the melancholy con-

dition in which these children, despised alike by Europeans and natives, were left by their fathers when they returned to Europe. The result was an appeal to my mother to take some girls thus circumstanced into her family, and this led to her being habitually employed in education. She was thus in several instances the means of blessings inestimably precious. Some illustrations of the gracious work in her orphan-school have been presented in the preceding chapters. But not the less was she a presence of power in the chamber of the sick, among the wives of European soldiers, and wherever there was trouble. To the end of her long life she received testimonies of the important services she had rendered in her various departments of Christian work. Her power of ready sympathy was perhaps the chief element in her qualifications for usefulness. No one, whatever his or her history, circumstances, needs, anxieties or sins, but found her quick to realise the condition, and become tenderly interested, and able to give counsel and help.

The last years of her life (and they numbered eighty-seven) were spent by her in unceasing devotion, and a more appropriate and beautiful ending to such a life there could not have been. It was so entirely without pain and any sense of death that one can imagine that it was just such a "translation" as was originally designed for man in his innocence. For the comfort of those who suffer from bondage through the fear of death, let me cite a brief description of the last hours. "In the morning of her last day among us her son called to see her on his way for his daily visit to town, and she was not only without pain or even uneasiness, but in good spirits to playfulness, speaking to him in Malay, and saying as he left her, '*Salamat jalan*,' 'Blessed be your journey.' Throughout the day she was unusually bright, with all her faculties busy, and speaking about everybody and everything. When he returned they again had a talk, but finding that she had had no sleep since he left her, he said, 'Now, dear mother, you must be quite still, and go to sleep. We will pull the blind down and leave you, and you must talk no more.' She said, 'Very well, dear, if you think so.' But after he had said his 'good-bye' and was just at the door of the room, she called out, 'I can't go to sleep without prayer,' so he knelt down, and with her hand in his, thanked God for all the years of 'goodness and mercy,' and prayed for the continuance of 'the peace which passeth understanding.' This was the last transaction between mother and son in this world. Throughout the evening she seemed to be in gentle repose. About eight o'clock an attending friend said 'good-night' before going home. The instant reply was, 'But can't you do something to help me to pray before you go?' So she repeated some passages of Scripture, and again there was prayer. At nine her usual companion, leaving her in charge of the night nurse, said her 'good-night,' and placed her head in the position she found most comfortable for sleep. But the reply was, 'I can't go to sleep without prayer.' Her friend repeated the twenty-third Psalm and a hymn, and prayed, and to the prayer she responded in a distinct 'Amen.' Six minutes after she passed, without being observed to be dying, into the blessed rest of those who 'sleep in Jesus.'

"'Like a shadow thrown,
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon her.'"

MY SECOND CURACY.

VI.

AS I was teaching one evening in the night-school, stooping down over the shoulder of a youth of nineteen, I was surprised at his turning and whispering in my ear, "Please teach me to say a prayer." I told him to stop at the end of the lesson and I would speak to him alone. Poor fellow! He told me a tale of thorough neglect in spiritual matters. His mother was a widow holding very peculiar notions, indeed a fatalist. She had often told me that if she ran a knife into her chest she would not die unless it was ordained that she was to. I used to reply, "Why eat? For live you will if it is ordained to eat." But she could not see the force of this reasoning. To all my endeavours to get her boys to Sunday-school, she would reply, "If they are to be saved they will be saved. What is the use of teaching them to pray, or directing them to attend on public worship?" As she sowed, so she reaped; she became paralysed, and depended upon her children for everything; but they were undutiful and selfish; they left her sometimes for the whole day without attention and even food. The two girls turned out the worst of characters; the two elder sons married badly, became drunkards, and a curse to the parish; and the one who asked me to teach him to pray, after bearing up against the evil influences at home, relaxed and fell away.

Another case arising from the good of night-schools I will briefly relate. One morning there was a knock at my sitting-room door. Upon my saying "Come in," the door opened, and one of my night-scholars entered and threw himself at my feet on his knees, and buried his face in my lap. He was a favourite scholar of mine, and I was much disturbed by his action. I tried to raise him, but he would not lift up his head; his sobs prevented him speaking for some time. At last he told me his story, it was a sad one of wrongdoing, suffering, and woe. I was much moved at his pitiful, penitent recital, and strove to comfort him. Poor fellow! I am sure he felt much happier. After he had unburdened his mind, I was able to soothe him at last, but he so keenly felt the deceit he had been practising upon me, that the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead. After his painful confession was over, and he was assured of my forgiveness, he grew calmer, and I am truly happy to bear my testimony to his upright moral and strictly religious character up to the present time. Years have passed since he first

came under my notice, but my regard for him strengthened with more intimate acquaintance. I only mention these instances to show how night-schools, if as a whole not so successful in town as in country, yet do good by opening the hearts of the scholars towards their teachers.

I might mention one more case that came under my notice at the Sunday-school—a case of perseverance under difficulties. Soon after I had been appointed curate of the parish, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, a young man called upon me and offered his services as teacher. I found from his employer that his character was good, and that he was fairly educated—he had formerly been a pupil in the school. Liking to encourage men in giving up their time to serve God, and advance the spiritual knowledge of the younger members of the flock, I gladly consented, and I am bound to add, a better or more regular teacher I never had; his influence over his boys, and their tidy, attentive appearance, were conspicuous to all the school.

But it is of his private history that I would speak. He was a most industrious young man, employed all day in a West-end office as messenger. His evenings were invariably spent at a Mutual Improvement Society; his education, from the short time he had been at school in early life, owing to the death of his father, and the necessity there existed of his being obliged to earn something towards his living, had been somewhat neglected, but his perseverance was great, and at each examination held by the Society of Arts he obtained one or more prizes. George Gibson was happier far spending his evenings thus than he could ever be at home, for though his mother was a hard-working woman, able to procure quantities of work, yet after the death of her husband she quickly became first a dram drinker, and then a confirmed drunkard, making sad havoc in the family circle. Instead of keeping a comfortable home for her very steady son, and one which might attract her second son who was naturally of a gay disposition, and influence for good her young and only daughter, she by her conduct did everything to render things miserable. The daughter was allowed, or rather sent, to play in the streets, while the mother entertained her drinking friends within. When the sons returned from work, the fire was often out, the bed unmade, and nothing provided for their use, though in the morning they had deposited sufficient money with their mother. All, all went in drink, the back rent accumulated; the daughter's clothes, the son's books, school prizes, articles of furniture, the very beds, and, last of all, the son's boxes were rifled, to supply money for gin. Poor George! How tenderly he spoke of his mother's failings to me, though his heart was nigh to breaking. He starved himself to pay his mother's debts and support his sister, and keep a roof over their heads till he could do so no longer: How he begged and prayed his mother to keep from the cursed liquor, but in vain. And the consequence of her conduct was to drive the second son away, who fell into commission of crime, and only escaped punishment of a lengthened kind by enlisting in the army; the daughter, too, fell grievously. The mother at last took refuge in the workhouse, without the slightest chance of ever regaining her health, and George alone remained honest, upright, respected on all sides, by his master, fellow-workmen, and his pupils. He married a good, religious, steady girl.

The baptisms at our church were numerous. I remember christening one child who had seven Christian names, all foreign but one. His parents were poor. The nurses or parents were frequently so confused or stupid at the moment of giving the name, nearly always adding the surname, that instead of saying, "Name the child," I used to say, "The Christian name *only* of your child." Yet even this plan sometimes failed. Rather recently on an occasion when many received the rite of baptism, I received as answer to my usual question, the answer "Jane Young." Feeling sure that the latter was the surname I inquired, and finding it so, baptized the child by the name of Jane. After I had done so, and passed on to others, the woman said, "Please, sir, you have made a mistake; it's a boy." "What, James!" I replied, thinking I had not distinctly caught the word. "No, sir; I am Jane. I thought you asked me my name, as at the beginning of the Catechism." I could hardly refrain from laughing, but managed to ask what ought her child to be called, when to my astonishment she replied, "Robert Thomas Henry." I rebaptized it, or rather renamed it, but it may be a question whether the child ought not now to be called "Jane" to the end of his days.

The society of a London clergyman is very different from that of his brethren in the country. It is much more formal, and generally confined to a narrow circle. The curate's society in town consists of an acquaintance of lower grade than that of his vicar's, not lower, perhaps, in an intellectual point of view, but in the world's esteem and in rank and riches. In the country, the same difference does not exist, at least, not in the writer's experience; but in large towns, and especially in the West-end of the metropolis, the curate of the parish would be simply asked to an assembly or a "kettledrum," while his vicar would be invited to dine. Consequently, unless the curate happens to have private friends, or comes into a parish with good introduction, he will add but little to his list of visiting acquaintances.

In town perhaps the old class of respectable worthy tradesmen who resided at their place of business is fast becoming extinct; men of the new school consider it beneath their dignity to live, as their fathers did, over their shops, and therefore reside in the suburbs. Other reasons also operate in the same direction.

One untoward result arising from this emigration has been the withdrawal of both their subscriptions and their interest in the various parochial charities. The general plea is that now their new parish (the friendly calls of the incumbent and wife upon the lady of the house having procured subscriptions) has claims upon them, and as they cannot afford to subscribe twice over, the older love goes to the wall, and the sad consequence is that the next generation cares still less for the well-being of the parish where their wealth was acquired. Thus, many useful and time-honoured institutions fall to decay, although needing help far more than new districts. This is not a right state of things. Whatever claims the new country residence makes upon their liberality, the claims of the old are certainly paramount.

Another thing which strikes me with regard to London society is that there is very little cordiality

about it; modern life seems to have nearly smothered geniality and pleasantness. There is a striving for effect, a consciousness of wealth and power which is painfully unnatural and repulsive. Of course, in such remarks, reference is made to the prevailing or general tone of society, for I have known in London houses as genial and cheery Christian homes as in any country parish.

This brief account of a London curate's district by no means gives an adequate idea of his work; for the multitudinous duties of a metropolitan clergyman can scarcely be exaggerated. The amount of purely secular work which he is called upon to perform occupies a great portion of his time; he has but little left for study, reflection or meditation. Is it to be wondered at that his sermons should sometimes fall short of what a critic would desire? Is it fair to compare his discourses with those of a fashionable preacher at a neighbouring chapel, who has simply during the week no work to do except in preparing his two Sunday discourses?

Though a minister engaged in parochial work in London has but little time for book-learning, he makes man himself his constant study, and though it is more frequently the indifferent side of human nature which presents itself, yet upon the whole the vast amount of experience gained in work in a London parish, outweighs, at least in a practical manner, the knowledge which can be extracted from the study of men from books alone. Work in London to one who loves work for work's sake and for the Master's sake, is very enjoyable, but the worker must be content to plod on, sowing from day to day, seldom seeing the result of his labours, but hoping that the bread cast upon the waters shall be found in due season.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

President Garfield had a favourite hymn, one for which he asked oftentimes, and which he enjoyed greatly. It was sung in Cleveland at his burial. Here it is.

"HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST."

HO! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round ye
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting,
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why stand ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to your mission,
In service of your Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be your just reward.

Mr. Garfield once quoted in Congress the following lines of Tennyson in connection with Abraham Lincoln. They are equally applicable to James Garfield.

"Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up, from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a People's hope,
The centre of a World's desire."

THE DEAF MEMBER.

AMONGST the regular attendants at a week-day meeting for Bible-reading and prayer, was an elderly woman named Kerr, who was very deaf. The lady who conducted the class felt sure from the difficulty she experienced in making her hear in ordinary conversation that she could not possibly gather much of the Bible lesson. She followed the reading of the chapter, as she was most careful to have her own Bible, and the place was found for her by her next neighbour on the front form. Knowing Mrs. Kerr's infirmity, the other members of the class were careful to preserve a seat for her as near to the speaker as possible.

Still the conductor was convinced that the words of the opening and concluding prayers would never reach the ears of her old friend.

On one afternoon, in particular, she was much concerned for Mrs. Kerr. The place was found for her as usual, but, alas! she had forgotten her spectacles, and without them the page was but a blurred mass of letters to the aged eyes. Everybody wanted to help her. Pockets were rummaged and quite a variety of spectacles produced, without any clearing of the misty page; unfortunately none of them would do.

Mrs. Kerr thanked her neighbours very heartily as she gave back the last pair to its owner. Then,

turning to the conductor she said. "Will you please tell me what chapter you are going to read?"

"The fifteenth of St. Luke," was the answer.

A bright expression crossed Mrs. Kerr's face, and with a little nod of intelligence, she replied, "Thank you, ma'am. I shall not want a book now."

It was interesting to watch her countenance as she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the face of the reader as if tracing the progress of the familiar words by the movement of her lips.

At the close of the meeting the lady had a little talk with her old friend, and expressed her regret that Mrs. Kerr had been unable either to hear or read for herself on account of the forgotten spectacles. "And I fear," she added, "you seldom hear much of what passes."

"I could follow you to-day very well," said Mrs. Kerr. "And though I cannot always catch the sound of your voice, I seem to hear my dear Lord's when I am reading along with you, from my own Bible, the instructions that He gave. To-day I knew every word of the chapter without a book, and so I read it with you in my mind. I am often able to do that. My deafness makes me but poor company for anybody, and so, as I cannot be taking in much by the ears, I must do all the more with the senses that are left me. So I read and read until the chapters are all there in my mind."

"But is it any pleasure for you to come to the meeting week after week, when you cannot hear what is said?"

"To be sure it is. I am going over the Word in company, sitting amongst the disciples, and I believe the Master is with us. He said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' I believe the Word, and I come to meet Jesus, expecting the fulfilment of His promise. I don't know just in what way He will bless me; but I am certain He would never tell me to come for nothing. Then, haven't I said nearly all my life that I believe in the communion of saints, and I come to have a sense of that too, and I always go home the happier. Same way, I attend public worship on Sundays; for aren't we told not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, and, if there was a deaf old woman amongst those to whom that Epistle to the Hebrews was written, I don't think she would have liked any one to say she must be shut out from the assembly on account of her deafness."

"You may be sure, Mrs. Kerr, that everybody here is very glad to see you," said the lady; "I only feared that you might feel dull, through your inability to hear, especially while we are at prayer."

"But, dear lady," said the old woman, laying her hand affectionately on the arm of the conductor, "if *I* can't hear, I know that God can; and hasn't He promised that if two of His disciples shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of His Father which is in Heaven? Perhaps you think, because the words do not reach me through these poor, dull ears of mine, that you and I cannot be agreed.

"But there are so many things we must both ask for, if we feel that we are poor sinners depending for every mercy upon God's love in Christ Jesus. When you pray you will ask for pardon of sins, for us and yourself; so do I. You will ask for cleansing and clothing; for God's Holy Spirit to enlighten and teach us all; for the gift of daily bread; comfort for the sick and sorrowful, strength for the weak; a blessing on the word that you have just been reading and speaking about; for more love to God and more faith to believe in His promises. Well, now, I want all these, both for myself and others, and though our lips may not say the same words, yet our desires do, and so we are agreed."

It was truly delightful to see the face of the aged Christian as her eager words flowed rapidly on and told that she was thoroughly in earnest. "Dear Mrs. Kerr," said her hearer, "I beg your pardon for having judged you so hardly as to think you could feel lonely where the two or three are met in the name of Jesus and with a sense of His presence. Many and many a time I have been saddened by hearing the idle excuses which people make for not going to the House of God. It is so delightful to hear you turn the very infirmity which would hinder most from attending public worship into an additional reason for going. Let me say too, that I came here this afternoon to try and teach others; but you, dear old friend, have taught me more that one lesson which I trust I shall never forget."

RUTH LAMB.

MY LAST WALK AT JERUSALEM.

I HAVE been taking my last walk. We first ascended the Mount of Olives; noticing, on our way up, two newly-dug Jewish graves, which my guide said were not deep enough to prevent the hyenas which infest this hill-side from scratching up the bodies. These ravenous beasts occasionally prowl about the English cemetery, and have even been seen at the Jaffa gate.

Passing the Princess's house near the summit of the Mount, I paused to gaze once more down upon the Sacred City, which grows dearer to me every day; then began to descend towards El-Azirîyeh, turning aside to look at a curious old altar, with somewhat conventional figures painted in fresco upon it. It has been lately disinterred, but I was unable to ascertain anything of its history. The path had more interest for me to-day than last time I was here, for I knew what village would meet my eyes after rounding the intervening ridge.

Once more did I tread the streets of Bethany, walking over the ruin called the "house of Simon the leper," or the "castle of St. Lazarus." Though the present structure only dates from the era of the Crusades, some of the stones built into its walls look as if they might have formed part of the original house, believed to have occupied this very spot, in which Martha and Mary made our Lord "a supper." The Greeks used to hold an annual service here on the Saturday before Palm Sunday. As I lingered lovingly on the little grassy mead marked by a few gravestones (next the small Greek church), I found an indescribable charm in the stillness that reigned around me, broken only by the humming of the bees amongst the flowers. It may have been this very mead which was the last spot of earth trodden by the feet of the Saviour, when He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, and was carried up thence into heaven whilst spreading His hands over them in blessing.

I wandered down the road to Jericho for as great a distance as I thought it safe to venture without further escort, there being many Bedawîn upon it. Where it takes a sharp turn to the left you find yourself suddenly at the end of the fair, cultivated region, and with nothing but the stony desert, at whose edge you are standing, before you. The scene is wild in the extreme, though by no means utterly desolate.

It is the day for the Bedawîn to go up to Jerusalem; so, as evening drew on, the Hosanna Road was thronged by them, some on their way thither with donkeys, goats, or horses, which they hoped to sell there; some returning thence with their purchases, consisting chiefly of sacks of rice. They were a splendid set of men. Amongst them rode the warrior sheikh of the land of Moab, accompanied by two horsemen.

I gathered a pretty blue geranium from the spot where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and, after once more visiting the Garden of Gethsemane, I entered the gate of St. Stephen, crossing thence to the Damascus gate, and so home past the Mount, round which all my future thoughts of Calvary will for ever cling, the "Flowery Hill" now gaining colour from the red anemones, to which men of old loved to apply the name of "our Redeemer's blood-drops." With how many solemn associations have the last few hours been fraught, which have brought me face to face with the scenes of Christ's birth, death, and ascension!—*A. G. Weld's Sacred Palm Lands.*

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE GIFT OF GIFTS.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Gift."—2 *Cor.* ix. 15.

CHRISTMAS DAY would be a very different day to many of us, and this world would be very different, and we ourselves would be different indeed from what we are in our lives, our hopes, our desires, our affections, if we could enter more into the knowledge of what God has given us all in "*His unspeakable Gift.*" This Gift is like the Giver—infinite. Man's heart cannot conceive what it was to God to send His Son to die for man, nor what it was for the Son to leave the bosom of the Father and come down to earth. But though we cannot conceive it, we can by His grace believe it; and believing, we rejoice.

Without the gift of Christ this world would have been worse than a planet without a sun, darker, colder, more dead. It is the "unspeakable Gift" that makes all God's other gifts good and blessed; for in Him is life, and the life is the light of men. Let us strive to think of the multitudes who are rejoicing in the knowledge of this Gift, both on earth now, and in that better home prepared for those who love Him. Most of us can remember in our own circle of friends some one or more to whom this knowledge has been beyond all price; some lowly Christian, perhaps, who in the depths of poverty finds in Christ the true riches—some patient sufferer, to whom the thought of Christ is infinitely dearer than ease of body or perfect health. If we cannot think of any such persons as being now ready to bear their testimony to this, we may, perhaps, be able to recall some dear one passed away, who found Christ an all-sufficient portion on earth, and who is now among the blessed company who are praising God for ever for His unspeakable Gift. Such a remembrance may well stir our cold hearts to love, and awaken in us earnest longings to know for ourselves more of that which is, and has ever been, the life of such countless multitudes. The season which leads our thoughts to the remembrance of Bethlehem should ever incline us, like the blessed mother of our Lord, to ponder these things in our hearts. Such holy meditation befits the time; it well befits also those closing days of another year, which naturally bring thoughts of other days that might prove only too sorrowful, if we did not strengthen our minds and encourage our hearts. Why should we sink overwhelmed by tender memories of what God has taken away, when He calls us to consider all that he has bestowed in His greatest Gift? If Christ had not come, there would have been nothing but the blackness of darkness in thinking of those who have gone away from us, but now in His light we see light for them and for ourselves; they were God's gifts, but Christ is God's unspeakable Gift.

"The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home."

Pages for the Young.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON.*

CHILDREN dear, I heard ye say,
"Morrows, haste and haste away,
Bring the merry Christmas Day!

"Blithest carol, sweetest chime,
Hearts that dance to peal and rhyme,
Welcome in the happy time!

"Starry tree, shine out anew,
Glittering as with golden dew,
Gay with fruits of every hue!"

This is what ye said, I trow:
Little children hearken now,
Ere ye pluck the freighted bough;

Ponder what the carols mean:
What the chime rung out between;
What the laden evergreen.

"Glory be to God most high!"
Sang His angels in the sky,
When the Lord to men drew nigh.

* From "Winter Pictures." An illustrated volume just first issued by the Religious Tract Society.

"Peace on earth—goodwill and peace;
Love shall reign, and wrong shall cease;
He is born—the Prince of Peace!"

Just for love of us He came,
Took His sweetly tender name—
Jesus! stooped to our shame.

"I will save you," thus He said:
"I am life: your life is dead;
I will give you life instead!"

Little children, closest prest
To the loving Saviour's breast,
Surely ye must love Him best!

This is love: to do His will;
Speaking truth; forsaking ill;
Bearing and forbearing still;

Battling selfishness within,
(Where He only sees the sin),
Till through Him at last ye win;

Sorrowing over every evil wrought;
Open deed or secret thought;
Straightway doing as ye ought;

Blessing all for His dear sake,
As His blessing ye partake;
Happier thus His world to make.

This is love: a service light,
Done with all your little might;
None shall fail to do it right.

Let your little hearts reply
To the angels in the sky:
"Love shall reign eternally!

"God is love for evermore:
Love we Him, and Him adore,
In the Christ-child born of yore."

Let your lives ring out His praise,
Like a chime His finger sways;
Sweet as carols be your days.

Beautiful with holiness,
Let your daily deeds confess
In whose Name ye seek to bless.

This is what the carols mean:
What the chime rung clear between;
What the bounteous evergreen.

H. McEwen Kimball.

BURIED PROVERB.

NO. IV.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." (Prov. xxii. 1).

"By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone" (Prov. xxv. 15).

"The heart of the righteous studieth to answer" (Prov. xv. 28).

"As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed" (Prov. xxvi. 14).

"Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven" (Prov. xxiii. 5).

"He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding" (Prov. xiv. 29).

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XLIV.—p. 656.—BETHLEHEM—Luke ii. 4.

1. B-ethany . . . . . John xi. 1.
2. E-mmaus . . . . . Luke xxiv. 13, 18.
3. T-hyatira . . . . . Acts xvi. 14.
4. H-ebron . . . . . 2 Sam. ii. 11.
5. L-aodicea . . . . . Rev. iii. 14, 15.
6. E-ndor . . . . . 1 Sam. xxviii. 7.
7. H-azor . . . . . Joshua xi. 1, 10.
8. E-kron . . . . . 1 Sam. v. 10.
9. M-iletum . . . . . 2 Timothy iv. 20.

NO. XLVI.—p. 672.—HAGGAI—ISAIAH.

1. H-anan-*i* . . . . . 1 Kings xvi. 1.
2. A-nania-*s* . . . . . Acts v. 5.
3. G-olgoth-*a* . . . . . Matt. xxvii. 33.
4. G-ideon-*i* . . . . . Num. i. 11.
5. A-chai-*a* . . . . . Acts xviii. 12.
6. I-sh-boshet-*h* . . . . . 2 Sam. ii. 8.

NO. XLVII.—p. 672.—ZEEB—OREB.

1. Z-eph-*o* . . . . . Gen. xxxvi. 11.
2. E-be-*r* . . . . . Gen. x. 24.
3. E-v-*e* . . . . . Gen. iii. 20.
4. B-eelzebu-*b* . . . . . Matt. x. 25.

NO. XLVIII.—p. 672.—CAIN—ABEL.

1. C-an-*a* . . . . . John iv. 46.
2. A-ha-*b* . . . . . 1 Kings xvi. 30. xxii. 34.
3. I-sraelit-*e* . . . . . John i. 47.
4. N-aba-*l* . . . . . 1 Samuel xxv. 3.

NO. XLIX.—p. 736.—EARNEST.

1. Ear: Psa. xlix. 4; Isa. lv. 3.
2. Nest: Deut. xxxii. 11; Psa. lxxxiv. 3.
3. Earnest: 2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. i. 14.

NO. L.—p. 751.—AMRAM—MOSES.

1. A-dulla-*m* . . . . . 2 Samuel xxiii. 13.
2. M-egidd-*o* . . . . . Judges v. 19.
3. R-ufu-*s* . . . . . Mark xv. 21.
4. A-morit-*e* . . . . . Ezekiel xvi. 3.
5. M-alchu-*s* . . . . . John xviii. 10.

NO. LI.—p. 751.—SETH—ADAM.

1. S-arept-*a* . . . . . Luke iv. 26.
2. E-hu-*d* . . . . . Judges iii. 15.
3. T-hyatir-*a* . . . . . Rev. ii. 18.
4. H-ira-*m* . . . . . 1 Kings v. 10.

NO. LII.—p. 752.—WINTER AND SUMMER—Gen. viii. 22.

1. W-age-*s* . . . . . Luke iii. 14.
2. I-r-*u* . . . . . 1 Chron. iv. 15.
3. N-ahu-*m* . . . . . Nahum i. 1.
4. T-ri-*m* . . . . . Matt. xxv. 7.
5. E-domit-*e* . . . . . Deut. xxiii. 7.
6. R-ive-*r* . . . . . Exod. viii. 3.

NO. LIII.—p. 784.—"CRUCIFY HIM."—Luke xxiii. 21.

1. C-alvary . . . . . Luke xxiii. 33.
2. R-edeemer . . . . . Job xix. 25.
3. U-r . . . . . Genesis xi. 31.
4. C-edron . . . . . John xviii. 1.
5. I-scariot . . . . . Luke xxii. 3, 4, 47, 48.
6. F-ather . . . . . Luke xxiii. 34.
7. Y-oke . . . . . Matt. xi. 29.
8. H-yssop . . . . . John xix. 29.
9. I-ntercedes . . . . . Romans viii. 34.
10. Mary Magdalene . . . . John xx. 1.

ANSWERS TO BURIED PROVERBS.

NO. III.—p. 672.

"A wise son maketh a glad father" (Prov. x. 1).

NO. IV.—p. 832.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath" (Prov. xv. 1).

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

The Midnight Chimes.

WHAT are the chimes of midnight saying,
My soul, to thee?
Still but the things of time obeying?
Behold, how fleeting time must be!
A little toil, a little pleasure,
Small hopes and fears:
These might suffice thee couldst thou measure
The life that shall be thine by years.

What are the chimes of midnight saying?
Soul, turn to God!
Delaying still, and still delaying,
How soon thy earthly course is trod.
The darkest way if heavenward tending
Less dark appears;
Ah! there, in rapture never ending,
We'll sigh no more for bygone years.

S. E. G.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SECOND SERIES.—VI.

THE natural and best subject for the close of these papers is the character and example of St. Peter. This is the point, indeed, to which all the preceding pages may be said to have been working up. All sound evidential arguments are, it is true, of extreme value, as tending to increase our confidence in the Scriptures and in the authority of our Holy Religion. But it is a higher end to seek, through such an inquiry, to obtain help for our spiritual life: and for this purpose the Apostle Peter lives among us still. In one sense this is a second branch of that subject, the other branch of which was treated in the preceding essay. We have still to contemplate the topic of "St. Peter in the Church" under one of its most important aspects. His deeds and his words remain, as recorded in the Gospels and the Acts. His writings are with us for direct spiritual instruction, and as part of the authentic picture of himself.

Let us now endeavour, using one source of information only, to sum up some part of the subject before us. This source of information (and it is a fruitful one) is to be found in the many utterances of St. Peter, as given in the Gospels. A section has already been devoted to the special words addressed by Christ to Peter. We must now give careful attention to the special words addressed by Peter to Christ. It is not much that can be contributed towards so great a subject in so scanty a space. Anything like completeness is impossible in setting forth what we learn through opportunities afforded by St. Peter himself of contemplating his personality. But through approaching the subject by this path, we are at least in the way of seeing the exact truth.

In one of those golden sentences, which our Saviour spoke, when He was among His disciples on earth, He said to the Pharisees, "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." It is a sentence truly golden, because it contains immense value in a small compass. If we enter upon an attempt to understand its whole meaning, we presently find a vast range and variety of subjects opening out before us. But to limit ourselves to one point, the sentence at least says this to us, that, on the whole, a man is known *by his words*. We must carefully observe the restriction laid down by the phrase "on the whole;" because it is obvious that such rules are only of general application. There must be exceptions to the application of any outward test for judging of human character. Some persons are so silent, that they hardly give us words enough for the application of such a test. Some, on the other hand, flood the society in which they are placed with such a multitude of words, that we are almost bewildered. But, on the average, and in the long run, a man's words are a very good test of what he is. It is "out of the abundance of the heart," whether that abundance be good or bad, "that the mouth speaketh." What a man says comes more naturally, and with less calculation, than what he does. All men are liable to be off their guard; and what they say at such times betrays what they are. Most men find it difficult to be silent at critical moments of their lives. And all this is particularly true of vehement and impulsive natures. Such persons speak promptly and speak unaffectedly, when they are under emotion.

And such a character was St. Peter's. So good a summary of what the man was, in the conspicuous features of the heart and conduct, is given in the "Scripture Biography" of the late Archdeacon Evans, that it is quite worth while here to quote it, even at the risk of an apparent digression. "Of all the disciples of our Lord, Peter presents to us a life the most instructive. Its detail is ample, his character is thrown prominently forward, and is distinctly marked. Simplicity of mind and ardour of temper are its chief features. Hence resulted both his devotion to his Master, and his abandonment of Him; his retention of Jewish prejudices, and his casting them off; an abundance of courage of the heart, but a deficiency of that of the mind. His unsuspecting impetuosity hurried him into professions which he could not keep, and his frankness and good feeling prompted a ready and sincere repentance. His is a character the very frailties of which win us over. They excite our sympathy, while his virtues command our respect. Even in his regenerate state its main features are seen, and immediately start forth when he comes into contact with the zealous and influential Paul."

Now, to turn back to the evidence of character supplied by Peter's *words*, it is manifest, on the surface of the Gospel narratives, that these words came readily and eagerly—that he was more of a speaker than any other of the disciples—that he was often spokesman for the rest—and, moreover, that the words were often peculiarly his, not spoken by the others at all—and further, that they were often very *characteristic* words, different from those which the others were likely to have spoken.

As an illustration of his manner of speaking for the rest, and altogether on the good side, and of speaking when apparently the others would not have spoken at all, let us turn to an incident related to us by St. John only (vi. 66–69). There had been a serious defection among the disciples of Jesus; His words had been too spiritual for their comprehension, and many were offended. "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve: Will ye also go away?" At this moment, to quote again the writer, some of whose sentences have been given above, "this generous apostle took his station at the head of his brethren in devotion to his Master. Well did he realise the omen of the name Cephas,

or Peter, which that Master had given him." Simon Peter answered and said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Here is an outburst of loyal, enthusiastic, and intelligent devotion. We have at once an exhibition of Peter's mind and heart, and an elevating instruction from his example.

We pass now to another occasion, when St. Peter was the only speaker in words addressed to Christ, and when his words were characteristic. During "that immortal interview," at the scene of the Transfiguration, he said: "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." (Matt. xvii. 4.) We cannot say that on this occasion, as on the former, Peter's words admit, or at least invite application to ourselves: and though we do not feel it at all reasonable or natural to blame him for what he said, yet he was in error. In St. Mark's Gospel (ix. 6) there is a comment which we are justified in saying came from Peter himself: "he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid." We cannot wonder that, with all his fear, he desired to lengthen the delight of "that incomparable moment." Not only, however, was there work to be done by his Master still amid the sadness and sorrow of mankind, but he himself had before him suffering and imprisonment, toil and crucifixion. What we have to notice here is the impulsiveness of Peter's devotion. The words might be unwise; but they came forth without restraint; and they revealed a heart full of enthusiasm. How deep was the impression made upon him by the scene we know through what he wrote long afterwards (2 Pet. i. 17, 18) concerning the "excellent glory" and the "holy mount."

If we turn now to another passage of the Gospel History, in which Peter's words were equally and separately conspicuous, we obtain a further insight into his character. It was the first miraculous draught of fishes. Jesus "saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and they were washing their nets; and He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and He prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land." (Luke v. 2, 3.) Even this singles out Peter for separate attention. It was not an accident that *Simon's* ship was selected, out of which Jesus taught the people. "Now when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." And here comes suddenly a manifestation of Peter's character on two sides. "Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." How transparently the nature of the man seems to come before us in these words! We see in a moment two distinct aspects of this apostle. On the one side we see his *impatience*. He has worked hard, and has been disappointed. He has done his best, and the result is nothing. This is only what fishermen must expect. It had doubtless often happened to Peter before in the exercise of his precarious trade. But he is impatient, and he does not conceal the feeling: "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing." On the other hand, however, what a warm unhesitating *devotion* to his Master is seen in the next sentence! "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." He has thorough faith in that Master. He is sure of His goodness and wisdom; and without hesitation he obeys. Thus we have in Peter impatience on the one hand, and devotion on the other, before us at the same time. One and the same glance enables us to see both. They are, so to speak, side by side. And more than this. We have both before us very strongly and clearly expressed. The impatience does not hinder the devotion; and the devotion does not hide the impatience.

We have, then, in this scene on the Lake, in connection with Simon's boat, an excellent opportunity of studying the man. Let us see if we can illustrate it by other parts of the Gospel history. Do we not see a very similar combination of impatience and devotion in another scene on the same Galilæan Lake? Once more there had been a hard night on the water: not now, however, a night of toil and disappointment, but a night of toil and danger. "In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea," and spoke words of cheer, assuring them that it was He Himself, their Comfort in trouble, their Support in time of fear. We observe that the words were addressed to all, but that Peter gave the impulsive reply. "Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." (Matt. xiv. 28.) He is prompt and forward alike on the good side and on the bad side. On the one hand a strong impulse of vigorous faith is displayed: on the other hand he manifests a very wilful presumption. A proof of his Lord's power is to be given (this he does not doubt), but he is eager to have his own way in the exhibition of that power. This lack of submissive waiting, though it gives point to the lesson, reveals a defect which needed careful and even painful correction.

From this the transition is very easy to another scene, where the same combination is very manifest, and where at two successive moments, as it were, —indeed, we may almost say, at one and the same moment—Peter is "justified by his words," and by his words "condemned." In noble language, though in language impulsive and vehement as usual, he had acknowledged his Master's glory, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God;" and then presently, when that gracious Lord spoke to His disciples concerning His own suffering, disgrace and death, which were then imminent, we meet the startling statement, "Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him." (Mark viii. 32). We know the words that he used, "That be far from Thee, Lord." We know, too, the severe, overpowering reprimand which followed. This, however, is not our point at present. We are endeavouring to see Peter himself through the medium of his words. And not only does the second of the two sentences, spoken at Cæsarea Philippi by Peter to Christ, display him on the side of impatience, as the other had displayed him on the side of devotion, but in this sentence itself, "that be far from thee, Lord," are manifest both impatience and devotion. We can see transparently through his words a deep concern for his Master's honour: but equally conspicuous is that impetuous temper, which will not brook what does not recommend itself at first sight.

But let us turn to two of the later passages of Peter's intercourse with Jesus, shortly before the Crucifixion. One was very remarkable, both because

of the impression which it certainly left in the Apostle's mind for all his subsequent life, and for the display which at the time it afforded of his character. The first of these points has been dwelt on already, as regards its evidential value, in treating of the reminiscences in his First Epistle. Here we mark it as an indication of character. The Lord was washing His disciples' feet: "Then cometh He to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto Him, Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." (John xiii. 6–9.) The Lord was very patient with Peter on this occasion, and Peter very impatient. The words addressed to the disciple were a most loving inculcation of the duty of waiting. There was impulsiveness, too, in the disciple's reply, as well as in his previous exclamation. Yet who can deny that his intense devotion to his Master was equally manifest in this rapid dialogue? It shines clearly through, not merely the last words, but the earlier words likewise; "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet." It seemed to him a deep dishonour to his Master thus to serve. He had yet to learn that to serve is the highest honour.

But perhaps this combination of impatience and devotion in St. Peter strikes us most forcibly when they are observed together in one short sentence. This is the case in what occurred very shortly afterwards. Nothing more is needful than simply to quote the words. They will be seen in a moment to justify what is here said regarding them. "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?" (John xiii. 37.) What earnestness of faith and love is here! And yet what wilfulness is here; what reluctance to wait!

It is obvious that a similar comment is applicable to the sad and solemn occasion on which we mourn over the fall of Peter. "Though I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise." We remember, as we ought to remember, the sin which followed this presumption. But we ought not to forget the true, honest, ardent faith which inspired his rash promise. The same marks of character are apparent in the Great Denial as in the Great Confession. But here again no comment is necessary. This series of illustrative quotations, made for the purpose of showing what Peter was in his natural and religious tendencies combined, may fitly suggest a general remark. This study, short and scanty as it has been—still more if it be pursued with abundant time and care—contains evidence of the truth of the Gospel narratives. A certain very remarkable aspect of character in the case of St. Peter has been brought to view from an examination of several passages. It is the self-given aspect which comes to view in all of them; and the passages relate to scenes very various in their circumstances and details. Such uniformity with diversity cannot be the result of accident. Still less can it be the result of fraudulent design. No one can suppose that in any degree these passages are copied from one another, so as to produce the impression of identity in the personality of St. Peter. And let it here be added that, without exhausting the instances that might be adduced, examples have been purposely taken from all the four Gospels. If the unlearned reader of Holy Scriptures will look into all this closely, he will see that it contains an evidential argument of no inconsiderable weight.

It is quite worth while to note that the same characteristics of the man appear in that charming legend of the latest part of St. Peter's life, without some slight reference to which this series of papers could not fitly be brought to a close. How far this celebrated "*Domine, quo vadis?*" is strictly and literally authentic, it is not necessary to inquire; though it may be remembered with truth that the belief in St. Peter's Episcopate at Rome and the belief in his Martyrdom at Rome are two very different subjects. The one may be correct, while the other is mistaken. The story of his Roman Episcopate rests on evidence far weaker than that on which the story of his Roman Martyrdom rests. Moreover, objections of the most serious kind lie against the former, which are not found in the like degree against the latter. Peter, knowing the risk of death which was imminent, was taking flight in the early dawn through one of the gates of Rome, when he suddenly met his Master, Christ, and exclaimed, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" to which the Lord replied, "I go to be crucified again," whereupon Peter returned, and submissively and joyfully met his death. This legend or history could hardly have been related of any other apostle. We have here once more, at the end of his career, his quick impulse and earnest loyalty, side by side.

But we were to touch upon the *example* of Peter as well as his character. Much of the example is involved in what has been said of the character; and only two other topics, as regards this point, shall here be added; but they are important. These are the necessity of a full conversion and the power of Divine Grace. If we pass on beyond the region of the Gospel history, we see how Peter was changed and what he became in the service of his Master and for the benefit of mankind. We admire him without reserve in the maturity of his Christian life, whether we watch his consistent faithfulness in the Book of the Acts or strive to imbue ourselves with the stillness and calm of his First Epistle. And what we see in him each of us must strive to realise in his own experience, and through the same methods. To each man a true conversion through the operation of Divine grace is absolutely needful: and thus it is that each true Christian becomes a living power in the Kingdom of God.

All this teaching is concentrated in one passage, which has been reserved to the last. It is a text full of solemn meaning, and relates to a subject of the most serious moment for every one of us. And yet it may be asserted without hesitation that the main point of this text is often missed, even by very careful readers of the Bible, and consequently that the main point is often lost of that lesson which is given there for our encouragement and instruction.

It was said on a memorable occasion by Christ to Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." (Luke xxii. 31, 32.) It is very obvious that a series of essays on the character, the life, and work of St. Peter would be very incomplete if this text and its teaching were omitted. The words were specially

addressed to him, and at one of the most critical moments of his life; and they have always been felt to be of the utmost value for Christians of every future age. It is, however, surprising to see how even thoughtful Biblical students seem to miss the main point in this passage—which resides in the difference between the plural and the singular, between the "you" and the "thee"—and which is quite correctly represented in our Authorised Version. Satan had obtained the opportunity to sift them all; but the Lord had prayed for Peter individually, that *his* faith might not fail—and that then, when thoroughly converted, he might be "the strengthener of his brethren."

The sifting, indeed, of ourselves—the certainty of temptation—the risk lest our weakness should be displayed—the necessity of turning and re-turning, in our dark hours, to Christ—this is a most true and solemn aspect of the passage, which ought by no means to be overlooked: and it has been caught, with his characteristic imaginative instinct, by the American poet Longfellow, whom we know so well and honour so much in England; for some very recent lines have been published by him on "the Sifting of St. Peter:"

"In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter, in the days of old,
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us; and we all
Are tempted.
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice and go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted, till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness."

This is full of pathos, full of truth, full of the most serious practical admonition: and yet there remains the chief lesson of the passage as a subject for another poem.

"Satan hath desired to sift you all, and hath obtained his desire"—so the translation would more correctly be given—"but I," continues the Saviour, "have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." We, too, are surrounded by those who are in trial and sorrow, difficulty and danger; and it is the office of each one, whatsoever his station may be, after the experience of a true conversion and in the power of his Lord's intercession, to strengthen his brethren.

How St. Peter strengthened his brethren, at Pentecost, and as elsewhere set before us in the early chapters of the Acts, and again as a writer, specially in his First Epistle, we know very well. In word and in deed, in the Apostolic age, and in all ages since, he was, and has continued to be, the strengthener of his brethren. This may be truly said to be the Primacy of Peter in the Church.

By Roman Catholic theologians and ecclesiastics this difference between the "thee" and the "you" has not been overlooked: and it has been turned to good account. At the Vatican Council this text was conspicuously inscribed in St. Peter's at Rome. If we were disposed to be controversial, we might say that it was after conversion that the power of strengthening was to come. But all that need be said here is that this restriction of the meaning dwarfs the significance of an admonition and encouragement which are intended for all. This Primacy of St. Peter belongs, in a very true sense, by Divine right, to every Christian child.

The Flight of Time.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—*Rom.* xiii. 12.

AWAKE, awake! the night is past,
The morning comes: awake!
Star after star is fading fast;
Ere long the day will break.

E'en now the mountain tops are bright
With the advancing rays;
Oh, sleep not through the hours of light;
Awake to life and praise.

Cast off the robes of sloth, and gird
Your heavenly armour on:
Soon will the trumpet-voice be heard
Of God's returning Son.

Ye would not that your Lord should find
His people slumbering still?
Arise! let body, soul, and mind
Unite to do His will.

Short is the time, oh, spend it not
For earth and sense alone;
Nor let the warning be forgot
That "ye are not your own."

Walk ever where the daylight beam
Falls clearest on your way,
Ne'er wandering from the sacred gleam
Of that celestial ray.

So, when He comes whose blest return
Each Advent hails more near,
Your hearts with holy joy shall burn
His welcome voice to hear.

And ye who bore His cross below
Shall share His crown above;
The glories of His kingdom know,
And praise His endless love.

L. E. Bingham.

"WHAT SHE COULD;"

A STORY OF INFLUENCE.

It was a bright autumnal evening. There was an unusual stir in the little town of Upfield, for it was the night appointed for the annual missionary meeting, and speakers were expected whose work abroad had already excited a keen interest in the religious world. A deep silence fell upon the people, as they listened to one who had been long labouring in India. He had been giving an account of the conversions which he had lately witnessed there, and he finished with these words:

"And now, dear friends, I have shown you some of the *results* of the work; let me also tell you of the *needs* of the work. During the past year, three of our missionaries, I myself being one, have been compelled by ill-health to cease for a time their labours. Only last week I received a letter from one of my brother missionaries stating that he, also, is laid aside for the present. We are therefore specially in need of helpers. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.' We want both men and women to carry on the work: are there none here-to-night, who will 'come over and help us'? I would not have you decide in a mere fit of enthusiasm, but seek God's guidance in all that you do.

"There are, no doubt, many here who cannot go: who are prevented by ties, and duties at home. But let them not imagine that they have neither part nor lot in the matter. They can help on the work by their money—yet more by their prayers,—and still there is a third way. You can—some of you at least—provide a substitute for yourselves. There may be parents, whose children are desirous of becoming God's messengers to the heathen; or brothers and sisters who will lose one of their number for the same cause: see that you do not allow your natural feelings to put obstacles in their way.

"Once more, I say, do not press them, through excitement or mere temporary enthusiasm, to a false decision; but, on the other hand, when God's call to the work is unmistakeable, then be ready to do your part. Give them up cheerfully, help them by your sympathy and by your prayers, and be thankful that God has honoured you, by asking this sacrifice from you."

At the conclusion of the meeting, it was announced that this missionary would remain for a short time, in order that any who wished to ask him questions concerning the work in India, might have an opportunity of doing so.

Accordingly, a few minutes later, he and Mr. Vincent, the minister, stood talking together in the hall. One or two gentlemen had come up and asked questions, chiefly about the state of the finances, and the number of workers. The meeting seemed to have dispersed, and Mr. Vincent was about to propose that they also should depart, when a timid knock at the door was heard. In reply to a kindly "Come in," an elderly woman appeared, dressed neatly in black, with a pleasant though careworn face.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Burton," said Mr. Vincent; "do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," she answered. "I made so bold as to come in, since the gentleman was so kind as to say any one might come."

"I shall be very pleased to answer any questions you like," said the missionary.

"Well, sir, it was just this. Do you think, sir, that they would send *me* out as a missionary?"

Both gentlemen looked at each other in astonishment; but, before they could answer, Mrs. Burton continued: "I have often thought, sir, that I should dearly like to go, and, as the gentleman said to-night that more helpers was wanted, I made up my mind to ask you if I couldn't do something."

There was a pause. Then Mr. Vincent said gently:

"I am afraid, Mrs. Burton, that you are too old to go out to India."

"Ah, but, sir," broke in the old woman eagerly; "I've a deal of work left in me yet. I am fifty-seven, I know, but I am stronger and more active than many I know, that's ten years younger. And I were thinking, even if I couldn't do much of preaching and speaking to the people, not having much book-learning, still I could do *something*. I've heard that many of the missionaries are young, single gentlemen, and if I couldn't do nothing else, why, sir, maybe I could keep their houses for 'em, or help in some humble way; and that would be doing work for the Lord, wouldn't it, sir?"

"Certainly, if done in that spirit," said Mr. Vincent, who could scarcely repress a smile, though he respected the womanly feeling; "but for all that, I fear you could not go out to India. Those who go there for the first time, are nearly always young people, that is to say, under thirty. It is not very safe for any one older to go; they do not easily get accustomed to the climate, and their health would give way."

"Yes," said the missionary; "it would not be safe for you. No society would run the risk of sending you out now."

Mrs. Burton turned away her head for a minute or two: then she said, in a would-be cheerful tone, though her eyes looked as though tears were not far distant:—"Well, sir, it appears that I am about thirty years too late. I'm sorry to have troubled you with my silly talk, all for nothing."

"Don't say that," said the missionary quickly. "I assure you that it has cheered me to find that one here is willing to give herself to the work.

"I only wish that your bodily strength were equal to your missionary spirit, Mrs. Burton, or that more of that spirit would influence the young people, who are able to go. But now, can you not, as I said

just now, find some one, who would go instead of you, to do your work?"

"No, sir, I know no one. My husband has been dead these ten years, and we never had no children."

"Then, there is one thing more I have to say. Don't think that it is only in India and other foreign lands that there is missionary work to be done. I don't doubt that there are many in this town who are in just as much need of the Gospel being preached to them as are the heathen abroad. Will you not try to do God's work here, as He gives you opportunity?"

"I'll try, sir," said Mrs. Burton; "though I fear it's but little I can do. Thank you kindly, sir. Good night."

"I am sorry for her," said Mr. Vincent, as the door closed. "She was evidently disappointed."

"It is strange that the one candidate for mission work should be a woman too old for it," said the missionary thoughtfully. "I declare, her example ought to inspire others."

This remark was repeated, almost verbally, that same evening, by another auditor. Later on, as Mr. Vincent was sitting with his wife and daughter, in his own drawing-room, he told them of all that had passed between Mrs. Burton and themselves.

"Did she understand anything about the matter," asked Mrs. Vincent; "or was it a mere fancy for the moment?"

"No, I think she really wished to help forward the work there, to the extent of her powers, though she did not in the least realise the difficulties in the way. The great obstacle of her age was so evident, that we did not enter into the others; the language to be learnt, and the position of the women in India, and so on."

"Papa," interrupted Dorothy Vincent; "I think it was splendid of her! Her example ought to make one more ready to work oneself."

The account of Mrs. Burton's offer, was destined—all unknown to her—to exert influence in a still more unexpected quarter. A few weeks after the visit at Upfield, the missionary was preaching at a large town, in one of the northern counties. When, at the close of his sermon, he made a similar appeal for help, he told the congregation of the offer he had had from an old woman of nearly sixty, to do what she could in mission work. A few days later the missionary received a call from a young man, who introduced himself as Arthur Hilton, one of his audience on the previous Sunday. After some talk concerning the mission, Mr. Hilton said:

"I had rather a special object in calling on you, to-day, sir. I must tell you, that I have been studying for the ministry for the last three years, and was on the point of settling near here, but I have decided to give up this, and to offer my services to the society to which you belong, as a missionary for India."

"I am very glad to hear it, but it seems to me rather a hasty decision, if you will pardon my saying so."

"Not so hasty as it looks, I think. I have thought of mission work once or twice before, but I gave up the idea, because—I will confess it to you, sir, though I am ashamed of the reason—because I thought I could do plenty of work here, and I did not see why I should go through the additional toil and hardships which mission labour would entail. Your story of the old woman, on Sunday night, sir, made me ask myself why I should shrink from that which she was willing to undertake, and I found that I had been disregarding what I believe was a call from God, through fear of the difficulties I should meet with."

"I am more glad than ever to hear of your decision," replied the missionary. "When that woman of whom you have heard, spoke to me, I asked her, as it was out of the question for her to go to India, whether she knew of any one who would go in her stead, and she said 'No.' But I see now that God has provided a substitute. May I ask, what are the 'difficulties' to which you look forward?"

"Well, sir, I have a father and mother, as well as a brother and sisters here. It would be much easier to settle down in England, and have them near me, than to go out to India alone. That is one difficulty, a trial I will not call it.

"And are they willing to let you go?"

"I talked it over with my father a few days since, and he promised, that, if I am still in the same mind after another year's preparation and probation, he will make no objection to my going."

"I can only say once more, how thankful I am for another answer to our prayers," said the missionary.

But it is time to return to Mrs. Burton. On leaving the meeting after her interview with the missionary, she returned to the house where she lodged, and mounted the stairs to her little room. As she turned the key in the door, her eye was attracted by a dark heap in a corner just beyond. In the gathering dusk, she had to stoop down, before she could discover what it was, but then she recognised the face and figure of a boy about fourteen, the son of a woman who lived in the room below.

"Why, Willie," said Mrs. Burton; "what are ye doing here?"

The boy sat up and rubbed his eyes sleepily. "I came up 'ere to get out of mother's way; she were scolding so," he said in a thick, stammering voice. This defective speech, joined to an intellect somewhat below the average, had gained for him the reputation of being "silly," among the neighbours.

"Well, you had better go down again, or you'll get no supper," said Mrs. Burton.

"There ain't no supper to get, that's why mother is so fussin'!" returned the lad.

Mrs. Burton stood still to consider the matter. She knew that it was very likely to be as the boy said. Mrs. Dixon, his mother, was neither a bad, nor an unkind woman, but she had a hard struggle to keep five children, besides Willie, on the wages which her husband brought home. Mrs. Burton's mind was still full of the talk between herself and the missionary, and the thought at once occurred to her that here was an opportunity for doing work for God. Accordingly she formed a hasty plan, which had the merit of right motives, at least as far as she was concerned, though it may be doubted whether those which it suggested to the boy were quite as single. "Look here, Willie," she said; "you come in with me; I'll give you a bit of supper, and then you shall look at the pictures in my Bible, and I'll tell you the stories belonging to them."

Willie rose with alacrity, and followed her into

the room. When the supper had been despatched, Mrs. Burton took down her large Bible, adorned with numerous quaint engravings of the scenes and places mentioned—a present from a former mistress, and for half an hour explained some of the stories to the boy. He did not show any great interest, but she was encouraged to tell him to come again on the following Sunday, before evening service, when she would show him more pictures, and perhaps give him some tea.

Next Sunday came, and with it Willie Dixon, who took his Bible lesson, and his tea, and was invited to appear again. The Sunday afternoon following, Mrs. Burton was rather surprised to hear a tramping of feet on the stairs, followed by a rattling knock at her door. When she opened it, there stood Willie Dixon and another boy, with a crop of black curls, dark eyes, and a mischievous-looking face, which, however, at this moment, was grave and even anxious.

"I've brought Jim too," was Willie's introduction, and at the same instant the other boy broke out:

"Will ye let me come along with him, missus? I'd like to see your pictures."

"But I can't have both of you every week to tea," said Mrs. Burton, the practical difficulties suggesting themselves first.

"Oh!" said the dark boy; "is that all? I ain't come for the tea. Look 'ere, missus, I'll go now, and come back in 'alf an hour, if ye'll let me see the pictures then. An' I want ye to learn me to read, will ye?"

The old woman looked at him with more sympathy. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Jim Blackie."

"Where do you live?"

"Next door."

"With your father and mother?"

"Only father, and he's out all day. Mother's dead."

The last fact seemed to decide Mrs. Burton, for she laid her hand on the boy's arm, and drew him into the room.

"Come in, and take your tea now," she said kindly; "we can see about next Sunday."

When the Bible was brought out, the new comer's eyes sparkled, and he showed great interest and intelligence in the talk, occasionally asking questions in a quick, eager tone. He was evidently very ignorant, but was anxious to learn. At the end of the lesson, he repeated his request to be taught to read. The School Board was as yet unknown in Upfield, and, though there were Sunday-schools they were not attended by such little ragamuffins as these.

Mrs. Burton promised to teach him some of the letters the next Sunday, if he would come. She was therefore surprised when the time arrived to see only Willie Dixon.

She questioned him about Jim, but Willie knew nothing of him. However, just as the tea-things had been cleared away, and the Bible put on the table, the door opened, and Jim appeared, ragged and radiant. In thinking it over afterwards, Mrs. Burton came to the conclusion, that he must have crept softly upstairs some minutes before, and waited outside, until the jingle of the cups ceased, and she felt the more drawn to the boy for his innate delicacy. So the lessons began and continued.

Three weeks later, *Jim* brought a mate! Jack Chester, also a neighbour's son; and Mrs. Burton wondered to what her class would grow. But now Willie Dixon began to grow irregular: either food at home was more plentiful, or he found the lessons wearisome. Jack was neither very regular, nor very steady. On one occasion, indeed, he and Jim came in, in overflowing spirits, and behaved in such a riotous manner, that Mrs. Burton lost all patience, and, opening the door, bade them go. She hoped that they would return, in a penitent mood, the next Sunday, but, instead of this, they made a disturbance in the street below, by singing, shouting, and even throwing a stone or two at her window. The Sunday following they did not appear at all. Mrs. Burton was very grieved and discouraged, for she had grown very fond of Jim. However, the next week, a little later than usual, Jim presented himself, looking very much ashamed, and told her that he was very sorry to have so misbehaved. She gave him a long lecture, chiefly on the irreverence he had shown, to which he listened gravely, and then promised solemnly to reform.

He kept his promise strictly, and she never had any sort of repetition of the offence. The mutual feeling of affection between them strengthened and increased. Jim used to appear in Mrs. Burton's room, not only on Sundays, but at various times during the week. He did all kinds of small services for her,—ran errands, brought her coals upstairs, and bought small luxuries for her with part of his week's wages. She, in her turn, mended his clothes, taught him what reading, writing and arithmetic she could, and, when he knew all that she did, she summoned up all her courage, and paid a visit, on his behalf, to a schoolmaster in the town, who agreed, on receipt of a small payment, to give Jim lessons in the evenings. A new aim and interest had come into Mrs. Burton's life, since the day when Jim's black, curly head had first thrust itself in at her door.

* * *

Ten years later! Mrs. Burton is still living in her little room at Upfield, and is still possessed of a considerable amount of activity and energy, considering her years. At least, the neighbours find it convenient to know her, for, whenever there are children to be looked after, when their mothers are busy, or sick folks to be nursed or cheered, Mrs. Burton is equal to the emergency. But, among the neighbours, there is one who seldom visits her now, and this is—Jim Blackie. Yet Mrs. Burton knows better than to be hurt at his apparent inconstancy. Jim has been steadily working himself up all these years.

As his work and wages increased, he devoted more time and money to study with the schoolmaster, and at last went to work in a neighbouring town, where he could get the advantage of Workmen's Classes and Lectures. A few months ago, he accomplished the desire of his own and Mrs. Burton's heart, and was accepted for the post of City missionary.

When he is fairly settled in, at his work, Mrs. Burton, at his urgent request, is going to leave Upfield, to keep house for him, "till he marries," *she* says; "always whether I marry or not," says Jim, who has a theory that Mrs. Burton has been the means of implanting in him whatever good there is.

And what of the other two cases, in which Mrs. Burton's influence was felt?

Dorothy Vincent is Dorothy Charlton now—the wife of a minister in London. Her name is not very famous, nor widely known; but there are not a few among those who know her, who would tell you that "Mrs. Charlton is as noble, unselfish, earnest a Christian woman as you would find anywhere; one who does a great deal of good in the neighbourhood." Yet Mrs. Charlton declares that she was stimulated at first to Christian work, partly by the example of an old woman, which pointed her to a higher model still.

In India, Arthur Hilton is working earnestly and well. He is married, and his wife helps him in every way she can, so that he is not so much "alone" as he feared to be. Though Mrs. Burton does not know even of his existence, far less of the influence she once exerted over his life, yet he remembers her; and the thought of her desire to begin mission work, at the age of fifty-seven, is an occasional incentive to further work on his part.

Do you think that these are small things of which we have been speaking?—small beginnings, small endings? The influence which every one of us possesses and uses, consciously or unconsciously, is far more powerful and important than we usually think it. It is probably the greatest talent that most of us have; yet we treat it as if it were nothing, as if it had no existence. We do not lay it by in a napkin, but we let it become our master, and accomplish both good and evil among those who surround us, and we ourselves do not—we *will* not recognise its power. It is impossible to estimate the amount of influence we unconsciously exercise. But let us see to it, that the power is not misused, nay more—that it is used for the increase of God's glory and the extension of His kingdom.

I. M. A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BISHOP McILVAINE.

IN the "Sunday at Home" for 1873, there appeared a memoir of the good and venerable Charles Pettit McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, from the pen of his old and valued English friend the Rev. G. T. Fox, of Durham. The Bishop was then in England, and the portrait accompanying the memoir was from a photograph specially taken for the "Sunday at Home." Shortly after, he went to Italy, being in delicate health, and he died at Florence in 1874. Many will remember the impressive services in Westminster Abbey when his remains were brought on their way to America, to be finally deposited in Spring Grove Cemetery, in Cincinnati, the chief city of the diocese where he had laboured for nearly forty years. His memory will ever be revered in England as well as in his native land. By the request of his coadjutor and successor in the see of Ohio, Bishop Bedell, the Rev. Canon Carus of Winchester and Cambridge, has published (Elliot Stock: London) a volume of "Memorials," which we hail with pleasure, as a valuable record of his life and labours and published works.

We have not space now to give detailed notice of this volume of "Memorials," but our readers will be interested by the account of one incident of his visit to England, as it shows the deep feeling of respect which his pure and noble character inspired in all who knew him. The incident comes home to English hearts, because it refers to the anxious time when the Prince of Wales long lay on the threshold of life and death. The intense sympathy lately felt in England during the illness of President Garfield was not surpassed by that shown in America when the Prince of Wales was in danger. Writing from Cincinnati in February 1872, the Bishop said:

Cincinnati, *February* 1872.

To Rev. W. Carus—We have participated in all your anxieties, and causes of thankfulness, in the illness and recovery of the Prince, and in the subsoiling of English loyalty towards the Crown, which this Providence has so happily caused. Now what an opportunity he has of riding upon the affections of the people, and of making the monarchy stronger than ever in their hearts. The answer to a nation's prayer was most visible. God has not abandoned His promises to prayer, because ——— and others do not see how He can manage His great domain of nature and keep *them* also. How insignificant all such difficulties appear to a heart that feels the need of the consolations of the prayer which the Spirit of adoption utters.

And again a few days later he wrote:

"It was not amongst the English people alone that prayer was offered for the sparing of the Prince's life. In our church at Clifton, where his visit is so well remembered, the Rector asked the prayers of the congregation for one lying (as the more than daily telegram said) at the point of death. God be praised for his restoration."

The Queen's birthday being kept on June 1st, the Bishop, then in London, took his daughters to drive in Hyde Park that afternoon, as there would be an unusual show of equipages worth seeing. "As we were proceeding," he says; "in a long line of carriages, the coachman turned, and said 'the Prince's carriage is coming.' The whole line stopped. I stood, and took off my hat. The Princess was with him; they were bowing as they recognised the salutations of the people. As soon as his eye fell on me, though it was full ten years since he had seen me last, his recognition was instant and most emphatic. The countenance and whole manner showed surprise and pleasure. He raised his hat, and bowed till his carriage got quite beyond mine. Of course I returned the cordial salute. It was very remarkable to find such remembrance after so many years. Emboldened by that marked and gracious salutation, I ventured to address a letter to the Prince, expressing what, ever since it pleased God, in his great goodness, to raise him up from that extreme illness, it was in my heart to write, but which the fear of seeming intrusive, amidst the thronging congratulations of his grateful people, restrained—namely, how truly I felt with them in their deep anxiety and, when their fears were turned to joy, in their abounding thankfulness."

The Bishop was honoured the next day by the following letter from General Sir William Knollys, Chamberlain to the Prince.

Marlborough House, *June* 4, 1873.

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you very sincerely for your letter of yesterday's date, and to inform you that it will give his Royal Highness great pleasure to see you, if you could make it convenient to call here at three o'clock to-morrow.

His reception at Marlborough House "was very cordial." The Prince, after conversing with him freely on many important subjects of national interest, presented him to the Princess and the children. During the interview the Prince said he was expecting to have in a few weeks a garden-party, and asked the Bishop to write the names of the members of his family, that he might invite them. The Prince and Princess then handed to the Bishop their photographs, on which they did him the further honour to write their names. "The whole interview," writes the Bishop; "was very gratifying, perfectly informal—a family reception."

All the Bishop's party, eight in number, had the honour to receive cards of invitation.

A very gratifying token of affectionate remembrance and respect was transmitted to Bishop McIlvaine from the House of American Bishops, by a telegraphic message of congratulation on the fortieth anniversary of his consecration. Deeply indeed did the Bishop feel this kind expression of "fraternal sympathy," conveyed to him when far away from his brethren.

He sent them the following grateful and affectionate response:

To the Presiding Bishop (*of Kentucky*).

London, *November 2nd*, 1872.

My dear Bishop,

I was greeted, to my great surprise and gratification, last evening about seven o'clock with an Atlantic Telegraph message reading thus:

"The House of Bishops sends its congratulations on this fortieth anniversary of your consecration, with assurance of fraternal sympathy and affection,

(Signed,) B. B. Smith, Presiding."

It was exceedingly kind in my dear brethren thus to remember me afar off, and thus to express their most kind remembrance. To you and to them I desire to return my most affectionate thanks, and to you as having had the same anniversary; our consecrations having been only with about two minutes' interval, I desire to offer my special congratulations on your having been brought, by the Lord's gracious protection and support, under so many years of feeble health, to your forty-first year in the Episcopate of His Church. It is a very unusually long time that you and I have been permitted to bear the solemn responsibilities of this high trust. I cannot think of it, as regards myself, without a deep humiliation of spirit before the searching eye of God, for all the deficiencies and shortcomings of my work, and an earnest thankfulness for His guiding, protecting, supporting, and pardoning grace.

I pray Him to bless you with all the fulness of His love, to be the light and life, the stay and defence, the joy and peace of all our brethren in the Episcopate of our dear Church, and so to dwell in the hearts of all our brethren in the whole fellowship, that our household of faith may more and more appear in the shining light of her Lord and Head, and be a praise in the earth.

I remain affectionately, your friend and brother,

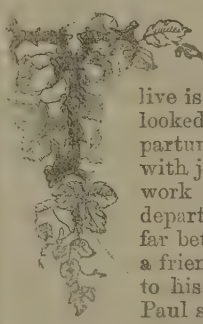
Chas. P. McIlvaine

Bishop of Ohio

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE LAST ENEMY.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—1 *Cor.* 15–16.



THE apostle Paul writing to the Philippians, says, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He looked forward to the time of his departure, not only without fear, but with joy. He was willing to stay and work for Christ upon earth, but to depart and be with Christ would be far better. Death would be to him as a friendly messenger sent to bring him to his King and Saviour, yet this same Paul speaks of death as an enemy.

There are various aspects in which death may be regarded as an enemy even to the Christian. Think of the inroads it makes upon our family circles, how it wrings our very heart-strings, as it tears from us the objects of our fondest affections, filling our houses with mourning and our hearts with grief; wresting from us the wise and the good ere they have half-accomplished their holy purposes for man's benefit, and for God's glory; and thus marring the might and withering the beauty of man.

If we take into account the future state, it is terrible to think that death dispatches the never-dying spirit to the judgment of God, thus cutting off all opportunity of repentance or amendment of life—and consigning the sinner to an irrevocable doom; in this view it is too painfully felt that death is an enemy.

But it is to believers in Christ, the Resurrection and the Life, that St. Paul is speaking. If it be admitted that to them death is an enemy, even to the righteous, you may wonder why is the destruction of this enemy so deferred? "The last enemy that shall be destroyed," says the apostle; why is this? If the original curse was exhausted when the Saviour cried "It is finished," why did not the blessed consequence of the Saviour's death take immediate effect, as the necessity of dying existed no longer! Why should Death be the last enemy to be destroyed, when all things were complete for his immediate destruction?

Well, though no reason could be given why the original curse came into force at all, but that such was the sovereign will of God; and though no other reason could be given why it is still permitted to linger in our world, it should with Christians be sufficient to know that God willed it! And

yet we may see that God has consulted for our good in permitting death so to continue. There is something so humiliating about death and the grave, showing as it does so forcibly the evil of sin and the ruin consequent upon it, that it would be but to take from us a means of deep instruction were death abolished.

Were the body to be at once taken up with the soul, instead of being left to moulder in the grave, we should want the most striking evidence of our fallen condition, and the finest field for the exersise of our faith: for there is no greater triumph of the Christian faith than when we commit the body to the ground, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. There is, too, a mournful satisfaction in rendering our last offices to our departed brethren: the earth in which they rest seems consecrated to their memory. It is endeared to us because of the ashes it contains. So that, in many points of view, we see there are reasons why death is the last enemy to be destroyed.

These thoughts are fitting for all seasons, but especially when the close of the year reminds us all of the flight of time, and of the end of life. We are left, while many have been taken during the past year. Seeing we know not how soon the Lord may come, ought we not to be prepared to meet Him at His coming? How many can from the heart and with clear understanding say, "Even so, Lord, come quickly."

Of those who know and feel that they cannot truly say this, there are many who are so far convinced as to admit the need of their being ready. When are you to begin this preparation? To-morrow will not do. In Scripture it is all to-day: "To-day, if ye will hear His voice." "To-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." "To-day, lest He should swear in His wrath, you shall not enter into His rest." The sentence is that of Divine justice, but the guilt is man's unbelief or neglect of the great salvation. If there is the least desire for life, it is the moving of the Spirit of God upon the dead soul. Christ is waiting to be gracious. He is ready to receive even the chief of sinners. Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the moment of true trust in Christ the new and imperishable life begins. Natural death, the penalty of sin, is not destroyed, but the sting of death, which is sin, is taken away.

The believer rests on the atonement, and "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," from whom neither life nor death can separate them. He knows that an acquittal awaits him at the great tribunal. He knows whom he has trusted, and loves to serve Him. Hence he can look death in the face and say, "thanks be to God which giveth us the victory."

Thus shall Death be triumphed over even here, on his vantage ground; but the finishing blow shall be given, when the body shall be raised from the dishonour of the grave, "and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

And how are we all interested in the destruction of this our last enemy! Then no foe will remain to war with the righteous! And they who know what spiritual conflict is—what it is to struggle with the temptations and distresses and trials and bereavements that are in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye and the pride of life—they will be able to comprehend the value of the blessing of which the text assures us, that death, our last enemy, shall be destroyed.

We have to thank God, every reader of these words, that to us the door is not yet shut—that there is yet a day of grace. We are all of us by nature born in sin—the children of wrath, led captive by the devil at his will. But Jesus Christ has led captivity captive. He has ascended on high, and received gifts for men, that He might dwell in their hearts by faith here, and so prepare them to dwell with Him in His kingdom hereafter, where there shall be no more sickness, no more sorrow, no more sin, and no more death.

Sabbath Thoughts.

STEADFASTNESS.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable."—1 *Cor.* xv. 58.

"BE ye stedfast," for your enemies are mighty, and you are easily beguiled by cunning, and overthrown by force. "Be ye stedfast," for He who is with you is more than all that are against you. "Be ye stedfast," for continuance unto the end is only to be hoped for through a patient Christian course.

It is important that the man of God should duly consider, and earnestly watch against, a danger which only the self-righteous and self-ignorant can despise, the danger of falling. "Wilt Thou not deliver my feet from falling?" cries the Psalmist. He pleads as one who knew both the power and the love of Him to whom He appeals,—"Thou hast delivered my soul from death." Reliance on the perfect work and atoning blood of Him in whom our souls are delivered from death, ought to make us only the more watchful lest by falling into sin we should grieve the Holy Spirit of God, and dishonour Christ.

The ascription of praise with which St. Jude ends his short epistle inspires true confidence: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen." We cannot keep ourselves from falling: the pride that would deny this is but a first symptom of weakness, a token of self-righteousness. But He is able to keep us. He knows far better than we do every danger in our way, every weapon likely to assail us, every weak joint in our harness. He knows the forms of error to which we are prone; the sins of character against which he have to contend; the sins of habit from which we find it difficult to free ourselves. And let us not forget that, full of sin as we are by nature, we are precious in His sight, for Jesus Christ has died for us!

The sins over which we grieve, and against which we strive, are His enemies as well as ours. If we had a deeper conviction of this, we should go on our journey more hopefully, and every passing year would become a record of progress. The same grand hope is placed before us, the same promises are given, the same grace is offered, as to the saints of old.

Thanksgiving.

FATHER of all! whose mercy, ever tender,
Hath crowned with blessing all our fleeting days,
Accept the humble tribute that we render;
Receive our song of praise!

Safe through another year Thy power hath brought us;
Thy guiding hand hath led us all the way;
And Thy kind care hath loving lessons taught us
With every passing day.

We thank Thee for the spring-time's bright awaking
With balmy air, and early song of birds,
And the glad melody our hearts were making,
Too pure and sweet for words!

We praise Thee for the sunlight and the shading,
The dewy morn and cooling evening showers;
The summer loveliness, though frail and fading;
Its wealth of fragrant flowers.

We bless Thee for the autumn's golden treasure,
The ripened fruit, the gathered harvest-store,
And all the good with which, in boundless measure,
Our cup is running o'er.

Nor would we praise Thee less for winter's glory,—
The snow-clad field, the silent, ice-bound rill;
Nature, in her repose, repeats the story;
We learn Thy goodness still!

For every joy that tuned our hearts to singing,
For health, and friends, and days from trial free,
For wishes granted, our glad hearts are bringing
A song of praise to Thee.

And if, for some of us, the cup of sorrow
To our reluctant lips Thy hand hath pressed,
We bless Thy name, if on the dawning morrow
We saw Thy will was best!

We thank Thee for the strength so timely given,
For promises of Thine that were our stay,
And for the precious hope of home and heaven
That cheers our pilgrim way.

For all Thy mercies, Father, we adore Thee:
With loving heart our grateful song we raise:
And wait the day when crowned with joy before Thee
We give Thee nobler praise!

H. W. CHADBOURNE.

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